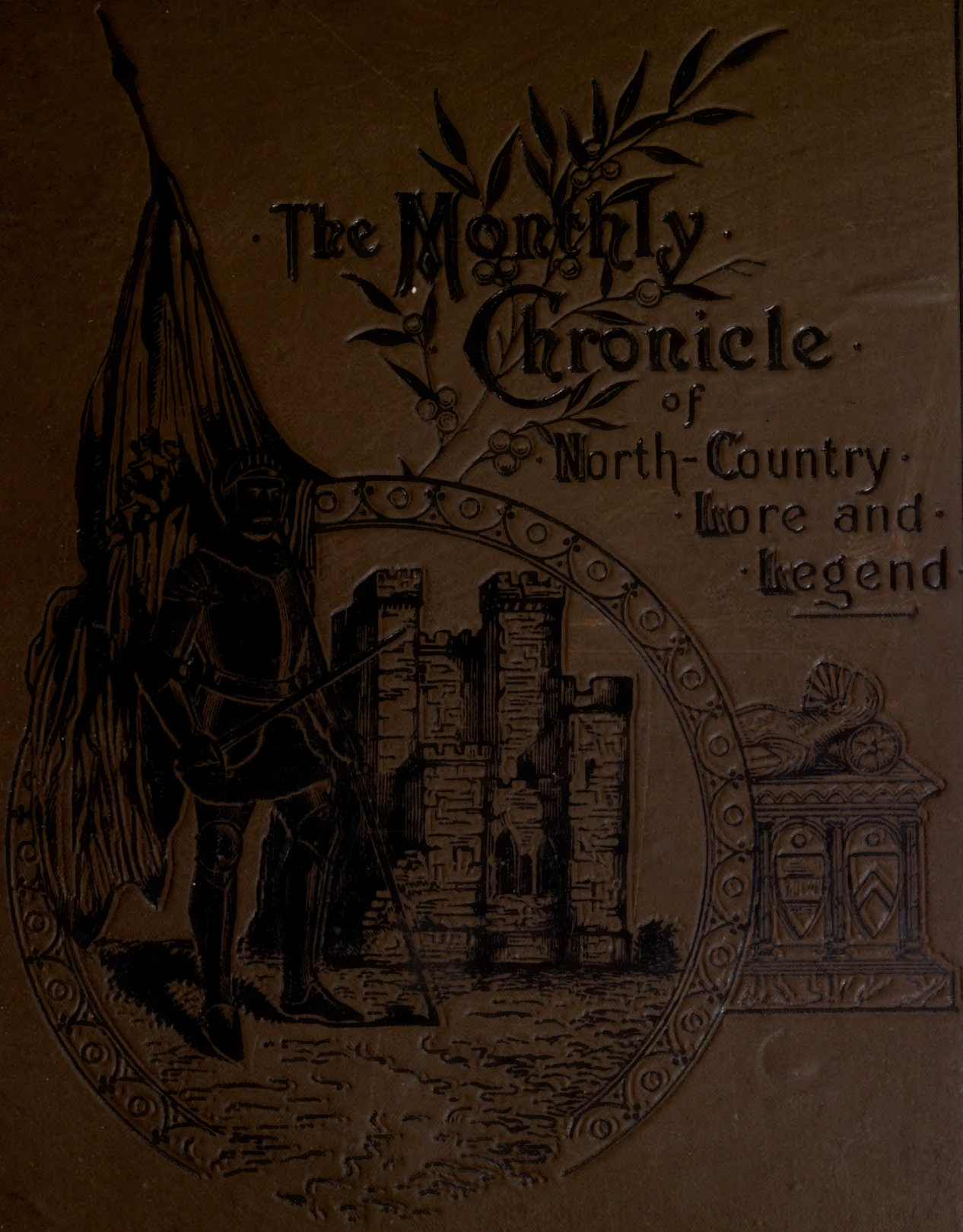
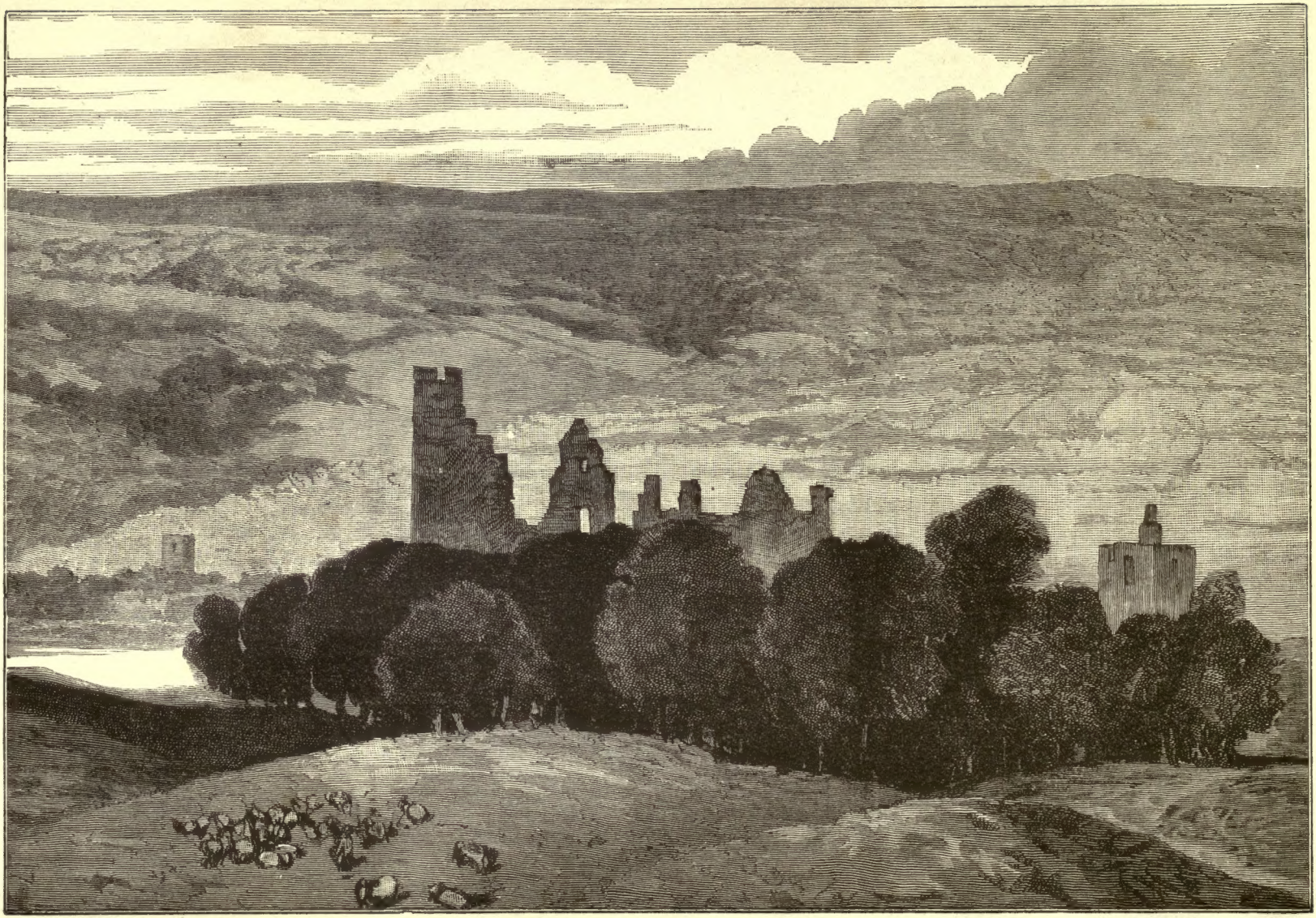
The Monthly Chronicle of North-Country Lore and Legend





PRUDHOE CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

[See page 6.

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

329 *ENGRAVINGS.*

1891

Printed and Published for Proprietors of the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle" by

WALTER SCOTT, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

AND 24 WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

LIBRARY
JAN - 8 1960
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

DA
670
N79M6
v.5

Contents.

Page.

The Press Gang in the Northern Counties 1
The Black Cock of Whickham 4
The Nightingale and other Warblers 5
Prudhoe Castle and the Umfravilles 6
MEN OF MARK 'TWIXT TYNE AND TWEED. By Richard Welford :—John Fenwick, 11 ; Sir John Fife, 12; Thomas Forster, 58 ; George, Francis, and Joseph Forster, 60; Jonathan Langstaff Forster, 62 ; Westgarth Forster, 105 ; William Garrett, 106 ; The Gibsons of Hexham and Stonecroft, 108 ; William Sydney Gibson, 154 ; Thomas Gibson, 156 ; Rev. Thomas Gillow, 157 ; John and Benjamin Green, 224 ; Richard Gilpin, 226 ; Edward Glynn, 228 ; Joseph Glynn, F.R.S., 250 ; Sir Leonard Greenwell, 251 ; Thomas Michael Greenhow, 251 ; William Gray, 253 ; George Grey, 297 ; Robert Grey, D.D., 299 ; Gilbert and George Gray, 300 ; The Sir George Greys, of Falloden, 354 ; Henry Grey, D.D., 356 ; Timothy Hackworth, 358 ; William Anthony Hails, 394 ; George Hall, D.D., 396 ; Thomas Young Hall, 396 ; Samuel Hammond, D.D., 441 ; Rev. George Harris, 443 ; William Harvey, 444 ; Thomas Haswell, 498 ; Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, 500 ; The Headlams, 538 ; Robert Rhodes, 540.
Sir John Vanbrugh in the North 15
Sunderland Town Hall 16
Katterfelto and his Wonders 16
The Old Dispensary, Newcastle 20
Whitley-by-the-Sea 21
The Bigg Market and the Groat Market, Newcastle 23
North-Country Fairies 26
Arctic and Antarctic Navigators 29
A Ramble Round York 32
George Barrington in Newcastle 36
NORTH-COUNTRY GARLAND OF SONG. By John Stokoe :—
"Aw Wish Yor Muther Wad Cum" 38
"Billy Oliver's Ramble between Benwell and Newcastle" 83
"The Gathering Ode of the Fenwyke" 118
"A U Hinny Burd" 195
"Dance ti Thy Daddy" 245
"The Brave Earl Brand and the King of England's Daughter" 318
"The Keach i' the Creel" 342
"Luckey's Dream" 410
"My Love has 'Listed" 438
"The Pitman's Courtship" 510
A Delaval Letter 39
William Bell Scott 40
NOTES AND COMMENTARIES :—
St. Cuthbert's Beads, Old Street Cries, Poet Close, Greenwells of Broomshields 41

Page.

Thomas Ironsides, a Tyneside worthy ; Elizabeth Isabella Spence, Brougham's First Brief, a Westmoreland Mathematician, the High Level Bridge, Meridian Pillar at Hammerfest, First Telegraph Message between Newcastle and London 90
Lady Peat's Property, a Peculiar Parish, the Founder of the Salvation Army, George Watson, mathematician, Mountaineering Feats in English Lakeland, an Invitation to Marriage ... 137
Sand Desks, the Lough Family, "I'm Brown," S. Boverick : Watchmaker, the City of Durham, "Waterloo Wetheral," "Jessamond Mill" 233
The Polka, the Devil's Due, "Jessamond Mill," John Forster, a Durham Colliery Explosion 182 Years Ago, Joseph Glynn, F.R.S. 330
James Crosbie Hunter, Sailing Coaches, the Lee Penny, the Battle-Field, Newcastle 378
Kemmel's Path, Mease Family, Reminiscence of the Stage Coach, Baptist Church in Newcastle, Buried Alive 426
Jonathan Cay, a Venerable Dame, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, the Threat of Invasion, Carlyle's Estimate of the Folks o' Shields, a Cumbrian Bidden Wedding 473
Lemmings, a Dreadful Winter, Ben Wells, the Dancing Master ; Grey's Monument, Newcastle 523
North-Country Wit and Humour :—43, 92, 139, 187, 235, 331, 379, 428, 475, 524, 572
North-Country Obituaries :—44, 93, 140, 187, 236, 282, 331, 380, 428, 476, 525, 573
Record of Events :—45, 94, 141, 189, 237, 284, 332, 381, 429, 477, 525, 573
Two Notable Weardale Men 49
Sailors' Strikes on the Tyne 52
The Gipsies of the Border 54, 100, 163, 205
Cotherstone and Stilton 57
A Bit of Auld Scotland 63
The Battle of Homildon Hill 65
George Fox in the North 68
Swarthmoor Hall 70
Sunderland Bridge 71
Views of Netherwitton 74
Shepherds' Numerals 77
The Village of Whittingham 78
St. Mary's Loch 80
The Percies and Westminster Abbey 82
The Brown Man of the Moors 84
Uncle Toby's Toy Exhibition 85
Bath Lane Church and Schools 86
The Burning of Sunderland Lyceum 86
The Flycatchers 87
Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York 89
Anne Clifford, High Sheriff of Westmoreland 97
Craigie's Cross 102

	Page.
The Snowflake and Lapland Bunting	103
Dove Cottage, Grasmere	104
The First Mayor of Sunderland	111
Wooler, Doddington, and Milfield	112
Nimmo of the Rocking Tower	113
The Siege and Capture of Newcastle, 1644	114
Richmond, Yorkshire	119
The Murder of Capt. Berckholtz in Sunderland Harbour	123
"Whisky Jack"	125
The Delaval Weighing Machine	126
Around Ford	127
Regner Lodbrog	128
A North-Country Bibliopole	131
The Castle Spectre: A Legend of Houghton	133
Penrith Beacon	134
Joseph Blackett, Shoemaker and Poet	135
"Billy Fine Day"	136
Henry Tennant	136
About "Boldon Buke"	145
Hewson Clarke, Author of "The Saunterer"	149
A Ramble Round Richmond	151
The Kingfisher and the Dipper	158
Sir William Brereton's Visit to the North	161
A Visit to Bamburgh	165
A Legend of Cotherstone	173
North-Country Ghost Stories	174
Aydon Castle	176
John Wesley in Newcastle and the North	180
The Bishop of Peterborough	184
The Poet Close	185
Blythe Hurst, Blacksmith and Clergyman	193
The Massacre of Amboyna, 1623	195
John Graham Lough, Sculptor	199
The Legend of St. Oswald	203
The Pitman	208
"January Searle"	209
The Knaresdale Hall Ghost	210
The Author of "Auld Robin Gray"	211
Corbridge-on-Tyne	214
A Sunderland Poet: William Allan	221
The Hallgarth Tragedy	221
"The Amphitrite"	222
Newbiggin-by-the-Sea	223
"Ye Apothecarie: His Booke"	230
Three Members of the Linnet Family	232
Ednam and the Poet of "The Seasons"	241
A Border Heroine	246
New Post Office in Newcastle	248
New Banking Premises in Newcastle	249
Warkworth Bridge Tower	255
Woodhorn Church, Northumberland	256
Billy Purvis	259, 314, 373
Methodism in Newcastle	261
Ambleside, Windermere, and the Lake District	263
The Case of Thomas Fury	266
Stories of Smugglers	269
An Alnwick Prize Essayist	271
Cresswell Village	271
Bywell-on-Tyne	272
Barge Day on the Tyne	275
The Giant Cor	277
The Northumberland Household Book	278
The Dove Family	280
The Entry of Bishop Van Mildert into Durham	289
The Conyers Falchion	291
Dorothy Wordsworth	291
The Maddison Monument	294
A Reminiscence of Mrs. Montagu	295
Levens Hall, Westmoreland	296
The Bumler Box	297
Northumbrian Hermits	302
Arthur Rousbey, Vocalist	303
Culzean Castle, Ailsa Crag, and the Coast of Carrick	304
The First Tyne Steamboat	306
St. Crispin's Day Celebrations	309
A Novel Gathering	311
The Bishop's Palace, Bishop Auckland	314
The Ruins at Bearpark, near Durham	318
The Woodpeckers	320
Louis Dutens, the Eccentric Rector of Elsdon	322
Samuel Reay, Organist	325
A Week End at Bellingham	326
The Rising in the North	337
Two Border Poetesses	340
Frank Pickering's Fatal Flight	343
The Keep of Richmond Castle	344
The Village of Mitford	344
A Tyneside Showman	346
Newcastle and Carlisle: The Canal and the Railroad	347
Lilburn Tower	351
"Lang Jack," a Tyneside Samson	352
A Riot on the Town Moor	353
Interior of Cragside	359
The Battle of Otterburn	362, 402
Four Members of the Crake Family	364
The French Dragoon and the Newcastle Editor	366
Scawfell Pikes	368
The Whitworth Doctors	370
The Nestor of the Tobacco Trade	372
Thomas Eyre Macklin, Artist	373
The Derwentwater Veteran and Recluse	385
Aerial Armies	388
A Quaker Lieutenant	389
Sir Walter Scott in the North	390
Cleadon Village	392
Mr. Alderman Barkas	398
The Weardale Linns	399
Allan Ramsay	404
The Picktree Brag	407
Tynemouth Cliffs a Hundred Years Ago	407
The Market Place, South Shields	410
Mrs. Arkwright	411
Edward Elliott, of Earsdon	413
The Busty Seam	414
Jane and Anna Maria Porter	415
The Pitman's Saturday Night	416
Wordsworth and the Lake District	417
John Hodgson, the Historian of Northumberland	420
Members of the Partridge Family	423
The Capture of South Shields Fort by Scots	426
Ada the Thoughtful, and Harald, Lord of War	433
Sir Gosselin Denville, Freebooter	436
A Shields Youth Hanged at Tyburn	439
St. Agatha's Abbey, Easby	440
John Horsley, Antiquary	445
Whitburn Village	448
The Battle of Otterburn: Its Doubts and Perplexities	450
Game Birds	453
Joyce's Patent Stove	455
Rothbury Town	457
The Ettrick Shepherd	459
John W. Brown, Artist	463
Whitton Tower and Sharpe's Folly	464
The Baliols in Newcastle	464
The Northern Circuit Fifty Years Ago	467, 491
North-Country Slogans	470
The Pillar Rock	472
Aira Force	473
Plague and Cholera in the North	481, 553
John Lilburne, "Freeborn John"	483
Whickham Village	486
The Late Baron Watson	494
John Foster, the Essayist, in Newcastle	495
The Keelmen's Hospital	496
Egglestone Abbey	497
"Shuffle, Darby, Shuffle"	503
Monkwearmouth Church	503
The Blackfriars, Newcastle	505
Brass Crosby, Lord Mayor of London	507
Newcastle from Gateshead	511
Lord Collingwood	512
Our Parish Registers	517, 558
The Battle of the Low Lights	519
The Mouth of the Tyne	520
All Saints' Church, Newcastle	521
Ned Corvan	522
Windmills	529
Elizabeth Smith, Linguist, &c.	535
Tom Taylor, Third Editor of *Punch*	542

	Page.
The Simonside Dwarfs	543
The Walls of Newcastle	545
Macready in the North	547
Memorials at Otterburn	550
The Duddon Valley	553
Mary of Buttermere	556
The Widdrington Family and Estates	559
The Rev. James Murray's "Travels of the Imagination"	563
Three Members of the Warbler Family	565
Marsden Rock	567
The Castle of the Seven Shields	567
Longhorsley Tower	568
The Two Pitmen	569
The Historian of Durham	569
Dr. Arnold	571
Lloyd Jones	571
Epilogue	576

Illustrations.

	Page.
Nightingale, Blackcap	5
Golden Warbler	6
Prudhoe Castle	6, 7, 8, 9
Gateway, Prudhoe Castle	8
Oriel Window, Prudhoe Castle	9
Arms of the Umfravilles	10
Sunderland Town Hall	16
Newcastle Dispensary	17
Bigg Market, Newcastle	24
Groat Market, Newcastle	25
Micklegate Bar, York	32
The Shambles, York	33
Barbican, Walmgate Bar, York	33
The Fiddler of York	34
York Minster, from Monk Bar and Market Place	34
York Minster Towers, from Peter Gate	36
Kirk Yetholm and Gipsy Encampment	55
A Bit of Cotherstone	56
The Bell at Stilton	57
Bothwell Castle, Haddington	64
Nungate Bridge, Haddington	65
Swarthmoor Hall	71
Sunderland Bridge	72
Netherwitton	73, 74, 75, 76
Whittingham	80
St. Mary's Loch	81
Bath Lane Church and Schools	85
Pied Flycatcher	87
Spotted Flycatcher	88
Meridan Pillar, Hammerfest	91
Snowflake	104
Lapland Bunting	104
Dove Cottage, Grasmere	105
Wooler	112
Doddington Cross	113
Milfield, near Wooler	113
Richmond, Yorkshire	120
Market Place, Richmond	121
Grey Friars Tower, Richmond	122
Refreshment Room at Ford	127
Blacksmith's Shop at Ford	128
Ford Bridge	129
Penrith Beacon	134
Terrace Under Castle Wall, Richmond	151
Richmond Castle	152
Swaledale from Willance's Leap	153
The Convent, Richmond	154
The Kingfisher	160
The Dipper	161
South Gateway, Bamburgh Castle	166
North Gateway, Bamburgh	166
Entrance to the Keep, Bamburgh	167
Bamburgh Castle	168, 169, 170, 171
Clock Tower, Bamburgh	170
St. Aidan's Church, Bamburgh	171
Farne Islands from Bamburgh	172
Aydon Castle	176, 177
Garderobe, Aydon Castle	178
Window at Aydon Castle	179
Tortures Inflicted in Amboyna	197
Greenhead, Birthplace of J. G. Lough	200
Lough's Statuary, Newcastle	201
Lough's Milo	202
The Pitman—Bowler and Pigeon Fancier	208, 209
Corbridge-on-Tyne	214, 216
St. Andrew's Church, Corbridge	215
Pele Tower, Corbridge	217, 218
Figure at Corbridge	219
The Angel Inn, Corbridge	219
Old House, Corbridge	220
Newbiggin-by-the-Sea	223
St. Bartholomew's Church, Newbiggin	224, 225
Text of Apothecarie's Booke	231
Arctic Redpole, Mealy Redpole	232
Mountain Linnet	233
New Post Office Buildings, Newcastle	248
New Banking Premises, Newcastle	249
Autograph of William Gray	255
Old Tower and Bridge, Warkworth	256
Woodhorn Church, Northumberland	257, 258
Ambleside, Stockghyll Force, and Old Mill	264
Windermere Lake	265
Cresswell Village and Bay, Northumberland	272
Churches of Bywell, Northumberland	273
Wood Pigeon, Rock Dove	280
Stock Dove, Turtle Dove	281
The Conyers Falchion	291
The Maddison Monument	294
Levins Hall, Westmoreland	296
The Bumbler Box	297
Culzean Castle	304
Ailsa Crag	305, 306
Invitation Card to Contributors' Gathering	312
Bishop's Palace, Bishop Auckland	313
Billy Purvis Stealing the Bundle	317
Green Woodpecker	320
Spotted Woodpecker, Great Spotted Woodpecker	321
Clock Tower, Bellingham Town Hall	326
Rustic Bridge, Bellingham	327
Bridge over Hareshaw Linn	327
Bellingham	328
St. Cuthbert's Church, Bellingham	329
The Charlton Spur	329
Old Sword of the Charltons	329
Roman Altar at Binchester	334
Interior of Keep, Richmond Castle	344
Mitford, Northumberland	345
Lilburn Tower, Northumberland	352
Lang Jack's Castle	353
Drawing Room, Cragside	360
Fireplace at Cragside	361
Corncrake	364
Water Rail, Spotted Crake	365
Little Crake	366
Scawfell Pike	368
Scawfell	369
Sailing Coach	378
Sir John Woodford's House, Derwentwater	386
Cleadon Village	392-3
Weardale Linns	400-1
Tynemouth Castle and Cliff, 1779	408
Market Place, South Shields	409
The Pitman's Saturday Night	416-7
Partridge, Red-legged Partridge, Quail, and Virginian Partridge	424-5
St. Agatha's Abbey, Easby	440
Norman Arch, Easby Abbey	441
Whitburn Village	448
Whitburn Church	449
Game Birds:—Pheasant, Red Grouse, Black Grouse	453-4
Rothbury	456-7
Thrum Mill, Rothbury	458
The Pool below Rothbury	459
Whitton Tower, Rothbury	464
Sharpe's Folly	465
The Pillar Rock	472
Aira Force	473
Weekly Chronicle Cycling Cup	479
Door-case of the Lilburne Mansion	486
Whickham Church	486
Whickham Village	487, 488, 489
Memorial Stone to Cuthbert Howstan	490
Keelmen's Hospital, Newcastle	496
Egglestone Abbey	497
Monkwearmouth Church	504
Blackfriars, Newcastle	505
Newcastle from Hillgate	512, 513
The Mouth of the Tyne	520
All Saints' Church, Newcastle	521
The Lemming	523
The Gladstone Casket	527
Old Mill	529
Old Mill near North Shields	530
Chimney Mills, Newcastle	530
Windmill at Todd's Nook, Newcastle	531
Matthew Bank Farm, Jesmond	531
Cowgate Mill, near Fenham	532
Old Mill, Windmill Hills, Gateshead	533
Round Mill, near North Shields	534
Billy Mill, ,, ,,	534
Spittle Den Mill, Tynemouth	535
Burn Hall, co. Durham	536
Scene in Grounds of Burn Hall	537
St. Nicholas' Steeple	541
Herber Tower, Newcastle	544
Turret, near St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle	545
Map and Plan of Otterburn	551

	Page.
Battle Stones of Otterburn	552
Bridge at Otterburn	552
Duddon Valley	553
Stella Chapel	561
Sedge Warbler	565
Grasshopper and Icterine Warblers	566
Marsden Rock	567
Longhorsley Tower	568
Two Pitmen	569
Wesley Memorial Drinking Fountain	574

Portraits.

John Fife	31
William Bell Scott	40, 41
Alderman Thomas Hedley	44
R. W. Forsyth	46
Alice Simpkin, Violinist	47
James Craggs	49
Thomas Forster	59
J. L. Forster	63
Dr. Thomson, late Archbishop of York	89
Thomas Ironsides	90
George Walton	93
Amelia Edwards, LL.D.	94
William Garret	107
Andrew White, M.P.	111
John Wheldon	131
Joseph Blackett	136
Henry Tennant	137
John Dixon, C.E.	140
Ménie Muriel Dowie	143
Rev. Joseph Rorke	143
Whitworth Wallis	143
Wm. Sidney Gibson	155
Rev. Thomas Gillow	157
Esther Blythe	164
David Blythe	165
Dr. Mandell Creighton	184
Poet Close	185
Ald. Davidson	188
Ald. Dickinson	188
Rev. R. F. Proudfoot, B.A.	189
James Horsley	189
E. A. Maund	189
Hon. J. B. Patterson	190
Ald. W. Temple	191
Rev. Blythe Hurst	193
John Graham Lough	199
"January Searle"	210
William Allan	221
Rev. Richard Gilpin	226
Edward Glynn	228
Prince Napoleon	240
T. M. Greenhow, M.D.	252
T. H. Glenny	282
Henry Christie	284
C. Jurgenson	285
P. G. Halvorsen	285
Captain Bentzon	285
Catherine O'Hara	286
Chief-Constable Elliott	286
Sir M. E. Grant Duff	287
Earl Percy	287
G. E. T. Smithson	287
Captain Mackenzie	288
Gilbert Gray	300
George Gray	301
Arthur Rousbey	304
Samuel Reay	325
Sir George Grey	355
Henry Grey, D.D.	357
John Harvey	372
Thomas Eyre Macklin	373
Billy Purvis	376, 377
Ald. Henry Nelson	381
Captain Cracknell	381
Rev. A. D. Jeffery	384
Sir John G. Woodford	386
William Anthony Hails	394
Thomas Y. Hall	397
Ald. T. P. Barkas	398
Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Arkwright)	411
Edward Elliott	413
Jane and Anna Maria Porter	415
John Hodgson	420
Corporal Roscamp	430
Private E. Adams	430
Joseph Reed, jun.	430
Rev. George Harris	443
William Harvey	444
Walter Mavin	458
John W. Brown	463
Isabella Moscrip, aged 102	474
The Duke of Cleveland	477
Prince of Naples	477
W. Howitt	479
Robert Lilburne	486
Thomas Haswell	498
Sir Arthur Hazlerigg	500
Brass Crosby	507
Lord Collingwood	512
Ned Corvan	522
W. E. Gladstone, M.P.	527
Elizabeth Smith, Linguist	536
Thomas De Quincey	537
T. E. Headlam	538
Dr. Headlam	539
Tom Taylor	542
Lord Widdrington	560
Rev. James Murray	563
Dr. Arnold	571
W. M. Henzell	573
B. J. Sutherland	575

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. V.—No. 47. JANUARY, 1891. PRICE 6D.

The Press Gang in the Northern Counties.

THE practice of impressing seamen to man the Royal Navy commenced in the year 1355, immediately after England had been desolated from one end to the other by a noisome pestilence, which had scarcely left a single country of Europe or Asia free from its ravages, and which had swept away near a third of the inhabitants wherever it came, about fifty thousand souls being computed to have perished by it in London alone. It was the year before Edward, the Black Prince, invaded France, on the expiration of a short truce, and won the battle of Poictiers, in which the French King John was taken prisoner. The resources of England being almost wholly drained, and every effort being required to man the army and navy, the system of the press-gang was introduced by royal proclamation.

In every emergency, subsequently to Edward III.'s time, impressment was adopted with more or less rigour. Maitland tells us that, on the morning of Easter Monday, 1596, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London received the royal command to raise a thousand men with the utmost expedition, whereupon they repaired with their deputies, constables, and other officers, to the churches, and, having caused the doors to be shut, took the people during divine service from their worship, till the number was completed. The men so raised were marched the same night for Dover. But Elizabeth having got advice of the reduction of Calais by the Spaniards, the pressed men returned to London in about a week after their departure. In King William's time, when the press were very active during the war with France, the coal trade is reckoned to have suffered, in increased wages to seamen only, to the extent of some millions sterling. For the first three years of the war £9 a voyage was given to common seamen, who before sailed for 36s., "which," says Postlethwayt, in his huge folio, "Universal Dictionary of Trade and Commerce," "computing the number of ships and men used in the trade, and of voyages made, at eight hands to a vessel, does, moderately accounting, make £896,000 difference in one year."

Particulars of a few of the more exciting incidents connected with the operation of the impressment system in the Northern Counties may now be recorded.

On February 6th, 1755, a smart press for seamen broke out at Shields, when sixty or seventy able hands were taken by the Peggy sloop of war, which lay in a deep part of the harbour near the Low Lights, ever afterwards known as "Peggy's Hole." A few days later, there not being a sufficient number of pressed men secured, the "volunteer drum" was beat through the streets, offering a bounty of £3 to each "gentleman seaman" who should enter his Majesty's service. Next year, war having been proclaimed against France, another very hot press was made both at Shields and Newcastle, and several hundred men were taken.

On the 30th March, 1759, an unfortunate affair happened at Swalwell. A press-gang went thither in quest of men, but the inhabitants (Crowley's Crew) gave them a severe drubbing. Next night the gang returned, and another scuffle took place. One William Moffat, a barber, was seized, and Mr. Bell, one of the chief inhabitants, received five stabs with a sword in different parts of his body, in consequence of which he died. Some others, on both sides, were dangerously wounded,

including the midshipmen who headed the gang. Moffat made his escape, but a reward of £20 having been offered for his apprehension, he was arrested at Whitehaven by a man named Osborn, *alias* Captain Death, so nick-named for his performance in singing a celebrated ditty relating to the captain of the Terrible privateer, whose servant he had formerly been. Moffat was lodged in Carlisle gaol, and afterwards brought to Durham, where he was tried at the assizes in August, 1759, but acquitted.

In the same year (May 14), about thirty impressed men, on board a tender at Sunderland, forcibly made their escape. The bravery of their leader was remarkable. Being hoisted on deck by his followers, he wrested the halbert from the sentinel on duty, and with one hand defended himself, while with the other he let down a ladder into the hold for the rest to come up, which they did, and then overpowered the crew.

The following year (1760), a tender sailed from Shields with sixty impressed men on board. As soon as she had got out to sea, the men found means to release themselves, and, getting possession of the vessel, took her into Scarborough and made their escape, leaving the lieutenant and his men battened down under hatches.

A few years later (1771), the impressed men on board the Boscawen cutter, lying at Shields, found an opportunity to overpower the watch on deck, and fifteen of them escaped. The sentinel, in opposing them, lost three of his fingers by the stroke of a cutlass, and an officer was desperately wounded in the head.

On February 12th, 1777, about eight o'clock in the evening, the impressed men on board the Union tender at Shields rose upon the crew, took possession of the ship, and, notwithstanding the fire from the other tenders and from Clifford's Fort, carried her out to sea.

A memorable affair occurred at Sunderland on Feb. 13, 1783. The sailors at that port, having got liberty to go on shore, through the temporary cessation of impressment at the close of the first American war, resolved to take summary and condign vengeance on the persons who had informed against them and their mates while the press-gang was in active operation. The informers who were caught were mounted upon stout poles or stangs, and carried through the principal streets, exposed to the insults of the populace. The women, in particular, bedaubed them plentifully with rotten eggs, soap suds, mud, &c. The drummers of the North York regiment of Militia (the Black Cuffs), quartered in the town, got orders to beat to arms, and the soldiers paraded the streets, which had the effect of clearing them. Amongst the informers stanged at this time was Jonathan Coates, of Arras's Lane, Sunderland, commonly known as "Jotty Coates," who, after undergoing severe punishment on the stang, reached his home nearly dead. During the night, he heard a noise, which he supposed to be the infuriated populace coming after him again, when he crawled into a narrow space between Arras's and Baines's Lane, where he died. The popular fury ran so high that his relatives durst not attempt to bury him in daylight, and his body lay in his house until late in the evening of the 20th, when some militiamen carried it to Sunderland Churchyard, where it was interred without any funeral ceremony. The register of burials thus records the interment:—"Jonathan Coates, February 20th, 1783."

In February, 1793, the seamen at Shields, Newcastle, Sunderland, Blyth, and all along the eastern coast, entered into resolutions to resist any attempt to press them. On Tuesday, the 19th, they got hold of the press-gang at North Shields, and, reversing their jackets, as a mark of contempt, conducted them, accompanied by a numerous crowd, to Chirton toll-bar, where, dismissing them, they gave them three cheers, and told them never again to enter Shields, or they should be torn limb from limb. On the 18th of the ensuing month, the sailors to the number of 500 assembled in a riotous manner, armed with swords, pistols, and other weapons, and made an attempt to seize the Eleanor tender, in order to rescue the impressed men on board. But their design was rendered abortive by the activity of the officers of the impressment service. The seamen, next day, contemplated going to Newcastle to break up the head-quarters of the gang; but, hearing that a strong civil and military force (including the Dragoons and North York Militia) were ready to receive them, they dispersed, after having treated one George Forster, a member of the gang, with the utmost cruelty at Howdon Pans. On the 26th April, most extraordinary preparations for impressing were made by the crews of the armed vessels lying in Shields harbour That night, the regiment lying at Tynemouth barracks was drawn up, and formed into a cordon round North Shields, to prevent any person from escaping. The different press-gangs then began their rounds, when sailors, mechanics, labourers, and men of every description, to the number of about two hundred and fifty, were forced on board the armed ships.

It would be tedious to describe, or even enumerate, the various press-gang riots, similar to the above, which took place on the Tyne and Wear almost every season down to the peace of Amiens. After the resumption of hostilities in 1803, the like scenes began again to be acted. The coal trade was constantly being thrown out of gear, so to speak, through the best men on board the colliers being dragged away, and the keelmen likewise forcibly pounced upon. In the month of April, 1804, a young seaman, named Stoddart, being pursued by the press-gang down the Broad Chare, Newcastle, jumped into the Tyne to escape, and was drowned in attempting to swim across to Gateshead.

Where brute force would have failed or been out of place, all sorts of discreditable arts were tried by the press-gang. Jonathan Martin, the man who set fire to

York Minster, relates, in his autobiography, how he was inveigled by one of the gang. He says :—

In my twenty-second year (1804), I removed to London, my mind being intent on travelling to foreign countries. One day, while viewing the Monument, a man accosted me, perceiving that I was a stranger in town, and inquired if I wanted a situation. I informed him of my desire to go abroad. He said he could suit me exactly, as a gentleman of his acquaintance had a son on board a frigate on the Indian station, who wanted a person of my description, and that he would give me 32s. a week, besides my chance of prize money, which he assured me would be great. I agreed to go as a substitute for this man, unconscious that I was in the hands of the press-gang; but I was soon undeceived by my pretended friend lodging me in the rendezvous, where I remained until I was removed on board the Enterprise, with a number of other impressed men. When I came to be sworn in, I found myself on a footing with the rest of my unfortunate companions.

Strange incidents occasionally took place in connection with the press system. In 1813 (February 18) a sailor named Bell, belonging to the Close, Newcastle, was impressed, and safely lodged in the house of rendezvous. In the evening, his sister, a young woman under twenty, formed the resolution of attempting his rescue, and, for that purpose, went to take a "long farewell" of her brother, who was to be sent to the tender in the morning. She was readily admitted to an interview, but, in order to prevent the possibility of escape, brother and sister were bolted and barred, for a few minutes, in a room by themselves. During this short space, they managed to exchange clothes, and, on the door being opened, the young man, "snivelling and piping his eye," walked off unmolested in female attire, while his sister remained to fill the situation of a British tar. "It would be difficult," says a writer in the *European Magazine*, who tells the story, "to describe the rage and disappointment of the gang on discovering how they had been duped; and crowds of persons went to see the heroine, who received several pounds from the spectators as a reward for her intrepidity and affection. She was soon restored to her liberty by order of the magistrates."

The head-quarters of the gang in Newcastle were at the Plough Inn, in Spicer Lane, where a room down the yard was the "press room." The gang was at one time commanded by Lieut. Frazer, two midshipmen, a man named Corby, and another named Richardson. Both the latter had been in the coasting trade before the war, and subsided into river pilots after its close. One of them was years afterwards "tyler" of a Freemasons' Lodge, and, falling into reduced circumstances, found no small difficulty in obtaining the usual benevolence of the brethren in consequence of his past misdeeds.

The "regulating room" was in that part of the Low Street of North Shields called Bell Street, near the "Wooden Dolly," on the Custom House Quay. The "regulating captain" was one Charlton, who had under him a lieutenant, named Flynn, and two midshipmen, named Fidler and Bell. Two tenders, the Eliza and the Lyra, took their turns on the station in "Peggy's Hole," to carry off the sweepings of the gang—one of whom, by the bye, was a one-legged man, named Harry Swallow—to the Lemio, the guard-ship at the Nore.

We are indebted to a well-informed writer, whose article appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* several years ago, for the following particulars, which seem necessary to complete our present sketch :—

Besides the regular gang, there was a small knot of amateur spies and informers, who travelled the country for miles round, tracking the sailors to Morpeth and other inland parts, if they sought shelter with their friends from forcible abduction. These vagabond auxiliaries of the gang, skilful to recognise the sailor's roll through the disguises of long-tailed coats, leather aprons, drab gaiters, and other vain subterfuges, represented themselves to be in hiding, lured the sailors to their own dwellings, and then gave secret information to the gang. It fared ill sometimes with these gentry when they were found out. On one of these occasions, in the year 1812, a spy, who repaired to the regulating room at Shields to receive the head money for the men he had betrayed, was smuggled down a trap-door leading on to the shore, but was recognised and followed. He soon fled for his life, with a mob of sailors and keelmen at his heels, up the Low Street, and took shelter in a house in Bartleman's Bank. The door was broken open, and he was thrown down, like a fox to a pack of hungry hounds, but doubled on his pursuers, who followed him full cry till he was run to earth in the hothouse in Squire Collingwood's gardens at Chirton. Scourged with whin bushes, he was made to run the gantelope to the Low Lights. Tradesmen put up their shutters, and the peaceable inhabitants shrunk within doors, for the disturbance had assumed the dimensions of a riot. Opposite the tender the mob gave three hearty cheers to let the imprisoned seamen know what was being enacted. The men, battened under hatches, by way of response, "sallied" the tender till she rolled almost gunwale under, and the officer on board ordered the armed crew to fire into the hold upon the unarmed men if they did not desist. Under these threats something like order was restored. The spy was rescued from the hands of his tormentors by a rush of the friends of peace who came to the assistance of the two constables, then the whole civil force of North Shields, and he was dragged, panting, bleeding, mud-bedraggled, wounded, and half-dead, into the Northumberland Arms, to limp home under the cloud of night, and resume his honest labours for the public good. In 1815 he had another narrow escape for his life. At Low Heaton Haugh, then called "Dunny's Green," he was tarred and feathered, beaten by the women—who put stones in their stockings for the purpose—and, he owed his life to the forbearance of the men he had betrayed, who rescued him from his more merciless tormentors of the other sex.

The press-gang drove many thousands of active, able-bodied British seamen into the American merchant navy as well as sent them a-privateering against their fellow-countrymen in the last American War. Indeed, that war was partly caused by the wanton exercise of the right of search claimed by the British Government, whose officers were accused of taking naturalised American citizens out of American vessels, on the ground that they were his Majesty's born subjects, and pressing them into King George's service. On the other hand, it was no uncommon thing for British seamen, captured by the enemy, to recognise old shipmates in the masters and sailors by whom they were made prisoners. Under this abominable system, it was estimated that there were at least forty thousand British seamen, in the year 1812, navigating merchant ships in neutral vessels under cover of

American protections. That was when the whole tonnage of the United Kingdom in the merchant and transport service employed only about 120,000 men.

Impressment, as may be inferred from what we have said, laid its unsparing hands upon useless landsmen as well as upon seamen; and, notwithstanding the fact that they were always inefficient, it continued to be the practice, so long as the system lasted, to receive on board his Majesty's ships any landsmen whom the gang could pick up, if they were not physically disqualified. Lord Collingwood, who deservedly earned the honourable title of the Sailors' Friend, was ever adverse to impressment, which he was of opinion might be dispensed with, even in war time. Soon after the Mutiny of the Nore, he laid a plan before the Admiralty for recruiting the navy by raising yearly several thousand boys, whom he would have had taught and prepared in ships of the line before they were sent into smaller vessels. But, like many other excellent schemes of the kind, it was never carried into effect, though the modern training ships, such as the Wellesley, may be called a modification of it.

The system of impressment has not been put in force for many years now, nor is it likely that it will ever be revived.

The Black Cock of Whickham.

MUCH interest has from time to time been excited in the origin and meaning of a couplet that is well-known on the banks of the Tyne. It has recently been revived by a correspondence which has taken place in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. The lines run thus:—

The Black Cock of Whickham, he never ran away,
But once on the Sunday, and twice every day.

One writer explains that the "black cock" was a certain rector who, being too fond of his glass, often ran away from his duties, while another asserts that the term was applied to Charles Attwood, the celebrated politician, whose career has been sketched in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888, p. 56. But Mr. William Bourn writes from Whickham:—

The couplet has been applied not only to Charles Attwood, but to any celebrity, and especially to runners, rowers, and bowlers, that either were trained in or belonged to Whickham. When the lines were composed, I am not prepared to say. They have been repeated for at least 150 years, old people now living having heard them sung by their grandfathers.

Why the couplet was written may be more easily explained. Cock-fighting was once a favourite sport of the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood, as well as of the keelmen and pitmen. There is an entry made in the books at Gibside of Sir J. Bowes engaging workmen to make eight cock-pits at Whickham, one of which—and I believe the last—has lately been filled up at Windy Hill, about a mile out of the village. There was another famous cock-pit at Dunston Hill, and one on the site where the Swalwell Station is built. The last vestige of the brutal sport has now disappeared from the village. There were several famous breeds of cocks. One of them belonged to Sir J. Bowes, being white with yellow backs. Another belonged to Sir H. Liddell, white with "brass" wings. There was also a breed of black cocks. To whom it belonged I am unable to ascertain. But undoubtedly it was one of this famous breed which has obtained for itself such a world-wide reputation for courage and endurance. It must have lived two centuries ago, and hence the guesses about the origin of the lines.

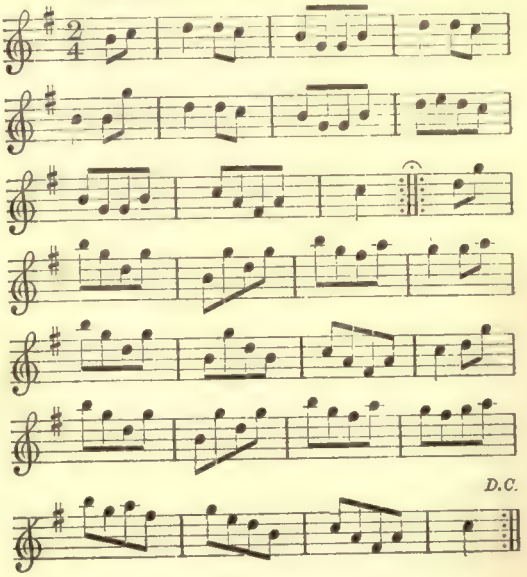
The tune sung and played to the couplet repeated is, I believe, strictly local, and rather inspiring. By reason of the roving habits of North-Countrymen, it is known in nearly all our colonies. A friend of mine who had been in Australia informed me that he was both startled and pleased on one occasion, when he and others were transacting business in the bush among the wilds of that country, to hear the tune played by a fiddler. It turned out that the player was a Sunderland man who had gone to make his fortune as a goldfinder, and had taken his fiddle with him.

Mr. John Stokoe, of South Shields, the compiler of the "North-Country Garland of Song," agrees with Mr. Bourn as to the improbability of a song having ever been sung to the tune, which is essentially a fiddlers' tune. The intervals, he says, show it to be of the usual type of reels, possessing all the best characteristics of the "reel rhythm," although he has never seen it in any collection of reels printed north of the Tweed. Mr. Stokoe adds:—

When the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle began in 1857 to collect the melodies and ballads of Northumbria, the committee made a close search for the songs of which only scraps of words were known, such as "Shew's the Way to Wallington," "Sir John Fenwick's the Flower Among Them," "Fenwick of Bywell," "The Black Cock of Whickham," &c., &c.; and I regret to say in few instances only were they successful, failing altogether in the four I have named.

The tune subjoined is taken from "Northumbrian Minstrelsy," published in 1882, edited by Mr. Stokoe and the Rev. J. Collingwood Bruce, LL.D.

***

THE BLACK COCK OF WHICKHAM.

The Nightingale and other Warblers.

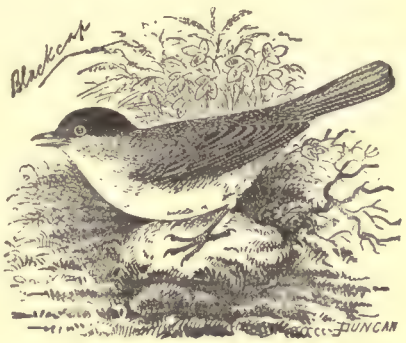
ACCORDING to Morris, the nightingale *(Sylvia luscinia)* is found in Italy, France, Spain, and Greece, and the more temperate parts of Siberia, Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Germany, and Russia. It is known also in Asia. Asia Minor, and Syria, and in Egypt, along the Nile. Nightingales are plentiful in England. They have been seen in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, and near York, at Skelton, about five miles north of the ancient city; near Beverley, Barnsley, Leeds, and Sheffield; Cumberland, as far north as Carlisle. Woods, groves, plantations, and copses are the nightingale's favourite resort, but it is also found in gardens, even in the neighbourhood of London, and also among thick hedges in shady and sheltered situations.

Nightingales feed on insects of various sorts, including spiders and earwigs. The young are fed principally with caterpillars. Male: Weight about six drachms; length, six inches and three-quarters. The upper bill is blackish brown, with a tinge of red; the lower one is pale yellowish, and dusky brown at the tip; iris, dark brown; the feathers of the eyelids brownish white; head, crown, neck on the back, and nape, uniform dull chestnut brown; chin and throat, dull greyish white; breast, pale greyish brown, but lighter lower down; back, reddish brown, varying considerably in different individuals, some

being more red and others more grey. The wings, of eighteen quills, have the first quill feather very short; the second equal in length to the fifth; the third the longest; the fourth almost as long. They extend to the width of ten inches and a half; primaries, secondaries, and tertiaries, reddish brown; the inner webs dusky brown. The tail, which reaches an inch and a quarter beyond the closed wings, is rufous brown, and rather rounded at the end. It is straight and rather long; the feathers rather broad. Under tail coverts dull yellowish white. The female resembles the male, but is rather less in size.

The nest is generally placed on the ground in some natural hollow in the roots of a tree, on a bank, or at the foot of a hedgerow.

The blackcap warbler *(Sylvia atricapilla)* is a spring and autumn migrant. It is such a fine songster that it is sometimes called the mock nightingale. It must not, however, be confounded with the black-headed bunting. "This charming songster," says Mr. Hancock, "is found



in all our denes and thickets where there is a dense growth of underwood or scrub, formed by the blackthorn, bramble, rose, and honeysuckle. Here it constructs its nest, and finds the seclusion in which it delights. It arrives in April and leaves us in September, and at that time may be met with on the coast. Individuals, however, winter in the district. Mr. Dale, of Brancepeth, Durham, shot a male on the 15th December, 1848, in his garden, where it was feeding on the berries of the privet; and about two years afterwards the same gentleman killed a female, likewise in December, and near the same place." The Rev. J. G. Wood waxes eloquent in speaking of the song of this bird, which, in some respects, he rates even higher than that of the nightingale. "With the exception of the nightingale," he remarks, "the blackcap warbler is the sweetest and richest of all the British song-birds, and in many points the voice of the blackcap is even superior to that of the far-famed Philomel."

The male bird averages from five to six inches in length, sometimes a little more. The bill is dusky-hued; and the crown of the head, or "cap," is black, slightly flecked with a lighter tinge. The chin and root of the bill to the gape is yellowish orange up to the eye, and merges into a bluish-grey patch which runs to the shoulder; iris, dark brown. The back is brownish ash-coloured, the wing coverts being darker and edged with black. The throat, breast, and under parts are ash-coloured, with a tinge of grey beneath. The tail, grey beneath, is coloured above like the wings, rather long,

and square at the end. The female resembles the male, but her plumage generally has a more brownish tinge. She is a trifle larger, or rather longer, than her mate, and her cap, unlike that of the male, is reddish brown.

The food of the blackcap warbler in summer is chiefly insects and caterpillars, but it is also fond of garden fruit and wild berries. On a sunny summer's afternoon it may often be seen fluttering about the trunks of trees, picking off the metallic-hued flies which love to bask on the warm boles. Often the bird catches flies on the wing by a rapid dart from some low branch.

The garden warbler *(Sylvia hortensis)* is a spring and

autumn migrant. "This warbler," says Mr. Hancock, "takes up its residence, during its summer sojourn with us, in sequestered localities similar to those chosen by its rival in song, the blackcap. The nest and eggs of the two species are very similar; and their song is so very much alike that it is very difficult to distinguish them." The bird arrives in this country about April, and leaves early in September.

The male bird is about six inches long. The bill is dusky brown, the base and edges of the lower mandible yellow, and the inside of the mouth a bright orange. The iris of the eye is dark brown, with a small speck of white. The crown of the head and the upper part of the back are greyish brown, the plumage down to the root of the tail, above, being of a lighter tinge, with a dash of olive. The wings and tail are nearly the same colour as the head and upper part of the back. The neck on the sides is brownish grey; chin and throat, yellowish white, the lower and upper parts tinged with reddish brown, as are the sides; the remainder yellowish white, almost white below. The tail is straight and slightly rounded at the end; and the toes and claws are greyish brown. The female closely resembles the male in size and appearance, but is rather lighter coloured in plumage above, and greyer below.

The nest is sometimes placed among nettles, on which account the bird is often called the nettle creeper.

Prudhoe Castle and the Umfrabilles.

PRUDHOE, from Proud Hoe, the proud hill, or Prut How, the swelling mound, is a prosperous mining village on the south bank of the Tyne, some nine miles or so west of Newcastle. The river at this place begins to show traces of that beauty which, higher up, at Stocksfield and Riding Mill, renders the Tyne one of the most

charming of North-Country streams. On the north bank, the picturesque village of Ovingham, in which parish Prudhoe is situated, nestles amongst its trees, the tower of its ancient church being a rare feature in the landscape. On a stately mount between the river and the village of Prudhoe stands the fine old castle of the Umfravilles. Long has it been in ruins, though to-day the modern mason has been at his patchwork, building up a nineteenth century dwelling-house, as well as he could, in the midst of mouldering, tottering walls.

The first of the Umfraville family who came into Northumberland was a companion of William the Conqueror—Robert cum Barba, Robert with the Beard. To him the barony of Prudhoe was granted for the honourable service of defending the country against wolves and the King's enemies with the sword which William himself wore when he entered Northumbria. The old barony extended to Harlow and Welton in the parish of Ovingham, Inghoe in the parish of Stamfordham, Chipchase and Birtley in the parish of Chollerton, Little Bavington right away in the parish of Throckington, even to Capheaton and Harle and Kirkwhelpington in the parish of Whelpington, and also included the manor and chapelry of Little Heaton, or Kirk Heaton.

Do you ask what the Umfravilles did to entitle them to fame? They did what others did in the times in which they lived; helped the Norman kings and barons to rule England, no easy task at that time; fought in their wars, took part in the long Border struggles with the Scots, and worked to re-make Northumberland after it had been almost, what with Danes, what with Normans, and what with Scots, blotted out. He who built the oldest portion of the castle of Prudhoe, Odenel de Umfraville, was one of the chief supporters of Henry II. against the aggressions of the Scots. When it was built, not without much sweating and wearing of bones and muscles on the part of the peasantry on the estates, Odenel defended it, like the noble soldier that he was, against the army brought by William the Lion, in 1174, to devastate England. In that invasion his own castle of Harbottle was taken by the Scottish King, the castle of Warkworth was captured and destroyed, and Carlisle and Werk were surrendered. At Newcastle the Lion King was repulsed, and then betook himself to Prudhoe, but there again his attempt was frustrated, and he was afterwards surprised and taken prisoner with some of his attendants at Alnwick. Jordan Fantosme, in his metrical chronicle, tells us that Prudhoe was admirably defended. Odenel de Umfraville, fearing the garrison too weak to hold the castle, rode away on horseback day and night till he succeeded in getting together four hundred knights to help him. After three days' continual assault, the Scots, who had made no impression whatever on the defenders, abandoned the siege, having first, in their disappointment and chagrin at not being able to do more damage, ravaged the gardens, the cornfields, and the goodly orchard, in which they barked all the apple trees. Fine sport this for the noble warriors of a king's army!

Richard de Umfraville, who died in the eleventh year of the reign of Henry III., having lived all through King John's reign, was engaged in the chief transactions in the North during the whole of his life, and took a prominent

DISTANT VIEW OF PRUDHOE CASTLE.

part in resisting the usurpation and exactions of that monarch. Richard was, too, a companion of Cœur de Lion in the East, and we learn from Harding that, when the King had concluded a three years' truce with Saladin, "home he went"—

> And of Acres he made then captain
> The Baron bold Sir Richard Umfraville.

Richard's son, Gilbert, although nothing has come down to us of his deeds, is highly extolled by the chronicler, Matthew Paris, who terms him "the illustrious baron, the defender of the North, and the flower of chivalry." His son, also Gilbert, was made Earl of Angus under peculiar circumstances by Edward I. He was first styled Earl of Angus in a charter granting him a market at Overton, on his Rutlandshire estate, in the fifty-first year of Henry III. But he was not summoned to Parliament under this title till the fifth year of Edward I., and, yet, several times later, he is summoned, not as Earl of Angus, but as Gilbert de Umfraville.

Gilbert, the third Earl of Angus, married Matilda de Lucy, an heiress, who had as her second husband Henry de Percy, Earl of Northumberland, to whom she brought, besides her other great possessions, the castles of Cockermouth, Warkworth, and Prudhoe. These estates were settled on the Earl of Northumberland on condition of his quartering the arms of Lucy—namely, gules, three lucies argent—with the Percy bearings of or, a lion rampant, azure, in all shields, banners, and coats-of-arms, as may now be seen. Thenceforth Prudhoe shared the fortunes of the Percies, and by them was later to be held rebelliously against the Crown. The aged Earl of Northumberland and his son, the gallant Hotspur, who considered themselves chiefly instrumental in placing Henry IV. on the throne, became dissatisfied with that monarch's wretched administration, and rebuked the king and his council for their want of consideration of the Percies, to whom they were so indebted for their services on the Scottish marches, and to whom the king himself was under considerable pecuniary obligations. Their reasonable appeals being slighted, the Percies took part with Owen Glendower in his Welsh outbreak. The fiery Hotspur perished at Shrewsbury, and the Earl of Northumberland was obliged to take refuge across the Border, whence he made various raids and ineffectual attempts to create insurrections. The earl was finally killed at Bramham Moor, his body being quartered and exposed at Lincoln, York, Newcastle, and

Berwick. Meantime, Henry personally besieged Warkworth, and Prudhoe and Alnwick were compelled to surrender. The castle and barony of Prudhoe, with the rest of their estates, were forfeited, but were afterwards restored to the Percies, who, with slight breaks, have ever since retained them.

During the Wars of the Roses, the castle of Prudhoe

was kept in a state of fortification, but there is no noteworthy incident connected with it. After the accession of the Tudor line, it was neglected, and allowed to fall into decay. Lodge says it was tenanted in 1557 by Henry Percy, brother of Thomas, Earl of Northumberland; but two years later it is described as "old and ruinous, being walled about, and in form not much unlike a shield hanging with one point upwards, situate upon a high moate of earth, with high ditches in some places, all wrought with man's hand as it seemeth, and is of cement, all the scite of it, with, as it seemeth, a little garden plat, and the bankes, by estimatcion, sc. iii acres. There is within the scite, and without the walls, an elder chapell, which hath been very fair, and covered with slate."

Prudhoe Castle is entered from the south-west by a strong gateway and barbican, which latter is assumed, from the character of the masonry, to be the latest portion of the structure. From marks on the stones it is estimated that it was built at the close of the reign of Edward I. by Gilbert de Umfraville, second Earl of Angus, or by his nephew, third earl; and it is conjectured, according to these same stone marks, that the workmen who built it laboured also in a similar capacity at Dunstanburgh and Alnwick. At the time when the barbican was built, the upper chamber in the gateway tower was converted into a chapel, which, it is worthy of note, contains the first oriel window that was ever made in England. Various theories have been propounded to account for this notable departure, some averring that the room was not large enough to contain an altar, and consequently a portion of the building was carried out on corbels to give the requisite space. But the most likely way of accounting for it is one given by Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates, who knows perhaps more about the old Northumbrian castles than anybody living. He thinks that, the topmost storey, above the chapel, being used as a sleeping apartment, probably by the priest, and it being against all practice to have any inhabited structure above the altar, this oriel window was carried out beyond the walls of the gateway, so that nothing—especially no such thing as a bedroom—should intervene between the most sacred part of the chapel and the vault of heaven. Another notable feature in the architecture of the gateway is the purity of moulding in the very fine double corbels at the base of the inside arch. Moreover, except in the Cathedral at Durham, it is uncommon to find two heads, as here, side by side, in a corbel. The outer and inner gateways, connected by strong walls, were in ruins as early as in Queen Elizabeth's time, but they are believed to have carried a covered way. The interior of the castle walls is an indeterminate ruin, a conglomeration of crumbling towers, of which the noblest are the remains of the grand old keep, which still overtops all the other buildings.

Hutchinson, who has accurately described Prudhoe

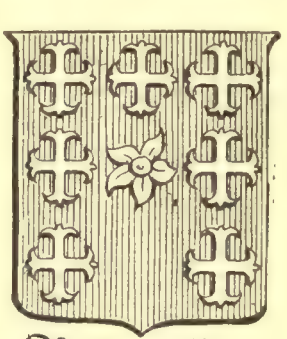
Castle as he saw it, says :—"The first gateway is formed by a circular arch; and by the fragments and broken walls it evidently appears that it was originally flanked with various outworks, and had a tower. This gate gives admittance to a covered way, leading to the inner gate, about 30 paces in length. There is a sallyport opening on each side to flank the walls and defend the ditch. There is no appearance of a portcullis in either gateway. The second gateway is also formed by a circular arch, above which is a high tower, the windows showing that it contained three tiers of apartments. A lattice or open gate still remains jointed with studs of iron. The roof of the gateway is arched in semi-circles, with an aperture in the centre from whence those in the upper chamber might annoy an enemy who had forced the gate. From thence you enter an area, now so blocked up by the buildings of a farm-yard and tenement that it is not possible to form any idea of its original magnitude, though it appears by the other parts that an open area had surrounded the great tower, which does not show any remains of communication with the outworks, but seems to have stood apart on an eminence in the centre. The outward wall was defended on the angle to the south-west by a large square bastion with loopholes; to the north-west by a circular tower containing several tiers of low chambers, singular in their form and height. The inhabitants could not have stood erect in them at the time of defence. Towards the river, and northward, the wall is guarded by several small square bastions, and towards the south-east a small mount, placed within the walls, overlooks the ditch which guards the southern side and terminates at he brink of the cliffs. The large tower is in ruins, only the southern wall now standing, and not one bastion remains entire, they being all in ruins towards the area. A passage runs in the centre of the wall from bastion to bastion. Steps ascend in several places from the area to the top of the wall, which is broad enough to allow the trmed men of the garrison to pass each other, covered with a parapet."

After Mr. Hutchinson's time, the structure suffered considerable dilapidations, and part of the main tower tumbled down; but the Duke of Northumberland subsequently put the whole in a state of repair, and adopted measures to preserve the remains. Apartments were also built within the area of the castle, but in a most wretched taste, quite out of keeping with the venerable walls, for the accommodation of a resident steward.

The older parts of the castle were probably erected during the reigns of Stephen and Henry II., when so many other baronial fortresses were built. The barbican and chapel are said to belong to the reign of Edward I. or the early part of that of his unhappy successor; but the lancet windows must have been put in subsequently.

From an inquisition held in the 18th year of King Edward II. it appears that Robert de Umfraville held on the day of his death, sixteen years before, the castle and manor of Prudhoe, with an orchard belonging to the manor. The castle and orchard were worth £1 per annum in times of peace, but worth nothing then, on account of the destructions of the Scots and the poverty of the country. The pigeon-house was worth one shilling per annum in times of peace, then nothing, for the pigeons were destroyed. One hundred and twenty acres of land in demesne was worth sixpence per acre per annum in times of peace, then nothing, for they lay waste in the lord's hands for want of tenants. Six acres of meadow were worth in times of peace sixpence per acre per annum, then twopence. And five bondages, each containing a toft and sixteen acres of land, were then worth nothing per annum, for want of tenants. This gives us a curious insight into the state of the North of England six hundred years ago.

The arms of the Umfravilles are: Gules, a cinquefoil within an orle of crosses patonce or. The crest is: Out of a mural coronet gules, a griffin's head issuant, ermine. The coat of arms may be seen sculptured on the battlement of the south front of the walls of the Elsdon parsonage—one of the most interesting buildings in the county. These arms are, as Hodgson conjectures, those of Sir Robert Taylboys, who was descended from a branch of the Umfravilles. The inscription below the arms is R. D. Rede, which, being interpreted, signifies, Robertus Dominus de Rede, or, as the vulgar tongue hath it, Robert, Lord of Rede. It may, however, refer either to Sir Robert Taylboys, as stated above, or to Sir Robert Umfraville, who died in 1436, shortly after some important repairs had been made to Elsdon Castle. It may not be out of the way to draw attention to the similarity of these arms of the Umfravilles to those of the Umfrevilles of Langham, in Essex, and no doubt the latter are a branch of the same Norman family that came over with the Conqueror. They are: Gules, an orle of crosses flory, and cinqfoil or; and the crest is an eagle's head coupt (couped) p'per (proper) out of a ducal crown or.



Umfraville.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

John Fenwick, F.S.A.,

ATTORNEY AND ANTIQUARY.

SEVERAL members of the race of Fenwick have become at various times citizens of Newcastle; a few of them have achieved distinction in the public life of the town. Nicholas Fenwick, to whom Ambrose Barnes surrendered his alderman's gown, and Vicar March dedicated his sermon, "The False Prophet Unmasked," filled the office of Sheriff in the municipal year 1678-79, and was Mayor in 1682-83 and 1697-98. Robert Fenwick became Mayor in 1708. Nicholas Fenwick (2) obtained the shrievalty in 1713, and was five times Mayor—1720-21, 1726-27, 1736-37, 1746-47, and 1747-48. He contested the borough as Parliamentary candidate on three successive occasions (1727, 1734, and 1741), and in each instance was successful. His town residence was the mansion in Pilgrim Street, afterwards converted into the Queen's Head Inn, and now the home of the Liberal Club; his country seat was at Lemington, near Alnwick, where he distinguished himself in forestry, for which he was honoured with the gold medal of the Society of Arts. Cuthbert Fenwick, passing through the shrievalty in 1719-20, filled the office of chief magistrate in 1727-28, and 1739-40. William Fenwick was sheriff in 1732, and John Fenwick was elected an alderman in 1836.

John Fenwick, the last of the series, attorney-at-law, known to his contemporaries as "John the Baptist," claimed descent from the historical family at Wallington, through one Ambrose Fenwick, who, he asserted, was a son of Sir William Fenwick, of Wallington, and therefore brother, or half-brother, to Sir William Fenwick, of Meldon, whose mother (Sir William of Wallington's second wife) was the famous Meg of Meldon. It is to be observed that no such person as this Ambrose occurs in Hodgson's elaborate genealogies of the Fenwicks, and if Mr. Fenwick's claim be well founded, it must be assumed that Mr. Hodgson overlooked him. To whom Ambrose Fenwick was married does not appear, but it is stated that the Rev. Edward Fenwick, Vicar of Stamfordham, in the reign of William and Mary, was his immediate descendant. From that point all is clear. There was a Rev. Edward Fenwick, who succeeded Ralph Fenwick, A.M., in the living of Stamfordham about the end of Charles the First's reign, and held the appointment for many years. He married in May, 1685, a daughter of Sir Francis Liddell, of Redheugh, who is supposed to have been the Sheriff of Newcastle in 1640, and the Mayor of that town in 1664.

Upon the death of Sir Francis, the Rev. Edward Fenwick, in right of his wife, became possessed of Redheugh, and having two sons destined for the Church he exchanged that property with his "relative," the Earl of Derwentwater, for the advowson of Simonburn, one of the richest rectories in the diocese. The earl had married Catherine, one of the daughters of Sir William Fenwick, of Meldon, and would, therefore, if Ambrose were a brother or a half-brother of Sir William, be a near relative indeed. His lordship entered at once into possession of Redheugh, for the occupant of the rectory of Simonburn was over ninety years of age, and it was supposed that no great delay would occur in effecting a complete interchange. But almost directly after the transaction had been arranged, the Rebellion of 1715 broke out. Lord Derwentwater, as is well known, was one of the leaders in the insurrection, was attainted a rebel, and all his property became forfeit to the Crown. Thus the Rev. Edward Fenwick found himself deprived of his wife's estate, and shut out of Simonburn, through no fault of his own—truly a hard case.

Pending suits against the Government for the restitution of one or the other of these properties (which were resisted on the ground that the exchange was simoniacal), in December, 1730, the baffled clergyman died, leaving to his two clerical sons but a poor inheritance. The elder of them, Ambrose, had succeeded to the living of Stamfordham on the resignation of his father in 1719; the other son, Edward, had been inducted vicar of Kirkwhelpington in 1720. Ambrose married Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Bradley, attorney, at Gateshead, and died childless in 1732. Edward thereupon embarked in a new suit to oust the nominee of the Crown from Simonburn, and, being unsuccessful, died heartbroken in July, 1734, leaving a widow, two sons, and six daughters in comparative poverty. Edward, his eldest son, was brought up by Mr. Fenwick, of Bywell, and designed for holy orders, but preferring a trade, he was bound apprentice to Mr. Toppin, a saddler, at Hexham. Subsequently he entered the army, and died abroad. His eldest son, also named Edward, was befriended by Sir Walter Blackett, who, it is said, believing him to be entitled to the estates of the celebrated Dorothy Windsor, took possession of one of them in the name of the infant, and, being ejected, secured a sum of money for the youth, which was paid over to him when he had served his time at Hexham to his father's business of a saddler. This Edward Fenwick married Mary, daughter of John Shield, of Catton, and became the father of John Fenwick, attorney, the subject of the present article.

John Fenwick was born at Hexham, April 14, 1787. His father intended him to follow the sea, towards which he had a boyish predilection, and with that view he was taught navigation by George Brown, a local mathematician, for many years editor of the "Newcastle Tide Tables." At the age of fourteen he went as cabin boy in

a Shields vessel, stayed long enough to be promoted to the cook's galley, and then, conceiving a disgust at his surroundings, returned home and was articled to a Newcastle attorney. On the 9th of June, 1814, he married Ann, youngest daughter of Abram Rumney, head master of Alnwick Grammar School, and began to make his way in the town. The first number of Mr. Joseph Clark's *Northumberland and Newcastle Monthly Magazine* (January, 1818) contains an article from his pen, dated "Shield Field, November 20, 1817," introducing a case relating to the practice of the Mayor and Sheriff's Court, in Newcastle—the publication of which extended over several subsequent issues, and was supposed to correct some errors into which Wallis in his "History of Northumberland," and the Rev. John Hodgson in the "Picture of Newcastle," had unwittingly fallen. Before long Mr. Fenwick had become connected with the public life of Newcastle in many different directions. A staunch and argumentative Baptist, he interested himself in most of the leading Nonconformist movements of the day, while, as an evangelical dissenter, he co-operated with members of other denominations in promoting general schemes of piety and benevolence. Among these latter may be noted the providing of a cemetery for the interment of Nonconformists at the junction of Elswick Lane with Arthur's Hill—a project that received its first impulse from a speech which he delivered in Newcastle in 1825, and afterwards published as a pamphlet.

Moving thus actively in public matters, he became in time local treasurer to the Baptist Missionary Society, the Religious Tract Society, and the Newcastle Benevolent Society, and a member of the managing committees of the local Indigent and Sick Society, the Sunday School Union, the Bible Society, the Bethel Union, the Anti-Slavery Society, and kindred organisations. A founder and active promoter of the Newcastle and Gateshead Law Society, he was honoured by election to the successive offices of vice-president and president of the society; an early member of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, he filled in after life the post of treasurer to that flourishing institution.

At the elections which followed the passing of the Municipal Reform Act of 1835, Mr. Fenwick was nominated as one of seventeen suitable persons to represent the burgesses of South St. Andrew's Ward in the Reformed Town Council. He was not elected, but at the first meeting of the new Council he was appointed an alderman, receiving twenty votes, being one vote more than Mr. James Hodgson, who stood at the bottom of the list. For some reason or other the position did not fit Mr. Fenwick. He attended eight out of twenty meetings of the Council, and then resigned.

Mr. Fenwick was associated with John Trotter Brockett, John Adamson, and others in the formation of the Newcastle Typographical Society. Though he wrote very little himself, he printed more tracts in the society's name than any other member, numbering indeed nearly a third of the whole series.

To the "Archæologia Æliana" Mr. Fenwick contributed nothing of his own, but he produced from his extensive collection relating to the Derwentwater family materials which enabled Mr. Longstaffe and the Rev. James Raine to add to the first three volumes of the octavo edition of that excellent publication a series of papers of great interest and value. In the first volume appear—"Francis Radclyffe, First Earl of Derwentwater," and "Sir Edward Radclyffe, of Dilston." In the second volume are "The Heirs General to Radclyffe of Derwentwater" and "Extracts from the Accounts of the Steward of Sir Francis Radclyffe, Bart., at Dilston, from June, 1686, to June, 1687"; while in volume three come "The Markets, Fairs, and Mills of Morpeth," and "Discontinuance of an Action against a Recusant." His son, John Clerevaulx Fenwick, contributed to the same volume (iii.) an interesting paper on "Bagpipes and Pipe Music."

Mr. Fenwick died in Newcastle on the 10th of April, 1867, at the age of eighty.

Sir John Fife,

POLITICAL AND MUNICIPAL REFORMER.

Among the fiery leaders who, sixty years ago, conducted the campaign upon Tyneside in favour of Parliamentary Reform and Municipal Freedom, the most dashing, if not the most daring or the most enduring, was the popular doctor, the bold huntsman, and the polished gentleman, who was known throughout the Northern Counties as "young Mr. Fife."

John Fife was a son of William Fife, a Newcastle surgeon, who practised his profession, at the beginning of the century, in Denton Chare, and afterwards till his death in 1839, at the house which still occupies the space between the west end of that narrow thoroughfare and the junction of Westgate Road with Collingwood Street. Born in 1795, and brought up to his father's calling, "young Mr. Fife" rapidly made his way in the town. A high-spirited young man, of polished address and courteous manners, abounding in wit and gallantry, able to ride to hounds, and conduct himself bravely in a drawing-room, he became a general favourite. His abilities in these directions helped him to a fortunate marriage. On the 26th of March, 1818, he was united at All Saints' Church to Elizabeth, second daughter of Joseph Bainbridge, a well-known solicitor, who lived in Pilgrim Street, in a house he had built for himself, and to which, in honour of the great military hero of the day, he had given the name of Wellington Place.

About the time of his marriage, Mr. Fife, having taken up his freedom in the Incorporated Company of Barber Surgeons and Chandlers, began to practise on his own

account in Newcastle. Fortune favoured him. The Corporation, noting his abilities, made him, in 1819, one of the town coroners; the Barber Surgeons, for similar reasons, elected him, in 1821, one of their stewards. A movement which he inaugurated the following year gave him wide popularity among the labouring classes. He had made diseases of the eye a special study, and in March, 1822, in conjunction with Mr. T. M. Greenhow, brother-in-law of Harriet Martineau, he started, upon a very modest scale, in Brunswick Place, a medical charity, known in after years as the Newcastle Eye Infirmary. Becoming associated with some of the leaders of advanced thought in the town, and evincing sympathy with their principles, he was invited to co-operate in public move-

ments of a political character. But to these allurements he turned, while his father-in-law lived, a deaf ear. In December, 1823, Mr. Bainbridge, undergoing an operation in London for aneurism, suddenly died, and then the obstacle to Mr. Fife's entry into political life was removed. Strengthening his intimacy with local leaders, and extending his influence among the people, he waited for an opportunity to show his strength. The opportunity was delayed. At the time of his emancipation political opinion in Newcastle was practically stagnant. "The great election" of 1826 stirred it a little; the struggle for Catholic emancipation produced a ripple or two; but for the most part the stream of political agitation in the North of England was standing still.

All of a sudden, in July, 1830, a revolution broke out in France, spread to Brussels, passed over to Brunswick and Saxony, and affected, more or less, every throne in Europe. In this country the democracy, cowed by the Manchester massacre ten years before, were encouraged to lift up their heads and raise their voices once more. The Whigs, dexterously availing themselves of the democratic upheaval, joined forces with the proletariat in order to weaken the Tory Ministry under the Duke of Wellington, and agitate for Parliamentary and Administrative Reform. In Newcastle, the two parties, Whigs and Radicals, met in Mr. Charnley's shop, and projected a town's meeting to be held in the Guildhall, for the purpose of attesting the "sympathy of Englishmen with the cause of liberty in France." At this meeting, held on the 7th September, 1830, the Mayor in the chair, Mr. Fife made his first public appearance on the political platform. Some stirring speeches were delivered—so stirring, indeed, that they attracted the attention of the *Age* newspaper, which poured out upon the speakers the vials of its wrath in the following choice language :—

> *Mister* Alderman Cramlington was there, and a very fit fellow he is for such society; and John Bowes Wright was there, the traveller, him *wot* told the meeting what *he* saw when *he* was in Paris; Doctor Headlam and his hat, and *Mister* Fiffey and his stays, were both there; and Tom Doubleday, sonnet writer and soap-boiler, was there, but he did not say six words—he was ashamed of his company; and Aleck Reid, the auctioneer and pawnbroker, was there; and Ralph Park Philipson was there; and the Green-eyed Monster was there; and William Irving Wilkinson was there, the man *wot* wants to be called a squire; and, in fact, all the desperate upon or about the town were there, . . . creatures who are as unknown in good society in England as they are to the inhabitants of Timbuctoo . . . the scum and dregs of the town and neighbourhood. Let the quacks of Newcastle, medical and political, stick to their own business. Let them St. John Long their patients, or dabble on in coals and grindstones; but do not let them deal in politics or revolutionary humbug. Emulsionary Headlam and Sarsaparilla Fife may do very well for the coalheavers and skippers of Newcastle, but they are no more fit to embank the liberties of Europe than are the beavers on the lakes of America to prevent the outpouring of the waters at the Falls of Niagara.

Once embarked upon a political career, Mr. Fife's zeal was limited only by his opportunities. He was one of the leading spirits in the formation of the Northern Political Union and one of the most effective and energetic speakers at the public and private gatherings of that triumphant organisation. To his skill in tactics the Union owed no small part of its success. While Larkin thundered forth fiery invective, Attwood threw out scathing satire, and Eneas Mackenzie emitted moral platitudes, Fife planned and plotted, marshalled and manœuvred. Possessing a suavity of manner that soothed the turbulent, and cultivating a polished rhetoric that disarmed the rebellious, he could plead, argue or denounce with equal facility and effect. Yet, while never losing his temper, nor allowing himself to be drawn into excess of language, gesture, or demeanour, he knew how to "take occasion by the hand" and mould it to his pur-

pose. When in the summer of 1831, the burgesses of Newcastle met, under the presidency of the Mayor, to petition the House of Lords in favour of the Reform Bill, and a weak petition was submitted by the Whig section of the Reform party, he outmanœuvred them, drove the baffled Whigs out of the room, was put into the seat which the Mayor had occupied, and obtained from the excited burgesses an enthusiastic vote for a much stronger petition which Mr. Attwood had conveniently found in his pocket. When the Lords threw out the Bill, he was the chief organiser of the great October demonstration upon the Town Moor, the leader in the subsequent march of three hundred men from Tyneside to Durham to prevent Lord Londonderry's "lambs" from breaking up a Reform meeting, and the proposer of the resolution, already adopted by the Birmingham Radicals, which pledged the members of the Northern Political Union to pay no taxes until the Reform Bill became the law of the land.

At the Newcastle Spital meeting, on the 15th of May, 1832, Mr. Fife struck the keynote which Charles Larkin expanded into a howl of defiance against the throne and the aristocracy that echoed and re-echoed all over the kingdom. Quoting a speech of Fox against the Sedition Bills of 1795, in which that impassioned orator asserted that Parliament might pass such bills, and they might even receive the Royal sanction, yet be so unconstitutional that obedience was no longer a moral duty, and insurrection itself be justifiable, and adding the emphatic declaration, "In these principles I will live and die," Mr. Fife continued—

Here is an immense multitude, and is there one man who will not join me in holding up his right hand and repeating after me—"In these principles I will live and die?"

The response, a writer in the *Northern Tribune* tells us, was instantaneous. A forest of hands were uplifted in imitation of the speaker, and in solemn cadence the vast multitude ejaculated that memorable vow—"In these principles I will live and die." Scarcely had the hands disappeared when a forest of oak saplings was uplifted, and remained there for some minutes, amidst profound yet most significant silence. Then the speaker resumed—

The House of Commons yet stands between this country and a revolution. If it only prove that it is the representative of the nation, the people may obtain their rights without confusion and bloodshed. Let us, therefore, with one voice exclaim—"Privilege of Parliament! Privilege of Parliament!" But remember until that cry is disregarded, until privilege of Parliament ceases to exist, or is grossly violated, then, and not till then, shall I, for one, exclaim, "To your tents, O Israel!"

With the passing of the Reform Bill, Mr. Fife considered that to a considerable extent victory had been won, and that the fight should now be left to the enlarged constituencies. Finding himself in a minority upon this and other questions in the Council of the Political Union, he withdrew, and, after a brief existence, the organisation itself came to an end. But, although acting no longer with Attwood and Larkin, he avowed himself an earnest reformer still, and, being shortly after his retirement elected a member of the committee of the Newcastle Mechanics' Institute, he proved the sincerity of his avowal by presenting to the library a copy of Paine's "Rights of Man." For the next few years, although he published a letter to Lord Howick in favour of household suffrage, triennial Parliaments, and vote by ballot, he concerned himself chiefly in the struggle for municipal reform. At the Michaelmas Guild of the burgesses in 1833, he headed a party of "independent voters" whose criticisms of the ruling powers were remarkably pointed and unusually free. Towards the close of the proceedings, which were stormy and protracted, Mr. Fife and Mr. George Clayton Atkinson were nominated for the office of sheriff. Mr. Fife lost, and Mr. Atkinson was elected amidst the groans and hisses of the burgesses.

In the summer of 1834 Mr. Fife sustained a heavy bereavement in the death of his wife, and, for a time, he withdrew from active participation in public work. But as soon as the Municipal Reform Act was passed, he emerged from his seclusion, and threw himself once more into the arena of local conflict. At the first election under the new Act he was returned at the head of the poll for the ward of St. Nicholas, every man in the ward but thirty-seven having given him a vote. Upon the first occasion that the Reformed Council assembled Mr. Fife was appointed an alderman; at the second meeting of that body he originated a discussion upon the use and abuse of the Mansion House, kept it going meeting after meeting, and never ceased to agitate till that famous resort of convivial burgesses was dismantled, and its contents sold to the highest bidder. At Michaelmas, 1838, he was elected Mayor. He had fairly earned his promotion, and none of his opponents raised a hand against it.

In his election to the Mayoralty Mr. Fife's popularity reached its culmination; before his year of office expired it had received serious damage. Into the details it is unnecessary to enter. They have been printed over and over again, and may always be read in Richardson's "Table Book," in Gammage's "History of the Chartist Movement," and in "The Odd Book" of Thomas Ainge Devyr. It is sufficient here to state that in the summer of 1839 the townspeople were seriously disturbed by Chartist meetings and processions, accompanied by stone-throwing, window-smashing, and other mischief; that the Mayor, as chief magistrate, intervened for the prevention of such disorders; and that, failing to secure peaceable obedience to his commands, he called out the military, and broke up a Chartist demonstration at the point of the bayonet. For these services he was denounced as a traitor, a renegade, and a second Judas Iscariot by those who had beforetime been his warmest friends and supporters. With the denunciations of the Chartists and their friends still ringing in his ears, on the 1st July, 1840,

he was knighted by the Queen "as a mark of approbation of the manner in which he had sustained the office of chief magistrate under very critical circumstances."

Sir John was elected Mayor of Newcastle again in 1843, and he continued for many years to take an active part in the public life of his native town. Not, however, in the sphere of political conflict in which he had won his early fame. With advancing age his interest in politics, shaken by the events of 1839, declined, and although he took an active part in the Anti-Corn Law Agitation, being chairman of the League meetings in Newcastle, he gradually settled down into a mild and colourless Whig. When the next wave of Parliamentary Reform swept over the country, assuming the attitude of offended dignity contemplating past services, he stood aloof, and there the new school of Reformers left him. Meanwhile, the fervour which distinguished his early career had found a new channel. The vapouring of certain French colonels in 1859 turned the thoughts of Englishmen to the use of arms, and Sir John's soldierly instincts pushed him into the forefront of the agitation. He took the chair at a meeting held in Newcastle in the summer of that year to promote the volunteer movement, and became the first president of the club which shortly afterwards developed into the 1st Newcastle Rifle Volunteer Corps. Of that corps he was made lieutenant-colonel, and he filled the post to admiration. He was proud of his volunteers, thirteen companies strong; the volunteers were proud of Sir John, who looked every inch a soldier; Newcastle was proud of them all together.

Engrossed in volunteering, Sir John lost to some extent his interest in matters municipal as well as political. He had formed county connections, and began to consider himself as much a country gentleman as an alderman of Newcastle. When, therefore, in 1862, the farmers and dealers attending Newcastle Cattle Market fell into a hot dispute with the Corporation, Sir John, conceiving that they had reason for their complaints, made various proposals for settling the dispute, and upon these being rejected, accompanied by some heated personal remarks from one or two lively members of the Council, he resigned his office, and nothing could induce him to resume it. Failing health compelled him, in December, 1868, to relinquish his command of the volunteers, and from that time to his death, at Reedsmouth, on the 15th of January, 1871, the people of Newcastle saw but little of their gifted fellow-townsman.

Sir John Fife was in the commission of the peace for his native borough and for the county of Argyle; a deputy lieutenant; an M.A. of Durham; and a knight in the English League of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. In religion he was a Churchman—an earnest advocate of the establishment of a bishopric in Newcastle. For thirty years he filled the office of surgeon to the Newcastle Infirmary, and, besides founding the local Eye Infirmary, was one of the early promoters of the Newcastle College of Practical Science, in which, for some years, he officiated as a lecturer.

Sir John Vanbrugh in the North.

A NUMBER of valuable documents relating to the Pelham family have been recently acquired by the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. Amongst them are several letters from Sir John Vanbrugh, the famous architect, written between 1715 and 1723. One of these, addressed to Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, afterwards the well-known Prime Minister, relates to Castle Howard and to a visit of the Duke of Wharton to York. It runs as follows :—

Castle Howard, Augt. 8th, 1721.

I have no other business to trouble your Grace with a letter upon, but to thank you for your warrant. The rest is only to remind you, of my constant wishes (others would say prayers) for your health and happyness where-ever I wander. And amongst those good wishes, one is, that you were here at this time, to see in its beauty (warm weather too) the most delightful place I ever beheld. Many new charms open this year, that never appear'd before, and many more will next, that people do not dream of now: If I take in what a third will produce (bar more Southsea storms) I believe here will be (beyond all content) the top seat, and garden of England. Of the house I say nothing: The others I may commend, because nature made them; I pretend to no more merrit in them than a midwife, who helps to bring a fine child into the world, out of bushes boggs and bryars.

I was at York all last week. A race every day, and a ball every night; with as much well look't company, as ever I saw got together. The Ladys I mean in chief. As to the men the Duke of Wharton was the top gallant. The entertainments ending on Friday. He declar'd if the company wou'd stay in towne one day more, he wou'd treat the jockeys with a plate, the Ladys with a ball, and all together with a supper. T'was done accordingly, and my Lady Milner, who had all along been his partner, was now his Queen. When supper was ended, he invited all the good company to meet him again that day twelve month, on the same terms; with many decent and good complimts. to the inhabitants of York and Yorkshire for the honour they did him, and hop't wou'd do him again. To which they gratefully bow'd, as who wou'd say, yes. But his Grace, then bethought himself, of one civil thing more, and said. That unless my Lady Milner wou'd absolutly engage to be there too, he was off, as to the rest of the company. Upon which she look'd she did not know how, and all went home to sleep.

He is now here, for two or three days, & we have jok't off the affair of the House of Lords on both sides. Here's the house full of company, which I like better when it's emptye, so am going to morrow to Lumley Castle, and Delavals, which will take me up a fortnight. I shall then return to York.

Here is another letter of Sir John Vanbrugh's addressed to "Brigadier William Watkins in Scotland Yard," who at that time was one of his colleagues at the Office of Works, and held the post of "Keeper of H.M. Private Roads and Conductor and Guide in the Royal Progresses," at a salary of £200 a year :—

York, Augt. ye 26th, 1721.

Cou'd you see how busy I have been ever since I writ to you last, you wou'd easily forgive my being so long

before I did it again. I return'd but last night from the north (for here you must know we are in the south) where I have been near this three weeks finding a vast deal to do, both at Delavals and Lumley Castle. Since it is not easy, to go there often, I resolv'd to do all the service I cou'd while I was there now.

The Admiral [Delaval] is very gallant in his operations, not being dispos'd to starve the design at all, so that he is like to have a very fine dwelling for himself now, and his nephew &c. hereafter.

Lumley Castle is a noble thing, and well deserves the favours Lord Lumley designs to bestow upon it: In order to which, I stay'd there near a week, to form a general design for the whole, which consists, in altering the house both for state, beauty and convenience, and making the courts gardens and offices suitable to it; all which I believe may be done, for a sum, that can never ly very heavy upon the family. If I had had good weather in this expedition, I shou'd have been well enough diverted in it; there being many more valluable and agreeable things and places to be seen, than in the tame sneaking south of England.

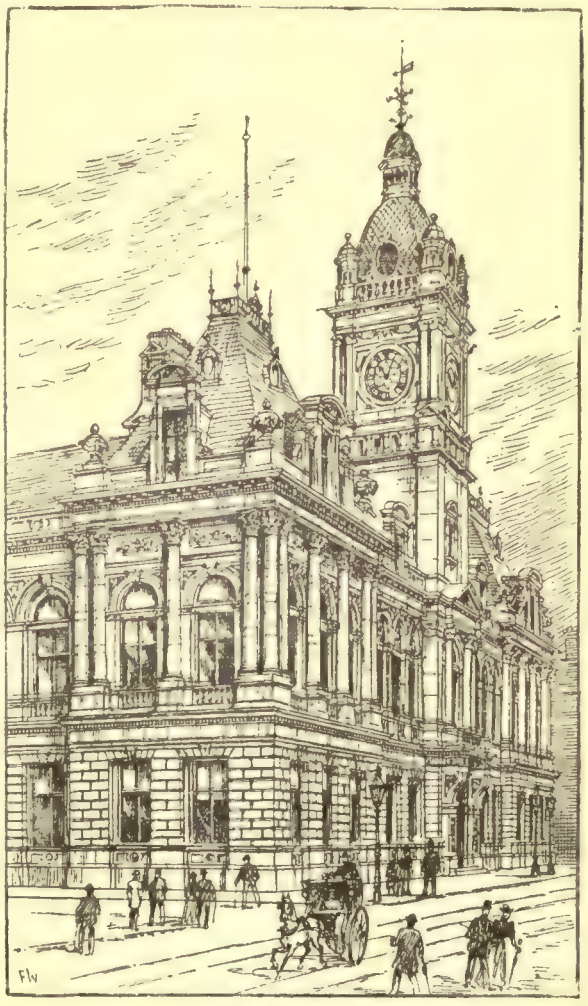
I am going in three or four days again to Castle Howard, where I must spend a week or ten days, to do what is necessary there. My Lord Carlisle going on with his works as usual; by which the seat is wonderfully improv'd this last year. Two years more, tho' they won't compleat all the building, will so beautify the outworks, of gardens, park, &c., that I think no place I ever saw, will dispute with it, for a delightfull dwelling in generall, let the criticks fish out what particular faults they please in the architecture.

Here are several gentlemen in these parts of the world, that are possess'd with the spirit of building, and seem dispos'd to do it, in so good a manner, that were they to establish here a sort of a Board of Works to conduct the affairs, I do verily believe, they wou'd sooner make Hawksmoor a commissioner of it, than that excellent architect Ripley."

It appears from a further letter, dated Castle Howard, August 20, 1723, that the great architect had a jovial time of it in the North. "I have been drinking waters at Scarborough three or four days," he says, "and am to return thither with Lord Carlisle, for a few weeks more, and soon after that, I point towards London."

Sunderland Town Hall.

FEW towns even in the North of England have made greater strides of late years than the important town at the mouth of the Wear. Its population has increased by leaps and bounds; its residential suburbs have grown in beauty year by year; and its public buildings have kept pace with the march of improvement and prosperity. The latest addition to the architectural attractions of Sunderland is the new Town Hall. This edifice, erected at a cost of about £50,000 from designs by Mr. Brightwen Binyon, of Ipswich, was opened with much ceremony on Nov. 6, 1890. The style of architecture is described as Italian renaissance. It will be seen from the accompanying engraving that the new building is really a handsome pile.



SUNDERLAND TOWN HALL.

Katterfelto and his Wonders.

By the late James Clephan.

.....Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
COWPER.

KATTERFELTO flourishes as a fly in the precious amber of classic song. Embalmed in enduring verse, he is perpetuated for all time, wonderstruck by his own wonders. With "hair on end" he comes streaming down to the light and life of the passing day, few knowing anything more of him than the

poet's picture portrays. Familiar as he was when the portrait was drawn, he lives for the most of men in these lines alone; and yet, scattered up and down over the island, relics must remain of him in sundry household corners, in the form of magnets, hygrometers, "fire-machines," and other articles of his merchandise, sold to his customers at the close of his performances when the last century was growing old and about to depart. He was vending them in Newcastle while exhibiting his mysterious "Morocco Black Cat" to admiring throngs, and ministering to that love of rare sights and strange spectacles which belongs to our race. When Cowper, in the year 1785, published his "Task," and affixed to Katterfelto the words we have taken for our motto, there were readings and recitations in Freemasons' Hall, London; and his "John Gilpin" was one of the most popular pieces in the programme. It was read by Henderson, the famous actor; and none were more warm in their applause than Mrs. Siddons. The poet heard, of course, of the sudden celebrity into which he had been lifted by his "citizen of credit and renown"; but his friend Unwin, in communicating to him the fact of his metropolitan popularity, slily admonished him that he had a competitor for fame in "The Learned Pig."

The times were sensational then as now. Our ancestors were as fond of marvels and excitements as their descendants; and in 1783, when the suggestion was made to Cowper that led to the prodaction of "The Task," the world was running after novelties and wonders. It gave crowded audiences to Katterfelto, who, according to his own account, was "the greatest philosopher in this kingdom since Sir Isaac Newton," but is classed among "mountebanks" in "Chambers's Book of Days," and has been brought more recently under notice as one of the "quacks of the eighteenth century." It was in the latter years of that century that balloons became the fashion and the rage. "Senators, philosophers, ladies, everybody," wrote Walpole near the end of 1783, gazed aloft at balloons. "I am tired of reading about them in the papers," said the Right Hon. Frederick Montague to Mrs. Delany in 1784; and in the same year there were adventurous journeys above the earth in Northumberland and Durham. On the 8th of May, little more than two months from the first ascent of Blanchard at Paris in a hydrogen balloon, "the ingenious Mr. Jackson, of Hutton Rudby," as the *Newcastle Chronicle* reported at the time, "entertained the inhabitants of Stockton and environs with that fashionable amusement, an air-balloon"; and we learn from Sykes, the Newcastle annalist, that on the 9th of August "a balloon was set off from the Sandhill, Newcastle, by Mr. Clarke, Jun., for the benefit and enlargement of an eminent teacher, then in Newgate for a debt contracted when in a bad state of health," the sum thus benevolently collected amounting to £33, "which answered the intended purpose."

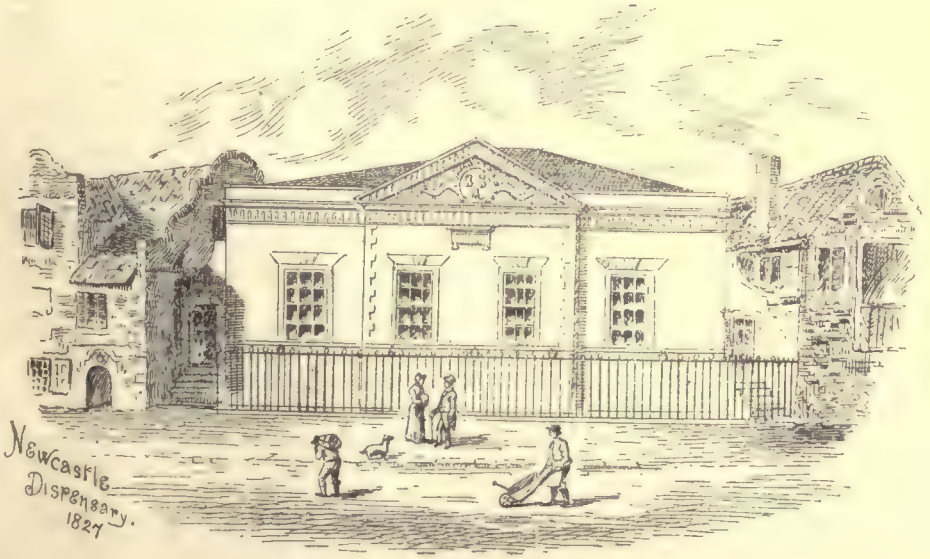
Balloons went up, other "fashionable amusements" courted public favour, and the weekly newspaper had a word for them all. Cowper was among its readers in his rustic retreat: and with "the folio of four pages" before him—

> .....that map of busy life,
> Its fluctuations and its vast concerns,

he closed his fireside picture of what was going on in the world beyond his shutters with the lines—

> Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
> And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
> At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

Katterfelto came to Newcastle "for his bread" in 1787;



and "The Learned Pig" visited the town in the same year. In 1784, when Johnson was in his native Lichfield for the last time, Miss Seward told him of "the wonderful learned pig, which she had seen at Nottingham, and which did all that we have seen exhibited by dogs and horses." He had also, while remaining in his old city, "three letters on one day about the air-balloon"; and shortly after he left, being in Oxford, and considerate of the gratification of his faithful negro servant, "he sent Francis to see the balloon fly."

Wonders have ever been in request. "Dogs were made to bark and bite," says the poet; but patient preceptors have taught them more, and turned a penny by their accomplishments. There were "learned dogs" going about the country, as may be seen by Mrs. Delany's letters, in 1760. One could dance a hornpipe. Another told what o'clock it was, and could spell. The third could even speak a word or two; barked his own name; "his voice, indeed, a little hoarse, but the words tolerably distinct." Such clever companions were the attraction and astonishment of their little day. The world ran after them; for every generation must have its amusements. When Bonaparte was carrying his eagles over Europe, and England was apprehensive of invasion; when the health of the Sovereign excited uneasiness and there were Ministerial difficulties and Parliamentary perplexities; "in the midst of all this," wrote Sir Gilbert Elliot in 1804, "everybody goes to see 'Valentine and Orson,' and weep over the death of a bear." No little excitement, doubtless, there was on the banks of the Tyne in 1787, when the intimation was made of Katterfelto's coming visit to Newcastle with his Cat, immediately preceding in the *Newcastle Chronicle* the announcement that "The Learned Pig" was also on the road thither. It was in the month of February that there was exhibited in the Long Room of the Bigg Market "that most astonishing animal, the learned or scientific pig from Charing Cross, and last from Sadler's Wells." Its ingenious tutor had "taught a turtle to fetch and carry"; had "overcome the timidity of a hare, by making her beat a drum"; had "perfected six turkey-cocks in a regular country dance"; had "taught three cats to strike several tunes on the dulcimer with their paws, and to imitate the Italian manner of singing"; and now, above all, "he had conquered the natural obstinacy and stupidity of a pig, by teaching him to unite the letters of any person's name," and tell "the number of persons in the room, the hour and minute by any watch, &c., &c." This docile creature had no sooner arrived in the Bigg Market, "than the curious of all degrees resorted to see him"; and after the interview, "the most penetrating frankly declared that neither the tongue of the most florid orator, nor pen of the most ingenious writer, could sufficiently describe the wonderful performance." Some one having suggested at Lichfield, in Johnson's presence, "that great torture must have been employed ere the indocility of the animal could have been subdued," the doctor, never at a loss in controversy, ascertained from Miss Seward that it was three years of age, and at once replied :—"Then the pig has no cause to complain; he would have been killed the first year if he had not been educated; and protracted existence is a good recompense for very considerable degrees of torture."

A generation earlier, a "Learned Dog" had been in Newcastle, more learned than all the three dogs put together seen by Mrs. Delany in 1760. He "read, wrote, and cast accounts, answered various questions in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' Geography, Roman, English, and Sacred History; knew the Greek Alphabet, &c."; and could distinguish all the colours of the rainbow. It was in the reign of George the Second that this wondrous exhibition was witnessed on the Tyne. But whether, on his way from London to Edinburgh in the reign of Elizabeth, "Banks's Horse," the "dancing horse" of Shakspeare, also paused to display his skill in Newcastle, is either not noticed in our annals or we have overlooked the record.

Every year our forefathers had some remarkable amusements, some new attractions, by which they were strangely interested; and great, apparently, was the excitement produced by the visit to the North, in the month of May, 1787, of Dr. Katterfelto. With what extent of display and ceremony "the noted philosopher," when "on his way from London to Edinburgh," came along Tyne Bridge, we have not been able to discover; but here, in the "Book of Days," is the account of his "turn-out" at the time he visited Durham in 1790 or 1791 :—"His travelling equipage consisted of an old rumbling coach, drawn by a pair of sorry hacks; and his two black servants wore green liveries with red collars. They were sent round the town, blowing trumpets, and delivering bills of their master's performances," which were as manifold as they were marvellous. It was on Tuesday, the 29th of May, 1787 (the day after his arrival on the Tyne), that this itinerant philosopher gave his first discourse in Newcastle, "at St. John's Lodge, Friar Street"; and, "among the polite circle," the room received for the occasion the title of "The Temple of Instruction." Those who entered its portals paid for the course of eight lectures ten shillings. Single lecture, half-a-crown. "Back seats for servants one shilling only." At the close of his first lecture, and "for that night only," Dr. Katterfelto was to "show many of his occult secrets."

By day and by night "The Temple of Instruction" was open to an admiring public. Every noon there was the Doctor's Wonderful and Grand Mechanical Exhibition, "only two shillings." His Perpetual Motion was visible at the same charge. But half-a-crown was the figure for admission to his newly-invented Solar Microscope. And how various the matters treated of at the evening lectures! "Philosophical, Mathematical, Electrical,

Magnetical, Optical, Physical, Chymical." And over and above this wondrous round, we have "Pneumatic, Hydraulic, Hydrostatic, and Stynographic Arts," the whole illustrated by apparatus which had "cost him about £7,000!"

"Our learned gentlemen in this town and neighbourhood" are described as having "received the doctor with great joy"; and verses were written on "hearing his lectures and his laudable explanation of the various arts made use of by sharpers to obtain illegal fortunes at the expense of the credulous, at St. John's Lodge, last Tuesday" (that is, on the 29th of May, 1787). The poet's eulogy was printed at the time; and after the lapse of more than a century, three or four of his lines may be produced again:—

His curious apparatus gives a charm,
While his experiments keep genius warm;
High o'er all mean device he proudly soars,
And hidden fraud ingeniously explores.

Among the "curious apparatus" thus renowned in song, there was, as we have already shown, his Grand Solar Microscope, "whereby were seen the greatest wonders of natural history, which beggar all description"; and in the forenoons of June 18, 19, and 20, when this instrument was to be exhibited, visitors would be privileged to witness "above 5,000 live insects in a drop of beer the size of a pin's head, and 40,000 in a small drop of clear water," &c., with more than "500 other curious and uncommon objects; likewise several curious crystallizations of salts, which never were seen at Newcastle before." But, if cloudy, he would, at the hours mentioned, show "his Grand Perpetual Motion, and his various other occult secrets." Moreover, every evening during the Race Week, after his philosophical lecture there were surprising feats in dexterity of hand. "Expecting to be very much crowded every day and evening," while the races were in progress, Dr. Katterfelto expressed a wish that the public, "the ladies particularly, would send their servants one hour before the lecture, to keep places for them, in the day-time as well as in the evening."

Katterfelto's famous "Morocco Black Cat" formed one of the prime attractions of the Temple of Instruction in Low Friar Street—the cat "which won £3,000 in London, and had surprised the most of the very first nobility in the kingdom." It accompanied its wandering owner wherever he went, till in the autumn of 1790 it was ruthlessly snatched from among his treasures at Manchester. A paragraph of the 4th of September in that year records this "most horrid and daring robbery." "Some incorrigible depredators" had "run away with the renowned and wonderful Dr. Katterfelto's black cat." But either the rare animal had been recovered, or a fitting successor had turned up, for in future years puss was still in the programme.

In the year that was marked by the abstraction of the cat, Dr. Graham was advertising his intention to come to Newcastle. He was to give six lectures in the Assize Week of 1790, by which "he would endeavour to lead his audience gently and affectionately by the hand along the sweet, simple, and obvious paths of great, venerable, ever-constant, ever-young, and ever-beautiful Nature, and of consequent temporal happiness, up to that everlasting felicity which we all hope finally to obtain." Such are some of the words that were addressed to our townsmen by "Dr. Graham, from Edinburgh"; and here, as elsewhere, his "earth baths" were exhibited before the eyes of wondering crowds. (See *Monthly Chronicle*. 1887, page 157).

In 1798, Katterfelto was again in these Northern parts; and at Sunderland, on the 28th and 29th of August, not only ladies—but gentlemen, not only civilians, but soldiers—were "much alarmed and surprised" by seeing, with the help of the Grand Solar Microscope, "above 90,000 wonderful live insects in a drop of beer, water, milk, and vinegar, and most of them as large as eels, and some as rats and mice." "Mites in cheese were seen as big as cats"; and some poet of the Wear, "a lover of arts and sciences, on seeing Dr. Katterfelto's grand exhibition before a large company of ladies and gentlemen at Sunderland," wrote lines extempore—the same lines, by a strange coincidence, which had been printed in Newcastle in the year 1787! Again we read in the *Newcastle Chronicle*—

His curious apparatus gives a charm,
While his experiments keep genius warm:
High o'er all mean device he proudly soars,
And hidden fraud ingeniously explores.

From the Wear Katterfelto came to the Tyne. Newcastle was revisited in September; and on this occasion his arrival was commemorated by a paragraph headed "Movements of Great Men." "Mr. Pitt," said the writer, "arrived in London, last week, from Burton Pynsent, in good health. And, from Sunderland, a few days ago, in this town, that *wonderful* philosopher, Dr. Katterfelto." Among his rarities he brought for exhibition "a most wonderful diamond beetle"; with also, for sale, a variety of miscellaneous wares:—"Six different kinds of phosphorus" of his own manufacture; "magnets from one shilling to a guinea"; "a most valuable tincture for the toothache," two shillings a bottle, that "never failed of curing instantly"; a new invented hygrometer, of the size of a watch or snuff-box, foretelling to all the world changes of weather in a quarter of an hour, revealing to travellers the dampness of a bed, and ascertaining for gardeners the proper heat of a hot-house; yet, for half-a-crown, anybody might have it. A bottle of new-invented powder, to be acquired for the same small sum, would "light a pipe or a candle, or fire gunpowder." Two and six were favourite figures with Katterfelto. He had a half-crown fire-machine, of new contrivance, for discovering in the dark the hour of a watch, or lighting a match or candle on land or sea; and he also cured, "on very low terms,"

many different complaints. "Sprains, bruises, rheumatic pains," &c., yielded to a most valuable tincture, costing no more than a crown a bottle; and while he remained in Newcastle he "performed many capital cures." For a single shilling he showed, on cloudy days, his large loadstone of 49lbs., his mechanical museum, his wonderful diamond buckles; and with tens of thousands of other insects, "a live flea" would loom out in his microscope "as big as an ox," and "mites in cheese" attain the dimensions of "his black cats." His black cats, moreover, were to be "lifted up in the air by his strong magnet," and he would "magnetize any lady or gentleman's knife for a shilling."

Through the month of October, and into the middle of November, Katterfelto was lingering in the shadows of St. Nicholas; and during his prolonged stay "the whole cry at Newcastle, particularly among the curious and learned ladies and gentlemen," was this:—"Those that have not seen Dr. Katterfelto's solar microscope exhibition have seen nothing." Night after night he gave lectures on Electricity, the Power of the Four Elements, Fixed Air and the Air Pump; "and after his lectures he would also show and discover several of those arts and feats that are now exhibited by Jonas, Comas, Boaz, and Breslaw," in all of which he was ready to give lessons on very low terms. Once more, also, there were "verses written extempore" after witnessing the wonders exhibited by "Dr. Katterfelto, M.D." These lines, opening as below, throw additional light upon the character of his performances:—

His ship beyond description lies,
When well observed by curious eyes;
The guns, no thicker than a straw,
Go off by philosophic law,
Without the help of match or fire
Which all applaud and some admire.

There was a "fountain playing both fire and water," and "a watch and hour-glass that stood still, or fell into motion, at his command."

Sir Ruffia's face, as grim as death,
Blows out the candle without breath,
And long-headed harlequin
Without match or fire lights it again.
. . . . .
His famous black cat, I protest,
Surprised me more than all the rest;
And by dexterity of hand,
He shows how gamesters gain their end.

There was a lapse of more than ten years between the two visits of the great wonder-maker to Newcastle. In the interval, the Literary and Philosophical Society had been established, and had removed from its quarters in St. Nicholas' Churchyard to the Old Assembly Rooms in the Groat Market. It was in the society's former rooms that Katterfelto received patrons during his stay in 1798; and ere his departure, those who had neglected their privilege—who were delaying their visit to the cat and the conjuring—were admonished to repair their error while there was yet an opportunity. "Several hundred persons," it was expected, "would repent in a short time in Newcastle and the neighbourhood, that they had not seen his solar microscope exhibition and large loadstone." But some, probably, of the tardy absentees supplied the omission at the last moment, and saw, burning in water, "the new and most surprising chymical strong light," prepared "last week," and announced on the 10th of November, 1798, in the latest of the Katterfelto advertisements inserted in the columns of the *Newcastle Chronicle*.*

The Old Dispensary, Newcastle.

ST. JOHN'S LODGE, Low Friar Street, where Katterfelto performed his wonders in 1787, was erected in 1777 by the members of the Masonic order. It contained, says Mackenzie, an excellent organ, and two paintings by Bell, one representing St. John, the other a portrait of Mr. Francis Peacock, roper, the Grand Master of the Lodge. A Greek inscription was placed on the front of the building, signifying, "The darkness comprehendeth it not." Extravagance and the introduction of politics ruined the Lodge; and Mr. Alderman Blackett, who had a mortgage on the hall, sold it and the other property of the fraternity for £320.

The initiation of the project for the establishment of a Dispensary as an appendix to the Infirmary, but in no way antagonistic to that institution, is due to Dr. Clark, a local practitioner, and Mr. Anderson, a philanthropic surgeon. At the outset the physicians of the Infirmary opposed the proposal; but when it was explained that the medical department was to be open to the whole of the resident faculty, all opposition ceased, and arrangements were made for carrying out the scheme. Accordingly, a meeting of the governors was held on September 29, 1777, Mr. John Baker, mayor, being in the chair, when the regulations for the management of the new charity were confirmed.

The object of the promoters was "to give advice and medicine to that numerous class of sufferers whose cases excluded them from the Infirmary, but also to extend the limits of the healing art." The Dispensary for the first four years was located in an entry at the foot of the Side; then it was removed to an entry in Pilgrim Street, below the Queen's Head Inn, and known as Dispensary Entry. Its career of usefulness having extended, the governors decided upon the purchase of a lease for fifty years of St. John's Lodge, Low Friar Street, from the Incorporated

* Katterfelto, described as a tall thin man, dressed in a black gown and square cap, is said to have been originally a soldier in the Prussian service. In one of his advertisements he stated that he was a colonel in the "Death's Head" regiment of Hussars. Not long before his death, which occurred at Bristol, he was committed by the Mayor of Shrewsbury to the House of Correction as a vagrant and impostor.

Company of Saddlers, which, with the necessary fittings, cost £626 2s. 4d. The building consisted of "a hall for the meetings of the governors, a shop and waiting-room for patients, two consulting-rooms for the physicians and surgeons, an electrical room, and lodgings for the apothecary and his assistant, with a small laboratory behind the building."

The building in Low Friar Street in course of time became too small to meet the demands of the population of a growing district, and it was resolved in 1837 to build the present Dispensary in Nelson Street, which was opened in August, 1839.

Our drawing of the old Dispensary seen on page 17, is copied from Mackenzie's "History of Newcastle." Several changes have been made in the external and internal appearance of the place, which now bears the name of the Sadler's Wells Inn, so that its aspect at the present time varies somewhat from the original design.

Whitley-by-the-Sea.

WHITLEY, to judge from the derivation of the name, which means the white lea or pasture, was founded by some family of Anglian settlers. Whitley-by-the-Sea, as it is now called, so as to distinguish it from Whitley Chapel and Whitley Castle, also in Northumberland, is referred to in ancient documents and maps as:—Wyteley, Witelei, Hwyteleg, Witelithe, Wheteley, Wytheleye, Whitlaw, Whitlathe, and Whitlag.

The earliest mention of Whitley is found about the year 1100, when Henry I. conferred it, with other possessions, on the Priory of Tynemouth. It is again referred to in the charter of Henry II., Richard I., and John, confirming to the priors their possessions and liberties.

In 1291, Whitley came very prominently before the notice of Edward I. and his council, in connexion with an event of some importance in the history of Tynemouth Priory which had taken place the previous year. The facts are these:—Walter Fitz Nicholas charged John de Whitley, Gilbert Audre, and William de Cowpen, with robbery and breach of the peace, stating that, at noon of the Sunday next before the Feast of S.S. Simon and Jude—this would be October 22nd, 1290—they had entered his house at Whitley, during his absence, broken open the door of a chamber with an iron hatchet, and taken from a chest which they found there, two over-tunics or gowns belonging to a certain woman, one of them green, the other blue, worth two marks; two cloths of Raynes, worth one mark; forty ells of woven linen, to the value of ten shillings; and two napkins and four towels, worth together twenty shillings. The defendants were cast into the Prior's prison by William Steward, the Prior's coroner, and kept there from the Feast of St. Martin (Sunday, the 12th Nov., 1290) to the Wednesday next before the Feast of St. Nicholas—this would be Nov. 30th, 1290. On this last named date the Justices of the King, William Heron, Richard Knaut, and Robert Bertram, came to Tynemouth and demanded that the prisoners should be brought before them for trial. This the Prior refused to do, on the ground that they, the justices, were interfering with his prerogatives. Before the Feast of St. Hilary—January 13th, 1291—the Prior caused his own Court to be summoned, and on Sunday, January 15, Walter Fitz Nicholas made his appeal against John de Whitley and Gilbert Audre. William de Cowpen, it appears, had died in prison. The Prior's bailiffs found they had no power to hold the appeal, and it was quashed. The prisoners, though they claimed the right to acquit themselves in the Court of King's Bench, were committed again to prison, and remanded from time to time until after Easter, when they were set free by the King's writ. The question of the legality of the Prior's action was afterwards referred to the King in council, at Norham, who deputed Gilbert de Thornton and others to consider it. The conclusion they arrived at was that the Prior had exceeded his authority in resisting the justices and retaining the prisoners. The consequence was that the judicial privileges which the Priors had enjoyed for nearly a century were forfeited, and not restored for nearly eight years. The appeal which had originated all these proceedings was subsequently tried, when the defendants were acquitted, and it was found that Walter Fitz Nicholas, the appellor, was maliciously abetted by Brother Martin, the cellarer of the Priory, William de Kirkeby, a monk of the same house, and others. Bail was given for the Prior to make fine with the King; William Steward, his coroner, was fined half-a-mark; and the appellor 20s. The Prior's fine was afterwards compromised by a payment of 20s.

The next fact in the history of Whitley connects it with the Crusades. Pope Nicholas the IV. had granted to Edward I. the first-fruits and tenths of all ecclesiastical possessions for six years to defray the expenses of an expedition to the Holy Land, and so a valuation was made of the spiritual and temporal goods of the Priory, on March 26th, 1292, when the yearly rents from Whitley were returned at 20s., and the tithes at 9 marks.

About the beginning of the fourteenth century, the manor of Whitley was held from the Prior of Tynemouth, by a singular feudal service called the Conveyes, which seems to have originated with John de Whitley—probably the person charged with robbery—in the time of Master Simon de Walden, the Prior in 1301, and during the following 19 years. At Christmas, all the servants and tenants of the Priory, the "keelers," who served in the barges, and other dependants, with the horses and dogs of the Priory, were to come to Whitley. At the outskirts of the village, the Lord of the Manor was to meet them and receive them in a fitting

manner. They were to be hospitably entertained on the Feast of the Holy Innocents (Dec. 28th), and the day following. For most of the company fresh meat, cheese, and good ale were to be provided, but the esquires and men of their own rank were to have a whole hen between every two of them for the second course at supper. The horses also were to have half-a-boll of good oats each. Whitley must thus have been the scene of much feasting, drinking, and merry-making six hundred years ago. As horses and dogs were among the guests, it is supposed that hunting formed part of the entertainment.

On the 9th April, 1345, Edward III. granted to Gilbert de Whitley a license to crenellate his manor-house at Whitley. To crenellate a house was to place battlements upon it, crenelles, or embrasures, being the square openings between the merlons. Before this could be done, the sanction of the Crown was necessary. The fact of the Lord of Whitley building a strong tower on his estate at this time is an evidence of the insecurity felt, even so far south as this, during the Edwardian wars with Scotland. This Gilbert de Whitley was probably the same person mentioned in the Sheriff of Northumberland's accounts for 1356 as "the Master and Supervisor of the King's work in the Castle of Newcastle." The tower built at Whitley by Gilbert de Whitley, in 1345, is included in the list of castles and fortalices drawn up in 1415. At that time it was in the possession of the Prior of Tynemouth.

After the suppression of monasteries, Whitley was held under the Crown for a time. By a grant of Edward VI., dated the 8th December, 1551, it came into the hands of Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who was created Duke of Northumberland. It was demised in 1557 to Thomas, Earl of Northumberland, for 21 years; and by virtue of a grant made by Queen Elizabeth in 1570 to Sir Henry Percy and his son Henry, and afterwards to Thomas, Sir Henry's son, for life, it remained in the Percy family until 1632, when the last of the three grantees died. On the 16th of May, 1634, the King's Lordship of Tynemouth Shire, which embraced "five tenements of husbandry in Whitley worth £8 6s. 8d. per annum; a cottage with five butts of arable land, called 'Our Lady Land,' worth 8s. per annum; a little orchard there, worth 1s. 4d. per annum; the tithe of hay of all the town aforesaid, valued at 2s. 6d per annum; the pannage or take of swine there, worth 20s. per annum; twenty quarters of barley called 'bigge,' and ten quarters of oats for the aforesaid five tenements of husbandry in Whitley," was granted to William Scriven and William Eden, of London, Esquires, to be held at a yearly rental. These possessions were conveyed on the 16th March, 1640, to Algernon, tenth Earl of Northumberland. They afterwards came into the hands of the Duke of Somerset on his marriage in 1682, with Elizabeth, the heiress of Joscelyn, the eleventh Earl of Northumberland. They subsequently passed by inheritance to her grand-daughter, Elizabeth Seymour, who had married Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire baronet, afterwards created Duke of Northumberland, and have since been retained by their descendants.

An important event in the history of Whitley would be the opening of the colliery there. In 1656 it is supposed to have been working and shipping its coals from Cullercoats. On November 29th, 1673, the Earl of Essex and William Pierpoint, Esquire, leased the coal mines in the township and precincts of Whitley to John Dove for 21 years. The next lessees of the colliery seem to have been Nathaniel Blakiston, Henry Hudson, and Abigail Carr, who were working the mines in the early part of the eighteenth century. The Hudsons, who now come on the scene, were a wealthy Quaker family belonging to Newbiggin. The Henry Hudson referred to above, by his marriage with Sarah, daughter of John Dove, of Whitley, gent., allied himself to another wealthy and influential Quaker family, which had much property in the district. He died on June 17th, 1737. His son, Henry (b. 1720, d. 1789), in 1772, added the wings to Whitley Hall, which is now occupied by Mr. M. W. Lambert. In 1820, the hall was sold to the Duke of Northumberland.

In 1789, a fat ox, belonging to Mr. Edward Hall, of Whitley, had immortality conferred upon it, for, on April 10th of this year, Messrs. Beilby and Bewick published a large copper-plate (10¾ ins. by 7 ins.) of the famous animal, drawn and engraved by Thomas Bewick. "The Whitley Ox" weighed 187 stones at the Public Weigh House on March 21st, 1789.

In January, 1790, Lady Tyrconnel, the lovely daughter of Lord Delaval, narrowly escaped being drowned on Whitley sands, at least so it would appear from an entry in the Seaton Delaval Cellar Book, which is as follows:—"January 31st, 1790.—1 Bottle Sherry, 1 Bottle Port, and 1 Brandy for the Post-boys, etc., to drink, by Lady Tyrconnel's order after she got home, when overturned upon Whitley sands, and nearly lost." The accident probably occurred at the mouth of Briardene Burn, which the old road over the links crossed. Whether it was due to any of the "high jinks" for which the Delavals were famous, is a matter for conjecture.

In July, 1795, the following regiments were encamped at Whitley:—The 37th Regiment of Foot, Royal Lancashire Volunteers, North Yorkshire Militia, and a considerable park of Artillery, commanded by Lord Mulgrave. The camp broke up in October.

On the 16th of July, 1797, a terrible thunderstorm occurred at Whitley. At the camp there the lightning set fire to the whins placed as a facing to the sheds of the East and West Lothian Cavalry, and, the wind blowing briskly, the whole line was almost instantly in a blaze; three of the horses were struck dead at once, and two more nearly suffocated. The remainder were saved by the men having cut their collars on the first alarm. The poor animals, quite frenzied by the lightning, the thunderpeals,

and the fire, galloped off in various directions; several of them, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, came foaming through the streets of Newcastle to the great danger and terror of the inhabitants.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century the collieries, the magnesian limestone quarries near Marden, and the ironstone mines on the Links, were all being actively worked. Considerable quantities of the stone were conveyed by waggons on a rail-road to the Low Lights, North Shields, and there shipped for exportation. A miner employed at the colliery in 1833 was the father of William Crawford, the member of Parliament for Mid-Durham, who died July 1st, 1890. On November the 22nd, 1839, the colliery and lime works were advertised "to be let." "Mr. Hugh Taylor of Earsdon"—so ran the paragraph—"will afford any information and treat for the letting of the whole." In 1848, the colliery was laid in, the stock being sold by auction in May of that year. The colliery seems to have been singularly free from accidents of any magnitude, though in 1835, 1836, 1838, 1839, and 1841, several casualties and explosions of fire-damp had taken place, attended more or less with loss of life. The last man killed at the colliery was William Boag, an innkeeper, who was in a tub suspended by a rope over the mouth of the shaft taking up some wood when the knot in the rope slipped and he was precipitated to the bottom. In consequence of the laying in of the colliery the population of the village, which in 1841 was 749, had decreased to 431 in 1851.

The Felling Artillery Corps were encamped on Whitley Sands in September, 1862. A local song, entitled "Whitley Camp," was written on the occasion by Mr. Edward Elliott, of Earsdon, in which, after depicting the warriors "fierce as untyem'd goats," and "their little huts, like sugar loaves, all pointin' te the sky," he describes the effect of their practice with the Armstrong gun:—

> The greet round shot went plish-for-plash
> Inte the tortured deep;
> They myed the crabs an' lobsters hop,
> An' the fish cud get ne sleep.

On the 14th of September, 1869, the Prudhoe Memorial Convalescent Home was opened by the Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, in the presence of a distinguished and fashionable company. The Northumberland Village Homes, founded by Mr. James Hall, of Tynemouth, have been located at Whitley. The first six homes were opened in 1880, and since then four more have been erected—two in 1884 at the cost of Mr. and Mrs. Donkin, and two in 1888 at the cost of Mr. John Hall.

In 1864, the Church of St. Paul was erected at the cost of the Duke of Northumberland, the bells in the tower being presented by Sir Charles Mark Palmer, M.P.

The population of Whitley, which in 1801 was 251, is now probably over 3,000.

W. W. Tomlinson.

The Bigg Market and the Great Market, Newcastle.

FIFTY years ago the Bigg Market, Newcastle, presented an old-world appearance, with its quaint shops and quainter hostelries. As will be seen from our drawing, which depicts a number of old houses at the west side of this thoroughfare, one of the widest in the town, the change, as compared with the present aspect of the place, is remarkable.

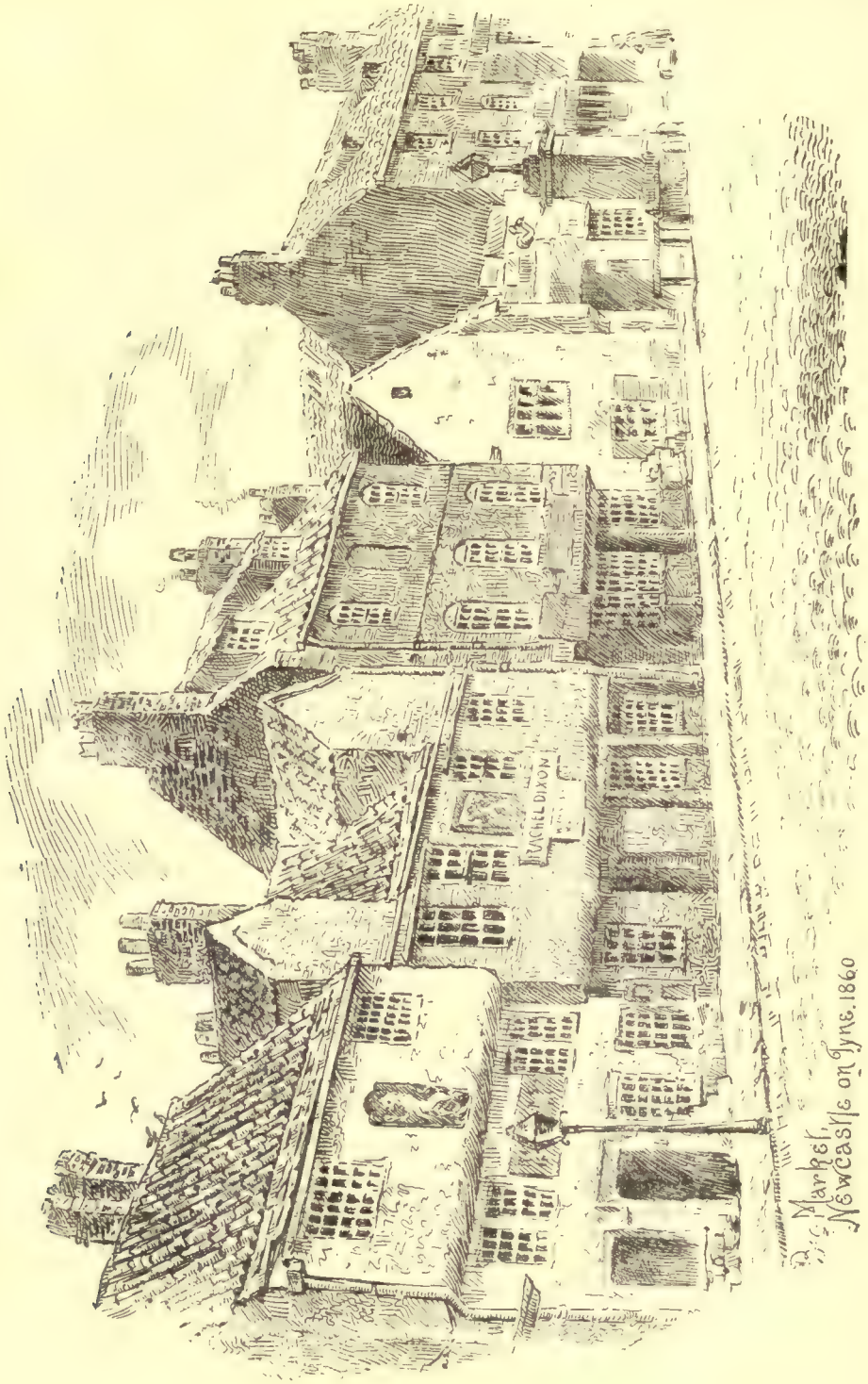
The house to the left, with the lamp-post in front of it, was the Golden Lion, a noted resort of carriers, farmers, and country people who came into the town to sell their produce. Mr. Rutherford, the landlord of the Golden Lion, did not occupy the whole of the building, for the room to the right of the entrance was used as a barber's shop. The premises in the yard behind often served as a mart for calves.

The next house, the Unicorn, was rather a superior hostelry, the landlady being one Rachel Dixon, who was respected by everybody. Farmers and carriers were to be met with here also in considerable numbers, and there was a general aspect of comfort and snugness about the place.

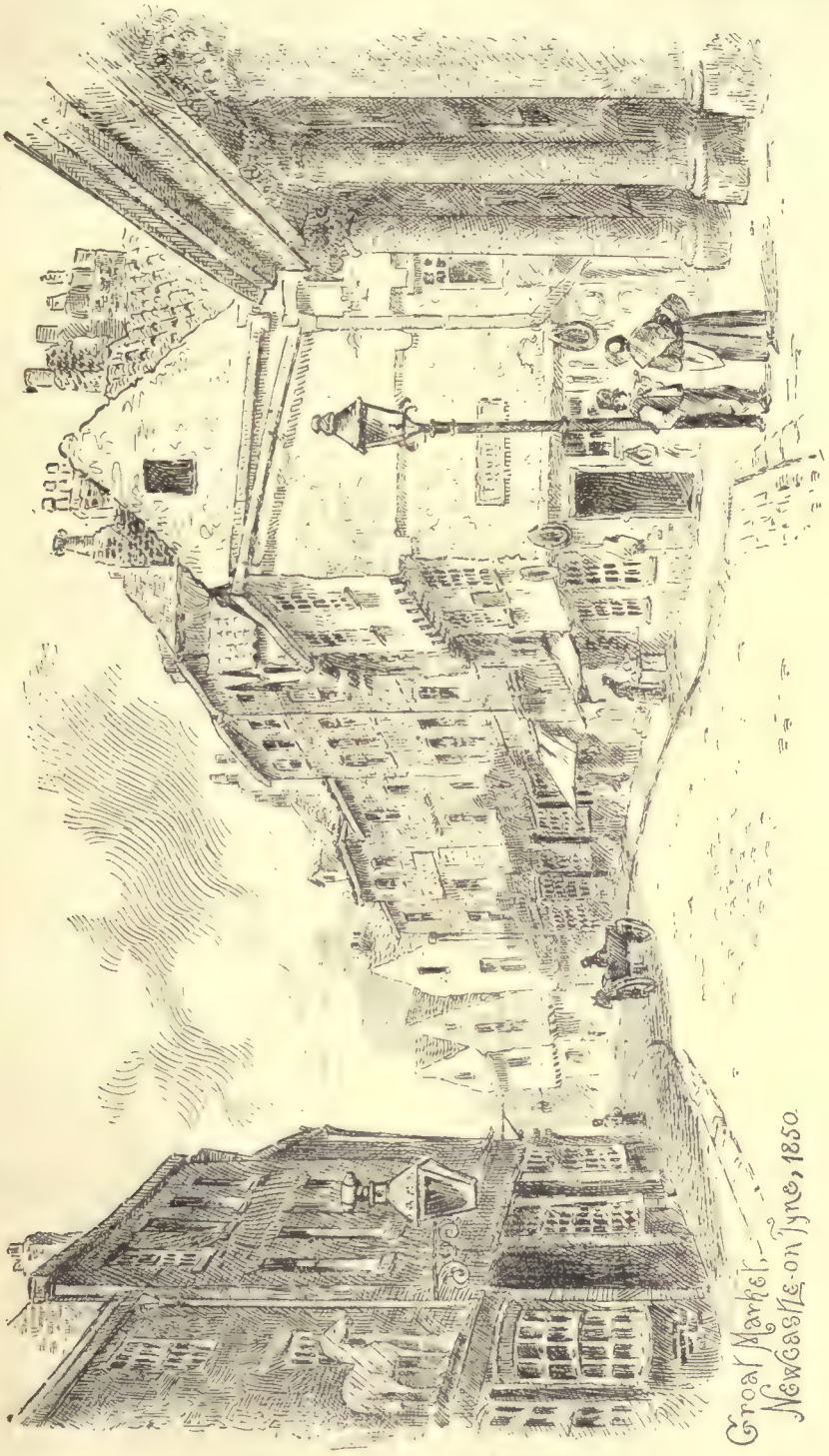
The next building, rather more pretentious than any other in the sketch, was occupied by a couple of tradesmen.

Then we come to the Fighting Cocks, an inn of the old school, kept by a bluff, hearty Boniface named Roger Heron. The entrance was through an archway, and although a numerous array of tradesmen's signs met the gaze few would have conjectured that in the yard behind almost every known craft was at one time carried on. Amongst those who were to be found in the yard about fifty years ago was a gold-beater named Armstrong, whose shop was identified by the gilt arm and mallet which was to be seen above the signboard; a file-cutter named Bambro; and a shoeing smith named Stephenson, father of Mr. Clement Stephenson, veterinary surgeon, of Newcastle. A man named Hudson had a foundry at the bottom of the yard, which, it may be explained, extended as far as the rails of St. John's Church, West Grainger Street not having then been made. In the same yard might be found plumbers, cabinetmakers, wood-turners, joiners, brassfounders, glassblowers, and many others.

Immediately in front of the Fighting Cocks Inn, and a few yards above the present pant, there was a large fountain with troughs for cattle. It will be noticed that to the right of the principal entrance to the Golden Lion and to the left of the lower front window of the Fighting Cocks are mounting or "louping-on" stones for the use of



Old Market, Newcastle on Tyne. 1860



Great Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1850.

horsemen. One of these stones is preserved by the Society of Antiquaries in the Old Castle.

Much of the old Groat Market, shown in our second engraving, has long since disappeared. All the quaint houses seen on the right-hand side of the picture were removed when the present Town Hall was built. More lately some of the houses to the left have given place to modern edifices. But the conspicuous figure of a horse, forming the sign of an inn, still remains.

The pillars noticed to the right are a portion of what was, half a century ago, called the new Corn Market, which was built by a company in 1839 at a cost of £10,000. Mr. Richard Grainger, "who found Newcastle crumbling bricks and left it stone," had previously offered the Corporation the free and exclusive use of the newly-built Central Exchange Art Gallery, on the condition that it should be used as a corn market. Mr. Grainger also promised to rebuild the front elevations of the houses in the Groat Market and the Cloth Market in the Gothic style of architecture, and remove all the old buildings in Middle Street and Union Street lying between the two thoroughfares. This offer was, however, rejected by the Newcastle Council on October 4, 1837. But the new Corn Market, before twenty years had elapsed from the time of the rejection of Grainger's proposal, had to make way for the new Town Hall buildings, the foundation stone of which was laid in August, 1855.

Our drawings are reproduced from photographs, taken some years ago, which have been kindly lent us by Mr. W. Parry, photographer, of South Shields.

North-Country Fairies.

THE oldest fairy tale in the world is believed to be one written on papyrus for the edification of the young Egyptian Crown Prince, Seti Manephta, the son of Pharaoh Rameses Mi-amun, who ruled in Thebes fourteen hundred years before Christ, and at whose court Moses was educated. This curious papyrus was unfolded by a learned German in 1863, and a literal translation of its contents was read by him to a Berlin audience in the winter of that year—thirty-two centuries after it had been written.

A good-sized library would be required to contain all the rich fairy literature that the human imagination has created, since the days of Moses and Aaron, Jannes and Jambres. Fickle fancy has no more pleasant field to revel in, but we must not allow her to roam to a distance here. We must stay at home, and speak only of our own North-Country Fairies.

Brand, in his "Antiquities," under the heading "Fairy Mythology," has gathered together a mass of interesting items, but most of them are drawn from places more or less far away. All he says with regard to the "good people" in this part of the country is :—

> I have made strict inquiries after fairies in the uncultivated wilds of Northumberland, but even there I could only meet with a man who said that he had seen *one that had seen fairies*. Truth is hard to come at in most cases. None, I believe, ever came nearer to it than I have done.

Mr. Henderson, in his "Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England," has likewise but few references to the fairies of Northumberland and Durham. He tells us, indeed, of the Elf Stone, which "is described as sharp, and with many corners and points, so that, whichever way it falls, it inflicts a wound on the animal it touches." "Popular belief," he adds, "maintains that the elves received these stones from old fairies, who wore them as breast-pins at the fairy court, and that the old fairies received them in turn from mermaidens." They are in reality flint arrow heads, fashioned by our ancestors in what is known as the Stone Age, and now familiar to frequenters of local museums, where they may be seen of all shapes and sizes.

We are most of us familiar with those curious natural phenomena called Fairy Rings. Some attribute them to the growth of fungi, spreading from a centre; others think they are caused by lightning; but the vulgar opinion is that they are spots where the fairies have been dancing in a ring by moonlight, and have trodden down the grass with their tiny feet.

Fairies have a perpetual memorial in a remarkable kind of small stones in a rounded or spiral form, as if produced by the action of a lathe, which are frequently picked up after rain or thaw, in the beds of some of the smaller Northumbrian streams, such as the Beaumont, and likewise in the Elwin or Allan, which falls into the Tweed from the North, a little above Melrose. They are commonly known as fairy cups, dishes, cradles, and bonnets, according to the particular shape they assume.

While Friday is the witches' Sabbath, Wednesday is that of the fairies. Every Friday, however, the "good people" are declared to divert themselves with combing the beards of goats.

In the olden time, it was not uncommon for the servant girl in a farm-house to discover, when she rose with the sun or before it, that the floor had been clean swept, and every article of furniture put into its proper place, by some kind sleight-of-hand fairy during the night. But servant girls get no such supernatural nocturnal help now, but must do the needful work themselves.

The fairies were formerly much addicted to stealing the most beautiful and witty children they came across, and leaving in their places such brats of their own as were prodigiously ugly and stupid, mischievously inclined, or of a peevish and fretful temper. These elfish imps were termed "changelings." Some will have it that the "good people" could only exchange these weakly, starveling, ill-conditioned elves for the more robust children of

Christian parents before baptism, and that they could not do so even then if a candle was always kept burning at night in the room where the infant lay.

The fairies used to be heard patting their butter on the slope of Pensher Hill, when people were passing in the dark. A man once heard one of them say, "Mend that peel!" Next day, going past again, he found a broken peel lying on the ground. So he took it up and mended it. The day after that, when going along the road with a cart, he saw a piece of bread lying on a stone at the root of the hedge, at the identical place, with nice-looking fresh-churned butter spread upon it; but he durst neither eat it himself nor give it to his horses. The consequence was, that before he got to the top of the "lonnin," both his horses fell down dead. And thus was he condignly punished for his want of faith in the fairies' honour. What is commonly known as Fairy Butter is a certain fungous excrescence, sometimes found about the roots of old trees. After great rains, and at a particular stage of putrefaction, it is reduced to a consistency which, together with its colour, makes it not unlike butter; and hence its name. When met with inside houses, it is reckoned lucky. Why so, we cannot tell.

There are several round green hills in Durham and Northumberland which were formerly supposed to be inhabited underground by the fairies. We have met with people who said they knew this to be a fact, because sometimes in a fine still summer night, they have themselves lain down on these green hills, with their ears close to the ground, and have heard piping, fiddling, and dancing going on far down in the interior. When questioned as to whether the sounds might not rather come from some neighbouring village or gipsy encampment, they would reply, "No, it was the fairies; everybody knew it was; hundreds had heard them." Indeed, almost every circular mound in the North must once have been thus inhabited, if all tales be true. One such place is the site of the old fortress of the Conyers family, at Bishopton, called the Castle Hill. Another is a remarkable tumulus between Eppleton and Hetton, consisting entirely of field stones gathered together. At the top of this is a little hollow, called the Fairy's Cradle, and there the fairies formerly used to dance to the music made on a peculiarly sweet-toned pipe by a supernatural minstrel. Ritson speaks of some fairy hills at Billingham, and Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe tells us of a very famous one at Middleton-in-Teesdale, called the Tower Hill, close to Pounties Lane (vulgo County Lane, originally Pont Tees Lane). A person informed Mr. Longstaffe that his grandmother frequently asserted that she had seen the fairies go from that hill to the Tees to wash themselves and to wash their clothes also. Moreover, she once found a fairy, like unto a miniature girl, dressed in green, and with brilliant red eyes, composedly sitting on a small cheese-like stone near her house. She took this strange creature into the kitchen and set it by the fire, and gave it some bread and butter, with sugar on it, which it ate, but it cried so bitterly that she was obliged to carry it back to where she found it. She, however, kept the elfish stone, and it may be in existence until this day. The old woman preserved it most religiously, not suffering it to be touched, and always had it under the table in the pantry, for what purpose is not stated.

Ritson deduces "Ferry Hill" from "Fairy Hill." At Hartlepool there are Fairy Coves, while the upper valley of the Wear abounds with Fairy Caves. Near Marsden, in one of the limestone caverns with which that neighbourhood abounds, is "the Fairy's Kettle," a circular hole in the rock, about five feet deep, filled with pellucid salt water, the sea covering the place at spring tides, and occasionally leaving a few little fishes in it, to swim gaily about in a fairy-like fashion, as in an aquarium of Nature's own forming.

While the foul fiend used to appear in the shape of a black dog, and his poor deluded hags, the witches, in that of a hare, the fairies were wont at times to assume that of a cat. The following tale is told confirmatory of this:— A Staindrop farmer was crossing a bridge at night, when a cat jumped out, stood right before him, looked him in the face earnestly, and at last, opening its mouth like Balaam's ass, said in articulate vernacular North-Country speech:—

Johnny Reed! Johnny Reed!
Tell Madam Mumfort
'At Mally Dixon's deed.

The farmer came home and told his wife what he had seen and heard, when up sprang their old black cat, which had been sitting cosily beside the fire, and, exclaiming, "Is she? Then aa mun off!" bolted out at the door and disappeared for ever. It was supposed she was a fairy in disguise, and that she had gone to attend the funeral of a relative, through whose death she might have come in for some legacy.

Chathill, near Alnwick, boasted of a large Fairy Ring, round which the children used to dance. But if they ran round it more than nine times, some evil, it was thought, was sure to befal them. So they would go the appointed number, but never more.

Henhole, on the north side of Cheviot, is a chasm in the midst of green slopes and heathy solitudes, so deep and narrow that the rays of the sun never enter, and where a small patch of snow, called a "snow egg," is frequently to be seen at midsummer. Some hunters were one day chasing a roe, when they heard issuing from the depths of the ravine the sweetest music they had ever heard. Forgetting the roe, which bounded away unheeded, they were impelled to enter to see who the musicians were, but they could never again find their way out. Only one who had been left behind, owing to his being worse

mounted than the rest, hesitated when he came to the brink of the "hole," and came back to tell the tale.

A widow and her son, a wilful little fellow, in or near Rothley, in the parish of Hartburn, famed in the days of Border "raids," were sitting alone in their solitary cottage, one winter evening, when the lad refused to go to bed, because, as he averred, he was not sleepy. His mother told him that, if he would not go, the fairies would come to take him away. He laughed, however, and sat still by the fire, while his mother retired to rest. Soon a beautiful little figure, about the size of a child's doll, came down the wide chimney and alighted on the hearth. "What do they ca' thoo?" asked the astonished boy. "My Ainsell," was the reply, "and what do they ca' thoo?" "My Ainsell," retorted he, and no more questions were asked. Shortly they began to play together, like brother and sister. At length the fire grew dim. The boy took up the poker to stir it, but in doing so a hot cinder accidentally fell on the foot of his strange playmate. The girl set up a terrific roar, and the boy flung down the tongs and bolted off to bed. Immediately the voice of the fairy mother was heard, asking "Who's done it?" "Oh! it was my ainsell," screamed the girl. "Why, then," said the mother, "what's all the noise aboot? Thor's nyen te blame."

A cottager and his wife at Netherwitton, on the banks of the Font, were one day visited by a fairy and his spouse, with their young child, which they wished to leave in their charge. They agreed to retain it for a certain period, after which it was to be taken back. The fairy woman gave them a box of ointment with which to anoint the child's eyes; but they were not on any account themselves to use it, or some misfortune would befal them. For a long time they carefully avoided letting the least particle stick to their fingers; but, one day when his wife was out, curiosity overcame prudence in the man's mind, and he anointed his eyes with the forbidden stuff, without any noticeable effect. Some short time after, however, when walking through Longhorsley Fair, he met the male fairy and accosted him. The elf started back in amazement, but, instantly guessing the truth, came forward and blew in the cottager's eyes. The effect was instantaneous. The poor man was struck stone blind. And the fairy child was never more seen.

A farmer, riding home at midnight past Fawdon Hill, was surprised to hear the sound of music and jollity in so lonely a place. On coming nearer, he became aware of a door open in the hill side, and through it saw a large company of strange-looking dwarfed people seated at a splendid banquet. One of the attendants, perceiving the stranger, came forward and offered him a cup full of liquor, which he accepted; but, instead of drinking the contents to his entertainers' health, he prudently spilt them on the ground, and, putting spurs to his horse, fled incontinently. The swiftness of the beast enabled him to baffle his pursuers, so that he bore away the empty vessel, which was afterwards found to be made of some unknown substance, possibly selenium. This is a very old story, first told by a monkish chronicler, named William of Newbury, who died in 1208, and who is said by his translator, the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, to have been "in criticism in advance of his age, and freer from prejudice than might reasonably have been expected." William concludes his narrative by telling his readers that the identical fairy cup, having come into the possession of King Henry I., was presented by that monarch to Alexander I., King of Scots, who had married Sybilla, one of his numerous illegitimate daughters.

Once upon a time a particularly clever midwife, well known as "the howdie" for many miles round, flourished somewhere about Elsdon. A messenger on horseback came and called her out of bed one night, and told her that she must instantly rise and go with him to the place where he had hastily come from, a good distance off, where a lady, whose friends could afford to pay her handsomely, was in sore want of her attendance. She must, however, submit to be blindfolded, as the expected event was to be kept a secret. The man gave her something in hand by way of earnest, and she consented to mount behind him on a pillion. Then fast, fast away they rode. Arrived at their destination, the howdie was introduced into the room wherein the lady lay, and the bandage was removed from her eyes. It was a very neat and comfortable place, but a place she had never been in before. After she had successfully performed her office, and the relieved mother was as well as could be expected, the man got from an old crone who was sitting in the room a box of ointment, with which she was told she must anoint the baby, but to be careful not to let it touch her own person. She accordingly did as she was bid, having no mind to try any such experiments on herself, as she did not know of what the stuff consisted. But, feeling an itching in her eye, she put up her hand unconsciously, and now saw everything in a different light. Instead of a cosy room, it was a wood she was in. There was a hollow moss-grown trunk instead of a fireplace. Glow-worms supplied the place of lamps, and the lady was evidently a fairy woman. But though mightily astonished, the howdie retained her self-possession, finished her task, was again blindfolded, got mounted behind her mysterious conductor, and returned safely home, with a good heavy purse of fairy money in her pocket. One market-day soon after, she saw the old crone who had handed her the box, and likewise been her pay-mistress, gliding from one basket to another, among the farmers, and hinds' wives, passing a little wooden scraper along the rolls of butter, and carefully collecting the particles thus purloined into a vessel hung by her side. After a mutual but silent recognition, the old lady inquired, "What eye do you see me with?" "With the left eye," was the innocent answer. "Well, then, take that!" cried the crone, as she startled her with a sudden, sharp

puff. From that moment the poor howdie was a one-eyed woman.

Another version of the story is that it was a certain country doctor who received the eye salve from his elfin conductor, and that, after he had anointed his eyes with it, he saw a splendid portico in the side of a steep hill, to which he was taken by his guide. He entered, and found himself in a gorgeously furnished hall, fit for a royal residence. On coming out, after performing his office, another box was put into his hands, and he was told to rub his eyes with its contents. He rubbed only one eye, however, and with it saw the hill in its natural shape, palace and portico having vanished. Thinking to cheat his conductor, he feigned to rub the other eye also, and then galloped off home. But, afterwards, seeing the fairy husband stealing corn in Morpeth Market, he accosted him, with the same melancholy result, losing for ever the sight of both eyes.

It was with tales like these that our grandmothers and great-grandmothers entertained their hopeful offspring.

W. B.

Arctic & Antarctic Navigators.

OF the two circumpolar oceans, the Arctic and the Antarctic, some of the most daring and successful explorers have been North-Country men. The discoverer of Hudson's Bay was, there is reason to believe, a native of this part of the country. Old family traditions of the name confirm the alleged fact, which cannot, however, be historically established, owing to Henry Hudson's birthplace and early life not having been deemed worthy of record.

We need do little more than allude to Captain Cook, whose father was an Ednam man, who was himself born at Marton, near Middlesbrough, and who served his apprenticeship to the sea on board a Newcastle collier, belonging, it is true, to Whitby owners. Cook's discoveries ranged from latitude 71 degs. 10 mins. south, to 70 degs. 41 mins. north, and he occupies the foremost place among modern explorers. Captain Weddell, who reached latitude 74 degs. 15 mins. south, in January, 1823, was also, if we are not misinformed, a North-Country man; and we may confidently claim old Willy Scoresby, born at Cropton, in the North Riding, and his even more distinguished son, Dr. William Scoresby, who, in their voyage to Greenland in 1806 (the father filling the place of captain, the son that of chief mate), sailed in the high latitude (by observation) of 81 degs. 12 mins. 42 secs., little more than five hundred nautical miles from the pole. This fact, as it had been previously unexampled, long remained unsurpassed in the annals of polar navigation; for though Parry, in his voyage of 1827, succeeded in reaching a higher parallel (82 degs. 45 mins.) by the joint aid of boats and sledges, yet his ship had been unable to advance beyond 79 degs. 55 mins. It was not till the year 1871 that the American ship Polaris, commanded by Captain Hall, reached a higher latitude than the Scoresbys (84 degs. 16 mins.).

Captain F. R. M. Crozier, of the Terror, Sir John Franklin's comrade in his last melancholy voyage, was, we believe, a Ramsgate man, though his family connections lay in Blyth or Shields, if we are not misinformed. He was chosen as Franklin's lieutenant, on account of his being an experienced Arctic and Antarctic navigator, who had accompanied Sir James Clark Ross to the South Polar regions, and it was he who assumed the command after Sir John's death, and endeavoured as a forlorn hope, but in vain, to reach the Great Fish River with the survivors of the expedition, one hundred and five in number—all doomed, with himself, to perish in the trackless frozen wilderness. His name is perpetuated in Crozier Channel, leading out of Banks Strait, northward, and in Cape Crozier, on the dreary western shore of King William Land. Lieutenant Fairholm, who also perished with Franklin, was a Berwickshire man, born, we believe, at Greenknowe, near Gordon, his paternal estate. One of the crew of the Erebus or Terror, we forget which, was John Handford, son of James Handford, of Sunderland. Lady Franklin got his father and mother into an almshouse in London. Rear-Admiral Swinburne, a much esteemed friend of Sir John Franklin, and one of the earliest supporters of the final expedition sent in search of him (McClintock's), was a scion of one of our oldest and most respected Northumbrian families.

Captain John Balleny, who discovered Sabrina Land in 1839—a tract of the southern circumpolar continent, long known as Terra Australis Incognita—sailed originally, we have been told, from Berwick-on-Tweed.

Captain (Admiral) Collinson, who passed three winters in the ice and worked his ship, the Enterprise, right along the North American coast, from Behring's Strait to Cambridge Bay and back, across sixty degrees of longitude, in 1850, 1851, and 1852, was born in Gateshead. His father, the Rev. John Collinson, was rector of that parish from 1810 to 1840, and afterwards rector of Boldon, where he died in 1857. Captain Collinson penetrated the furthest eastward from Behring's Strait that any vessel has yet reached; and he named the point at which he was obliged by the ice to turn to the west again, on his homeward route, Gateshead Island. In the British Museum, among the Arctic Expedition Relics, is a portrait of the Esquimaux dog "Daddy," brought home by the captain to Boldon Rectory, where it died. A very beautiful flag, given to Captain McClintock by Lady Franklin, on his departure on the search expedition, bearing her ladyship's name in white letters upon a red ground, and margined with white embroidery, was worked by the sisters of Captain Collinson. It was hoisted on the occasion of McClintock's having at length completed the sole object of his voyage—acquired

possession of the Franklin Records, picked up by Lieutenant Hobson on the shore of King William Land.

One of the most intrepid of our Arctic explorers was Captain Christopher Middleton, supposed to have been born at Newton Bewley, near Billingham, South Durham, about the beginning of the last century. There is a detailed biography of him in Brewster's "History of Stockton." We there learn that Middleton was bred to the sea, and was engaged for some time in the fur trade, in one of the Hudson's Bay Company's vessels. Recommended by a Mr. Dobbs, who was impressed with a conviction that a passage might be found from the Atlantic into the great Western Ocean, by an opening not far distant from the course annually taken by the Company's ships, he received from the Admiralty the command of the Furnace for the purposes of discovery, and had also put under his orders the Discovery junk, which was commanded by Mr. William Moor, also a Billingham man. They left England in the summer of 1741, wintered in Churchill River, and, as soon as the ice allowed next year, began to sail up Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, through which they hoped to be able to make their way westward. Their attention was soon attracted by an inlet or river, which they called the Wager, six or eight miles in breath, opening in the right direction. They sailed up it a little way, but ere long found, to their mortification, that it would not afford them the passage they sought, because the tide of flood constantly came from the eastward, or in at its mouth. Some twenty miles further north they came to another opening, thirteen leagues in width, and doubled a cape or headland, from which the trending of the land gave them the greatest joy, all believing that this would prove the extreme north-east point of America. Middleton, therefore, gave it the name of Cape Hope. But when the fog cleared away the next day they experienced a sad reverse; for they found the land to extend westward of north, making a deep bay; and standing on towards the bottom of that they plainly saw they could not proceed above six or eight miles further, the bay being land-locked. Under these disappointing circumstances, Middleton gave it the name of Repulse Bay. He now tried to find an outlet from the Welcome on the eastern side, but in this also he was unsuccessful. Landing, and walking twelve or fifteen miles, he ascended a very high mountain, from which he obtained a full view of a strait, eighteen or twenty leagues in length, and seven in breadth, but completely frozen from side to side, and seemingly as impermeable as a solid rock. This hard and fast locked and sealed waterway, which retains on the chart the name of the Frozen Strait, leads out of the Welcome back into Hudson's Strait, as Middleton, from the set of the tide, concluded it did.

On coming home with this account of what he had seen and done, he was very much blamed for not having prosecuted his search further. It was more than insinuated that he had been bribed by the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose trusted servant he had been, with the sum of five thousand pounds, in order to stifle inquiry and prevent discovery; for the influx of private traders into these seas might have led to their profitable monopoly being broken up—a thing to be prevented by any means short of murder. This Frozen Strait, it was said, was all a chimera; indeed, some of his petty officers swore it was. Middleton strenuously denied the bribe, and maintained the correctness of his representations. But his patron Dobbs refused to believe him, and the Lords of the Admiralty, after hearing all parties, were dissatisfied with his explanations. Captains Parry and Lyon, long afterwards, substantially verified his account, which varied from theirs only in such minutiæ as may be accounted for by the use of imperfect nautical instruments. This confirmation of his statements came, of course, too late, except to clear his character for veracity long after his death, which took place in 1770. Brewster says that "neither emolument nor honour graced his latter end," and that, "dejected probably in spirits, he retired from public employment, and, having married his servant, he had a large family, and, it is said, died poor." We learn from the "Annual Register," however, that he was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society, and received a medal "for his curious observations in the discovery of the North-West Passage in 1740." His latter years were spent at Norton, where he died. The following is the entry of his burial, 1770:—"Feb. 15, Christ. Middleton, master and commander in the Royal Navy." Some of his papers and journals, it appears, came into the possession of the parish clerk at Norton, who gave them to a young sailor of the name of Robinson, who was shipwrecked and lost his life on the coast of Jutland, and the papers, we conclude, were lost with him. Middleton's correspondence with the Hudson's Bay Company is still extant, we believe, in manuscript, in the company's archives. His "Narrative" was published in London shortly after his return.

As Middleton's failure did not shake the general opinion respecting the possibility of the North-West Passage through Hudson's Strait, a reward of £20,000 was offered by Parliament for the discovery; and a new expedition under the direction of private persons, with Mr. Dobbs's assistance, was fitted out for the purpose. Captain Moor, who had been Middleton's associate, was appointed to the command. As he seems to have been but a poor scholar, though doubtless a good seaman, a Mr. Henry Ellis was sent out with him, engaged by the committee of management, to write a narrative of the voyage. The expedition consisted of two vessels—the Dobbs galley, of 180 tons, and the California, of 140 tons, the latter commanded by Captain Francis Smith. Having sailed on the 20th of May, 1746, they made the land on the 21st of August, on the west side of the

Welcome. Five days afterwards, the Dobbs grounded at the entrance to Port Nelson, about seven miles from York Fort, but she was got off without material damage. The governor of the fort had no mind to promote their designs, and some time was wasted in disputes with him. It was then judged to be too late in the season to attempt explorations that year, so they sailed up Hayes or Nelson River and moored in a creek, about two miles above the fort, where they wintered. They resumed the search, or, more correctly speaking, commenced it, next year, on the 24th of June. But all they did was to sail up Wager Strait, where they were again disappointed in not finding a passsage, and then cursorily examining another strait to the northward, which appears to have been either Middleton's Frozen Strait or the entrance to Repulse Bay, and where they had no better success. "A difference of opinions," says Brewster, "prevailed between the commanders and among the officers as to the propriety of proceeding to the examination of the bay, consistent with their instructions. The greater part were evidently indisposed towards any further research, urging the advanced season of the year, though it was only the 7th of August. After this, nothing was done or attempted. After a council—surely an inglorious council—they determined to bear up for England." On the 29th they reached the westward entrance of Hudson's Strait, and arrived in Yarmouth Roads on the 14th of October, 1747, having been absent one year, four months, and seventeen days. After this really fruitless voyage, Captain Moor, adds the historian of Stockton, "soon retired from the service; prudently cast anchor in his own neighbourhood of Greatham, where he married Mary, sister of Ralph Bradley, Esq., of Stockton, in 1757, where he continued to reside, and died at that place in 1765."

A more noteworthy local name connected with North-West Passage exploration is that of Captain William Christopher, a native of Norton, who sailed from Fort Churchill in the summer of 1761, in the sloop Churchill, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, the directors of which had, in the intervals since Moor's luckless attempt, risen above the narrow prejudices of their predecessors, and resolved to make some amends for the obstructions thrown in the way of former voyagers. Christopher made his way up Chesterfield Inlet, through which a passage had, from Ellis's account of it, been generally expected; but finding the water turn brackish, which showed that he was not in a strait, but in a river, he returned. The ensuing summer he was ordered to repeat the voyage in the same ship, and Mr. Norton, in a cutter, was appointed to attend him. This time they ascended the Chesterfield Inlet again, and found it to end in a large fresh water lake, completely land-locked and fed by small rivulets, at the distance of about one hundred and seventy miles from the sea. Several other inlets were afterwards examined, from latitude 62 degrees to the south point of Main; but none of them offered the passage searched for, the deepest not running above three or four miles inland. So the result of these explorations was only negative. Captain Christopher settled with his family at Stockton, in comfortable circumstances, after having left the company's service; and he died, in the 60th year of his age, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he had gone for medical advice. His remains were interred at Norton.

Turning to the southern hemisphere, we find that one of the most important discoveries in high latitudes in that part of the world was made by a Blyth man, Mr. William Smith, commander of the brig William, of Blyth. He was on a voyage from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, in the year 1819, when, on the 19th of February, having stretched far to the south, he sighted land in lat. 62 deg. 40 min., and near the longitude of 62 W., about two leagues off. Hard gales, with flying showers of snow and fields of ice—a combination of adverse circumstances—prevented at that time an exploration of the coast; and on the brig's return to the River Plate in the following month of May similar circumstances prevented further discovery. But, on a subsequent voyage from Monte Video to Valparaiso, in October of the same year, the William again made the land, in lat. 62 deg. 30 min. S. and long. 60. deg. W., by chronometer bearing distance about three leagues. Captain Smith ran along the coast, which seemed to be that of a continent, fringed with islands a good way, and effected a landing at several points. He found the country barren and covered with snow, but seals and spermaceti whales were in abundance. He named it New South Shetland. It is now known to be an extensive archipelago, partly if not wholly volcanic, and almost without a vestige of vegetation, but with several good harbours. Ever since its discovery it has been the great seat of the seal, sea-elephant, and whale fisheries in those seas. One ship's crew has been known to catch as many as twelve thousand seals in one season along its shores; and the number taken off the islands, during the years 1821 and 1822, chiefly by American vessels, is computed by Captain Weddell at 320,000. Blyth Bay, in Desolation Island, is that in which the William first came to anchor, and Smith's Island, named after her commander, is the westernmost of the group. It is the highest and most forbidding of the whole, rising to more than two thousand feet above the sea level, and covered with eternal snow, except only where the surface is too precipitous to let it lie. The black dismal rocks contrast painfully with the glaring white, and give a very weird aspect to the scene, which is like nothing that meets the eye in more temperate regions. Captain Smith thought he saw pine and fir trees growing in many places, as he ran in a westward direction along the coasts for two or three hundred miles; and he reported that the country had upon the whole the appearance of the coast of Norway; but no subsequent voyager has seen any trees on

any part of New South Shetland, or the lands adjacent, not even grass or shrubs. The only vegetation, apparently, consists of moss and lichens. But the riches of the sea make up in some measure for the poverty of the land. W. B.

A Ramble Round York.

THE city of York, in its inner and outward aspect, spans the centuries so completely that it would be difficult to find a better compendium in stone of British history. Here we have tangible memories of Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans—aye, and even of those hapless Jews who, after attaining wealth and power, perished so tragically in the revengeful outbreak of the twelfth century.

But before we touch that lurid page, let us recall other incidents in York's story that are infinitely more pleasurable. We shall not quibble over the names successively borne by the city; but it seems indisputable that the Romans first gave it importance under the title of *Eboracum*, and that the Danes anticipated the modern appellation of "York" by dubbing it *Jorvik*—the initial letter having the sound of "y." The beautiful Minster, which is so commanding a feature in the vale of York, can claim connection with those remote times, for Constantine the Great, proclaimed Roman Emperor here

From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.

MICKLEGATE BAR, YORK.

about A.D. 306, is believed to have given, on the very spot where the sacred edifice now stands, his gracious permission for the first preaching of Christianity in the city. On this spot, too, Paulinus baptised the Northumbrian monarch Edwin; and if we descend into the crypt of the present-day Minster we may view the remains of Edwin's first church, or at least of the original building reared by Archbishops Thomas and Rogers. Saxon crypts, however, as in Hexham Abbey, are not inspiring regions, and the decidedly "elevating" influence of a climb to the top of the central tower of the Minster is much more to be recommended. Here the eye roves over a goodly prospect of the broad-acred county; and on a fine summer or autumn day one is not, even at this lapse of time, inclined to dispute the Chevalier Bunsen's opinion that we see before us "the most beautiful and most romantic vale in the world, the vale of Normandy excepted." The description seems all the more faithful when we remember that Normandy retains its sweet simplicity, while York, on the other hand, is familiar with the screams of locomotives, and boasts of having the largest railway station in the United Kingdom.

Circled by its white walls, however, there is in York city much that is quaint, and picturesque, and rich in historic associations. The modern spirit of research has laid bare the remains of Roman walls, villas, and palaces, with many curious evidences of military and domestic pursuits, as well as samples of architectural ornamentation and personal adornment. The clustering streets, with their strange nomenclature, such as the Shambles, tell their own story, helped out here and there by grim turrets and frowning gateways. Micklegate Bar, at the head of one of the principal streets, is eloquent with its embattled turrets and stone warders, which frequently

From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.

THE SHAMBLES, YORK.

had for company in the "good old days" the heads of those who gave offence and had not wit or luck enough to escape the penalty. A ghastly procession has walked

From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.

BARBICAN, WALMGATE BAR, YORK.

these battlements! Then, in contrast with the trim walls of the Castle, there is the ancient tower of the Cliffords, with its savour of William the Conqueror, while over the Foss lies the gloomy keep at Fishergate, and not far ahead is Walmgate, celebrated as being the only "bar" that remains in England with barbican complete. Walmgate is indeed a mine of memories, possessing in its forbidding front and jealous, spiteful portcullis the clue to the right reading of many a page of history.

From Harper's Magazine.—Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.

THE FIDDLER OF YORK, CARVED ON THE TOP OF A MINSTER PINNACLE.

But Jewbury, close by, now stirs up recollections of the part played in York by the forerunners of the Rothschilds, and rekindles the interest in the Israelites of "Ivanhoe." The Northern capital was soon fixed upon by the Jews as a favourable centre, and here, William of Newburgh assures us, they attained "the luxury and the pomp of kings." But, while they grew fat upon usury, the Crusaders who had sought their aid, with many others groaning under extortions, felt the strain too great to bear, and forthwith resolved to wipe out their bonds with the sword. Five hundred Hebrews took refuge in the Castle, and here they were besieged by the populace clamouring for the blood of the "Jewish dogs." Not thus, however, were they to die. An aged rabbi, perceiving their desperate straits, counselled a "free surrender of life to Him that gave it," whereupon the Jews hid or destroyed all their wealth, set fire to the Castle, and plunged their daggers first into the hearts of their women and children and then into their own bosoms. Not without a shudder, therefore, do we think of what befell the dwellers in Jewbury.

Monk Bar, which receives its name from the general who played a part in the Restoration of the Stuart dynasty, is considered to be the most perfect of the feudal type of such remains in the country. In this respect, therefore, both as regards Walmgate and Monk Bar, York is of special interest to the antiquary. But one need not pause at the corbelled and embattled turrets, or the rudely sculptured defenders who, standing in the act, have not yet made up their minds to hurl their missiles of rock. A rich field lies around, and, turn where one will, there is ample food for study and reflection. Go to the Mansion House, for instance, and there look upon the sword of state presented by the Emperor Sigismund, and

From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.

EAST END OF YORK MINSTER, FROM MONK BAR.

upon the cap of maintenance given by Richard II. when he made William de Selby the first Lord Mayor of York, the cap to be worn—as faithfully observed to this day—by the mayoral sword-bearer in all presences on all state occasions. "My Lord Mayor" keeps up considerable pomp, and within his own jurisdiction takes social precedence of all except the sovereign and heir-apparent; yet the office has gone a-begging more than once, some of the elected having paid a monetary consideration to escape from serving. Surely the manifold associations of the Guildhall, gathered with the roll of centuries, and crystallized in the stained glass windows and fine oak carvings, ought to invest with dignity and lustre the duties of "My Lord Mayor"!

Next to the abodes of civic power we might place that curious relic, the King's Manor House, which carries us back to the time of the Tudors and the Stuarts, for this was the scene of royal receptions, and here Charles II. held Parliament. Now, as a school for the blind, it is the county memorial of William Wilberforce, and Puritans may say it thus serves a better purpose. Another spot sweet to the antiquary is the Merchants' Hall, in Fossgate, which at one stroke, so ripe is this memorial of the past, takes three centuries off the world's record. One might almost expect to encounter on the step one of those worthy old souls whose excellent motto is sculptured over the entrance with the arms of the Corporation: *Dieu nous donne bonne adventure.*

From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.

YORK MINSTER, FROM THE MARKET PLACE.

But all this while we have been sensible of the influence of the towering Minster—an influence that must be felt rather than described. Churches and charities there are in plenty, and the student may rejoice in chance specimens of Gothic and Norman architecture, or go into raptures over the remains of St. Mary's Abbey, dating from the Conquest, and celebrated for its rich and powerful monks. But the glory of York is its Minster. Built in the form of a cross, it seems the embodiment of peace and sanctity, while its grand proportions and stately spires fill the mind of the beholder with a sense of awe. Fresh beauties appear at every point, and no one can weary of contemplating the delicate tracery of this exquisite piece of cathedral architecture. The heart burns at the mere thought that Jonathan Martin, in a mad freak, sought to fire this marvellous edifice, and one is thankful that the design of the incendiary was frustrated. Carved on the top of one of the pinnacles, it may be noted, is an antique figure which bears the quaint appellation of "The Fiddler of York." The interior of the Minster is in keeping with the exterior. Let the visitor enter, and he will realise the full power of this "sermon in stone." As he stands

beneath the central tower, and gazes in admiration at the works of art that chastely adorn this monument of man's faith, he is sensible of a sacred influence around him, and it only requires the rare melody of the choir at evensong to make all that is spiritual in his nature vibrate in harmony with the magnificent conception which fills the Minster and dominates the city.

George Barrington in Newcastle.

GEORGE WALDRON, *alias* Barrington, was a famous pickpocket towards the end of the last century. But Barrington was much more than a common thief. His educational advantages placed him head and shoulders above the ordinary criminal level, while his superior manners and gift of speech showed that, if it had been his fortune to have commenced life under more favourable conditions, he would have achieved a respectable position in society. But his adverse circumstances and false start in life were entirely due to his own misconduct.

Waldron was born at Maynooth, County Kildare, in 1755. When he had entered his sixteenth year, he attracted the attention of a dignitary of the Church of Ireland, who placed him in a grammar school in Dublin, the object being to prepare him for the University. In an evil moment, he quarrelled with a school-fellow, older and stronger than himself. Getting the worst of the fight which ensued, he stabbed his comrade with a penknife. The youth was subjected to discipline for this offence; but this, instead of having a deterrent effect, only increased his feeling for revenge. After robbing the schoolmaster, he escaped from the school-house, and wandered aimlessly about the country.

While at Drogheda, he joined a company of strolling players, with whom he remained for a time. The manager of the troupe, who had previously been convicted for fraud and was at the time in fear of capture, was young Waldron's counsellor and friend. It was at this man's suggestion that the young fellow assumed the name of Barrington. Owing to a tolerably pleasing address, he soon made his name as an actor; but, fearing that success in the profession would expose him to the attentions of his friends, he relinquished what might have been an honourable career. Acting on the advice of his evil counsellor, he adopted another profession—that of a "gentleman pickpocket."

After relieving many Irish gentlemen of their watches and trinkets, he transferred his operations to London. Ranelagh Gardens were then in the full flood of popularity—the resort of the rank and fashion of the time. Here he managed to pick the pockets of the Duke of Leinster and Sir William Draper of considerable sums. In 1775 we find him at Bath, where, pretending to be a gentleman of fortune, he had no doubt many opportunities of replenishing his exchequer. On his return to London, he went to Court on the Queen's birthday, disguised as a clergyman, and not only picked several pockets, but found means to purloin a diamond order that adorned the breast of a nobleman. But perhaps the most daring of his ventures was the attempt to rob the Russian Prince Orloff of a gold snuff-box, set with brilliants, and valued at £30,000. Following the prince to Covent Garden Theatre, he contrived to secure the treasure, but was caught in the act by Orloff himself. For this offence Barrington was prosecuted; but he presented so plausible a defence that liberation followed.

Trouble, however, overtook the audacious thief in 1777, in which year, being convicted of theft, he was sent to the hulks for three years. But fortune did not yet desert him, for, owing to his good conduct in prison, he was liberated at the termination of the first year.

Six months afterwards he was again convicted of theft,

From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.

MINSTER TOWERS, YORK, FROM PETER GATE.

and again sentenced to the hulks, this time for a period of five years. Once more good luck attended him. Having nearly wrecked his constitution by an attempt to destroy his life, his pitiable condition excited the compassion of a gentleman of rank, a visitor to the hulks, who obtained for him a free pardon on condition that he quitted the kingdom. The condition was, of course, accepted, and, being provided with money by his benefactor, he departed for Dublin.

Within a very short time afterwards he resumed his old practices. Apprehended on a charge of stealing the watch and money of a nobleman at a theatre, he made so effective a defence in court that he was discharged. We next find him in Edinburgh, and subsequently in London again. Arrested for violating the condition of release, he was imprisoned for the remainder of his term in Newgate. Soon after the expiration of his captivity, he was charged with stealing the watch of Mr. Haviland Le Mesurier, at Drury Lane Theatre, but eluded the vigilance of the constable, and so escaped once more.

Barrington wandered about the country in various disguises, and eventually turned up in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The circumstances of his arrest there are detailed in the following extract from the *Newcastle Chronicle* of July 5, 1788:—

On Friday evening, the 27th ult., as the Rev. Mr. Warilow, of this town, was going into the boxes of the theatre, a man genteely dressed came up to him, and attempted to take the watch out of his pocket; but having pulled it in an oblique direction, it stuck fast, and Mr. Warilow, perceiving his intention, laid hold of his arm; he, however, immediately got it disengaged, and walked up into the green boxes, where he stood looking on the stage till Mr. W. went to him and accused him of the attempt, which he denied with great firmness and *hauteur*, and affected to be much insulted by the suspicion; he then walked down stairs, and into the opposite green box, but, seeing Mr. W. determined not to leave him, he went again down stairs, and walked carelessly out of the theatre, when Mr. W., having procured a constable, he was apprehended in the passage leading to the Flesh Market. He underwent an immediate examination before Mr. Alderman Rudman, and, being unwilling to give a satisfactory account of himself, he was committed to the custody of a sergeant-at-mace till next morning, when he was again examined before the Court of Aldermen; he there said his name was Jones, but, that circumstance being doubted, a sailor was brought into court, who made oath that he knew him to be the *renowned* pickpocket *Barrington*; he was thereupon committed to Newgate, and intelligence sent off to the Public Office in Bow Street, an advertisement having been published from thence in February last, charging him with having picked the pocket of Haviland Le Mesurier, Esq., of a purse containing twenty-three guineas and a half, and offering a reward of five guineas on his commitment. On hearing of his apprehension, the lady who travels with him, and calls herself his wife, immediately set off, in their one-horse chaise, towards the south, but returned again the same evening, in a different conveyance, to the Old Queen's Head, in Pilgrim Street, where she was discovered by one of the sergeants, who conducted her before a magistrate, to undergo an examition. She said her name was Johnson, and that her father was a waiter at a tavern in York; but no information could be gained from her that could lead to a discovery of any malpractices of herself or her husband. She still remains in the custody of a serjeant-at-mace; but, being far advanced in pregnancy, if no hopes remain of gaining any criminating matter from her evidence, humanity would seem to plead much for her enlargement. Notwithstanding Mr. Barrington's dexterity, it appears that he has been rather unsuccessful here, as we do not find that any losses have been sustained from the exercise of his art, though it is imagined he was the person who attempted to pick the pockets of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland and two other gentlemen in the theatre. Mr. Barrington, should this be really him, is a man of genteel appearance and address, about five feet ten or eleven inches high, slender make, of a dark complexion, and has sharp, piercing eyes; he was dressed in a drab coat and round hat. Some of the Bow Street people are daily expected to arrive here, to convey him to London.

A fortnight later the ingenious thief was still in custody, as appears from the following paragraph extracted from the *Newcastle Chronicle* of July 19:—

The *supposed* Mr. Barrington still remains in custody here, Sir Sampson Wright not having yet thought proper to despatch messengers to convey him to London. He at first, indeed, desired he might be despatched by sea, but that method was, we imagine, deemed too insecure to be adopted. He has been visited in Newgate by a great number of gentlemen, whom he receives in the most polite manner. We could, however, have wished that somewhat more delicacy had been observed in conducting that business; it must be grating to him, and we cannot conceive how anyone can derive pleasure from such a visit.

Another extract from the same source, dated July 26, 1788, gives particulars of the prisoner's removal:—

It having appeared by the certificate of Henry Collingwood Selby, Esq., Clerk of the Peace for the county of Middlesex, and by the affidavit of John Townsend, that George Barrington stands indicted at the general sessions of the peace for the county of Middlesex for felony he was removed from hence by *habeas corpus* on Wednesday last to take his trial thereon. He was conveyed in the mail-coach in the custody of a sergeant-at-mace and Mr. Townsend, one of the Bow Street officers.

John Townsend was of course the celebrated "Bow Street runner," of whom many exciting stories are told in the criminal annals of the country. But the special charge on which Mr. Townsend's captive was taken to London seems to have failed on account of the absence at the trial of a material witness.

In the *Newcastle Chronicle* for September 13, 1788, we find an intimation to the effect that Barrington's trial at the Old Bailey Sessions would commence on the following Wednesday, when he would be charged with stealing the watch of Mr. Le Mesurier. The prisoner secured the services of an eminent lawyer, who, in the absence of material evidence, was instrumental in securing his discharge from custody.

Barrington's career as a pickpocket may be said to have come to an end in September, 1798, when, being found guilty of again picking pockets, he was sentenced to transportation for seven years. During the voyage in the convict ship to Botany Bay, he assisted in quelling a mutiny, for which service he was duly rewarded. The captain of the ship gave so excellent an account of his conduct to the Governor of Port Jackson that that official at once appointed him superintendent of convicts at Paramatta. Subsequently he was appointed high constable of the same place, in

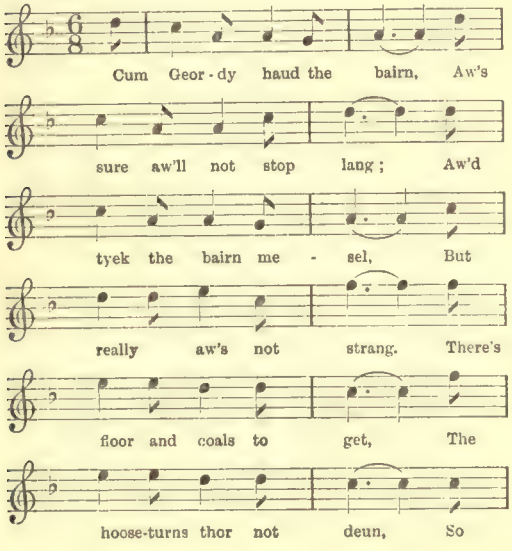
which situation he is said to have won the respect of his superiors. Barrington died in 1804, it is supposed from mental imbecility induced by remorse for his wasted life.

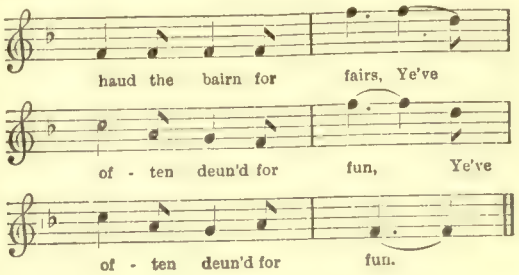
The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

AW WISH YOR MUTHOR WAD CUM.

THE catalogue of Newcastle song-writers, beginning with Henry Robson, and followed in succession by Thompson, Mitford, Gilchrist, Robson, Corvan, and Ridley contains the names of no more pathetic and homely lyrist than that of Joe Wilson. A man of blameless life, not possessing the robust frame which sometimes lends itself to stirring and robust song, he passed quietly and respected through a life of only thirty-four years, dying in February, 1875, and leaving a vacancy which has not yet been filled. The song we publish, together with "The Row Upon the Stairs," "The Gallowgate Lad," "Dinnet Clash the Door," besides many other of his homely domestic ditties, will live and be sung as long as the Tyne runs to the sea. The tune is a well-known Irish comic melody, to which is sung "The Whistling Thief." It should be added that Messrs. Thos. and George Allan, of Newcastle, have lately published a handsome and complete edition of Wilson's songs, that the song given below has been chosen by Mr. Ralph Hedley as the subject for an oil painting, and that this painting has been reproduced in colours as a presentation plate for the Christmas Supplement of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, 1890.


Cum Geor - dy haud the bairn, Aw's
sure aw'll not stop lang; Aw'd
tyek the bairn me - sel, But
really aw's not strang. There's
floor and coals to get, The
hoose-turns thor not deun, So



"Cum, Geordy, haud the bairn,
Aw's sure aw'll not stop lang;
Aw'd tyek the jewel mesel,
But really aw's not strang.
Thors floor and coals te get,
The hoose-turns thor not deun;
So haud the bairn for fairs,
Ye've often deund for fun?"

Then Geordy held the bairn,
But sair agyen his will;
The poor bit thing wes gud,
But Geordy had ne skill:
He haddint its muthor's ways,
He sat byeth stiff an' nuun;
Before five minutes wes past,
He wished its muthor wad cum.

His wife had scarcely gyen
The bairn began to squall,
Wi' hikin't up an' doon,
He'd let the poor thing fall.
It waddent had its tung,
Tho' sum aud teun he'd hum—
Like "Jack an' Jill went up a hill"—
Aw wish yor muthor wad cum.

"What weary toil," says he,
"This nursin' bairns mun be;
A bit ont's well eneuf,
Ay, quite eneuf for me.
Te keep a cryin' bairn
It may be grand te sum;
A day's wark's not as bad—
Aw wish yor muthor wad cum.

"Men seldum giv a thowt
Te what thor wives endure;
Aw thowt she'd nowt te do
But clean the hoose, aw's sure;
Or myek me dinner an' tea—
It's startin' te chow its thum;
The poor thing wants its tit—
Aw wish yor muthor wad cum.

What a selfish world this is!
Thor's nowt mair se than man;
He laffs at wummin's toil,
And winnet nurse his awn—
It's startin' te cry agyen,
Aw see tuts throo its gum:
Maw little bit pet, dinnet fret—
Aw wish yor muthor wad cum.

"But kindness dis a vast,
It's ne use gettin' vext;
It winnet please the bairn,
Or ease a mind perplext—
At last, it's gyen te sleep,
Me wife 'ill not say aw's num;
She'll think aw's a real gud nurse—
Aw wish yor muthor wad cum.

A Delaval Letter.

MR. WELFORD, referring to Sir John Delaval, Bart., of Seaton Lodge, quotes from Spearman's MSS. that Sir John's daughter, having been married to John Rogers, of Denton, "died within the year, as was said, by a posset given by Sir John's mistress, Mrs. Poole, and Mr. Rogers went distracted." (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, page 251.) Till some proof be given, this "fairy tale" should be withdrawn from local history, for in this, as in other of his statements about the Delavals, Spearman, when compared with facts, appears to have erred. Mr. Rogers was son and heir of John Rogers, of Newcastle, by Elizabeth, the fifth daughter of Benjamin Ellison, merchant-adventurer, of the same town, and, previous to his marriage with Sir John's daughter, he and his widowed mother joined in conveying on November 5, 1713, certain lands in Rouchester, West Denton, North Seaton, Scotchwood, Benwell, Jarrow, lands "called Whitefield, in possession of Robert Awde (*sic*) and Richard Batty," lands at Hindley, in the Bywell parishes, lands at Low Sugley and Lemington Green, in the parish of Newburn, &c., to certain trustees—to wit, Grey Neville of Billingbare, Bucks, and Edward Delavall of Dissington, Northumberland. That Mrs. Rogers did not "die within the year," or even seven years, will be seen from a paragraph in a letter from James Mewburn to Admiral George Delaval. Mewburn resided at Newcastle, and was evidently the manager for the estate of Seaton, which was taken over by Admiral Delaval from Sir John Delaval, Bart. All the building accounts of the hall, and the estate rentals, are in his very fine clerk-like handwriting, giving the most minute particulars, and balanced to a farthing. Mr. Etty, mentioned by Mewburn, was probably an assistant to Sir John Vanburgh, and made occasional visits to the works at Delaval Hall. Mewburn's letter, being of interest, is given in full:—

Newcastle, 10th December, 1720.

Honoured Sr.,—Both Your Hon'rs of the 1st and 6th Instant, I Recd., and now thinks Sr. John Van Brugh will Keep his Xtmas at Castle Howard, haveing noe Letter from him. Mr. Etty will most certainly come to Seaton along with Sr. John, and though I had rather take to a small fault at any time then make many words, yett I Cannot bear, when any wrong is put upon mee, so if Mr. Etty offer to doe any such things, Your Honr. may be assured I shall speak my mind freely.

Mr. Etty's Letter which your Honr. is pleased to Inclose mee, Speaks enough to the Carrying on the work to perfection. I shall take care of the Lettr. Sr. John Delavall and all his Family is altogether at the Lodge, and Madm. Rogers, Sr. John's Daughter, is bearing them Company, and Mr. Rogers is often there too, and Madm. Rogers is to stay till Mrs. Pool's Birthday, as I am told. Mr. Etty has been in Some of his Ares, when he writ the Direction for your Honr.

The Draines are all Cast and wee have Levell Enough, and most Covered and Secured, so that noe wett cann stand any where about the House. Mr. Etty takes the Ordering and Manageing of the draines to himselfe (as I perceive by his Letter), but must begg his pardon a Little in that Matter, for Your Brother Knows and forty more, that they were well advanced before he came to Seaton.

Wee have abundance of wett weather, which is bringing downe every day some old walls, which wee are obliged to Repair Immediately to keep the Houseing from falling.

The Groyning, which Mr. Etty mentions in his Letter, I think is a terme of Art, which is Arching of the Passage, as I apprehend him.

The New Stair Case mentioned in Etty's Letter, is that draught of the Stare Case which Sir John Van Brugh sent Your Honr. after Your departure from Seaton, and Your Honr. sent mee. Mr. Etty see it at Seaton and propose it for the East Stare Case, that is for the East Tower. When any thing of Substance goes from hence for Your Honr. shall send your linnen, and Beanes too if Your Honr. pleases, and likewise all those things from Madm. Shaftoe when they come to hand, and Your Honr's. Pillow too, if Your Honr. pleases, but my wife knows not what method to use to gett it cleaned. As for the Sault Your Honr. mentions, it was quite gone out of my thoughts, but if any such can be gott shall speak to Mr. Nicholson and Engage him in that affair.

This day gone seven nights, I mentioned to Your Honr. that the Gardeners was Supplying the Dead Trees in the West Avenue, and at night when I gott home they told mee there was only three dead trees in all that West Avenue and Circle, the other which seemed dead at Topp was Growing severall foot above Ground, and this weather I hope will doe much good to all the plantations. There is near two hundred Elmes planted this week, wee are now Obliged to plant the large Elmes in the Nurserys, all the dead ones being renewed, save only the Scape hill in the Lumperwill field before the North door, which wee leave till further orders. There is about 300 limes to plant and many of them must be planted in the Nursery too. What the Gardeners say about pruneing seems very reasonable, and ought to be observed.

Shall Direct the Young men now with me to Observe Your Honour's Directions about pruneing the Young Elmes in the East Nursery.

Shall wait of Sr. John at the Lodge, and doe Your Honrs. Commands. Shall Observe to plant the Broad Leafed Elmes with their Leading shouts [shoots] on, and shall plant the Largest Branches in Cuttings of the Willows, but pray does Your Honr. please to have the roots of any of the Willows removed, and planted elsewhere?

I am Glad the Corne is gott into the Priver [stack yard?]

I doe not Remembr of any full answer given Your Honr. Concerning the door between the two Great Basements to the North, and Last Setterday was short about it, and since have Examined the plans, and doe find the stairs being placed there, and the sole of the Door levell with the flower [floor] within, and halfe pace without, and a window of Each side, very plaine: so what mistake is here I Cannot tell but it is Certaine that a door Intined [intended] in the plan to goe up the Stepps between the North Basements into the Hall: and as for the door under (which is already made) that comes into the Ditch, is placed for Conveniency of Receiving Vessells into the Cellar, and will not be seen when the stepps are made; the steps will rise from the North only and not up at the ends too, as they are now Intended.

I hope your Honr. will be pleased to accept of my wishing you joy of your new Honr. which I hope is Confirmed upon Your Honr. by this time, and pray be pleased to excuse my not doing it earlyer, for doe begg lieve to assure your Honr. that none doe wish or desire Your Honr.'s welfare and happyness more than my selfe, and doe Likewise begg Your Honr. will be pleased to advise mee how to Direct to Your Honr. in propper Expressions due to Your Honr.; for it is neither my duty nor my desire

to be any way short in shewing my due obedience to Your Honr. and all things else that is becoming or due from

Your Honr.'s most dutyfull
and obedient humble servant,
JA. MEWBURN.

Inclosed a Lettr. of Sr. John Vanbrughs which I found this week have taken a Copy of it.

If Mr. Rogers "went distracted" within the year, he got over the supposed calamity, for at the county election, in February, 1722, we find him residing at Newcastle, and capable of recording his vote for his freehold at East Denton, which vote he gave to Ralph Jennison, the unsuccessful candidate.

CUTHBERT HOME TRASLAW.

William Bell Scott.

A MAN of exalted and varied genius was the poet-artist who, on November 22, 1890, sank to his rest at the seat of Miss Boyd, Penkill Castle, Girvan, a home enriched by noble frescoes from his hand. William Bell Scott, whose death is a loss to the world of art and letters, found in Miss Boyd a true and devoted friend, who not only cheered his declining years, but tended with loving care his aged wife. Rare memories therefore cling to Penkill Castle, rendered sweeter from the fact that there also the artist's friend and kindred spirit, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, wrote some of his subtlest poems.

Mr. Scott, the son of an Edinburgh engraver, and the younger brother and biographer of David Scott, F.S.A., gave early evidence that he possessed the family talent. Born in Edinburgh on September 12th, 1811, he was educated at the High School there. His first instruction in art was imparted by his father and his brother. On coming to London in 1831, he studied the antique zealously at the British Museum. Returning to Edinburgh, he put forth his earliest poems in *Tait's Magazine*, and in the Edinburgh University Souvenir for 1834. Finally, he left Edinburgh for London about 1836. His first contribution to a London Gallery was "The Jester," which was exhibited at Suffolk Street in 1840; while his first picture in the Academy was sent in 1842, under the title of "Chaucer, John of Gaunt, and their Wives." Mr. Scott also sent various works to the British Institution, beginning with "Bell Ringers and Cavaliers celebrating the Entrance of Charles II. into London," which was shown in 1841. This was followed by "The Old English Ballad Singer," 1842; "Comfort the Afflicted," 1845; "The School, Newcastle-upon-Tyne," 1846, and five later productions.

Scott's most ambitious effort was due to that impulse which, in 1842 and 1843, stirred the artistic world to its depths, and resulted in the Cartoon Competition in Westminster Hall. To this he sent a drawing of life-size figures, measuring 11 ft. by 9 ft., and representing, in a dramatic fashion, "The Northern Britons surprising the Roman Wall." It obtained no premium, but brought its young author under the notice of some of the more intelligent and influential leaders of opinion. Scott did not tempt fortune again at Westminster, but, profiting by the feeling excited in his favour among artists, accepted the offer of a considerable appointment in the School of Design, which was then being developed with Government aid. Soon after this (that is, in 1843) we find him in charge of the most important Government school of art in the North of England, that of Newcastle-upon-Tyne—a post which he occupied until about 1858, when changes in what had become the Art Department caused him to abandon his appointment and remove to London, without ceasing to be connected with South Kensington.

In 1846 Mr. Scott published his only long poem, "The Year of the World, a Philosophical Poem on Redemption from the Fall." Shortly afterwards appeared his "Memoir of David Scott," "Antiquarian Gleanings in the North of England," and "Ornamental Designs for Silver and Gold Work," with an essay on ornamental design. Under the title of "Chorea Sancti Viti, or Steps in the Life of Prince Legion," he published in 1851 a series of allegorical etchings; and in 1854 appeared the volume best known as "Poems by a Painter."

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

For five years afterwards Scott was employed in painting eight large pictures illustrating the principal events of Northumbrian history, at Wallington Hall, the seat of Sir Walter Trevelyan, Bart.; and in 1863-4 the complement of his work was executed in the form of eighteen oil paintings on canvas for the spandrels of the arches in the saloon containing the Border subjects. The interest in this magnificent set of paintings does not depend upon the workmanship or the subjects alone. All the objects introduced are relics which still exist in Northumbrian houses, and many of the figures were portraits of living Northumbrian characters. The learned author of the history of the Roman Wall occupies a prominent place among the figures on that ram-

part, the late Rev. Cooper Abbes figures as St. Cuthbert, and Mr. W. H. Charlton, the late proprietor of Hesleyside, is exhibited as the astonished recipient of the Charlton spur. The pictures occur in the following order:—1, the building of the Roman Wall; 2, a scene on the Farne Islands, King Egfrid and Bishop Trumwine urging St. Cuthbert to accept the bishopric of Hexham; 3, the Danes invading Northumberland at Tynemouth; 4, the death of Bede at Jarrow; 5, the Border Chieftain shown the emptiness of the larder by the spur in the dish which is brought in place of dinner; 6, Bernard Gilpin preventing a Border feud; 7, Grace Darling's act of heroism; 8, Newcastle in the 19th century. A picture by Mr. Scott, representing the building of the "New Castle upon Tyne" adorns the walls of the Literary and Philosophical Society. In 1868 he also completed a series of mural paintings illustrating "The King's Quhair" on the spiral staircase of Penkill Castle.

In 1869 Scott brought out "Albert Dürer, his Life and Works," a critical biography, containing admirable etchings by the author. Other works from his pen which may simply be mentioned are "Half-hour Lectures on the History and Practice of the Fine and Ornamental Arts," "William Blake, Etchings from his Work," with descriptive text, and "The Little Masters" (of Germany), a valuable contribution to English art literature. In 1882 he added to the rest of his acquirements the title of architect by building a hall at Penkill Castle, and in the same year he published a fresh volume of poetry, entitled "The Poet's Harvest Home."

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

We present two portraits of Mr. Scott—one, taken from a photograph by Mr. C. K. Reed, showing him as he was about the time when he first settled in Newcastle, and the other not many years before his death.

Notes and Commentaries.

ST. CUTHBERT'S BEADS.

G. W. Bulman, M.A., writes as follows on this subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November:—

Encrinite stems are among the most common fossils of the carboniferous limestone. They constitute a large portion of its bulk. Locally they are known as St. Cuthbert's beads. On a little rock off Holy Island, on the Northumbrian coast, says the old legend, the Saint laboriously forged them on his anvil:—

> On a rock, by Lindisfarne,
> St. Cuthbert sits and toils to frame
> The sea-born beads that bear his name.

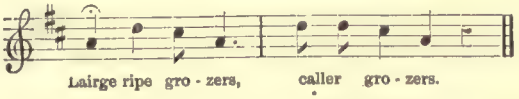
Here we are presented with the work of St. Cuthbert; further down the coast, near the classic town of Whitby, we encounter the deeds of St. Hilda. The ammonites occurring in the lias there are the relics of snakes, of which—

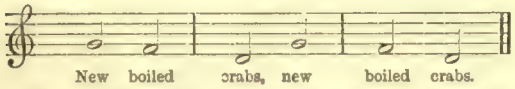
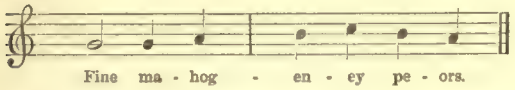
> Each one
> Was changed into a coil of stone
> When holy Hilda pray'd.

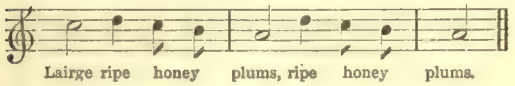
Thus even in the domains of the geologist is found the work of the weaver of legends.

L., Newcastle.

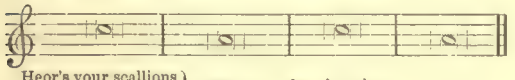
OLD STREET CRIES.

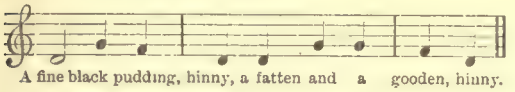
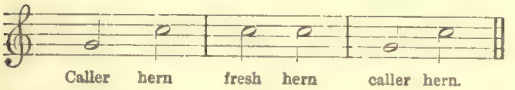
One of the best cries I remember was that of "Grozers," and this reminds me of an amusing anecdote which came under my own notice. A young girl living in Milburn Place, North Shields, had been to the New Quay (the market place in those days), and when going along the Front was asked by a woman whether there were any gooseberries in the market. She replied, "No, ma'am; but thor's plenty o' grozers." To my ears the crying of "Grozers" was at all times most melodious, and even at this long distance of time I can picture to myself the form and appearance of "Mary the Maid," as, with basket on her head, she perambulated the streets of "canny aad Shields," crying in stentorian, but not unmelodious, voice:—

I must take exception, however, to both Mr. Greenwell's and Mr. Haswell's rendering of boiled crabs. I do not remember ever hearing it "Fine boiled crabs," as given

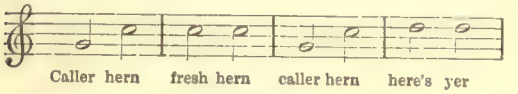
by Mr. Greenwell, nor as "Fine boiled crabs, new boiled crabs," as given by Mr. Haswell (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, pages 379 and 473). To me it was always—

The "Borgondy peors" in my young days was converted into "Fine mahogeney peors," and cried to the following:—

Plums also came in for a good melodious cry, which was as follows:—

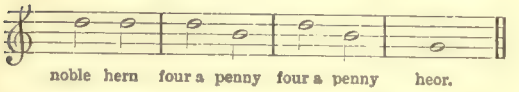


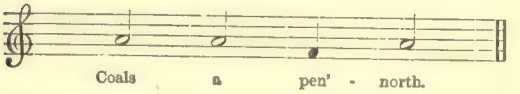
While scallions came in with a shrill—

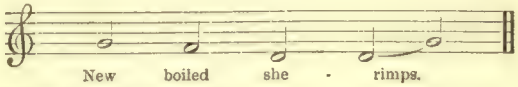


Black puddings were also treated to a good cry, and no doubt many will remember the clean old woman who sat at the end of the New Quay, just in front of the Pipemaker's Stairs, and cried—

Mr. Greenwell's "Caller harren" is not familiar to me; the Cullercoats women's cry was as follows, and I may remark that in crying herring they never told the price:—

The Shields women cried as follows, and who does not remember "Highland Bet" and her lusty daughters?—





The cry of the coal carter as given by Mr. Haswell is also unfamiliar to me. It was as follows:—

I think Mr. Haswell must be alluding to the unmelodious voice of poor old Tommy Kell, but then Tommy was like nobody but himself. There are many more cries familiar to me, from the



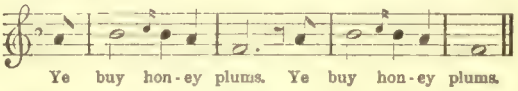
of poor old Marget to the

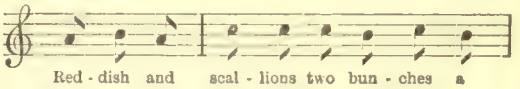
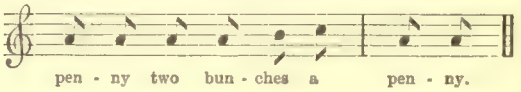
of Mally Kelsey. One singular thing in connection with these cries is that in Antwerp one hears the women crying their wares in exactly similar tones.

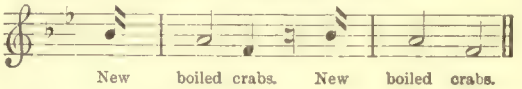
W. D., Lowestoft.

***

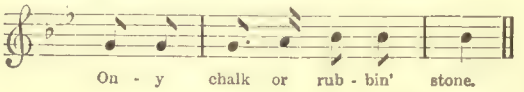
One of the most beautiful of street calls, lingering on the summer air like a breath from scented orchards, was that given below—



The market garden as well as the orchard had its songster. She came jogging along, arms akimbo, a well-laden basket cleverly balanced on her "weeze," and singing as she went—

The Cullercoats fish-wife with a creel-full of crabs had, and has still, I believe, a very effective call—



I can recall only one more of the many cries which once upon a time re-echoed in Shields streets and lanes—that with which the "rubbin'-stone" vendor used to warn her customers. Here it is in all its native simplicity—



D. C., Edinburgh.

THE POET CLOSE.

Perhaps the following anecdote of the Poet Close may be of interest to your readers:—

Some years ago, five gentlemen arrived at Windermere by a late train and put up at the Royal Hotel. They had read about the celebrated Lake Poet in *Punch* and the newspapers; and, having upon inquiry learned that the eccentric old gentleman was then at Bowness, they purposed to make themselves merry at his expense. Accordingly, a waiter was sent to the poet's lodgings with the request that he would return with the messenger to

the Royal Hotel, where some gentlemen wished to see him. The poet was smoking his pipe in front of the fire, preparatory to retiring for the night, but, having always an "eye to business," was nothing loth to accompany the waiter.

"How many gentlemen?" he asked.

"Five," was the reply.

"Then," said he, "they will want *five sets of my books.*"

He immediately proceeded to put up five sets of his books to take with him.

On arrival at the hotel, he was introduced to the gentlemen, and said he supposed, as they had specially sent for him, they would want to buy his books, and he had, therefore, brought each of them a set. The gentlemen looked at each other somewhat taken aback; but one of them, quickly recovering, answered:—

"Quite right, Mr. Close. How much?"

The poet replied: "Ten shillings each set, gentlemen."

The books quickly changed hands, the poet smilingly pocketing the five half sovereigns. He was then invited to drink with them. The gentlemen now, looking forward to their coming enjoyment, called the waiter to bring a bottle of port, and one of sherry. Mr. Close was asked what he would take.

"Gentlemen," said the poet, as the wine was placed on the table, "you have surely not ordered those for *me* at this time of night?"

"Oh, yes, certainly, we have," was the reply.

The poet, taking up a bottle in each hand, said, "Well, gentlemen, it is very kind of you," and he put the bottles into his coat pockets. "*My wife,*" said he, "is partial to sherry, and *I* like port. So I thank you very kindly, gentlemen. Good evening."

Before another word could be said, the poet had gone, leaving the would-be jokers looking at each other in blank amazement.

"Done, by Jove!" was the general exclamation.

F. N. R., Barrow-in-Furness.

THE GREENWELLS OF BROOMSHIELDS.

Broomshields Hall, the seat of the Greenwell family, is a neat modern mansion a little to the south-west of the village of Satley, four miles from Lanchester, in the County of Durham. It occupies a pleasant position, overlooking a well wooded gill or dene, through which flows the Pan Burn, a truly sylvan streamlet, one of the tributaries of the Browney, the Wear's greatest affluent.

The Greenwell family, of Norman origin, is second to none in the county of Durham in antiquity, and is one of the few now remaining in England who retain in their male line the estates which gave them a name. The earliest mention of the branch of the family (for it had numbers of scions scattered over West Durham) at this estate is in the reign of Henry VIII. (1488), when Peter Greenwell resided at Bromesheles; and from that date, now more than four centuries ago, the family have held the patrimony.

Thomas Greenwell, born 1736, died 1817, married in 1774 Eleanor, daughter and heiress of John Maddison, Esq., of Hole House, near Alanstord, county of Durham, whose ancestors had held that estate from 1595. Besides an only son, he left three daughters—Eleanor, Mary, and Elizabeth—who never married, but resided at Broomshields Cottage, near the hall, and died in extreme old age—at the ages of 96, 86, and 89 years respectively.

John Greenwell, son and heir, born 1785, was for more than fifty years an active magistrate for the county. He married Elizabeth Greenwell of the Ford, near Lanchester, the daughter of a remote kinsman, and aunt of Dora Greenwell, the Durham poetess. He died in 1869, and was buried at Lanchester. A beautiful stained window erected to his memory is in the south wall of Satley Church. Thomas Greenwell, the only surviving son and heir, born 1821, graduated M.A. at St. John's College, Oxford, was in his year sixth wrangler, and was called to the bar in 1847. He married Georgina, daughter of Mr. Bridges, London, by whom he had a numerous issue. He died 1874, and was buried at Satley.

The estate is now the patrimony of his eldest son, Mr. F. W. Greenwell, formerly editor of a popular periodical, author of "Dissertations on the Apocalypse," &c., and now residing in Florida, U.S.

Broomshields, in the time of Bishop Hatfield's Survey, 1377-1380, was a township by itself, and was divided into several parcels. These portions have since become amalgamated with the adjoining townships. The arms of the Greenwell family is one of the grandest in the North of England—Or, two bars azure between three ducal crowns gules.

J. W. FAWCETT.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A CAREFUL LAD.

A lad from the neighbourhood of Choppington came to Newcastle, and bought a topcoat. Getting intoxicated, he pawned the coat the same day. The next morning, when his mother asked him where the ticket was, he said:—"Wey, thoo sees, aa wes feered aa wad loss't, se aa gav't tiv a publican for a glass o' yell!"

WHERE THE QUEEN LIVES.

An old woman who resides at Byker was asked where her daughter Mary was living. "Oh," was the reply, "at Windsor Crescent." "Wey," was the observation, "aa thowt she'd got a plyece as norsemaid in Victoria Square!" "Yor reet, and aa's wrang," said the old lady; "aa knaa'd it wes yen o' them streets whor the Queen lives!"

LONG STOCKINGS.

A miner entered a drapery establishment at Seaham Harbour one day. He was accosted by the master of the establishment as to what he could serve him with, when the customer asked to see some "lang stockin's." After having had about a dozen pairs to inspect, he said that "nyen o' them wad de for him." "Well, how's that my good man? These are long enough." "That's aall reet, mistor, but aa want a pair o' bow-legged yens!"

PARADISE.

According to a famous old story, one Patrick Long had occasion to remove from Blaydon to Paradise. On the day of his removal the river was much swollen from recent rains; the haughs, in fact, about the different parts of the

river being completely covered with water. A few months after this Patrick found himself in the Assize Court, and in the course of his examination was asked his name. "Patrick Long," was the reply. "Where do you live?" "Paradise." "Where?" said the Judge, half inclined to be severe. "Paradise, sor." "Aye, and how long have you lived there?" "Ivvor since the flood," was the reply. Here the judge was about to administer a rebuke, when a local solicitor, interposing, explained the circumstance.

PIT LADS AT SEA.

A couple of pit lads were on board ship during a storm. Snugly seated in the cabin, one of them asked the other who had just been on deck—"What kind o' weather is't?" "Eh! man," was the reply, "it's a sair neet at bank!"

THE REVOLUTION OF THE EARTH.

In a public-house in the neighbourhood of Blaydon, the conversation turned upon the earth revolving, when an old man said, "Aa'll nivvor believe the warld gans round. Aa've hard it mony a time, but nebody 'll ivvor persuade me that." One of the company drew an imitation of the globe, and proceeded to explain, when the old gentleman stopped him. "It's ne use," said he, "it's ne use thoo trying ta shove that down ma throat. Aa've had far aader yens than thoo at ma, and it's aa'll been ne use." "Well, but," replied the other, "listen." "Na, na," continued our old friend, "aa can prove that aa's reet. Aa've wrowt in the pits sin aa was nine year aad; aa've gan in both forst and back shift; and aa've gan into the hoose all hoors of the neet; and the Blackhill cinder yovens wis aalways opposite wor back door!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 12th of November, 1890, Mr. Alderman Thomas Hedley, J.P., died suddenly at his residence in Fenham Terrace, Newcastle. Born at Harnham, in Northumberland, on the 22nd of April, 1809, the deceased gentleman was in the 82nd year of his age. Mr. Hedley was the founder of the firm of Thomas Hedley and Company, soap manufacturers, New Road. He entered the Town Council as one of the representatives of East All Saints' Ward on the 1st of November, 1853, and he had held the position of alderman since the 13th of November, 1866. In 1860-61, he served as Sheriff, and in 1863-64, he filled the office of Mayor. Mr. Hedley was also prominently associated with several local commercial undertakings. The chief of these was the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company, of which for nearly twenty years he had been chairman.

ALDERMAN THOMAS HEDLEY.

The same day, the remains of Mr. Featherstone Martindale, a Weardale poet, who had died on the 8th, were interred at Westgate.

Mr. George Greenwell, a leading tradesman and magistrate of Durham, died in that city on the 14th of November, in the seventieth year of his age.

On the 15th of November, Mr. Ambrose Walker, J.P., died at Stafford House, South Stockton. The deceased, who was proprietor of the pottery at South Stockton before its transfer to a limited liability company, was about 60 years of age.

On the same day, died Mr. Thomas Charles Johnson Sowerby, late of Snow Hall, Gainsford, aged 53. He was a magistrate for North Yorkshire, and was a well-known athlete and gentleman jockey.

The death was announced on the 17th of November, of the Very Rev. George Curry, of Dodding Green, near Kendal, for some time connected with the Roman Catholic Missions at Bishop Auckland and Hutton Henry, in the county of Durham. He was in his 74th year.

On the 17th of November, Jesmond Cemetery received the remains of Mr. Michael Ewbank, who sixty years ago was a well-known figure on the Quayside of Newcastle, where he carried on the business of a shipbroker. He was brother of Mr. John Wilson Ewbank, the painter, and was a native of Gateshead. It is nearly a generation since the deceased retired from business and settled at Morpeth, where in his ninetieth year he died.

Mr. George Angus, founder of the firm of George Angus and Co., leather merchants, sometime ago converted into a limited liability undertaking, with branches in Newcastle, Liverpool, London, and Cardiff, died on the 18th of November, at his residence, Low Gosforth Hall, near Newcastle. Mr. Angus, who was 69 years of age, was a prominent member of the local Baptist body, and had for a short time a seat in the Newcastle Town Council. The deceased gentleman left bequests to a number of local charitable institutions, to the amount of upwards of £2,000.

The Rev. Canon Kearney, a well known Roman Catholic clergyman, also died on the 18th of November, at Darlington, aged 70. He commenced his clerical life in Newcastle in 1847, but in 1849 was transferred to The Brooms, Leadgate, with which he retained his connection to the last.

Mr. William Waggott, who in his youth was an active Chartist, died at Sunderland, his age being 76 years.

On the 20th of November, Mr. William Laing, of Carlton Villa, Benton, died at the advanced age of 86 years.

Mr. Henry Greenwell, J.P., formerly Registrar of the Durham County Court, died on the 23rd of November.

On the 23rd of November, the remains of Mr. Thomas Taylor, tyler to the Fawcett Lodge of Freemasons, and formerly a shipmaster, were interred in the cemetery at

Seaham Harbour. The deceased had been a resident in that town for nearly sixty years.

Mr. Robert Vint, long connected, as part proprietor, with the *Sunderland Herald*, and one of the founders of the Sunderland Water Company, died at the Cedars, Sunderland, on the 23rd of November. The deceased, who was a native of Blyth, and was at one time a chemist, was in the 83rd year of his age.

Dr. Edwin Douglas, a medical gentleman in practice at Morpeth, died suddenly in that town on the 25th of November.

Mr. George Edward Watson, coroner for North Northumberland, and the holder of a number of other public offices, died at Alnwick on the 28th of November, at the age of 54 years.

On the same day, at the advanced age of 95, Mr. John Nesbitt, farmer, one of the oldest teetotallers in the country, died at Paxton South Mains, near Berwick-on-Tweed.

Mr. Joshua Coke Monkhouse, late estate agent at Egglestone, in Teesdale, and father of Mr. Monkhouse, of the firm of Monkhouse and Goddard, accountants, died at Barnard Castle, on the 30th of November, at the age of 76 years.

On the 2nd of December, news was received of the death of Hardcastle Bey (brother of Dr. Hardcastle, surgeon to the Newcastle Gaol), at his residence in Alexandria, Egypt. The deceased was a son of the late Dr. Hardcastle, of Newcastle, who was married to a sister of the late Mr. R. P. Philipson. Mr. Hardcastle was one of the railway engineering pupils sent out by Robert Stephenson, the great engineer, to superintend the laying down of the first railway in Egypt, and was afterwards appointed chief engineer. His services under the Egyptian Government lasted forty years. Latterly, Mr. Hardcastle took up another sphere of work, transferring his abilities from the railway to the department of ports and lighthouses, filling the position of Deputy Controller General. He witnessed the bombardment of Alexandria by the fleet under Admiral Seymour (now Lord Alcester); and for services rendered during that period, as well as for former good work, he received the rank of Bey, the highest under the Turkish empire. Hardcastle Bey was over 60 years of age.

Mr. Thomas Hallam, Borough Accountant, Middlesbrough, died after an exceedingly short illness on the 4th of December, at the age of 57.

On the same day, Mr. Charles Marvin, journalist, author, and lecturer, died at his residence in London, at the age of 36. The deceased, among other literary work, had, as the result of a special mission to Russia, contributed a series of able articles to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* on the Central Asian question. They were afterwards published in book form under the title of "The Russian Advance Towards India."

On the 8th of December, the death was announced, at the age of 103 years, of Patrick Quin, at Cowpen Quay, Blyth. The deceased, who was a native of Ireland, had been thrice married, and at the time of his death had 30 children, and between 80 and 90 grandchildren.

The same evening, the Countess of Ravensworth died somewhat suddenly at Ravensworth Castle. The deceased lady was a daughter of the late Captain Orlando Gunning Sutton, R.N., and was married to the Earl of Ravensworth in 1852.

At the age of 77, Mr. George Hutchinson, one of the earliest managers at the Elswick works of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., Newcastle, died on the 9th of December.

On the 9th of December, the remains of Sergeant David Jackson, late of the 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, who had been engaged in active service in the Crimean and other campaigns, were interred in Alnwick Cemetery.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

10.—A swallow was seen at Blaydon Burn.

11.—Mr. John Bryson, of Blyth, was presented with a solid gold albert and medal for his heroic service at Warkworth, in saving some of the excursionists from a watery grave.

12.—A monument to perpetuate the memory of Dr. Carlo Pallotti, late Italian Vice-Consul in Newcastle, was unveiled in Jesmond Cemetery.

—Foundation stones were laid for a new Congregational Church in Sorley Street, Sunderland.

—Mr. Hunter resigned his position as superintendent registrar of births, deaths, and marriages in Newcastle, and Mr. Morison Johnston was afterwards appointed by the Newcastle Guardians to the vacant office.

15.—An alarming explosion occurred at the Middlesbrough Corporation Gasworks. A considerable portion of the works was blown to atoms, and the engineman, named William Ogden, was killed and buried in the *débris*. The town was in a state of darkness for two nights owing to the accident.

16.—According to annual custom, the new Mayor (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis) of Newcastle, attended by the members and officials of the Corporation, attended service at St. Nicholas' Cathedral. The sermon in St. Nicholas was preached by the Bishop of Newcastle; and the collections, on behalf of the medical charities, amounted to £144 3s. 4d. The day was similarly observed in other Northern boroughs.

—Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, dramatic author, lectured in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, his subject being, "On Being Rightly Amused at the Theatre."

17.—A boiler explosion occurred at Palmer's shipyard, Jarrow, whereby George Scanlon was killed, and George Porthouse and Robert Johnson were severely scalded.

—The Bishop of Durham presided at the annual meeting of the Newcastle and Gateshead Branch of the Peace Society, in the Town Hall, Gateshead.

—By a majority of 31 to 18, the Newcastle City Council resolved to purchase Byker Bridge for the sum of £107,500.

18.—The mutilated dead body of a German workman,

named Philip Kirschmann, 37 years of age, was found in a pond at South Bank, near Middlesbrough; and on the following day a coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

—As the result of a poll it was found that, in response to the offer by Mr. T. Wrightson, J.P., to erect a handsome building for Free Library purposes, the owners and ratepayers of South Stockton had resolved, by a large majority, to adopt the Public Libraries Act.

19.—The Durham colliery owners resolved to advance the wages of their workmen by 5 per cent. from the 29th of December, 1890, and the 5th of January, 1891. The men accepted this arrangement.

—Mr. W. B. Wilkinson, J.P., was elected chairman, and Mr. Edward Leadbitter deputy-chairman, of the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company.

—A little boy, between three and four years of age, son of George Oughton, miner, was accidentally drowned in the river Wear, at Bishop Auckland, near the spot where, only a year previously, a brother of the deceased had met with the same fate.

—Dr. Lunn, a leading member of the Wesleyan body, preached in the Wesley Hall, Beaumont Street, Newcastle.

—The bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society was awarded to Joseph Craig, son of the Ouseburn hero, for a gallant feat of life saving, performed in the river Tyne at Newcastle on the 23rd of September. The medal was formally presented by Mr. Alderman W. D. Stephens in the Central Hall, Newcastle, on the 6th of December.

20.—George Sterling, formerly assistant-overseer of Elswick township, Newcastle, was brought from London, where he had been arrested; and on the following morning he was remanded by the Newcastle magistrates on a charge of having made certain false entries in a banker's pass-book belonging to the overseers.

21.—Senor Sarasate, the celebrated Spanish violinist, gave a performance in Newcastle.

22.—A concert in aid of the proposed memorial to William Shield was held at Swalwell, of which village the celebrated musician and composer was a native.

—Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., addressed meetings at Backworth, and on the following evening he presided at a meeting held under the auspices of the Socialist Sunday Lecture Society.

—A woman named Jane Gibson, 63 years of age, was accidentally killed at the Teams, on the North Eastern railway, her head being literally severed from her body.

—Arrangements were concluded whereby Washington Hall, in the county of Durham, the property and once the residence of Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, was placed by that gentleman at the disposal of the committee of the Gosforth Home for Waifs and Strays.

23.—At the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, a lecture was delivered by Mr. Oakey Hall, late Mayor of New York, under the title of "American Views in an English Mirror."

—The Rev. C. P. Sherman preached a farewell sermon as curate of St. Paul's Church, Newcastle, previous to his removal to St. John Lee, near Hexham. He was inducted into his new charge on the following day.

—Mrs. Walker, wife of a farm labourer near Consett, gave birth to three children, all boys.

24.—Mr. Thomas Burgess Winter, optician, was elected an alderman of Newcastle.

—It was announced that Mr. Stephen Scott, of Harrogate, formerly of Newcastle, had given the sum of £1,000 to the Newcastle College of Medicine for the purpose of founding a scholarship to promote the study of hernia and allied complaints.

—During a gale, Thomas Stephenson and David Young, two pilots, were drowned by the upsetting of their boat off the mouth of the Tyne.

25.—The Rev. Father Wood, who for seven years had been pastor of St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church, Newcastle, was presented with an address and a purse of gold, on the occasion of his departure for Tow Law.

—Mr. J. B. Radcliffe, a member of the staff of the *Newcastle Daily Journal*, was presented with an address and a cheque for £315, with a diamond bracelet worth £105 for Mrs. Radcliffe.

—A verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown was returned by the coroner's jury in the case of Richard William Forsyth, the young man who had met with his death so mysteriously in Gateshead. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, page 575.)

R. W. FORSYTH.

26.—A complimentary dinner was given in the Council Chamber, Gateshead, to Mr. Alderman John Lucas by his colleagues and friends, in recognition of his services as Mayor of the borough during the two municipal years 1888-89 and 1889-90.

27.—Mr. Richard Welford, author of "Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed," was elected a director of the Tyne Steam Shipping Company.

—A man named Edward Walls gave himself up to the police authorities at Sunderland, stating that he had stabbed a man called Dennis O'Neill in Low Friar Street, Newcastle. The police officials in that city, on being apprised of the circumstance, proceeded to a marine store shop in the thoroughfare in question, and found the body lying beneath two bales of paper. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Walls; and he was afterwards committed for trial by the magistrates on the same charge.

28.—Mr. Arthur Grant, M.A., in connection with the Cambridge and Durham Universities Extension movement, delivered in the Nelson Street Lecture Hall, Newcastle, the first of a series of popular free lectures on the French Revolution.

—Three persons were injured by the bursting of a hot water pipe used for heating in the fuse department of the ordnance works at Elswick; and one of the number, James Tulip, 16 years of age, died on the following day.

—The Lord Bishop of Newcastle appointed the Rev. James Henderson, Clerk in Holy Orders, M.A., Rector of Wallsend, and the Rev. Henry Frederick Long, Clerk in Holy Orders, M.A., Vicar of Bamburgh, to be Honorary Canons of the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas.

30.—Mr. Wedmore, art critic of the *Standard*, was the Sunday evening lecturer at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, his subject being "The Life and Work of Turner."

DECEMBER.

1.—A new Constitutional Club, built at a cost of £6,500, was opened at Sunderland.

—The Empire Variety Theatre, a new place of entertainment in connection with the Royal Scotch Arms, Newgate Street, Newcastle, was opened to the public for the first time.

—The Rev. E. B. Hicks, B.A., was presented with a purse of gold on the occasion of his leaving Newcastle for Killingworth.

—A fine specimen of the white-tailed eagle was shot at Eshott, Northumberland. It measured 7 feet 6 inches from tip to tip, 39 inches in length, and weighed 10 pounds 6 ounces.

—At Durham Assizes, the bill against George Spencely for the manslaughter of Joseph Cooper, at Coundon, was thrown out by the Grand Jury; and William Stavely, who was convicted on the 4th, was sentenced to two months' hard labour. (See page 573).

2.—Mr. T. Burt, M.P., was entertained to dinner by the members of the Eighty Club in London.

3.—Mr. T. Eustace Hill, M.B., Health Department, Birmingham, was appointed Medical Officer of Health for South Shields.

—Mr. Albert Grey despatched from Longhoughton Station, to Palatswie, in South Africa, on behalf of the South African Company, three bulls as a present to the principal chief of that part of the interior of the African Continent.

—Miss L. E. Pease, daughter of Sir J. W. Pease, M.P., of Hutton Hall, was married to Mr. Gerald Buxton, eldest son of Mr. Edward North Buxton, late chairman of the London School Board.

4.—It was announced, sad to say, that beautiful specimens of the red-throated diver and young skua had been shot on the Northumberland coast.

—A local committee was appointed at a meeting in the Newcastle Council Chamber to aid the National Association for the discovery of the best and most economical means of preventing black smoke from factories.

—At a meeting of the committee of the Newcastle Royal Infirmary, a special vote of thanks was accorded to Dr. John Rutherford for his very valuable gift of lymph which he had received from Dr. Koch, of Berlin, for the treatment of consumption. On the 9th, four patients were inoculated with the liquid at the Infirmary, in the presence of a large number of local medical gentlemen and students. There were three cases of tuberculosis and one of lupus.

—At Durham Assizes, a man named John Forster pleaded guilty to the manslaughter of Elizabeth Forster, at Gateshead, on September 2nd, and was sentenced to nine months' hard labour.

5.—A new Salvation Army Temple in Westgate Road, Newcastle, capable of accommodating 2,800 persons, was opened by "General" Booth, who in the evening addressed a large assemblage in the same place on his social amelioration scheme, entitled "Darkest England, and the Way Out." The chair was occupied by Mr. Ald. W. D. Stephens, and subscriptions to a considerable amount were announced.

6.—A branch of the National Home Reading Union was formed for Newcastle and Gateshead.

—Miss Alice Simpkin, a young violinist, played with much success at the People's Concerts, Newcastle. The accomplished little lady began her musical career on Tyneside, but is now a pupil of Herr Hollander at the

Alice Simpkin.

Guildhall School of Music in London. Miss Simpkin is an early member of Uncle Toby's Dicky Bird Society. Moreover, she composed the music for a Dicky Bird song that appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* on October 25th.

7.—The weekly lecture in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, was delivered by Dr. Andrew Wilson, editor of *Health*, his subject being, "Is Evolution a Fact?"

8.—The Natural History Museum, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, after having been fitted in every part with the electric light, was opened to visitors, for the first time, between the hours of seven and nine in the evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Ritson, of Woodley Field, Hexham, celebrated their golden wedding.

—The Carl Rosa Opera Company commenced a series of twelve nights and two morning performances at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

9.—At the York Assizes, Robert Kitching, aged 34, market gardener, was found guilty of the murder of Police-Sergeant Weedy, at Leeming, near Bedale, on the 19th of September. The jury recommended him to mercy. Sentence of death was passed in the usual form.

—A portrait of Thomas Haswell, for nearly fifty years the head-master of the Royal Jubilee Schools, North Shields, was unveiled in the Public Library of that town, and a medal in honour of Mr. Haswell was presented to the dux of the schools.

10.—Operations were commenced at six of the salt pans recently laid down near the North Ormesby toll-bar, Middlesbrough.

—A fire, causing a considerable amount of damage,

broke out in the drying shed of Messrs. Gray's extensive shipyard, East Hartlepool Docks.

General Occurrences.

NOVEMBER.

11.—The British cruiser Serpent was wrecked off Cape Buck, on the north-west coast of Spain. Of the crew of 176 only three were saved.

—A collision occurred on the Great Western Railway near Taunton. Ten people were killed and many others injured. Among the killed were two North-Countrymen —Joseph Reed and John Edward Morris—who were returning from South Africa.

14.—An extraordinary edition was published of the *German Medical Weekly*, which contained an article by Dr. Koch on his discovery of a cure for tuberculosis.

—John Reginald Birchall was hanged at Woodstock, Canada, for the murder of Mr. Benwell.

15.—The body of a school teacher, Elizabeth Holt, which was discovered near Bolton, bore unmistakable evidence that the girl had been brutally murdered. A man named Macdonald confessed that he had done the deed.

—The election for Lord Rector of Glasgow resulted as follows:—Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, 948; Lord Aberdeen, 717.

—Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh, with 1,378 votes; Sir Charles Russell, the other candidate, obtained 805 votes.

—An action was brought by Captain O'Shea for divorce against his wife, Mrs. O'Shea, on the grounds of her adultery with Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, a decree *nisi* being granted by Mr. Justice Butt. No defence was made by Mr. Parnell; but Mrs. O'Shea made counter allegations against her husband of connivance and adultery with her sister, Mrs. Steele, which were proved to have no foundation whatever.

16.—Death of Mr. Shirley Hibberd, a well-known horticulturist.

—General Seliverskoff, of the Russian army, was found shot at the Hotel de Bade, Paris. The murder was supposed to have been perpetrated by a Pole, named Padlewski.

19.—Lady Rosebery died at Dalmeny Park. She was the daughter and heiress of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild.

—The trial of Irish members of Parliament and others for conspiracy, which was begun at Tipperary on September 25th, was brought to a conclusion. Messrs. John Dillon, William O'Brien, Patrick O'Brien, and John Gullinane were each sentenced to six months' imprisonment, while others were sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

21.—A fierce south-easterly gale prevailed off the coast of Norway, an entire fishing fleet was destroyed, and hundreds of lives were lost.

23.—The King of the Netherlands, William III., died at the Castle of Loo. His Majesty was born on February 19th, 1817, and succeeded to the throne on March 17th, 1849.

—Mr. W. Beckett, member for the Bassetlaw Division of Nottinghamshire, was killed on the railway at Wimborne.

25.—Parliament reassembled after the autumn vacation. A meeting of the Irish party was held in one of the committee rooms of the House of Commons, when Mr. Parnell was received with enthusiasm, and was unanimously re-elected chairman of the party. The same afternoon Mr. John Morley communicated to Mr. Parnell the contents of a letter he had received from Mr. Gladstone, to the effect that, if Mr. Parnell did not retire from the leadership of the Irish party, he (Mr. Gladstone) would renounce public life. The following day another meeting of the Irish party was held, when Mr. Parnell declined to retire, though a majority of his supporters were against him. Three days later Mr. Parnell issued a manifesto to the Irish people, in which he made some remarkable disclosures, the principal of which was an account of a private interview which he had with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. The accuracy of this version of the interview was afterwards denied by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Parnell subsequently offered to retire if Mr. Gladstone would give a guarantee that any Home Rule Bill passed by the Liberals would yield to the Irish Parliament the control over the police, the land, and the judiciary. But Mr. Gladstone declined to say or do anything in the matter while Mr. Parnell remained leader of the Irish party On the 6th December, about fifty of the Irish members who were opposed to Mr. Parnell severed themselves from the remaining section, and formed an independent party with Mr. Justin McCarthy as chairman. Mr. Parnell proceeded to Dublin on the 9th, and was there received with extraordinary enthusiasm. Among the exciting scenes which followed were the seizure of the office of *United Ireland* by the Parnellites, the recapture of the premises by the anti-Parnellites, and the final ejection of the old staff of the paper.

DECEMBER.

3.—The body of Lord Cantelupe, who was drowned in Belfast Lough on November 7th, was found near the scene of the disaster.

—Death of Lord Cottesloe, who was Chief-Secretary for Ireland during the last years of Sir Robert Peel's Administration, and Secretary for War in 1844-5. He was chairman of the Board of Customs until 1873, and was raised to the peerage in 1874. His lordship, who was 92 years of age, claimed to have been present at the reading of the Budget for fifty years in succession.

—Mary Eleanor Wheeler, charged with the murder of Mrs. Hogg and her child at Hampstead, was sentenced to death.

4.—Death of Mr. Charles Marvin, author, lecturer, and journalist, aged 36. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, page 573.)

5.—Death of Baron Huddleston, one of the last of the Barons of the old Exchequer Court abolished by the Judicature Act.

9.—Six children were drowned at Tipton, South Staffordshire, through the breaking of the ice on a colliery pool.

Printed by Walter Scott, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. V.—No. 48. FEBRUARY, 1891. PRICE 6D.

Two Notable Weardale Men.

AT a distance of rather over a mile south-west of Wolsingham, in the pleasant Wear Valley, in the county of Durham, there nestles on the immediate southern bank of the river Wear, Holbeck House, the ancient home of the Craggs family. This secluded building is situated on the margin of the tiny stream of Hole Beck, whose crystal water renders the spot more picturesque as it ripples through a ferny glen with wooded banks.

The old house, with the surrounding lands, is now the property of Colonel H. J. Wilkinson. Here, in Holbeck House, were deposited in 1875 by the owner of the estate, Colonel Wilkinson, some interesting memorials of its ancient owners. These memorials are three engravings which at one time belonged to the Craggs family, and the following note is attached to the pictures:—"I desire these engravings may be left where I have placed them at Holbeck House, the birth-place of James Craggs, Sen., and the ancient home of the Craggs family. They were presented by some of the family to Mr. Chapman of Wolsingham, on whose death they were sold by auction, and purchased by Mr. Josh. Nicholson, parish clerk, from whom I bought them in 1874. They are now in their original frames and glasses, and I wish them to remain so.—H. J. WILKINSON, late Major 9th Regiment, Curragh, 1875." One is the portrait of the Right Hon. James Craggs, Secretary of State, &c. The engraving is dated 1720, and is by Virtue from the original portrait painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. The second portrait is that of the Secretary's father, James Craggs, Sen., Postmaster-General of Great Britain, and appears to have been engraved by Virtue in 1728 from a painting by Kneller in 1709. The third picture represents Edward Eliot, of Port Eliot, Cornwall, his wife Elizabeth, second daughter and co-heiress of James Craggs, Sen., and their two children, James and Elizabeth.

When Anthony Craggs, the grandfather of the Secretary of State, lived at Holbeck, the rector of the adjoining parish of Stanhope was the Rev. Ferdinando

Moorcroft, one time master of Greatham Hospital, who was collated to Stanhope in 1608. He was rector of Heighington from 1625 to 1639, but appears in the meantime to have retained the rectory of Stanhope up to the time of his death in 1641. In the Stanhope register we

find—"Ann Moorecroft, daughter to Mr. Ffardenando Moorecroft of Stanhop, person, was bap. 28th Oct. 1628. Her godfather was Mr. Anthony Maxton [rector of Wolsingham]; her godmothers, Mrs. Ann Maddison and Mrs. Mary Phillopson." This Ann was grandmother to Secretary Craggs, having married, June 22, 1654, at Heighington, Anthony Craggs of Wolsingham, a representative of an old family.

Anthony and Ann Craggs had issue, James, who became Postmaster-General; Ann, born in 1661, who married Mr. George Robinson, London, died in 1726, and was buried at Charlton, Kent; and Ferdinando who died unmarried at the old home at Holbeck in the year 1749, at the age of 78 years.

James Craggs, son of Anthony, was born at Holbeck, and was baptised at Wolsingham Church, June 10, 1657. He married Elizabeth, sister of Brigadier Michael Richards, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance to George I. A manuscript accompanying the engravings above mentioned gives the following particulars of Anthony's son and grandson:—"Mr. Craggs was member of Parliament for Grampound from 1702 to 1713. He held several important and lucrative positions under Government in the reigns of Queen Anne and her successor, George I. He died of a broken heart, March 16, 1721, one month after his son, to whom he was deeply attached, and on whom he built his hopes for the ennoblement of his family. The aspersion cast upon them both by the sufferers in the South Sea Bubble tended no doubt in a great measure to his sad end."

The elder Craggs was buried at Charlton in the county of Kent, where there is a tablet erected by his daughters to his memory bearing the following inscription:—"Here lies the body of James Craggs, late of London, Esq., one of His Majesty's Postmasters-General. He was the son of Mr. Anthony Craggs of Holbeck, in the parish of Wolsingham, in the County Palatine of Durham, and died the 16th of March, 1720-21. He had issue one son and three daughters, viz., the Right Hon. James Craggs, Esq., one of the Principal Secretaries of State to his present Majesty, who died one month before his said father, and three daughters who survived him; Ann, who married John Newsham of Chadshunt, in the county of Warwick, Esq.; Elizabeth, who married Edward Eliot, of Port Eliot, in the county of Cornwall; and Margaret, who married Samuel Trefusis, Esq., of Trefusis, in the county of Cornwall; which three daughters, in duty, erected this monument to the pious memory of the best of fathers."

Ann was thrice married, her last husband being Robert Nugent, Esq., created Earl Nugent; Elizabeth's husband, Edward Eliot, Esq., was grandson of Nicholas Eliot, fifth son of Sir John Eliot, the patriot; and Margaret married lastly Sir John Hinde Cotton, Bart., and died without issue.

"Burke's Peerage," after stating that Elizabeth married as above, mentions that Elizabeth's husband, Edward Eliot, died in 1722, and was succeeded by his only son, James Eliot, who died unmarried in 1742, when the property reverted to his uncle, Richard Eliot, M.P., Receiver-General to the Prince of Wales. Richard Eliot married, according to the same authority, in 1726, Harriot, daughter of the Right Hon. James Craggs, Secretary of State, by whom he had issue, amongst others, Edward, his son and heir, who was afterwards M.P. for Cornwall. He assumed by sign-manual the additional surname of Craggs, and in 1784 was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Eliot, of St. Germans, county Cornwall. His lordship was succeeded by his third son, John, who was created Earl of St. Germans in 1815, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his brother William who succeeded him. William married Lady Georgiana Augusta Leveson-Gower, the fourth daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the distinguished Earl of St. Germans, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1852.

John Hamilton, second son of James, seventh Earl of Abercorn, married, according to Burke, Harriot, daughter of Secretary Craggs and widow of Richard Eliot, M.P. Their son John James, ninth Earl of Abercorn, was created in 1790 Marquis of Abercorn, and his grandson was created Duke of Abercorn.

James Craggs, the younger, was engaged in various foreign courts, was in 1717 made Secretary of War, and in the following year one of the Secretaries of State to his Majesty George I. In 1720 his friend Pope thus wrote of him:—

> A soul as full of worth as void of pride,
> Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide,
> Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
> And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
> A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
> That darts severe upon a rising lie,
> And strikes a blush through frontless flattery.
> All this thou wert; and being this before,
> Know, kings and fortunes cannot make thee more.
> Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
> Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
> But, candid, free, sincere, as you began,
> Proceed—a Minister, but still a man.
> Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
> Ashamed of any friend, not ev'n of me:
> The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
> If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said of him: "He had great vivacity, a happy memory, and flowing elocution; he was brave and generous, and had an appearance of openheartedness in his manners that gained him a universal goodwill, if not a universal esteem." Craggs was the patron of the poet Pope, who wrote some of his Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey" on the backs of letters received from the Secretary of State, who was styled by Gay as "bold, generous Craggs, whose heart was ne'er disguised." Addison, just before his death, bequeathed to him his works, which, however, Craggs did not live to receive.

Tickell, in the dedication of his edition of Addison's works, which appeared in 1721, writes as follows:—

These works divine which on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O Craggs, the expiring sage conveyed;
Great but ill-omened monument of fame,
Nor he survived to give nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his how soon they coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
On future tongues, each other boast farewell,
Farewell whom joined in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

James Craggs died Feb. 16, 1720, aged 35 years, and was buried in Westminster, where his epitaph exists; the concluding lines in Pope's epistle to Addison in 1715 were added to the inscription.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ;
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept and honour'd by the muse he loved.

The portrait which appears on page 49 is that of the elder Craggs—the Postmaster-General. It is copied from an engraving of a picture by Zincka in the Marquis of Buckingham's collection at Stowe, which engraving was published in 1807. WILLIAM MORLEY EGGLESTONE.

***

James Craggs, the elder, joined with his father in cutting off the entail and selling the whole of the small family property. He afterwards made his way to London, finding employment in various capacities. Some assert he began life as a country barber. This, if not strictly true, is quite possible, for his earlier occupations were not of the very highest character, and this part of his career is surrounded with considerable obscurity.

The Duke of Norfolk promoted him to the post of steward in 1684. He next formed one of the Duke of Marlborough's household, in which, by assiduity and shrewd administrative ability, he contrived to attract the attention of her Grace "The Viceroy," who soon installed him as the manager of her business affairs. On the 4th of March, 1695, Craggs, who was at this time engaged in business as an army clothier, refused to submit his books to the inspection of the commissioners appointed to examine the public accounts of the kingdom. Three days afterwards he was compelled to appear before the Commons. He was then sent to the Tower as an obstructive to the official inquiry into the regulations of the public income (*vide* "Parl. Hist., vol. v., cols. 892-5). In 1702, Craggs—through Queen Sarah's influence—was elected as one of the members for the borough of Grampound, of which he remained representative until Anne's fourth Parliament was dissolved in August, 1713. It was in 1715 that he was appointed joint Postmaster-General with Charles, fourth Lord Cornwallis.

Craggs was deeply involved in the transactions of the South Sea Company, though not an actual director at the time the crash came. At the beginning of 1721, the House of Commons appointed a secret committee of inquiry, before which Craggs was examined. From their third report, which did not reach the consideration of the House until after Craggs's death, it was found that no less than £40,000 of South Sea Stock had been paid for out of the cash of the company for his use and benefit, £30,000 of which sum had actually been transferred to him. Shortly after this discovery, the Commons passed an Act by which all the property acquired by Craggs since 1st Dec., 1719, was confiscated for the relief of those who had suffered by the collapse of the famous (or infamous) bubble. One of the recitals of the Act (7 Geo. I., c. 28) sets out that "James Craggs the elder, esquire, was a notorious accomplice and confederate with the said Robert Knight, and some of the late directors of the South Sea Company, in carrying out their corrupt and scandalous practices; and did by his wicked influence and for his own exorbitant gain promote and encourage the pernicious execution of the late South Sea scheme."

To a character of great energy and eminent financial ability, Craggs added the remarkable "talent of reading men, and by a peculiar way of gaining on the minds of those he dealt with." Few scruples troubled his mind. Lord Sunderland, while in attendance on the king at Hanover, had entrusted his interests to the care of Craggs. Walpole and his party got possession of a scandal very much against Lord Sunderland; in fact, a tale difficult to counteract by common means. Old Craggs, therefore, at once sent to Sir Robert Walpole requesting to see him, acknowledged the truth of the story, but informed him that any attempt to make the least use of it would send him (Craggs) on the instant to the Lord Mayor, before whom he would make oath that he (Walpole) had held a long conversation with the Pretender. Walpole, enraged, declared it was a gross falsehood. Craggs replied that possibly it might be, but he would swear to it and accompany it with such circumstances as would make it be believed beyond disproof, and added that Walpole knew he was able and capable of it. ("Life of William, Earl of Shelburne," 1875, 1, 40-1.)

James Craggs, the younger, was born April 9th, 1686, in the city of Westminster. Before completing his education at a school in Chelsea, he was sent to travel on the Continent, where, after spending some time at the Hanoverian Court, he gained the favour of the Elector through the influence of the Countess of Platen. He next visited the Court of Turin, and was afterwards appointed resident to the King of Spain at Barcelona. At the commencment of the cam-

paign of 1709 he was in Flanders. In September he was returned to the House of Commons for the borough of Tregony, and on the day before the Queen's death he was despatched by the Council to Herrenhausen to inform the future king of the measures which had been taken to secure his succession to the throne. Some months after this journey, he was rewarded with the post of cofferer to the Prince of Wales. At the general election in January, 1715, Craggs was again returned for Tregony, and on April 13, 1717, he was appointed Secretary of War in the place of William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath. Upon Addison's retirement, Craggs succeeded him as one of the principal Secretaries of State, with the charge of the Southern Department.

Cragg's political career was wonderfully rapid. His remarkable mastery of detail and readiness in debate enabled him quite to hold his own against Walpole and others in the House of Commons. According to Oldmixon, Addison "was pleased to say of his successor that he was as fit a man for the part as any in the kingdom; and that he never knew any man who had a greater genius for business, whether in Parliament or out of Parliament, than young Mr. Craggs, as," continued he, "will appear by his conduct."

Unluckily this high commendation was doomed to be belied, owing to Cragg's implication in the affairs of the South Sea Company. There was, however, but scant evidence against him in the seven reports of the secret committee, and the most that can be laid to this charge is that, at his suggestion, the Duchess of Kendal and other ladies were bribed with presents of stock in order to facilitate the passing of the company's bill through Parliament. C. H. STEPHENSON.

***

"James Craggs," says Macaulay's History of England, "had begun life as a barber. He had then been a footman. His abilities, eminently vigorous, though not improved by education, had raised him in the world, and he was now entering upon a career which was destined to end, after many years of prosperity, in unutterable misery and despair. He had become an army clothier. He was examined as to his dealings with colonels of regiments, and, as he obstinately refused to produce his books, he was sent to the Tower."

The reference the historian thus makes to the elder Craggs appears in that part of Macaulay's History which deals with the events of 1695. Twenty-seven years later, when that marvellous instance of infatuation, the South Sea Bubble, came to the surface, James Craggs found himself again in trouble. He was accused of receiving shares in the company to the amount of £659,000. "On the very day," says Cassell's "History of England," "that one of the reports respecting the South Sea Bubble was being read in the House of Commons, James Craggs, Secretary of State, died. His complaint was small-pox, but the state of mind caused by this exposure is supposed to have rendered the malady fatal. His father, who was Postmaster-General, was so shamefully involved in the same dishonest proceedings that he took poison."

A story is told of William Whiston, the translator of "Josephus," to this effect:—A party, in which Addison, Pope, Walpole, and Craggs were included, was debating whether a Secretary of State could be an honest man, and Whiston was asked for his opinion. Craggs said "it might do for a fortnight, but not longer"; when, with much simplicity, Whiston inquired, "Mr. Secretary, did you ever try it for a fortnight?" HERODOTUS.

Sailors' Strikes on the Tyne.

RUNNING back through the files of the *Newcastle Chronicle* for a century, we come upon numerous examples of the conflicts between labour and capital engaged in maritime affairs. These, in the old days, were called "sticks," but latterly have passed under the more general name of "strikes."

1775.

A temporary combination of the seventy coalowners who then practically monopolised the mining trade of the district resulted in raising the price of coal delivered on board in the river a shilling a chaldron. This does not appear a very serious matter; but in order to understand its bearings, it is only necessary to state that four or five years previously an export duty had been placed upon coal, and this had brought up the price to such a point that both Germany and Scotland could almost compete with England in the markets of Holland and Scandinavia. So unprofitable had the carrying of coal become that in Sunderland, which had formerly boasted of turning out twenty ships a year, there had been only one new ship launched in 1774. At this juncture the shilling rise was announced, and at once the shipowners of the two ports resolved, first, that they would load no coal at the advanced rates, and, next, that they would maintain their seamen in the meanwhile on condition that they would not abandon their ships. The sailors were quite willing to stand by their employers; but, as they were to get only their rations, they naturally desired to terminate the strike as soon as possible. A few shipowners stood aloof from the combination, and the sailors adopted rather strong measures to prevent them from getting their ships to sea. Something of this kind had evidently been counted on by the coalowners, for almost immediately after they had determined to demand the extra shilling they applied for the reinforcement of the military in Newcastle. Three companies of the 31st Regiment were accordingly withdrawn from Tynemouth Castle, and billetted upon publicans in Newcastle. After a fortnight of occasional disturbance, two or three troops

of the North British Dragoons were drafted off from Durham; and such was the excitement that when the dragoons arrived on Gateshead Fell they loaded their muskets, fully expecting to see Newcastle in flames. The sailors, under the inspiring orders or sanction of their employers, struck the topmasts and unrigged several of what may be called the non-union ships in the London trade. One shipowner applied to the magistrates of Newcastle for assistance to get his ship out to sea; and Mr. Alderman Blackett went down the river, took with him the water bailiff and several constables, and, having gone on board, got the ship safely over the bar, although the banks were crowded with excited sailors. This bold feat appears to have broken the back of the strike. At all events, the number of those who deserted the cause rapidly increased, and by about the end of the month of March all was once more quiet.

1777.

In the early part of this year there was great commotion among the Tyne seamen in consequence of the activity of the press-gang. Two serious occurrences served to show the hatred with which Tyne sailors regarded the iniquitous press system. The tales are somewhat variously told, but substantially they are as follows:—On the 12th Feburary, in the evening, the impressed men on board the tender Speedwell or the Union rose on the crew, and took possession of the ship. The other tenders in the harbour opened fire on the sloop, as also did the guns in Clifford's Fort, but in spite of all she got safely to sea. On arriving at Scarborough seventeen of the pressed men went ashore and escaped. A fortnight later a more formidable demonstration was organised. The collier sailors combined to prevent the other tenders from sailing. Lieutenant Okes, of the special service, having got wind of the plot, manned his cutter and one or two other boats, and then proceeded in search of the offenders. Coming up with one ship's boat, containing 20 men, he forthwith impressed them for his Majesty's service; but, in the meantime, great numbers of sailors had to go on board the marked ships, and from the forecastle they pelted the obnoxious officer with billets of wood and cob-coal. The lieutenant aimed at them with his blunderbuss, but without effect. Then, according to the evidence he gave subsequently, his weapon went off by accident, wounding one man fatally. But the whole story of the press-gang will have to be told later.

1792.

Writing to Lord (then Captain) Nelson, from Morpeth, in the year 1792, under date 14th November, Lord Collingwood alludes to the insurrectionary spirit of the Tyne seamen as follows:—"There are great commotions in our neighbourhood at present. The seamen at Shields have embarked themselves, to the number of 1,200 or 1,400, with a view to compel the owners of the coal ships to advance their wages; and, as is generally the case when they consider themselves the strongest party, their demand has been exorbitant. Application has been made to Government for such assistance as the remedy of this evil might require. They have sent the Drake and Martin sloops to join the Racehorse, which was here before, and some troops of dragoons, whose presence, I hope, will dispose the Johnnies to peace, without their having occasion to act. But the times are turbulent, and the enthusiasm for liberty is raging even to madness."

1796.

Throughout the greater part of this year there were disturbances on the Tyne. Severe measures were taken on both sides. In many cases the sailors took the command out of the hands of the masters. At length, when about fourscore of the ringleaders had been pressed, the excitement subsided.

1819.

The next great disturbance on the river was chiefly confined to the keelmen, but both on the Tyne and the Wear the seamen were agitating for an advance of wages from £2 10s. to £3—a circumstance which tended to aggravate the public excitement in connection with the demands of the keelmen. On October 14, the disturbances culminated in a serious riot. The Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. Archibald Reed) had proceeded down the river with the civil power, aided by the boats of his Majesty's ships, with a view of opening the navigation of the river (which had been interrupted for some time by the proceedings of the keelmen), and had gone on shore at North Shields. After the Mayor and the other gentlemen who accompanied him had retired to the Northumberland Arms Inn, the mob made an attack, with paving-stones and other missiles, upon the Speedwell steam packet; several of the peace officers and the coxswain of the packet were severely hurt; the marines then fired in protection of themselves and those in the steamboat, when unfortunately one man, named Joseph Cleckson, was shot upon the New Quay. This so exasperated the mob that they turned their fury upon the inn, with threats of vengeance against the Mayor, and exclaiming that they would have blood for blood. By the application of some iron pipes, they soon demolished the doors and windows of the inn, and liberated a man who had been taken into custody when in the act of throwing stones. By the spirited exertions of Mr. Donkin, the high constable of the district, they were held some time in check, and opportunity was thus afforded the Mayor and other gentlemen to escape by the back part of the inn. From the fury with which they were actuated, there was too much reason to fear that they would have carried their threats into execution; and so eager were they to attain their object, that they searched almost every part of the house. They also sought to wreak their vengeance on the officers in the steamboat, but these had fortunately escaped in boats over to the south side of the river. The mob continued in the streets in the most tumultuous state till a late hour; but the arrival of a

party of the 6th Dragoon Guards from the barracks at Newcastle somewhat quieted the fears of the inhabitants. The town continued agitated for several days. The inquest on Joseph Cleckson lasted five days, and resulted in a verdict of "Justifiable homicide." On the verdict becoming known the keelmen were again terribly excited. Mr. Coppin, one of the jury, was shot at in his own house the same evening, but the thickness of the shutters saved him. Mr. Fenwick also was attacked in a similar manner under a mistake, as it was his brother who acted as foreman to the jury on the inquest. Mr. Hall, another of the jury, was also molested. The inhabitants were in the greatest alarm. They entered into a subscription and offered a reward of 300 guineas for the conviction of the perpetrators of these outrages. The streets were for several successive nights patrolled by cavalry, constables, and infantry. Government sent a ship of war. The keelmen, however, having gained a part of their objects, returned to work on Friday, the 22nd October.

1831.

The high wages for the London voyage during the early part of this year were the result of long-continued pressure on the part of the seamen of the port; but no sooner did it become known in London, Hull, and other ports than large numbers of men came down to the Tyne in search of employment. The labour market was soon over supplied, and those who had come thus far north in the hope of getting £4 a voyage were induced to offer their services under the current rates. This led to a serious breach of the peace on the 22nd of July in South Shields Market Place. On the 26th the ship Atlas was boarded, and a demand made for her articles in order to show whether the men on board had accepted the lower wages. This was peremptorily refused. The boarders then took measures to stop the vessel from going to sea. Assistance having been obtained from H.M.S. Orestes, fourteen of the disaffected were arrested. Having been examined before the magistrates at Newcastle, they were liberated on bail to come up at the next Sessions to answer a charge of riot. But so far as the newspaper report of the following October Session goes, there is reason to conclude that they were never called upon to appear.

1851.

This year opened amidst almost unprecedented agitation among seamen, partly in consequence of several highly obnoxious clauses in the Mercantile Shipping Act. The actual strike, however, proceeded upon a demand for a rise of wages from £4 to £4 10s. per London voyage, and £3 per month foreign. Sunderland and the two Shields towns acted together in the business with great fidelity. Hartlepool also threw in its lot with the discontented. Many meetings were held, both at Shields and Sunderland, the seamen from one port marching in procession with banners and music to meet and confer with their brethren in another port. On Saturday, the 24th January, there could not be fewer than 17,000 in procession to or from Sunderland Moor. The employers soon gave way; but they could not induce the sailors to sign articles at the new shipping offices. A petition, signed by a thousand sailors, was forwarded to the Board of Trade requesting the abolition of seamen's register tickets, an abrogation of the orders respecting shipping offices and the government of crews on ship-board; also notably praying for the establishment of nautical schools in every principal port. The more obnoxious features of the new arrangements under the Shipping Act having been either cancelled or satisfactorily explained, the men went aboard the ships, and since that day there have been no strikes of any serious importance among the Tyne sailors.

The Gipsies of the Border.

I.

THE YETHOLM TINKLERS.

YETHOLM, in Roxburghshire, lies on the Beaumont, a tributary of the Till, about four miles from the English Border. It consists of two hamlets, named Town Yetholm and Kirk Yetholm respectively.* A row of houses in the latter, which lies on the south side of the water, and about a quarter of a mile from Town Yetholm, which is on the north side of the stream, is entirely occupied by gipsies. They belong to several distinct families, the chief names being Faa, Young, Douglas, and Blythe. The latter do not seem to be of the same race as the three former. The Douglases, Youngs, and Faas are generally dark-complexioned, with black hair, while the Blythes are mostly light-haired and of fair complexion. Tradition has it that the settlement of the gipsies at Yetholm came about in consequence of one of the tribe having saved the life of Captain Bennett, proprietor of the barony, at the siege of Namur.

MODIFICATION OF THEIR HABITS.

The habits, manners, and customs of the Yetholm gipsies have been greatly modified of late years. Our account of their affairs, therefore, rather is what they were than what they are. Fifty years ago they mostly remained at home in winter, or only made short excursions to the neighbouring villages; but in summer they shut up their houses, and travelled about in different directions in Northumberland, North Durham, and the Border Counties of Scotland.

MELLERSTAIN ENTRIES.

Mellerstain Entries, in the parish of Earlstoun, in Berwickshire, extending for three-quarters of a mile between

* The engraving of Kirk Yetholm, on page 55, is copied from sketches by Mr. J. Gillies Brown.

Mellerstain Home Farm and the farm of Rachelfield, and close to the limits of the county, had been from time immemorial, down to the late Earl of Haddington's time, a constant place of summer resort for the gipsies. From about Whitsuntide till after Michaelmas every year it was seldom that there were not several gipsy camps established in "the Entries." We have seen as many as sixty carts "lowsed" at one time by the roadside close to Rachelfield, near an old ruin called "the Boggle's House," properly Whitside House, said to have been used as an hospital for the neighbourhood during the virulence of the Plague, long, long ago. Twenty carts were a usual sight, and two, three, four, or five, common all the summer. The motley assemblage of wild-looking men and perhaps still wilder-looking women, ragged little urchins—ferocious bull-dogs, skye terriers, dandie dinmonts, lurchers, and greyhounds—a score or two of horses and donkeys, old and young, the horses hoppled, the asses free, but sometimes with the panniers on, with a child in one and a counterweight in the other, ready for starting—formed a picture too strangely vivid to be ever forgotten.

OCCUPATIONS OF THE MEN.

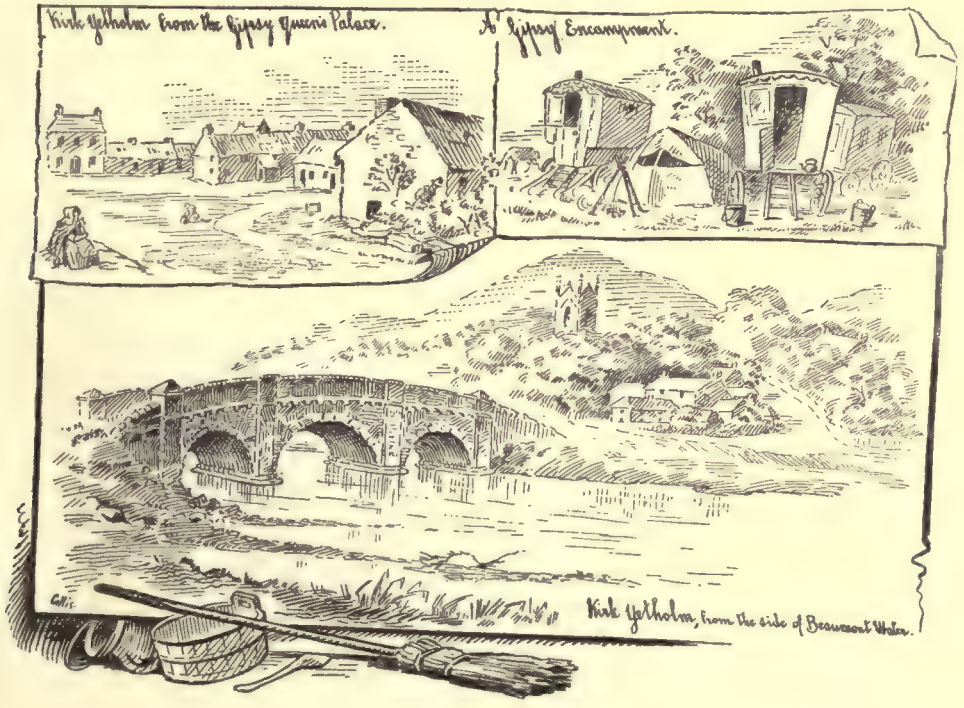
The men during the day were either absolutely idle lying smoking or asleep in front of their tents, or engaged in besom making, pitcher making, fishing-tackle making, or some other light and easy industry. The manufacture of horn spoons, which was the ostensible employment of some of them half a century since, is now, we believe, unknown. Night, which Montgomery calls "the time for rest," is the real working day of the normal male gipsy, unsophisticated and unconverted. It is chiefly devoted to poaching and kindred avocations, for which reason the country people used to call the men "night hawks.'

THEIR PREDATORY HABITS.

One often hears of the predatory habits of the gipsies; but it would be very unfair to stigmatise them as indiscriminate thieves and robbers. Indeed, they made it a principle not to steal from those farmers on or near whose grounds they encamped. A tenant of Rachelfield, during his twenty-one years' lease, had never once occasion to complain of them. It is even said that the gipsies were in many respects farmers' friends. For one thing, they kept down the game. But for them the rabbits would have totally consumed the crops on some fields in dry seasons. And even the potatoes and turnips, so great a temptation to rural trespassers, were generally safe from their ravages. If they stole any at all, they did it with rare discretion, so that what they took was never missed.

THEIR VINDICTIVE DISPOSITION.

The gipsies were held to be of a particularly vindictive disposition towards those whom they imagined to have injured them. This trait of character is common, however, to all isolated tribes of men. In the South of Scotland, the "tinklers," as the farmers called them, were a formidable set, down till a comparatively recent date.



Many a husbandman would wink at their petty depredations and trespasses, for fear that, if he set the parish constable after them, they might burn down his onstead.

MARY YORKSTON.

Here is the picture of a gipsy queen, Mary Yorkston, taken by Mr. Linton from the mouth of an aged and very respectable gentleman, the late Mr. David Stoddart, at Bankhead, near Queensferry, who had often seen her in his youth :—

She was fully six feet in stature, stout made in her person, with very strongly-marked and harsh features, and had, altogether, a very imposing aspect and manner. She wore a large black beaver hat, tied down over her ears with a handkerchief, knotted below her chin, in the gipsy fashion. Her upper garment was a dark blue short cloak, somewhat after the Spanish fashion, made of substantial woollen cloth, approaching to superfine in quality. The greater part of her other apparel was made of dark blue camlet cloth, with petticoats so short that they scarcely reached to the calves of her well-set legs. Her stockings were of dark blue worsted, flowered and ornamented at the ankles with scarlet thread, and in her shoes she displayed large, massive silver buckles. The whole of her habiliments were very substantial, with not a rag or rent to be seen about her person. Her outer petticoats were folded up round her haunches, for a lap, with a large pocket dangling at each side ; and below her cloak she carried, between her shoulders, a small flat pack, or pad, which contained her most valuable articles. About her person she generally kept a large clasp-knife, with a long, broad blade, resembling a dagger or carving-knife, and carried in her hand a long pole or pike-staff, that reached about a foot above her head.

Many stories are told of this woman, who went under the appellations of "my lady" and "the duchess," and who presided, like a sibyl, at the celebration of marriages and divorces, and was, in fact, the Deborah of her tribe. She had very little of the milk of human kindness about her, as the following incident will show :—Chancing, on one occasion, to meet a shepherd's wife among the wild hills in the parish of Stobo, in Peebleshire, she stripped her of the whole of her clothes. The shepherd was horrified at beholding his better half, an hour afterwards, approaching their secluded domicile in the simple costume of Mother Eve before the fall. There would have been no use in pursuing the thief, however, and the couple were fain to put up quietly with their loss. Another time, at a market in the south of Scotland, where Mary Yorkston was present with her gang, a farmer lost his purse containing a considerable sum of money. He immediately went to "the duchess," soliciting her influence to recover his property. As he had often given her quarters, she, without the least hesitation, took him along with her to the place in the fair where her husband kept his temporary depôt, or rather office, to receive the findings of his satellites. Matthew Baillie, for that was the man's name, had assurance that all was right when he saw his spouse in the farmer's company ; and, upon the matter being explained, he instantly produced, and spread out before the applicant, from twenty to thirty purses, desiring him to pick out his own from amongst them. The countryman soon recognised his own, and grasped at it without ceremony. "Hold on," said Baillie, "let us count its contents first." The gipsy chief then, with the greatest coolness, as if he had been an honest banker or money-changer, counted over the money in the purse, when not a farthing was wanting. "There is your purse, sir," continued he; "you see what it is when honest folks meet!"

GLEED-NECKIT WILL.

The Scottish gipsies were extremely civil and obliging to their neighbours. This trait is well illustrated in the following anecdote, which appeared in an early number of *Blackwood's Magazine* :—

The late Mr. Leck, minister of Yetholm, happened to be riding home one evening from a visit in Northumberland, when, finding himself likely to be benighted, for the sake of a near cut he struck into a wild, solitary track, or drove-road, across the fields by a place called the Staw. In one of the derne places through which this path led him, there stood an old deserted shepherd's house, which of course was reputed to be haunted. The minister, though little apt to be alarmed by such reports, was, however, somewhat startled on observing, as he approached

closer to the cottage, a "grim visage" staring out past a window claith, or sort of curtain, which had been fastened up to supply the place of a door, and also several "dusky figures" skulking among the bourtree-bushes that had once sheltered the shepherd's garden. Without leaving him any time for speculation, however, the knight of the curtain bolted forth upon him, and, seizing his horse by the bridle, demanded his money. Mr. Leck, though it was now dark, at once recognised the gruff voice and the great black burly head of his next-door neighbourgh, Gleed-Neckit Will, the gipsy chief. "Dear me, William," said the minister, in his usual quiet manner, "can this be you? Ye're surely no serious wi' me? Ye wadna sae far wrang your character for a good neighbour for the bit trifle I ha'e to gi'e, William?" "Lord saif us, Mr. Leck!" said Will, quitting the reins and lifting his hat with great respect, "whae wad hae thought o' meeting you out our here-away? Ye needna gripe for ony siller to me—I wadna touch a plack o' your gear, nor a hair o' your head, for a' the gowd o' Tividale. I ken ye'll no do us an ill turn for this mistak—and I'll e'en see ye safe through the eirie Staw—it's no reckoned a very canny bit, mair ways nor ane; but I'll wat ye'll no be feared for the dead, and I'll tak care o' the living." Will accordingly gave his reverend friend a safe convoy through the haunted pass, and, notwithstanding his ugly mistake, continued ever after an inoffensive and obliging neighbour to the minister, who, on his part, observed a prudent and inviolable secrecy on the subject of this rencounter during the lifetime of Gleed-Neckit Will. W. B.

Cotherstone and Stilton.

COTHERSTONE is a quaint little place, and pretty. There is a pleasant sort of air about it that it is impossible to describe; you must be there to experience it for yourself. It is said to be St. Cuthbert's town; that is the derivation of the word—due to the fact that legend makes it one of the places where the restless body of the saint halted for a time from its wanderings. But most people have forgotten that. Now, the little town is celebrated chiefly for two things—its cheeses and its Quakers. Formerly it used to be inhabited almost entirely by members of the Society of Friends, and even now a goodly number of the Cotherstonites are adherents of that sect. And the Cotherstone cheese, some of it is hardly inferior to Stilton. It is made by all the housewives at the surrounding farm-houses, and

then it goes forth to the world to make the name of Cotherstone famous. For there is not much else to rest the fame of Cotherstone on. Stay! There is the scenery of the district, but that needs no praise from me. Who has not heard of Balderdale, which is entered just to the south

of Cotherstone, where the Balder joins the Tees? On a mound above the junction of these two rivers is all that remains of Cotherstone Castle. This was a keep-tower of the Fitz-Hughs, and is believed to be "Pendragon's lonely mound" in "Rokeby." "We rode next, if you remember, to Cotherstone, an ancient village of the Fitz-Hughs on the Tees, whence I showed you a rock rising over the crown of the wood, still called Pendragon Castle." So wrote Morritt to Scott. Balderdale somewhat resembles Deepdale, though it is perhaps scarcely so picturesque. Balder Grange stands on the right bank of the stream, and a little nearer the Tees is Woden Croft. This is now a farm-house, but it was long a school of some reputation. Here Richard Cobden received some part of his education. Nearly opposite Woden's Croft is the base of the Plague Cross, at which, during the infection, a market was held for Barnard Castle.

But now let us leave the Cotherstone country, and soar through the air, not so disastrously, it is to be hoped, as Icarus, to another cheese town, which will occur to every one's mind on the mention of Cotherstone—Stilton. Somehow Cotherstone always reminds one of Stilton, not that the places are similar in any way, but it may be because the two cheeses are not unlike.

Stilton cheese! I remember a friend of mine who once journeyed all the way down to Huntingdonshire to see the Stilton cheese made at Stilton. When he got there he was grievously disappointed, for he found that the cheese is not made there, but far away in Leicestershire; at any rate, Leicestershire is where it is made chiefly, though I believe a very small quantity is still made at Stilton itself, more for the sake of form than anything else. The quaint little Huntingdon village on the high north road, however, is none the less interesting, though our cherished illusion concerning its cheeses may be shattered. Stilton is supposed to be a place of considerable antiquity; indeed, it is not quite certain that it may not go so far back in point of pedigree as the Ermine Street, the Roman road on which it stands. For there are Roman remains still extant near the place, so that it is possible the Romans may have had a habitation there. The pretty square-towered church is a feature, too, of Stilton which carries us far back into the past, to the days when mediæval Stilton flourished, and when perhaps the most interesting building in the village, The Bell, an hostelry that has been famous for long generations, was in its youth. At The Bell, Cowper Thornhill first sold the Stilton cheese that was brought from Leicester, where the original article was made by Mrs. Paulet, of Wymondham, near Melton Mowbray.

But Stilton cheese soon gained universal fame, and has not unfrequently been called the English Parmesan. Cowper or Cooper Thornhill, the landlord of The Bell, was consigned to immortality in a poem called "The Stilton Hero," and was famed as a rider, it being recorded of him that "he rode three times to London in eleven hours," and that he won the cup at Kimbolton with a mare which he accidentally took on to the course after a journey of twelve miles.

I cannot conclude without giving the following reference to Stilton translated from the pages of Drunken Barnaby:—

Thence to Stilton slowly paced,
With no bloom nor blossom graced;
With no plums nor apples stored,
But bald, like an old man's forehead;
Yet, with inns so well provided,
Guests are pleased when they have tried it.

V.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Thomas Forster,

THE REBEL GENERAL.

THE Forsters of Northumberland were at one time as numerous as the Fenwicks, the Carrs, or the Greys. Settled at an early period of English history in the manor of Adderstone, or Etherstone, near Belford, they proved to be a most prolific race. One member of the family left twenty-two sons behind him, and it is not at all difficult to believe that, in a few generations, they overran the eastern seaboard of the county. Public interest in the family begins with Sir Thomas Forster, Knight, who in the reign of Henry VIII. was Marshal of Berwick, made his will (still preserved at Durham) in 1526, and died soon after. By his marriage with a daughter of Robert, Lord Ogle, he had amongst other children Thomas Forster, of Adderstone, Sheriff of Northumberland in 1564 and 1572, and Sir John Forster, Knight, Warden of the Marches for seven-and-thirty years, Governor of Berwick, grantee from the Crown of Bamborough Castle, and the owner of the abbey lands of Blanchland. From these two brothers the Forsters of Adderstone and the Forsters of Bamborough and Blanchland descended, and from their respective families came, for the most part, the Forsters who figure conspicuously in local history.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century these two main lines of the opulent family of Forster were amalgamated by marriage. Thomas Forster, of Adderstone, the representative of the older branch, chose for his wife Frances, eldest daughter of Sir William Forster of Bamborough and Blanchland (an honorary freeman of Newcastle), representative of the younger branch of the family. Sir William, like some of his ancestors, was blessed with numerous offspring, whose good fortune it was to make the name of Forster known beyond the

limits of their native county. Dorothy, one of his daughters, married Bishop Crewe. William, his eldest son, entered upon a long parliamentary career. Chosen by the electors of Northumberland to represent them in the Convention Parliament, which placed the Prince of Orange on the English throne, he was returned to each successive Parliament that met between that date and his death in 1700. His successor was his brother, Ferdinando, murdered in Newcastle under well-known

Thomas Forster.

circumstances, shortly after election, by John Fenwick, of Rock. With the death of Ferdinando, the male heirs of the Forsters of Bamborough ceased. Thomas Forster, of Adderstone, the brother-in-law, took their place in Parliament, while his son Thomas became co-heir with Lady Crewe of the family wealth.

Baptised at Bamborough on the 29th March, 1683, Thomas Forster, jun., was trained with a view to parliamentary honours. When he was twenty-five years old, his father retired from the representation of the county in his favour. He was returned to the third Parliament of Queen Anne, on the 27th May, 1708, and seeking re-election in the two following Parliaments of that Queen, and in the first summoned by George I., he was successful in retaining his seat. His parliamentary record during that time is, unfortunately, a blank. It is not known whether he took the oath of allegiance to the Hanoverian dynasty. His name is not in Cosin's list of those who refused. But if he did take the oath, he was not long faithful to it. Parliament met on the 17th March, 1715, and on the 21st September the king sent a message to the Commons declaring that he had just cause to suspect "Mr. Thomas Forster, junior," and five other members, of a design to support an intended invasion of the kingdom in the interest of the Pretender, and desiring the approval of the House to an order which he had given for apprehending them as conspirators against his person and Government. A rebellion had broken out among the adherents of the Stuarts in Scotland, under the Earl of Mar, and Thomas Forster was believed, and truly believed, to be in active sympathy with them.

Full details of the progress of the rebellion, and of the part which Mr. Forster took in it, have already appeared in these columns. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, pp. 1 and 49.) Forster was "General" of the expedition, and being hopelessly beaten at Preston, in November, was taken prisoner, conveyed to London, and committed to Newgate. Expelled from his seat in Parliament by resolution of the House, he lay in prison awaiting his trial till April, 1716, when his sister Dorothy (Walter Besant's Dorothy Forster) is said to have effected his liberation. Riding to London disguised as a servant, behind an Adderstone blacksmith named Purdy (so runs the legend), this brave young lady procured, upon a piece of clay, an impression of the key of the strong room in which her brother was confined. A false key was easily smuggled into the prisoner's hands, and near midnight on the 10th April he achieved his freedom. The escape was so well concerted that, as soon as he was out of the prison, horses were in readiness to take him to a vessel lying off the Essex coast, in which, within twenty-four hours after leaving Newgate, he safely arrived in Calais. The Government offered a reward of a thousand pounds for his capture, describing him as "of Middle Stature, inclining to be Fat; well shaped, except that he stoops in the shoulders; fair complexion'd, his Mouth wide, his Nose pretty large, his eyes gray, and speaks the Northern Dialect." This proving ineffectual, the House of Commons, on the 24th of May, ordered a bill to be prepared attainting him of high treason, and a month later, having passed through all its stages, the bill received the sanction of the House of Lords.

Under ordinary circumstances, the Crown would have reaped a rich harvest by the attainder of Forster, as it did by the attainder of the Earl of Derwentwater. But Forster had nothing left to forfeit. Historians, one after the other, tell us that his estates were confiscated, and that Lord Crewe, his brother-in-law, purchased them of the Crown Commissioners and devoted them to charitable uses. This is an error which the late William Dickson, of Alnwick, Clerk of the Peace for Northumberland, corrected long ago. In the "Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club," vol. vi. (1872), is a paper written by him which shows upon undoubted evidence that Thomas Forster surrendered to Bishop Crewe, long before the rebellion broke out, all his interest in the estates of his family. Thus:—

Sir William Forster and his sons, William and Ferdinando, had run through all these fine estates by reckless

extravagance, and that in a very short space of time. Law proceedings began about 1701, and all the estates were sold before 1709 was out; thus proving conclusively that the estates were never forfeited by the rebellion, but sold in due course of law to pay debts by order of the Court of Chancery; and that when the rebel general committed the act of treason by joining in the rebellion, all his lands had been sold six years before to pay his debts, and he had not an acre left to bless himself with at the time he joined the Pretender in 1715.

To deceive the Government, and avoid the risk of capture, it was reported soon after his escape that Forster had died abroad, and to complete the deception a mock funeral was prepared, and a coffin full of sawdust was placed in the family vault at Bamborough with due solemnity. When he died in reality (at Boulogne, September, 1738, having survived his escape for two-and-twenty years), his body was secretly brought to Bamborough and privately deposited beside the dummy.

George, Francis, and Joseph Forster,

MAYORS OF NEWCASTLE.

Among the numerous persons bearing the name of Forster who have occupied clerical or municipal office in Newcastle, three rose to the high position of chief magistrate. Francis Forster was Mayor in 1769-1770 and 1779-80; Joseph Forster, his son, occupied the post in 1801-2, 1808-9, and 1818-19; George Forster filled the same office in 1811-12, 1820-21, and 1825-26. Now, a man who has been Mayor of Newcastle twice is presumably a "man of mark" in the town; but he who is appointed to that dignity thrice is undoubtedly so. The three Forsters, therefore, with eight mayoralties among them, clearly belong to our series.

GEORGE FORSTER.

About George Forster little is known. His connection with the historical family of that name is not traceable; probably it did not exist. He was a respectable linen draper (a partner in the firm of Gibson and Forster, linen drapers and mercers in the Wool Market, Newcastle), who, in March, 1802, upon the death of William Raisbeck, was elected one of the Common Council, and in July, 1810, upon the resignation of William Cramlington and the refusal of Isaac Cookson, senior, to accept the office, was appointed an alderman. Having laid aside the yard wand to don the alderman's gown, he was raised the following year to the chief magistracy. During his second mayoralty, in 1820, the coronation of George IV. was celebrated in Newcastle, when oxen were roasted in the streets, and the public pants ran wine and beer, and the townspeople indulged in orgies which reflected little credit upon them, and less upon the authorities who encouraged them. Upon this occasion the Mayor was invested for the first time with the gold chain and medallion which still adorn the breast of our chief magistrate. His third mayoralty was uneventful, though the great election in Northumberland made it a stirring time for the district. Alderman Forster died at his house in the Forth on the 16th May, 1836, aged 71.

FRANCIS FORSTER.

Francis Forster, it is supposed, was a descendant of the Adderstone Forsters, through a branch of the family which settled at Buston, near Warkworth, with collaterals at Newton-by-the-Sea, near Embleton. His upbringing is not recorded, but we know that he carried on business as a merchant in Newcastle, and acquired property at Seaton Burn, where he resided. In 1761, he joined Thomas Doubleday, merchant; Lancelot Stout, hatter; Jonathan Ormston, gentleman; George Westgarth, dyer; and Peregrine Tyzack, gentleman, all of Newcastle, in the purchase of premises and a wharf situate in Hillgate, Gateshead, which a dozen years before had been converted into a sugar house by James Orton, of Newcastle, sugar baker. He was the head of the firm of Forster, Rankin, and Atkinson, who owned the sugar house in the Close, a partner in the Commercial Bank, a merchant of great enterprise, and, before he died, a man of considerable wealth. Identifying himself with the interests of the town to which he owed his success in life, he entered the Common Council, and in 1763, when the Blacketts, the Ridleys, and the Claytons governed Newcastle, he was appointed Sheriff. Six years later, at Michaelmas, 1769, the electors made him chief magistrate.

Mr. Forster entered upon the mayoralty at a time of great political agitation. In the early part of the year, John Wilkes, expelled from the House of Commons, had been three times re-elected, and three times declared incompetent to sit. Newcastle followed the example of other towns in demanding that the decision of Wilkes's constituents should be respected, and great was the outcry and the clamour. A petition to the throne was prepared, and, on the Friday before Michaelmas Monday, a deputation from seventeen of the Incorporated Companies of the town waited upon Mr. Forster, as Mayor-elect, with a requisition, asking that the burgesses might be specially summoned by the Town Clerk to attend the Guild meeting for the purpose of signing it. Mr. Forster expostulated with the excited deputation, and recommended them to postpone the petition till after the meeting of Parliament, but he was told that the burgesses were determined; and that they had a petition drawn up, which would be laid before their worships on Monday for their approbation and subscription. On the Monday the Guildhall was crowded. The two members for the borough—Sir Walter Blackett and Matthew Ridley—were there; most of the aldermen were there; but not one of them would sign the document. Sir Walter, indeed, although he had voted for Wilkes in the House, struck an attitude strongly antagonistic. "Standing up, and laying his left hand upon his breast, stretching out his right as a mark of eloquence," he uttered these "weighty and emphatical" words:—"I will sooner have that right hand cut off than sign such a petition."

Deserted by their representatives, and discouraged by the Mayor, the promoters determined to have a meeting of their own. "Mounted on a galloway called Liberty," they despatched a messenger to Sir Francis Blake Delaval, at Seaton Delaval, and that "gay Lothario" consented to become their chairman. On the 16th November, 1769, the great meeting was held (in the Long Room of Forth House), the petition adopted, an offer of Mr. Ridley to present it to the king without signing it refused, and the chairman requested to undertake that duty. In May following, a similar meeting took place, with Thomas Delaval in the chair, and this time it was a "remonstrance" as well as a petition which Sir Francis was desired to lay at the foot of the throne.

By their refusal to assist in the Wilkes agitation, the M.P.'s and the Mayor lost favour. At the next Parliamentary election an attempt, though a very unsuccessful one, was made to defeat both Sir Walter and Mr. Ridley. As for Mr. Forster, ten years was allowed to pass before he was again invited to assume the dignity of chief magistrate. In the meantime asperities had softened down, and his second mayoralty was popular.

Mr. Forster died at Seaton Burn House on the 4th October, 1784, leaving amongst other issue a son and a daughter. The daughter, Eleanor Forster, married the Rev. James Manisty, B.D., vicar of Edlingham, and became, in 1808, the mother of Henry afterwards Sir Henry Manisty, one of her Majesty's judges. The son, Joseph Forster, succeeded his father in the sugar house and the bank, and in the public work of the municipality.

JOSEPH FORSTER.

Joseph Forster was born in the same year as George IV.—1762—brought up at Seaton Burn and in Newcastle, and soon after his father's death, at Michaelmas, 1787, was chosen to be one of the Electors of the Corporation, and at the same time appointed Sheriff. Seven years later, on the 8th of July, 1794, he was united to Mary, only daughter of Henry Scott, and the favourite niece of Sir John Scott, Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Eldon. By this marriage young Mr. Forster was brought into intimate social relationship with the local families of Surtees, Burdon, Atkinson, Cramlington, Crichloe-Turner, and other people of position, which helped him to local honours if not to fortune. "Remember me affectionately to Mr. and Mrs. Forster," was the message which Lord Eldon sent to his niece and her husband when announcing to his brother Henry his elevation to the peerage in the month of July, 1799. The people of Newcastle were proud of their illustrious fellow-townsman, the coalfitter's son who had been made a peer, and to some extent his lordship's kinsfolk shared the public favour. At Michaelmas, 1801, shortly after his lordship was raised to the Woolsack, the Corporation elevated Mr. Forster, who had already been made an alderman, to the Mayoralty.

Through the Eldon influence, Mr. Forster received the appointment of joint receiver of the Derwentwater estates for the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital. In 1808 he was elected Mayor for the second time, and ten years later for the third time. Just before his third election some facetious burgess issued a handbill announcing the intended publication of a letter addressed to him "on the subject of paving the streets with Cobble Stones, Brickbats, and all the Rubbish from the Town Walls." But this was only a harmless squib calling attention to a local grievance which Mr. Forster's influence might remedy. A glance at the newspapers of the period shows that he was invariably a leader in seeking to remedy grievances, and especially those which affected the commercial prosperity of Newcastle. In one day during his Mayoralty (March 8, 1819) he presided over two meetings of the townspeople convened with that intent. At one of them it was determined to petition Parliament against a proposed measure for taxing coals at the pit's mouth. At the other meeting a protest was made against a renewal of the "Insolvent Debtors' Act," and it was resolved to tell the House of Commons that "consequences most disastrous to the commerce of this country, and most destructive to public morals," had followed the enactment of that measure, while "the confidence and good faith which mark the transactions of the British trader, and which form the basis of commercial prosperity," had been shaken, "profligacy and extravagance" had been encouraged, and "frauds and perjuries multiplied to an awful extent." The burgesses of Newcastle were accustomed to express themselves in somewhat vigorous language, and upon this occasion the Mayor seems to have approved of it.

Mr. Forster's last appearance in a public capacity occurred at the Parliamentary election of 1820. Some of the electors, desirous of breaking down the influence of the members for the borough (Sir M. W. Ridley and Cuthbert Ellison) brought forward young Mr. Scott, son of Sir William Scott, the future Lord Stowell. Alderman Forster supported the nomination, and, in the absence of the candidate, entered upon a hopeless contest. At the close of the first day's polling he saw his mistake, and withdrew his relative from the struggle. But, like most men who have been accustomed to lead and to rule, he did not take kindly to defeat. Twelve months after the election, on the 7th April, 1821, he died at his town house in Westgate Street, aged 59, and a few days later was buried in St. Nicholas'.

Mrs. Forster survived her husband for many years. To her we owe the majority of the personal reminiscences of Lord Eldon which besprinkle the pages of Twiss's voluminous "Life" of that great lawyer. While his lordship lived, Mrs. Forster spent much of her time with him, carefully collecting all the family traditions relating to his early life, and noting down his own genial gossip respecting his exceptionally fortunate career. After the

death of Lord Eldon in 1838, she lived in comparative retirement, and, dying on the 17th April, 1846, aged 71, was buried in St. Nicholas' beside her husband.

Jonathan Langstaff Forster,

A LEARNED ATTORNEY.

Learning maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches.—*Cicero.*

One of the numerous branches of the Northumbrian Forsters established themselves in the township of Horsley, in the parish of Ovingham, where, at the time of the Civil War, the family had a freehold estate. Towards the close of last century, the representative of this Horsley branch was one Matthew Forster, a substantial farmer at High Barnes, in that township. He had listened to the preaching of John Wesley, and became the friend and entertainer of that eminent man whenever he visited the society in Horsley district. His eldest son, also named Matthew, born in 1775, came to Newcastle to learn the profession of the law. He was articled to Mr. John Kirsop, attorney and notary public in Westgate Street, and having served his time, obtained his qualification, and spent a year or two in London to gain experience, commenced to practise on his own account. The compiler of Mitchell's Newcastle Directory for 1801 enters him as "Foster, Matt., attorney-at-law, High Bridge."

Shortly after his return to the North, Matthew Forster married Sarah, daughter of Joseph and Catherine Langstaff, members of an old Romaldkirk family, and, removing to Clavering Place, gradually built up a respectable and profitable business. He filled for some years the office of joint secretary of the Newcastle Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and his name occasionally occurs during the early part of the present century attached to benevolent enterprises of an unsectarian character. He died at his residence in St. James's Street, Newcastle, in 1860, at the venerable age of 85, leaving behind him two sons, Jonathan Langstaff Forster, attorney, and James Forster, merchant and shipbroker.

Jonathan Langstaff Forster was born in Newcastle, on the 8th of January, 1804. His primary education was conducted by Mr. John Bruce, at Percy Street Academy, his finishing course was entrusted to the famous schoolmaster at Witton-le-Wear, the Rev. George Newby. Articled, at the proper age, to his father's friend, Mr. William Kirkley, attorney, in Newgate Street, he distinguished himself by assiduous attention to the theory and practice of the law, devotion to classical literature, and the cultivation of the poetic muse. At the expiration of his articles, he entered the office of Messrs. Fisher and Sudlow, in London, and, gaining there an insight into the working details of a leading practice, returned to Newcastle, fully equipped for the responsible duties of his profession. Joining his father, he was in due time admitted to a partnership, the firm becoming that of "Matthew and Jonathan Langstaff Forster," with an office in Library Place, Westgate Street, and an excellent business in the intricate but peaceful department of conveyancing.

The active pursuit of his calling made no change in Mr. Forster's literary habits. Attaching himself to the local Literary and Philosophical Society, then in the height of its usefulness, he read hard and worked hard; his favourite studies being philosophy and languages. It may be doubted whether any other man in Newcastle knew so many languages, or could use those which he knew with greater facility. So absorbed was he in his studies that until he was nearly forty years of age he did not find time to marry. The lady of his choice was Jane Rachael Wood (daughter of Major Wood, of Berwick, a retired officer of the Royal Artillery), to whom he was united at St. Andrew's, Newcastle, on the 26th April, 1342. Her decease, after only five and a half years of married life, was a great affliction to him, and he honoured her memory by devoting the rest of his days to the education and upbringing of the three sons whom she had left to his care.

From an early age Mr. Forster identified himself with philanthropic and benevolent enterprises in Newcastle. For a number of years he taught in the Sunday schools attached to St. John's and St. Andrew's, and throughout his life he sacrificed no small portion of his leisure hours to helpful but unobtrusive ministrations among the suffering poor. He assisted his father as the first honorary secretary of the Newcastle Indigent and Sick Society, and shortly afterwards he undertook the secretarial duties himself, discharging them with vigour and success for seven and thirty years. He was also for some years co-secretary with his father of the Newcastle Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. The North-Eastern Reformatory School and the Newcastle Town Mission had no warmer supporter; he was one of the early promoters of both institutions, and for a long time held an active membership of their respective committees.

Like his father, Mr. Forster belonged to that branch of the Church of England which claims to be the true exponent of the principles of the Reformation. The Rev. Richard Clayton, head of the evangelical clergy in Newcastle, was his spiritual leader. When that excellent man died, and it was proposed to preserve his memory by the erection in Jesmond of a memorial church, Mr. Forster was one of the five or six ardent workers who carried the movement to a successful issue. In him and four others the trusteeship and patronage of the church were vested, and he was rarely absent from its services.

Upon his return from London in 1827, Mr. Forster joined the newly-formed Newcastle and Gateshead Law

Society, and in 1835 moved the resolution by which an affiliated association, the Newcastle and Gateshead Law Institute, was created. This organization was established to promote the study of the law by the formation of a library, the reading of papers on law and jurisprudence, and the delivery of lectures. Mr. Forster was appointed co-secretary of the movement, with Mr. Joseph Watson as his colleague. His services in the promotion of these institutions were recognised in 1859, when the Incorporated Law Society appointed him a commissioner to superintend the preliminary examination of law students.

After his death, which occurred on the 17th December, 1870, his youngest son, Mr. Henry Langstaff Forster, pub-

lished in two volumes some of the literary effusions with which he had occupied his leisure hours. The first, issued by Messrs. Hamilton Adams and Co. in 1872, is entitled "Episodes of Life, in Poetry and Prose." The second, a work of great erudition, published by Messrs. Longmans Green and Co. the following year, bears the title of "Biblical Psychology." Both of them pourtray a richly stored mind, influenced by strong domestic affections, and guided by deep religious feeling. In the "Episodes" are many quaint conceits and happy turns of thought, such as this, referring to the loss of his wife :—

> In vain I oft with heart resigned
> Her profile, like her shadow, view ;
> So life may leave its print behind
> That marks its absence too.

His translations from ancient authors, in which he delighted most, are graceful and pleasing. Among them is one from Horace, "To Aristius Fuscus," which, although for the most part easy, and often attempted by beginners, ends with a couple of lines that have puzzled every translator who has attempted to turn them into English verse.

> Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
> Solis, in terra domibus negata ;
> Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
> Dulce loquentem.

The late Lord Ravensworth, in his "Odes of Horace translated into English Lyric Verse," expresses doubt whether anyone has succeeded in conveying the full sweetness of the last lines, adding, "I confess my own failure, which is the more humiliating, after having tried every conceivable variety of form for twenty years." His lordship's version reads—

> Place me beneath the tropic sun,
> Where houseless men in deserts run,
> The softly speaking Lalage,
> The softly smiling still for me.

Mr. Forster's translation is as follows :—

> Consign me where the sun above
> Bakes th' uninhabitable ground ;
> Sweet smiling Lalage I'll love,
> Her prattling sweet shall sound.

—and classical readers must judge between them.

A Bit of "Auld Scotland."

IT is in the town of Haddington, the capital of East Lothian, that the antiquary may revel in all the peculiarities of an old Scottish town untouched save by the hand of Time. The Tyne (the Scottish river of that name), which flows from the Lammermoors, here divides the present from the past ; for the spirit of progress, it would seem, has never crossed the fine old bridge connecting Haddington with its forerunner, now the crumbling suburb of Nungate.

Neat streets and pleasant villas form the picture on the one hand : houses huddled together, grey and ruinous with age, but still giving signs of life, are seen on the other. Nungate is as it was, so far as mere architecture goes ; but its glory has departed, and the houses of pretension in the olden time are now the abodes of a class of labourers, chiefly Irish, who rather assist than retard the process of decay. Nungate, in short, is to Haddington what the Cowgate is to Edinburgh, with this difference, that the bit of "Auld Scotland" in East Lothian is completely isolated. Till a few years ago, indeed, Nungate was not legally a part of Haddington. It was a "baillierie" or separate territory, and when it did at last come under the sway of Haddington it had the honour of getting a special functionary known as "Baron Baillie of the Nungate." The "Baron," however, like everybody else of his day, lets the "baillierie" alone, and it "gangs its ain gait" accordingly.

But the old place has a history that is not without interest. It is useless to speculate as to the age of the beautiful bridge of red stone which spans the Tyne without flaw in its four graceful arches. Like all work of the

period of its erection, it was meant to stand, and the roaring floods from the Lammermoors have failed to move "Nungate Brig." Not so with Nungate itself; for terrible inundations are recorded as having taken place about once a century, houses being swept away and their occupants drowned. In 1358, however, one John Burley escaped the general fate by clambering on to his roof and guiding his strange bark by means of a long pole. On rushed the flood, and John's craft was finally dashed against the brig. Fixing his pole into the structure, he held on, and the impromptu couplet—

Row we merely (merrily),
Quo John Burley—

illustrates the coolness ascribed to him by tradition. At any rate John, with his cock, his cat, and his dog, the only surviving members of his household, landed, like another Noah, when the waters subsided. And if he had lived until he heard Drummond of Hawthornden's description of the scene of this marvellous voyage—"Tyne tortoise-like that flows"—no doubt he would have insisted upon a more correct comparison.

It goes without saying that Nungate, along with Haddington, being in the line of march for invading hosts, had its share of trouble by fire and sword. Four times did the English make a bonfire of the place, and in the year 1548, when the French and Scots sought to turn out the English forces, the ravages of pestilence were so great that the dead were left unburied, while, on the evacuation of the town by the English in the following year, only "a mean number of the ancient inhabitants" were left "to rebuild and venture as best they could." George Wishart had prophesied this dire visitation "for their contempt of God's messenger," complaining that while a "vain clerk

BOTHWELL CASTLE, HADDINGTON.

play" would have drawn an audience of two or three thousand, he himself could not get a hundred hearers. It was in this very Nungate that the great Reformer, John Knox, had his birth, a tree still marking the site of the house.

There is one other memory that clings to this quaint scene. Close by a ford over the Tyne is what appears to be a collection of old houses having some pretension in their architecture. This is known as Bothwell Castle, being the town-house of Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, and the abode of Francis, Earl of Bothwell and Duke of Orbury. Here stayed Queen Mary from time to time, and tradition says that the Castle was her residence for a while between the murder of Darnley and her imprisonment at Loch Leven. A melancholy interest, therefore, is awakened by the rambling building—now the home of poor families—as we think of the hapless woman whose chief fault, as a Scottish preacher once said, was that she was "bonnie."

The Battle of Homildon Hill.

THE battle of Hombyll-down, Homildon, or Humbledon, near Wooler, was fought on Holy Rood Day, the 14th September, 1402, in the third year of the reign of that brave but unhappy monarch, Henry the Fourth.

There had been a short truce between the two kingdoms of England and Scotland; but, as usual, little respect was paid to it by the turbulent Borderers on either side. George, Earl of March, who had fled from Scotland, and taken refuge with the Earl of Northumberland, ravaged the lands of his enemies, the Douglases, in company with the Percies, while the latter, and their dependents and allies, revenged themselves by repeated inroads on the English side of the Border. In one of these Douglas (Archibald, the fourth earl) is said to have burned Bamborough Castle, but this is doubtful. At any rate, the Scottish chief was far less successful than others of his name had been. Indeed, he sustained so many losses that he gained the popular title of Tyne-man, or Lose-man, on account of the number of men who were slain under his banner. People accordingly began to say that ill-luck attended upon all his undertakings, and only those who were as reckless as himself cared to follow him across the Tweed. Douglas, however, after gaining a victory over Hotspur and the Earl of March at Linton or Prestonkirk, a village on the Scottish river Tyne, in East Lothian, made a successful raid into England and carried away a deal of spoil.

The Scots were not so fortunate in a second raid. Having penetrated too far, they were intercepted by Percy and March at Nesbit Moor, in the Merse, a short way from Dunse. Here, after a desperate conflict, the leader of the Scots, Sir Patrick Hepburn of Hailes, was slain, with many of his bravest companions, and most of the rest, including some distinguished knights of Lothian, were taken prisoners.

Although this was but an inconsiderable battle, it produced important results. While King Henry thanked the Earl of Northumberland and his son, the gallant

NUNGATE BRIDGE, HADDINGTON.

Hotspur, for their activity, and ordered them to collect the force of the Border Counties to resist more effectually the incursions of the Scots, the Earl of Douglas, enraged at the defeat at Nesbit Moor, and believing that the English king was fully occupied with the invasion of the Welsh, who, under Owen Glendower, were ravaging the western marches with fire and sword, determined to collect all his available strength and take ample vengeance for the loss of Hepburn and his companions-in-arms.

There assembled under his banner, unlucky though it was, the greater part of the chivalry of Scotland, including the Earls of Moray, Angus, and Orkney, with the ancient British chief, Fergus Macdouall, at the head of the men of Galloway, and the heads of the houses of Erskine, Grahame, Montgomery, Seton, Sinclair, Lesley, the Stuarts of Angus, Durisdeer, and Lorne, and many other knights of distinction. They were joined by Murdoch, Earl of Fife, the eldest son of the Duke of Albany, brother of King Robert the Third, in command of a strong body of archers and spearmen. The whole force which crossed the Border amounted to not less than ten thousand men—the "pick and wale" of Scotland's warriors.

The Earl of Northumberland and his son were prepared, however, for this formidable invasion, which took place about the middle of August; and, assisted by the Earl of March and his son Gawin of Dunbar, they assembled their forces to meet it. But they prudently permitted the invaders to advance for a while without opposition; and so the Scots marched through the heart of Northumberland, up to the gates of Newcastle, undisturbed. Their leaders, imagining that King Henry had all his forces with him in Wales, and that the Borderers were panic-stricken, were now confident in the strength of their army. They, therefore, gave way to a fatal security. Having collected their rich but cumbersome spoils, they began a slow retreat; and they had encamped carelessly in the neighbourhood of Wooler when intelligence was suddenly brought to Douglas that the pass in front was occupied by an English army, under the redoubtable Hotspur, who was marching to attack him.

Douglas lost no time in preparing for the fight. But he committed a fatal error in the choice of his position. He placed his men in a solid square on a high eminence a little to the west of Wooler, called in the old Cymric tongue, once vernacular in the North, "the bold bare hill" (Hu-moeltwn), as though he had only to resist an attack of the English men-at-arms, whereas the greater part of Hotspur's army consisted of archers, whose skill in the use of the bow had proved in so many cases disastrous to Scotland, and the hill on which his army was massed was surrounded by other eminences within bowshot, which commanded it.

When the English came in sight of the Scottish position, Hotspur, with characteristic impetuosity, would at once have rushed on to the attack with his men-at-arms, but he was restrained by the Earl of March, whose old and experienced eye saw at a glance the error which had been committed by the Scottish general. Holding Percy's horse by the reins, March urged that the men-at-arms should be kept in reserve, and that the archers should be allowed to begin the battle. Fortunately for the English, his advice was followed. The archers marched slowly down the hill where the rest of the army halted, pouring forth as they went volleys of arrows, which fell with fearful execution on the close ranks of their enemies. The Scots were much more exposed than they otherwise would have been, owing to their being marshalled on a number of terraces cut in the side of the hill,—it is supposed in the old British, Saxon, and Danish wars,—a position which would have enabled them to make a powerful defence had the English been forced to come to close quarters with them, but which rendered them practically defenceless when their assailants were armed with those famous long and cross-bows which they knew so well how to handle. Many of the Scottish barons and gentlemen were slain in this unequal fight, for even their tempered steel armour was not proof against the English arrows, and the chroniclers tell us that the unprotected bodies of the wild Galwegians, who fought in the kilt and trews, presented the appearance of hedgehogs on the field after the battle was over. The Scots for a while seemed paralysed by the destruction which thus fell upon them, and which became greater as the English archers drew nearer. At length one of the bravest of the Northern barons, Sir John Swinton—

> A doughty knight
> As ever Scotland bred—

exclaimed that they should rush down the hill upon their enemies, and not stand still to be slain like deer. Calling on his fellow-warriors to follow, he couched his lance, and was giving the rein to his horse, when another Berwickshire baron—Adam of Gordon—with whom he had long been at deadly feud, dismounted and stopped him. "Let us be reconciled on this spot," he said, "that I may receive knighthood at thy hand, for I can never receive the honour from any more noble and brave." Swinton got off his horse, embraced his old foe, and gave him the accolade; and then both mounted their steeds again and charged down the hill, with their immediate followers, amounting to about a hundred horsemen.

> Like two huge rocks on Braemar's brow,
> When loosen'd from their bed,
> That thunder down and overthrow
> The pines that crown the glade.
>
> Thus they, through ranks, the Earl of March,
> And the bold Percies sought,
> And blood and carnage mark'd their path,
> Where'er they stept and fought.
>
> At length they're wi' their gallant train,
> By numbers compass'd round,
> And fighting fall on heaps of slain,
> And stain with gore the ground.

So did these valiant chieftains fall,
Who lived in mortal strife;
But lock'd in one another's arms,
Dear friendship closed their life.

It was a desperate charge, fatal to all who took part in it. Every man of them was slain or dismounted before he reached the enemy's ranks, and Sir John Swinton and Sir Adam of Gordon fell, as the ballad-writer states in the lines just quoted, fighting side by side, on foot, with bootless bravery. Several times did they rally flying parties, and rush forward to renew the battle; but they were both struck down, and trampled under foot.

Douglas had now given the word of command to advance, and the whole Scottish army followed the example of these devoted cavaliers. As the Scots descended the hill towards the plain on the north-west, the English archers fell back slowly on their own men-at-arms, according to the most approved tactics then in vogue. They retired in well-compacted bodies, a little apart, to admit the other troops into the line; and at each retrograde step they discharged a new volley, with such deadly aim that the Scots fell thick on every side. The numerous bodies of the slain and the furious kicking and prancing of the wounded horses impeded the progress of Douglas's men greatly. Confusion and terror soon pervaded their ranks, if ranks they could now be called, and they began to disperse and fly in all directions; upon which the English archers laid aside their bows, and, rushing in with their short swords and Sheffield knives, completed the discomfiture of their foes.

We are assured by contemporary writers that the English men-at-arms never needed to strike a blow, but that the battle was gained solely by the archers. No person of note was slain on the English side. But the slaughter of the Scots was dreadful, and almost every person of rank and station who survived was made a prisoner. The Earl of Douglas, in spite of the extraordinary temper of his armour, received five wounds, and likewise lost an eye. With him were captured the Earls of Fife, Moray, Angus, and Orkney, as well as Fergus Macdouall, lord of Galloway. Eighty knights of the first Scottish families were also taken, including Sir Robert Erskine of Alva, Sir William Abernithy of Saltoun, Sir John Stuart of Lorne, Sir George Leslie of Rothes, Sir Adam Forester of Corstophine, Sir William Sinclair of Hermandston, Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, the Lord Montgomery, Sir James Douglas, master of Dalkeith, together with three French knights, the Sieurs Piers de Essars, Jacques de Nelsey, and Jean d'Arnay. Among the slain were, besides the two knights already named, Sir John Levingston of Callendar, Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, Sir Roger Gordon, Sir Walter Scott, and Sir Walter Sinclair. It was computed that at least four hundred fugitives were drowned in trying to cross the Tweed. Of the rest of the Scottish host, comparatively few found their way home.

Seldom had a battle, in a war undertaken for such unworthy objects, brought such mourning upon Scotland.

Frae Forth to Tweed, a swankie blade
Was then a sight to see;
The cou'ter, left in half plough'd rigg,
Lay rusting on the lee.

The plain on which the battle was fought got the name of Redriggs, from the slaughter with which it was stained. A whinstone pillar, which was set up to commemorate the victory, is still known as the Battle Stone. It stands about half a mile south from Akeld farm, half-way between Wooler and Kirk Newton, on the road to Kelso.

When King Henry received intelligence of what had taken place, he sent the Duke of Northumberland orders not to ransom his prisoners, as he intended to detain them, in order to increase his demands in making peace with Scotland. This message was highly resented by the earl, who, by the laws of war which prevailed in that age, had a right to the ransom of all such as he had taken in battle. The command was still more irksome since he considered the king his debtor, both for his security and his crown, for it was the Percies who had been mainly instrumental in the deposition of his unhappy predecessor, Richard the Second. Accordingly, stung by this supposed injury, the earl resolved to overturn a throne which he had had the chief hand in establishing.

So a secret scheme was laid for uniting the Scots and Welsh to assist Northumberland in deposing Henry and elevating Mortimer to the throne. Meanwhile, the Percies held their prisoners at their own disposal, though they professed to be ready to obey the king's commands.

Except in restricting the disposal of the Homildon prisoners, King Henry treated the Percies with the most distinguished favour. He conferred on them, by a stretch of authority truly imperial, the whole Earldom of Douglas, with all the territories appertaining to it, though they lay wholly within the confines of an independent kingdom. The Earl of Northumberland and his sons therefore girded themselves to carry on the war against the Scots, which served as a convenient cover for their treasonable designs. The conquest of the Earldom of Douglas afforded the Percies an excuse for raising a numerous army of devoted adherents.

With this force, in the beginning of the summer of 1403, they marched into Scotland, in company with the Earl of March; but, instead of undertaking any considerable exploit, the whole army sat down before a miserable little fortress, called Cocklaws, or Ormiston, just over the Border, at the head of Beaumont Water, on the old hill road from Rothbury and Alwinton to Yetholm. This sorry Border peel, the possession of which was not worth a groat, they made a show of battering down with warlike engines. The commander of the place, a simple squire named John Greenlaw, assumed the air of a powerful chieftain, and entered into a formal agreement to surrender his solitary Cheviot tower at the end of six weeks if he were not in that time relieved by the King of Scot-

land, or by his brother the Duke of Albany. In the meantime, the army of the Percies was to remain inactive ; and a messenger was sent to Albany to inform him of the urgency of the case. The herald, it is said, carried back to the Percies the secret assurance that Albany was ready to give all the help he could to the intended insurrection in England. But it was necessary to keep up appearances, and so Albany assembled the Privy Council, gravely laid before their lordships the message of Greenlaw, and asked their opinion whether he should go to raise the siege or not. The privy councillors, believing that they were acting according to Albany's real wishes when they advised peace, recommended that the Border reive should be left to his fate rather than risk a battle with the victorious English, at a moment when the flower of the Scottish chivalry were captives in Northumberland. But, greatly to the astonishment of the council, Albany, who knew better than the members did how things stood, gave vent to a sudden burst of patriotic spirit. "By Heavens and St. Fillan!" he exclaimed, "I will keep the day of appointment with Cocklaws, were there none to follow me thither but Peter of Kinbuck, who holds my horse yonder!" The Council, hearing this, immediately agreed to the propriety of relieving John Greenlaw. So a formidable army was raised, and marched under Albany's command to the Border.

The conspiracy was now ready for explosion. The Earl of Douglas, with the greater part of the barons and knights taken at Homildon Hill, being set at liberty, aised their forces to march under the banner of Percy, who, suddenly breaking off the Scottish expedition, hurried away to unite his forces with those of Glendower on the borders of Wales. The Earl of Northumberland, however, being seized with a sudden illness, stayed behind at Berwick.

The fact that Douglas had joined in alliance with Percy was enough to drive away the Earl of March, who refused to assist in the conspiracy, and rode off to give information to King Henry, and urge him to take active measures against the insurgents. By a rapid march the king intercepted them at Shrewsbury, and a terrible conflict established Henry definitely on the throne.

> The Douglas and the Hotspur, both together,
> Were confident against the world in arms.

But the Fates were now against them. The Earl of Douglas, severely wounded, became again a captive. He had performed, during the day, deeds of valour which are almost incredible, and which nearly decided the battle in Percy's favour. Seeming determined that the King of England should fall by his arm, he sought him all over the field, and as Henry, either to elude the attacks of the enemy upon his royal person, or to encourage his own men by the belief of his presence everywhere, had accoutred several captains in his kingly garb, the sword of Douglas rendered this honour fatal to many. Shakspeare makes Hotspur say, after the doughty earl had slain two of these counterfeit kings :—

> O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Homildon thus,
> I never had triumphed upon a Scot.

The descendant of the hero of Otterburn swore he was determined

> To render all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
> Until he met the king.

At length

> The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
> The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
> The noble Percy slain, and all his men
> Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ;
> And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised
> That the pursuers took him.

Before the event of the battle of Shrewsbury was known in the North, the Duke of Albany arrived at Cocklaws, with an army of no less than fifty thousand men, announcing publicly his intention of giving battle to the Percies, though there can be no doubt that his real intention was to join them in making war upon King Henry. It was not till he reached Cocklaws that he knew the rebellion had broken out, and the first news of it was the announcement of the desperate fight on the Welsh border, the death of Hotspur, the capture of Douglas, the total dispersion of the rebels, and the submission of the Earl of Northumberland. Having caused the news to be proclaimed through his army by a herald, Albany marched back into Scotland.

So ended the transactions which immediately followed the battle of Homildon Hill.

George Fox in the North.

AMIDST the excitement and confusion of the great Puritan Revolution, there were many singular developments of religious enthusiasm, some of which passed into wild fanaticism ; but, although in numerous cases the preposterous pretensions of crazy prophets attracted some attention and a few followers, each mania seemed to die away after a short spell of raving without leaving a trace beyond a vague memory that such things had been. Conspicuous among the characters of that zealous age was George Fox ; but, whatever of extravagance or phantasy his contemporaries imputed to him, time has proved that he was a man of deep insight into the needs and errors of the human heart, that he was a veritable king among enthusiasts, that he was a true apostle of the faith professed by all Christendom, and that the work he did was of a permanent and extensively useful character.

George Fox was a man of lowly origin, imperfect education, insignificant social standing, and somewhat uncouth manners. Yet he became a power in the land. His followers were opprobriously nicknamed Quakers by Justice Bennet, of Derby, in 1650, because George Fox

admonished him and those present "to quake at the word of the Lord." But fearless George gloried in the epithet. In 1655 he was moved to indite a lengthy and vigorous epistle to "all you that scorn trembling and quaking; who scoff at, scorn, stone, and belch forth oaths against those who are trembling and quaking, threatening them and beating them." And he cited from Scripture Moses trembling and quaking, Jeremiah's bones quaking and his denunciation of those who did not "tremble at the Word of the Lord," Isaiah's words of comfort to those who "tremble at my Word," and Habakkuk's prophecy that "all the people shall tremble and all faces gather blackness," summing up as follows:—"There ye may see ye are contrary to God, contrary to the prophets, and are such as hate what the Lord regards, which we, whom the world scorns and calls Quakers, own. We exalt and honour the power that makes the devils tremble, shakes the earth and throws down the loftiness and haughtiness of men, which makes the beasts of the field to tremble and the earth to reel to and fro, which cleaves the earth asunder and overturneth the world."

Fox was born in the year 1624, at the village of Drayton-in-the-Clay, Leicestershire. His father, Christopher Fox, was called "Righteous Christer," a very honourable nickname. His mother, Mary Lago, was, he says, of the seed of the martyrs. From earliest childhood he was of a grave and staid demeanour and speech beyond his years. Before he was 20 years of age he entered upon the great mission to which he devoted the remaining forty years of his life. In the earlier portion of this period, and, indeed, often in the course of his strange and wandering life, he was subject to deep depression of mind and fearful conflicts of soul. Out of all, however, he emerged into the clear shining of the sun, and enjoyed serenest peace in the thickest of outward troubles.

We cannot even sketch his writings or his teachings, but must content ourselves with tracing his missionary career, so far as it connects him with the Northern Counties. For traces of this kind we must look chiefly to his own admirable and most interesting Journal, but also to other vehicles of tradition and history. It was not until 1653 that he made his way into Northumberland. Let us see what his Journal says as to his first visit:—

In Northumberland many came to dispute, of whom some pleaded against perfection; unto whom I declared, "that Adam and Eve were perfect before they fell; and all that God made was perfect; and that the imperfection came by the Devil, and the fall; but Christ, that came to destroy the Devil, said, 'Be ye perfect.'" One of the professors alleged that Job said, "Shall mortal man be more pure than his Maker? The heavens are not clear in his sight. God charged his angels with folly." But I showed him his mistake, and let him see, "that it was not Job that said so, but one of those that contended against Job; for Job stood for perfection, and held his integrity; and they were called miserable comforters." Then these professors said, the outward body was the body of death and sin. I showed them their mistake in that also; for "Adam and Eve had each of them an outward body, before the body of death and sin got into them; and that man and woman will have bodies, when the body of sin and death is put off again; when they are renewed up into the image of God again by Christ Jesus, which they were in before they fell." So they ceased at that time from opposing further; and glorious meetings we had in the Lord's power. Then passed we on to Hexham, where we had a great meeting at the top of a hill (the Seal). The priest threatened that he would come and oppose us, but he came not; so that all was quiet; and the everlasting day and renowned truth of the everliving God was sounded over those dark countries, and His Son exalted over all. It was proclaimed among the people that the day was now come, wherein all that made a profession of the Son of God, might receive him; and that to as many as would receive Him, he would give power to become the sons of God, as He had done to me. And it was further declared, that "he that had the Son of God had life eternal; but that he that had not the Son of God (though he professed all the Scriptures, from the first of Genesis to the last of the Revelation) had not life." So after that all were directed to the light of Christ, by which they might see Him and receive Him, and know where their true teacher was; and the everlasting truth had been largely declared amongst them, we passed away through Hexham peaceably, and came into Gilsland, a country noted for thieving. Here a Friend, spying the priest, went to speak to him; whereupon the priest came down to our inn, and the town's people gathered about us. The priest said he would prove us deceivers out of the Bible, but could find no Scripture for his purpose. Then he went into the inn: and after a while came out again, and brought some broken sentences of Scripture, that mention "the doctrines and commandments of men, &c., and, touch not, taste not, &c., for they perish with the using." All which, poor man! was his own condition; whereas we were persecuted, because we would not taste, nor touch, nor handle their doctrines and traditions, which we knew perished with the using. I asked him what he called the steeple-house. "Oh," said he, "the dreadful house of God, the temple of God." Then I showed him, and the poor dark people, that their bodies should be the temples of God; and that Christ never commanded these temples, but ended that temple at Jerusalem, which God had commanded. While I was speaking the priest got away; and afterwards the people made as if they feared we would take their purses or steal their horses; judging us like themselves, who are naturally given to thieving.

The disciples of Fox appear, however, not to have gained a permanent footing in the town, or even in the shire, of Hexham. There used to be one solitary Quaker bonnet in the town, and that belonged to Betty Bowman, the bread baker and milk seller; and so well known was she, that whenever the young Hexhamites chanced to see a person in Quaker garb, they instantly went up and asked, "Do you want Betty Bowman?" There is a tradition, doubtless, in the very name Quaker's Garth, given to a field at the foot of Battle Hill; but what is the origin of the name we cannot discover. Probably it was once the property of a man who turned Quaker, and subsequently disappeared without leaving any traces behind him. Thirty years after George Fox had stirred up the priest at Hexham, some of his zealous followers did the same at Chapel Hill, with the effect of provoking the neighbouring priest of Slaley to the "good works" of instituting regular service, though not, it is said, to any great love of the people who had thus provoked him.

Three years later, George Fox repeated his visit to the

Northumberland Friends, and this is his account of the mission :—

Leaving Berwick, we came to Morpeth, and so through the country, visiting Friends, to Newcastle, where I had been once before. The Newcastle priests had written many books against us; and one Ledger, an alderman of the town, was very envious against truth and Friends. He and the priests had said, "the Quakers would not come into any great towns, but lived in the Fells, like butterflies." So I took Anthony Pearson with me, and went to this Ledger, and several others of the aldermen, "desiring to have a meeting amongst them, seeing they had written so many books against us, for we were now come, I told them, into their great town." But they would not yield we should have a meeting, neither would they be spoken withal, save only this Ledger and one other. I queried, had they not called Friends butterflies, and said we would not come into any great towns? and now we were come into their town, they would not come at us, though they had printed books against us. "Who are the butterflies now?" said I. Then Ledger began to plead for the Sabbath day; but I told him they kept markets and fairs on that which was the Sabbath day, for that was the seventh day of the week; whereas that day, which the professed Christians now met on, and call their Sabbath, is the first day of the week. As we could not have a public meeting among them, we got a little meeting among Friends and friendly people at the Gateside; where a meeting is continued to this day, in the name of Jesus. As I was passing by the market-place, the power of the Lord rose in me, "to warn them of the day of the Lord, that was coming upon them." And not long after, all those priests of Newcastle and their profession were turned out, when the king came in. From Newcastle we travelled through the countries, having meetings and visiting Friends as we went, in Northumberland and Bishopric. A very good meeting we had at Lieutenant Dove's, where many were turned to the Lord and his teaching. After the meeting, I went to visit a justice of the peace, a very sober, loving man, who confessed to the truth.

In 1653, Fox paid a lengthened visit to the city and county of Durham. Benfieldside was the locality of almost the first Friends' Meeting House erected in England. The original house is not standing, but its successor is, and is preserved for the sake of its adjoining burying-ground, while another meeting place is now used. Shotley Spa, and several other parts of Derwent Valley, early became peaceful refuges for the buffeted and persecuted followers of George Fox.

One of the most interesting portions of Fox's diary, so far as Durham is concerned, relates to Oliver Cromwell's project for establishing a university. So early as 1650, the Lord Protector had drawn attention to his project in a letter which gives a melancholy account of educational matters in these "poore, rude, and ignorant parts." The matter slept till 1651-2, when the grand jury of the county petitioned Parliament, and a committee of the House reported that the "houses of the Dean and Chapter were fit places to erect a college or school for all the science and literature." In 1656 Cromwell issued an ordinance founding the college, and in 1657 (May 15) he issued letters patent by which the University was created. Ample provision was made for its maintenance out of the sequestrated funds of the Dean and Chapter. At the Restoration the new college shared the fate of the Government by which it had been set up. That the scheme did not wholly commend itself to George Fox is evident from what follows :—

From Lieut. Dove's we came to Durham, where was a man come from London, to set up a college there, to make ministers of Christ, as they said. I went, with some others, to reason with the man, and to let him see, that to teach men Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and the seven arts, which were all but the teachings of the natural man, was not the way to make them ministers of Christ. For the languages began at Babel; and to the Greeks, that spoke Greek as their mother-tongue, the preaching of the cross of Christ was foolishness; and to the Jews, that spoke Hebrew as their mother-tongue, Christ was a stumbling block. The Romans, who had the Latin, persecuted the Christians; and Pilate, one of the Roman governors, set Hebrew, Greek, and Latin a-top of Christ, when he crucified him. So he might see the many languages began at Babel, and they set them a-top of Christ, the Word, when they crucified Him. John the Divine, who preached the Word, that was in the beginning, said, "that the beast and the whore have power over tongues and languages, and they are as waters." Thus I told him, he might see, the whore and beast have power over the tongues and the many languages which are in mystery Babylon: for they began at Babel; and the persecutors of Christ Jesus set them over Him, when he was crucified by them; but He is risen over them all, who was before them all. Now, said I, to this man, "dost thou think to make ministers of Christ by these natural, confused languages, which sprung from Babel, are admired in Babylon, and set a-top of Christ, the Life, by a persecutor?" Oh no! The man confessed to many of these things. Then we showed him further, "that Christ made His ministers Himself, gave gifts unto them, and bid them 'pray to the Lord of the harvest, to send forth labourers.' And Peter and John, though unlearned and ignorant (as to school learning) preached Christ Jesus, the Word, which was in the beginning, before Babel was. Paul also was made an apostle, not of man, nor by man, neither received he the gospel from man, but from Jesus Christ, who is the same now, and so is His gospel, as it was at that day." When we had thus discoursed with the man, he became very loving and tender; and, after he had considered further of it, declined to set up his college.

In 1663 this zealous missionary once more visited Durham, preaching at the house of one Richmond, and staying overnight at the house of Henry Draper. Next morning he received friendly warning, as he puts it, that "if the priests and justices (for many priests were made justices in that country at that time) could light on me they would destroy me." After this year he came no more into Northumberland and Durham, unless for very brief visits, during the one or two years he spent in a sort of recruiting seclusion at his beloved Swarthmore.

Swarthmoor Hall.

Lancashire is famous for its many picturesque old halls; but Swarthmoor, near Ulverston, can hardly be said to be worthy of being classed with such remarkable erections as Tufton, Speke, or Moreton. Indeed, beyond a certain quaintness, Swarthmoor Hall is not of much moment, so far as its external appearance is concerned. It is an irregular, Elizabethan dwelling-house of the better class, without any distinguishing features, excepting the projecting gable. But the old hall has an interest to students of history, for here dwelt for a time the founder of the Society of Friends. And here, it is alleged, were held the first regular meetings of that sect.

George Fox's first visit to Swarthmoor Hall occurred in 1652, during the temporary absence of the owner, Thomas Fell, who, being one of the judges of assize, had gone on the Welsh circuit. The hospitality of the hall was open to ministers of religion, and Fox stayed there all night. The next day, being Sunday, he repaired to Ulverston Church, where he was allowed to preach, his words creating a deep impression in the mind of the judge's wife. The same night he preached in Swarthmoor Hall to the family and servants, and from that time Mrs. Fell became one of his staunchest adherents. The friends of the judge went to meet him as he was returning home from circuit, and informed him that "a great disaster was befallen amongst his family, and that they were witches, and that they had taken us out of our religion, and that he must set them away, or all the country would be undone." This information naturally perturbed the spirit of the judge, who, on arriving at Swarthmoor, expressed his displeasure. But the same night George

Fox expounded his views at the hall, and favourably impressed the judge himself with his fervour and sincerity. "This was on the sixth day of the week, about the fifth month, 1652," wrote the lady in the book which she afterwards issued giving "a brief account of Fox's travels, sufferings, and hardships, endured for truth's sake." As there was no place in the neighbourhood where the Friends could hold a meeting, the judge suggested that they might assemble at Swarthmoor Hall. This offer was gladly accepted, and, quoting from the same source, we find that "notice was given that day and the next to Friends, and there was a good large meeting the first day, which was the first meeting which was at Swarthmore, and so continued there a meeting from 1652 to 1690."

Judge Fell died in 1658. Eleven years afterwards George Fox married the widow. Both before and subsequent to marriage the couple suffered imprisonment for conscience' sake. Although Fox considerably bettered his worldly prospects by the connection with a good family, he does not appear to have claimed any undue advantage. At any rate, it is stated that he and his stepchildren lived on most amicable terms. But most of the later years of his life were spent in the London district, where he died on the 13th of November, 1690, in the 67th year of his age.

Our drawing of Swarthmoor Hall shows it as it appears at the present time. The house was for a long period in a state of dilapidation. It is, however, now occupied by a farmer. In the projecting portion there are three windows. The room indicated by the highest of the three was Fox's study, and he occasionally preached from the window of it. Within the building are some old carved oak mantelpieces. It was in a quaint, flagged apartment on the ground floor that the first meetings of the Friends were held. There are many relics still to be seen in the place; but Mr. Edwin Waugh, in his "Rambles in the Lake Country," published in 1882, states that Fox's Bible was then in the possession of a lady belonging to the Society of Friends in Ulverston.

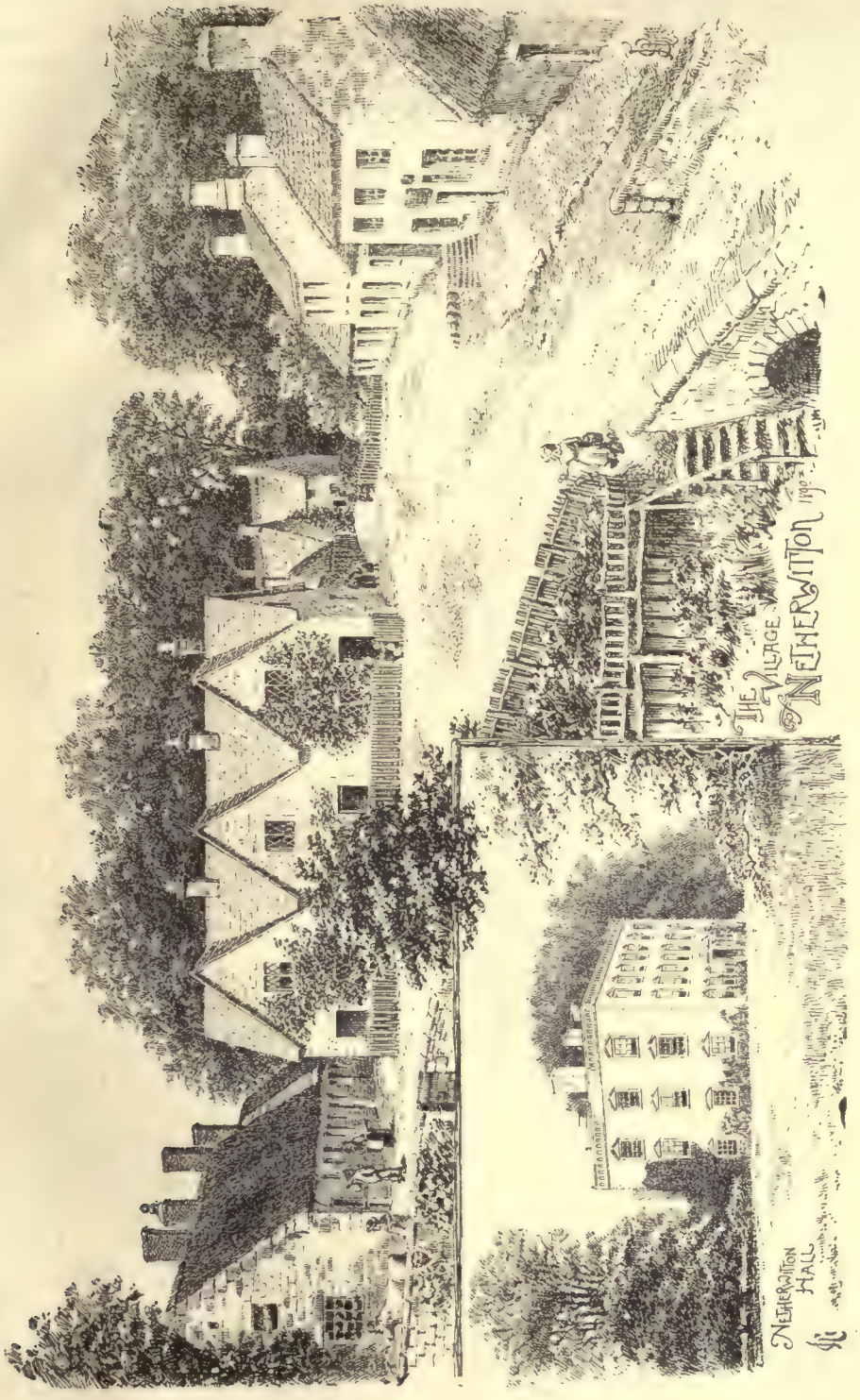
Some quarter of a mile or so to the west of Swarthmoor Hall is the first chapel of the disciples of George Fox. It was built at his own cost in 1688. Above the entrance is the inscription:—"Ex dono, G. F., 1688." Near to the western end of the chapel is a croft which was presented with the chapel for the accommodation of worshippers who came from a distance.

About a couple of miles from Swarthmoor Hall is Swart or Swarth Moor, where, in 1487, the army of the impostor Lambert Simnel encamped. In 1643 there was an engagement at the same spot between 1,500 men of the King's forces and about the same number of the Parliamentary party. The affair resulted in the defeat of the Royalists, with a loss of 300 prisoners, including Colonel Huddlestone.

Sunderland Bridge.

THE *Monthly Chronicle* for November, 1887, p. 401, contained an account of the bridge over the Wear at Sunderland which was constructed and erected by Rowland Burdon in the year 1796. The total cost of the structure was £40,000. Of this sum £30,000 was advanced by Mr. Burdon, at 5 per cent. interest, on security of tolls, while the remaining fourth was raised by subscription on loan. Owing to adverse pecuniary circumstances, the shares held by Mr. Burdon were afterwards offered for sale. As there was no prospect of realising by this means, it was determined to sell Mr. Burdon's interest in the bridge by means of a lottery. All the circumstances in connexion therewith are fully detailed in the *Monthly Chronicle* for June, 1889, p. 254. The foundation stone of Sunderland Bridge was

SUNDERLAND BRIDGE, OVER THE WEAR.


THE VILLAGE
NETHERWITTON
NETHERWITTON HALL

laid on September 18, 1795, the bridge being opened to the public on August 8, 1796. An Act of Parliament was obtained in 1857 for the renovation of the bridge, which was carried out under the superintendence of Robert Stephenson. An additional interest is attached to the drawing which we now present to our readers (page 72) from the fact that it includes a view of the railway bridge which also spans the Wear.

Views of Netherwitton.

FROM the Simonside Hills to the Wansbeck runs the bright little river the Font, through a valley of sylvan beauty, shut in and protected by pastoral ridges, which, to the north, roll away into moor and common.

Midway up this valley, surrounded by woods and waters, is the picturesque village of Netherwitton. To our Anglian forefathers it was the "white" or fair "town," and hence it received from them the descriptive and lovely name of Witton-by-the-Waters.

It is five miles from any railway station, and out of the track of the ordinary tourist who may follow perhaps the high-road to Alnwick and Rothbury, never dreaming that so pretty a bit of Northumberland is within a very short distance of him.

Netherwitton impresses us most when approached from the south by a road called the Trench, which descends the hillside through the Old Park Wood, being bordered by several fine beeches a little way out of the village. Through the foliage we may catch, now and then, a brief glimpse of an old thatched roof or a picturesque gable.

The greater part of the village is seated, as we see, on a gentle incline in a bend of the Font, which is joined at this point from the west by the Ewesley Burn. A number of fine tall elms interspersed with sycamores, beeches, and limes—the abode of a colony of rooks, who have many a good-natured wrangle in the branches—form an appropriate background of dark-green foliage.

The "harvest of a quiet eye" is a rich one in Netherwitton. We gaze with calm pleasure on the rustic scene, singling out all the picturesque details thereof—the pan-

Old Cross at Netherwitton.

tiled smithy with some rusty, worn horse-shoes nailed to its door; the modest little temperance hotel, which is also the post-office, of two storeys, built of a warm-tinted sandstone and roofed with thin slabs of the same material; the half-dozen steps near its door, which have probably served in the past as a "horse-block," or "louping-on-styen," as it is locally called; the grey-walled, thatched, low cottages, which have asters, nasturtiums, calceolarias, and stocks round their doorways; the newly-built cottages in the centre of the village with high-pointed gables and diamond-panedwindows, one of them decked very prettily with clematis and honeysuckle; the village well under a small roundarch, four steps leading down to it; and the neat little gardens with hedges or palings around them, a few having beehives of modern construction

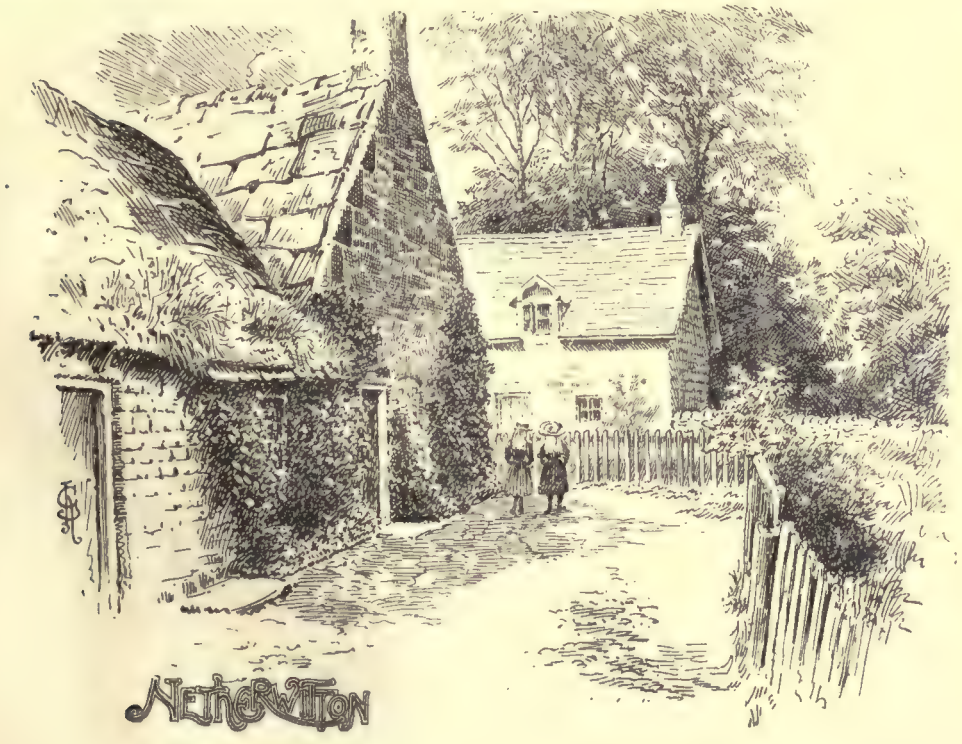
What was once the village green is now occupied by several of these gardens, and we cannot fail to notice, in one of them, between two leafy limes, the village cross (restored in 1825) with the date 1698 carved upon it. Here might have been formerly witnessed those simple rural sports and pastimes so inimitably described by Goldsmith in the opening lines of the "Deserted Village." The villagers, we are

told, were accustomed to assemble of an evening on the green, and to dance around the cross to the sound of the Northumbrian bag-pipes. On festival days they decked it with flowers, ribbons, and showy finery.

A path by the end of the principal house in the village—the residence of Mr. Raleigh Trevelyan—leads along the park wall to a small wooden bridge across the Font. Then, from this point, a walk between ivy-grown walls curves round past the vicarage to the church of St. Giles—a plain little edifice consisting of nave and chancel, with a bell-turret rising from its western gable. A chapel was founded here in the 12th or 13th century, but not a vestige remains of it in the present building, which was erected above 120 years ago, though restored in 1881 and 1886. While excavations were being made for the north wall of the nave the stone effigy of a female in a loose flowing mantle was found. It now occupies a position near the pulpit. Netherwitton is ecclesiastically dependent on Hartburn.

A curious side-light is thrown by the acts of the High Commission Court at Durham on the relations that existed in 1633 between the curate of Netherwitton and some members of his flock. On the 8th of March of that year, Mungo Barnes, of Netherwitton, was brought in by attachment upon the information of Andrew Hall, clerk, curate of Netherwitton, "that he called Hall 'base lousie rogue' and did pull him by the throat and strick him on the breast." This offence he had to acknowledge publicly on Sunday, the 14th of April. For laying violent hands upon Hall he was denounced excommunicate in the chapel of Netherwitton. It would seem from another entry that he was assisted by one Giles Todd. This person confessed "that he did call Mr. Hall base fellow, and did assist Mungo Barnes, who attempted to have beaten him, though he himself did not meddle with him." He also had to make public confession. About the same time, another person in the parish of Netherwitton, one Thomas Swan, came to grief in the High Commission Court for "beating a minister"—probably Mr. Hall. What the reverend gentleman had done to provoke this violence we are unable to say. The incidents show how accustomed the people of those days were to take the law into their own hands.

A former curate of Netherwitton—the Rev. J. Thomson—published, in 1806, two volumes of poems, moral, descriptive, and elegiac, one of which is entitled "On Seeing Mr. Cunningham's Monument in St. John's Churchyard, Newcastle-upon-Tyne." Had the reverend gentleman possessed, even in a small degree, poor Cunningham's descriptive powers, the attractions of Netherwitton might have been sung in some lovely stanzas that the world would have cherished; but, unfortunately, he was but a mere rhetorician, and his volumes contain little of value or interest, unless we



except "The Country Wedding" for its description of old marriage customs.

By the side of the river, which is fringed with small elders and thorn bushes, past some shrubberies and gardens, there is a road from the church to the woollen mill. It was about here that the old market town of Netherwitton stood; for, says Hodgson, "Very old people remember when its site was ploughed and cleared of the old groundworks, weeds, and rubbish." The market was granted by Edward I. to Sir Roger de Somerville in 1290. The woollen mill stands on the north side of the Morpeth road near the bridge, and is a large stone building with a fine, many-windowed façade, the central portion, projecting slightly, being crowned with a pediment of simple character. It was erected in 1794 by Mr. Walter Trevelyan as a cotton mill, but was not worked long, the speculation having proved unsuccessful. After being closed many years, it was taken, in 1823, by Messrs. Dixon, Walker, and Co., of Morpeth, and re-opened as a manufactory of flannel, blankets, and yarn. As such, it is still being carried on by Mr. Joseph Lawton.

The mill forms the subject of some verses in a volume of poems, published in 1831, by John Farrer, who first drew breath, as he states with some pride, by the side of the Font. For thirty years, he laments, the well-known bell which had tolled the hour six times a day to all the country round from the turret of the mill, has never been rung, the engines are destroyed, the machinery is rusted, the lofty roof admits the rain, the walls are becoming ruinous, the shattered sashes rattle in the wind, and the windows are stuffed with straw. He wishes success to "the enterprising few whose resolutions all these works renew," and he looks forward to the time when Netherwitton, by virtue of its manufactures, will rival Leeds and Huddersfield.

Adjoining the building, on the east side, is the old manor corn-mill, now in ruins. On the great overshot wheel the water drips and splashes, creating a humid atmosphere, which favours the growth of mosses, liverworts, and ferns in the dim enclosure. The wheel of the woollen mill is also laid idle.

The fine stone bridge over the Font, consisting of two segmental arches, 23 feet in span, was erected by subscription, the foundation-stone being laid on September 13th, 1837, by Mr. R. Trevelyan. Its battlements were carried away by the great flood of Sunday, the 15th September, 1839, which also partly destroyed the dam-head higher up the river. Many of the inhabitants can remember how the waters of the Font came rushing through the village, flooding the lower storeys of several of the houses. Here, on this graceful parapet, just above where the Font and the Ewesley Burn meet and mingle in the shade of three spreading willows, it is pleasant to linger and watch the brisk waters as they shimmer among the smooth mossed stones, whereon we may chance to see resting the shy water-ouzel, and gaze at the peaceful village, where everyone moves about in a quiet and leisurely way, as though Time were not fast on the wing.

So tranquil is the scene that it induces a dreamy, clairvoyant mood in which our thoughts, almost unconsciously, slip back into the past, and we find ourselves trying to realise the changes which the scene has witnessed. We can see in imagination the skin-clad chieftains, who tenanted the rudely-formed camp near Gallowshaw, and the smaller one on the outskirts of Dixon's

Wood—brave warriors who, perhaps, were interred with mysterious rites, beneath the Five-Ashes and Callagers tumuli, and the other three barrows in the neighbourhood of the village; we behold once again the stern legionaries of Rome as they passed up the Devil's Causeway, within half a mile of the place where we sit; and we picture to ourselves the village as it was in the by-gone centuries—in 1405, when Roger Thornton, the munificent merchant prince of Newcastle, who is stated by Leland to have been born here, became the lord of the manor; in 1506, when, beneath a September sky, the unfortunate John Crawfurth lay, with a mortal wound in his breast from the weapon of Cuthbert Law, who had fled to the sanctuary of Durham; and, in the summer of 1651, when it was visited by the great Cromwell, his army, consisting of nine regiments of foot, and two regiments of dragoons with his horse guard, being quartered for one night on the grounds of the Lady Thornton, and there doing much damage to the grass and corn, &c., for which, however, compensation to the amount of £96 5s. 6d. was paid.

But the times are changed, and the character of the people too, and the secret of the change is to be found in the little school-room by the wayside just above us.

A little way along the Morpeth road, past the woollen mill, there is a fine view of the front of Netherwitton Hall—the seat of Mr. Thornton Roger Trevelyan. It is a stately pile, with open battlements, built by Robert Trollop, the architect of Capheaton Hall and the Guildhall of Newcastle. A tower, which probably stood to the south of the present gardens, was built here by Roger de Thornton, not long after 1411, when he completed the purchase of the estate. It is mentioned in the list of castles and fortalices compiled in 1415. A tablet in the north wall of the house, bearing the arms of Thornton, and the inscription, "Anno Regis Edwardi Quinti"—in the year of King Edward V.—probably belonged to this earlier building, and refers to some repairs or additions which were made to it in 1483. In the upper part of the house is one of those secret closets or hiding-places found in nearly all the old Catholic mansions, and known as "Priests' Holes."

Near the hall, on the opposite side of the road, there are two small lakes connected by a pathway which leads through the wood, past an enclosed chalybeate spring. Beautifully situated is the upper lakelet, in the midst of trees of many varieties—larches, firs, pinasters, beeches, elms, sycamores, birches, and horse-chestnuts. Bulrushes, among which the water-fowl splash and flutter, stand thickly along one side of it, and water-lillies spread their broad leaves upon its surface, while at one end there is quite a rich glow of colour from the pretty pink spikes of the amphibious persicaria. Not many yards from the north side is an islet of diminutive size, whereon a few firs have secured a foothold. On the bank near it is a row of large beeches, having their lower branches trained in one direction, towards the lake, thus making a shady walk more conducive to meditation than a monastic arcade. The lake in its perfect seclusion, surrounded by woods, where, within reasonable limits, nature has pretty much her own way, would be, to a Thoreau, a not unfair substitute for the famous Walden Pond.

The woods of Witton-by-the-Waters are of ancient celebrity. Ranulph de Merlay, when he founded the Abbey of Newminster in 1139, gave to the monks "a part of the wood of Witton." Roger de Merlay, the second, obtained from King John, in 1214, a license to make a park of his woods at Witton, and his son granted to John de Plessy liberty to cut timber in them. To these woods may have belonged the two venerable oaks—the King and Queen of Netherwitton—which stand above the Font a short distance from the weir. There is a tradition in the village, which may be founded on a memory of the above-named grant to the Abbey of Newminster, that the three plane-trees, growing close together by the side of the road to Morpeth, half a mile from the bridge, were planted by the monks, and represent the three persons of the Trinity.

Hitherto the smoky banners of trade have not waved in this charming valley. May it long retain its idyllic agricultural character must be the devout wish of all who love nature and simple modes of life.

Wm. W. Tomlinson.

Shepherds' Numerals.

THE moors of Upper Weardale and Teesdale are vast grazing fields—vast solitudes too. We are transported thither. No sign of aught save sheep and moorlands. At last a human being! A man! Listen, he is apparently talking to his sheep. Ah! I have it. But I will wager a small amount you cannot tell me the meaning of what he is saying. Talking Dutch! No. He is counting his sheep—one, two, three, four, and so on. Listen again. Now you hear—"Yan, tean, tether, mether, pip, sezar, azar, catrah, horna, dik," &c. There is an interesting thing for you. You have been extremely lucky to hear that, for there are extremely few people in this part of the world who use that language in counting their sheep. Civilization is invading all the out-of-the-way corners of the earth, and all dialects and local distinctions are dying out. People in Teesdale, getting more cultivated as years advance, are abandoning the fashions and habits of their forefathers; but in some of the more retired mountain vales of Westmoreland and North Yorkshire, as also in Wales, the numerals used by these shepherds are so similar to each other, and so different from those English words now in general use, that they point to a common Celtic origin, and that, in turn, can be shown to be akin to the rest of the Aryan tongues. For instance, your

ancient Swaledalesman will say, "Yahn, tayhn, tether, mether, mimph, hithher, lithher, anver, danver, dic." The Nidderdale man says, "Yain, tain, eddero, peddero, pitts, tayter, later, overro, coverro, dix." Compare with this the Welsh, "Un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, cwec, saith, wyth, naw, deg." Few words excepted, these shepherds' numerals are the sole relics of the old Cymric dialect of the Pennine Chain, Wales, and Cumberland and Westmoreland, as spoken by those ancient Britons who were driven by fierce invaders into mountain retreats, whither no one cared to follow them. You get the same numerals in Brittany, where also there is a fast expiring Celtic population, "Unan, daou, tri, peder, pemp, chouech, seiz, eiz, nao, dek." Then look at the gipsy, "Yek, dui, drin, stor, pange, tscho, efta, octo, enia, desh." Hindustani is similar, "Ek, du, trin, char, panj, tscho, sat, aute, noh, des." So, of course, is Sanskrit, "Eka, dui, tri, c'atur, pancan, s'as, saptan, astan, navan, dasan." And, go over the Atlantic, you will find it translated there. Here is what was written from the dictation of an old gentleman of Hartford, Connecticut; he had been taught the scoring when a child by an old Indian woman, who used to come to his father's house in Connecticut:—"Een, teen, tudhur, fedhur, pip, sat, latta, poal, defri, dik."

C.

The Village of Whittingham.

BETWEEN the millstone grit ridge running northward from Rothbury and the porphyry hills of the Cheviot range is a broad, fertile valley, where all the elements of a picturesque landscape — limpid streamlets, green meadows and pastures; fields of wheat, barley, and oats; trees massed into woods and plantations, or deploying, as it were, into lines by the roadsides — are gathered together.

The principal village in this lovely valley is Whittingham, which occupies a low, sheltered situation on the banks of the little river, the Aln. The view on all sides is bounded by hills—Northfieldhead Hill, Ewe Hill, Ryle Hill, Chubden, Old Fawdon Hill, Gibb's Hill, Glanton Pike, Titlington Mount, Lantern Hill, Brizlee Hill, Thrunton, Callaly Crags, and others.

Whittingham, as we gather from the derivation of its name, was originally the home of the Anglian family of White or Hewit, and from its position in a rich agricultural district, has been, through the centuries, a place of no little importance. Until the railway was opened out between Alnwick and Cornhill, it was little known to the outside world, and, indeed, was not easily accessible.

The village is pretty without being prim, for it has not grown up as an adjunct to some stately and venerable hall which would perhaps have interfered with its natural development along other than conventional lines.

Very cheerful and quiet does it look as we approach it from the south-east. Right before us is the Castle Inn—a well-known posting-house in the early years of the century, having still such a quaint, old-fashioned air about it that we might almost expect to see, on the open space in front of it, the Wellington coach from Newcastle or Edinburgh drawn up, while the horses were being changed and the passengers entertained with such cheer as the house could provide for them.

From the garden hedge behind the inn rises a very fine ash, 85 feet in height. Near to it a road leading to Callaly turns off to the left, passing through the southern part of the village, which is seated on a gentle slope, the various buildings being arranged around three sides of a rough square. These consist of several cosy-looking cottages with honeysuckle and bindweed round the windows and small garden plots in front; a few shops which it would not be easy to classify under the respective trades on account of the miscellaneous character of the articles sold in them; the Court-House where the Petty Sessions are held on the second Monday of each month—a stone building with many gables and mullioned windows erected in 1859; the Post-office, the smithy, with the coulter of a plough and a few rusty wheel-tyres near it; and the massive old pele-tower overlooking the river, &c.

Some portions of the space enclosed have been planted with shrubs and young trees, chiefly sycamores, limes, laburnums, lilacs, and privets, which add a leafy charm to the scene.

Half hidden by some of these trees is the village pant erected in 1865 by the Right Hon. Henry Thomas Baron Ravensworth. It bears the following inscription:—

> May this pure Fount perpetual streams supply
> To every thirsty soul that passeth by!
> And may these crystal waters ever run
> Unchanged by Winter's frost or Summer's sun!
>
> R.

This portion of the village is connected with the Church Town—as it was formerly called—by a stone bridge of four arches built early in the century, and restored in 1887, and by a wooden foot-bridge.

We obtain from the parapet of the bridge our best view of the village, which is that represented in our sketch. To the east we see the Aln making its way through a swampy bit of ground, where, among rank butter-burs, grow a few young firs, birches, and poplars. In a pasture called Pyle's Field, below the inn garden, we can trace, by a depression in the surface, the course of the road which led down to the ancient ford. To the north, by the side of the Glanton road, stands an old house, which once bore the sign of the Hole-in-the-Wall: a garden, girdled with a green hedge, sweeps down from it to the river.

Looking to the west, we observe on our right, a little grove

of trees, principally beeches, which extend their branches over the stream. Behind the grove runs the Eslington road, forming a kind of terrace above the river. By the side of it, approached through gardens, are some tastefully built cottages with dormer windows, and the schoolhouse, erected in 1850, standing amid flowers.

To our left we notice the Court House and the great Pele Tower converted in 1845 into an alms-house, its battlements corbelled out from the walls, and its flagstaff turret standing out boldly against the sky.

Looking right up the stream, which is bordered with sallows and sedges, past the wooden foot-bridge, we see the gable end of a cottage having a pear tree trained up it, and, beyond, the square tower of the church, with the vicarage trees as a background.

On the west side of the village the Aln is crossed by another bridge, and this again is a good standpoint for obtaining a view of the place. We behold the Aln winding along from the Eslington woods through the level haughs, and the Callaly burn wending from another direction to join it. Looking eastward, we see the vicarage seated on a slight mound nearly surrounded by trees, then a portion of the church and churchyard, the fountain erected in 1874 by the villagers; a cluster of farm-buildings and cottages, with a number of conical-headed stacks adjoining them.

The tower of the church, which is prominent in every view, is a constant witness to the antiquity of the place, for, in its lower stage, is the long-and-short work of pre-Conquest architecture. With such a past we naturally expect to find some interesting historical associations in connexion with Whittingham, and we shall not be disappointed.

Whittingham was one of the five places conferred by Ceolwulph on the monastery of Lindisfarne, when he, in 737—

> For cowl and beads laid down
> The Saxon battle-axe and crown.

It would probably not be long after the monks of the Holy Isle acquired this possession that they erected a church here.

About 882 there was living at Whittingham, in bondage to a widow, a Dane—Guthred the son of Hardacnut, probably of that Haurda-Knute who appears in the lists of the Danish kings as the second in succession to Regner Lodbrog. From this position of servitude he was redeemed and made king of the southern portion of Northumbria on the death of Halfdene in the 13th year of King Alfred. The story, as told by Roger de Hoveden, is, that this was done in accordance with the instructions of St. Cuthbert communicated to Eadred, Abbot of Carlisle, in a vision. The appointment of a king who was a Dane, but also a convert to Christianity, was probably a compromise between the Christian Angles and the Pagan invaders. The arrangement was sanctioned, if not suggested, by Alfred, who found in the new king a loyal vassal and a faithful servant of the Church. Guthred died on the 21st of August, 896, and his remains were interred in the Cathedral at York.

During mediæval times when the Borders were so disturbed by feud and foray, we hear but little of Whittingham. At the close of Gilbert de Middleton's rebellion in 1317, Whittingham Pele was reduced by the garrison of Warkworth Castle.

From this time we leap over three hundred years to the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century. On August 25th, 1640, about 400 horse of the Parliament ordered breakfast at Whittingham. They came from the Brandon Hills, singing psalms all the way. They behaved civilly, we are told, and paid for everything. Again, in the summer of 1648, Whittingham was visited by the Roundheads, who captured here Lieut.-Colonel Millet with 200 horse. "Wee advanced on towards Branton," says Major Saunderson in his report to headquarters; "but, finding that wee were cloyed with prisoners and horse and booty, wee retyred towards Whittingham, where Colonel Lilburne was labouring to rally into a firme body, for there appeared about Shawton four bodies of the enemies' horse, who had taken the alarme and got together: but all the rest wee took before they could mount."

In 1761, when there was so much dissatisfaction in Northumberland respecting a new regulation whereby men were elected by ballot for the militia instead of being hired by the landowners—dissatisfaction which resulted in fatal riots at Hexham—Whittingham was thrown into a state of excitement on March 3rd of that year by the arrival of a number of rioters from Morpeth, who seized all the lists and books relating to the militia from the constables, burning them or tearing them to pieces before their eyes.

From that time to this there has happened little to disturb the calm tenour of life in the village.

Whittingham is justly proud of the two important relics of the past still preserved in its midst—the church of St. Bartholomew and the Pele Tower. The tower of the former has quite an archæological fame; it is represented in Rickman's great work on Gothic architecture. In 1840, during a "restoration," falsely so-called, the upper stages of the tower, the Norman arcade of the north aisle, and other interesting features of the building, were ruthlessly destroyed. Most antiquaries find the English language too inadequate to express their feelings on the subject of this vandalism. Some Early English additions on the south side of the nave were, however, happily spared.

The Pele Tower, in spite of the alterations which were necessary to transform it into a charitable institution, is still a fine specimen of a small Border stronghold of the 14th century, and we examine with interest the plinth, partly covered with ivy, the barrel-vaulted chamber on the ground floor, and the original doorway on the south side—a fine pointed arch. In 1415 it was in the possession of

William Heron, and in 1541 of Robert Collingwood, both owners being members of famous North-Country families. There was another pele tower here in the 16th century, occupied by the vicars, but this was removed when the present vicarage was built.

Whittingham formerly had its fair, which was the occasion of much rustic festivity; but it has now been discontinued. The day on which it was held, the 24th of August, is now set apart for athletic and other sports. We are no longer hailed in the words of the quaint old ballad "Are you going to Whittingham Fair?"—but if confronted with the question, without the addition of the "fair," in the brighter months of the year, we should answer at once in the affirmative, with a lively anticipation of much serene pleasure from the visit.

W. W. Tomlinson.

St. Mary's Loch.

SITUATE some score of miles north of Moffat, which is within easy distance by rail from Carlisle, St. Mary's Loch is the resort of thousands of tourists in the summer time; for the district literally teems with poetic and historic associations; and many are the pilgrimages to the places that are everlastingly connected with such names as those of Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, Christopher North, and William Wordsworth, not to mention lesser luminaries.

Let us join the university undergraduate, say, who has taken his seat on the top of the coach which is to bear its freight along Moffatdale to the lochs—Loch Skene, Loch of the Lowes, and St. Mary's Loch. As we are whirled along the road which leads to Selkirk, we quickly realise that the scenery is suggestive of calmness and repose, though it is not devoid of a certain amount of grandeur.

If we were to alight and inspect every tower or other interesting object that presents itself on the journey, it would be some days before we reached the far-famed lochs: so we content ourselves with a mere glance at Cornal Tower on the east side of the valley, and a small eminence which is suggestive of a British fort. Approaching Craigieburn, we are reminded of Burns's beautiful song, "Sweet fa's the Eve on Craigieburn," and the Ettrick Shepherd's legend of "Bonnie Mary." To our left we soon see Saddleyoke, or Saddleback, as it is sometimes named, the summit of which is so narrow that, standing astride of it, you can roll a stone a mile down the hill on either hand. Hereabouts were the hiding places of many of the old Covenanters.

Near to the tenth milestone is the famous waterfall, the Grey Mare's Tail. The total height of the fall, with two breaks, is about 300 feet, and of course it is seen to best advantage immediately after a storm of rain. No one will emulate the young man who, in 1811, lost his life whilst attempting to scale the rock in the line of the waterfall, and lovers of natural scenery will generally be content with what they see from the ordinary point of view. Time does not always allow of a visit to the gloomy Loch Skene from which the Grey Mare's Tail issues, and one must

WHITTINGHAM

rest content with the description thereof by the Wizard of the North.

Passing Watch Hill, one of the outposts of the Covenanters, we reach the summit of the watershed, and, following the course of the Yarrow, come to the rather uninteresting sheet of water called the Loch of the Lowes, and arrive within sight of the Ettrick Shepherd's Monument. The statue, which is 8½ feet in height, stands on a square pedestal 9½ feet high, and was erected in 1860. The poet is seen seated on an old oak; by his side is his faithful dog Hector; his right hand grasps a stout staff, and he holds in his left a scroll on which is carved the last line of the "Queen's Wake"—

He taught the wandering winds to sing.

The hostelry kept by the renowned Tibbie Shiel stands on a piece of level ground, not far from the Ettrick Shepherd's Monument, and between the Loch of the Lowes and St. Mary's Loch, which is now in sight. Tibbie owes her reputation to the pens of the great poets of a past age who partook of her hospitality. A more modern writer, Professor John Stuart Blackie, has sung her praises in the following lines:—

TIBBIE SHIEL'S IN YARROW.

"And is this Yarrow?" Wordsworth sang;
  Though I am but a linnet,
And he a skylark, I may weave
  A rhyme with something in it.
All things that are to all men given,
  Sometimes a peeping sparrow,
May spy a beauty that escaped
  An eagle's glance in Yarrow.

. . . . . .

But wiser he whom once I knew
  'Neath Tibbie's roof in Yarrow,
Who never brimmed a cup to-day
  That left a sting to-morrow.
High priest of "Maga," glorious John,
  The troutful billow lashing,
Himself a grand old trout in floods
  Of sportive wisdom splashing.

Nor he alone, but who with him
  Had sworn a league together,
To greet the sun or face the blast
  In bright or stormy weather,
And live a life in all things true
  To Nature's prime intention,
And breathe free breath, and speak free words
  That own no nice convention.

With him was Hogg, a minstrel born,
  Who sang no stilted sonnets,
But bonny lasses, honest men,
  And grey plaids and blue bonnets;
And many an eldritch story told
  Of brownies and of fairies,
That from the cellar witched the wine,
  And soured the milk in dairies.

. . . . . .

And others came whom I could name,
  Stout men of bone and marrow,
To catch contagion from the whim
  Of glorious John in Yarrow,
Whose brain was like a busy hive
  Of humming bees in summer,
With honey free and never a sting
  To every blithe new-comer.

To praise the green huge-shouldered hills,
  The silver-shimmering waters,

ST. MARY'S LOCH.

The hill-fed well whose draught brings health
To Yarrow's sons and daughters;
And I for love-lorn maids can spare
A tear of kindred sorrow,
And my best thought is glorious John
At Tibbie Shiel's in Yarrow.

St. Mary's Loch is surrounded by bare hills that do not possess any beauty of outline. From Megget Bridge, however, the views of the lake are very fine. We make no apology for quoting Sir Walter Scott's vivid description of the scene :—

Thou know'st it well—nor fen, nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink,
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears 'thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain or woodman lone might dwell:
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills,
In summertide so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep:
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

Not far from the east end of the lake is Dryhope Tower, noted as the birthplace of Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow," and the heroine of a song by Allan Ramsay.

All that remains to indicate the site of St. Mary's Kirk, which continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century, are a few gravestones which may be found a little above the road not far from the lake. The church is the scene of one of the main incidents in the old ballad "The Gay Goss Hawk," which may be found in Scott's "Border Minstrelsy."

The district known as Yarrow, to the east of St Mary's Loch, has been sung by Wordsworth in immortal verse—'Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited." The following lines from the first-named poem are pleasantly anticipatory of the delight which he afterwards experienced :—

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burnhill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double—swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

The Percies and Westminster Abbey.

A LARGE number of people assembled at Westminster Abbey on the morning of December 24, 1890, to see the remains of the late Duchess of Northumberland—Louisa, daughter of the celebrated Henry Drummond—deposited in their final resting place. The body had been transferred from Alnwick Castle to the residence of Earl Percy, in Grosvenor Square. There it remained until it was removed, by way of Hyde Park Corner, to the front of the family mansion in Grosvenor Place. As soon as the bereaved duke joined his eldest son at this point, the journey to the Abbey was resumed—the hearse being stopped in front of the great west door. This furnished the onlookers with their first surprise, for the Percies not only claim a right of burial at Westminster, but their dead are admitted by the entrance that is usually reserved for royalty. The inscription on the coffin read as follows :—

LOUISA,
Wife of Algernon George,
6th Duke of Northumberland,
Born October 22, 1815,
Fell asleep December 18, 1890.

Some interesting information concerning the ancient prescriptive right of the ducal family of Northumberland to interment in the Abbey has been given by the Dean of Westminster to a Royal Commission, which has recently published its first report of evidence on the present want of space for monuments there. Asked whether there are any prescriptive rights of burial in the Abbey other than the burial of kings, Dean Bradley stated that there was a very curious instance in what is called the Percy or Northumberland tomb. It is in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, where the Seymours were originally buried. The following is a list of recent burials in the Duke of Northumberland's vault in St. Nicholas' Chapel, viz. :—On July 19th, 1817, Hugh Percy, Duke of Northumberland; January 20th, 1820, Lady Elizabeth Percy; May 10th, 1820, Frances Julia, Dowager Duchess of Northumberland; February 23rd, 1849, Hugh Percy, Duke of Northumberland; February 25th, 1865, Algernon Percy, Duke of Northumberland; August 3rd, 1866, Charlotte Florentia, Duchess of Northumberland; August 30th, 1867, George Percy, Duke of Northumberland; December 7th, 1877, Lord Henry Hugh Manners Percy; December 29th, 1883, Lady Louisa Percy; and December 24th, 1890, Louisa, Duchess of Northumberland. It was not until after the marriage with the Duke of Somerset with the heiress of the Percies that the Percies were buried in the Abbey, and there is a prescriptive right, although the Dean said he could not trace its legal value, that the Percies may claim to be buried in the Percy vault. This right is still claimed and exercised, as

we have just seen. There are in the Abbey other vaults belonging to private families; but there is no other claim of prescriptive right.

The right of sepulture claimed by the Dukes of Northumberland comes no doubt from the Percy alliance with the Seymours, whose ancestors appear to have been buried in the Chapel of St. Nicholas for centuries. One of the present monuments, which stands 24 feet high, was erected in memory of the Duchess of Somerset, who, as wife of the great Protector, was sister-in-law of one of the queens of Henry VIII., and aunt to Edward VI. On another of the tombs is recorded the death of Elizabeth Percy, who is described as sole heiress of Algernon, Duke of Somerset, as well as of the Ancient Earls of Northumberland. She is said to have "inherited all their great and noble qualities, together with their amiable and benevolent virtues." It was this lady who married Sir Hugh Smithson, and who became Duchess of Northumberland shortly before her death in 1766. Her funeral, we are told, led to so much crushing and confusion amongst the spectators that the screen of St. Edmund's Chapel was knocked down and smashed to pieces, stopping the ceremony for many hours, and injuring a large number of the onlookers. "The body," says Dean Stanley, "was left in the ruined chapel, and the Dean did not return until after midnight, when the funeral was completed, but still amidst the cries and groans of sufferers from the fall of the screen who had not yet been removed."

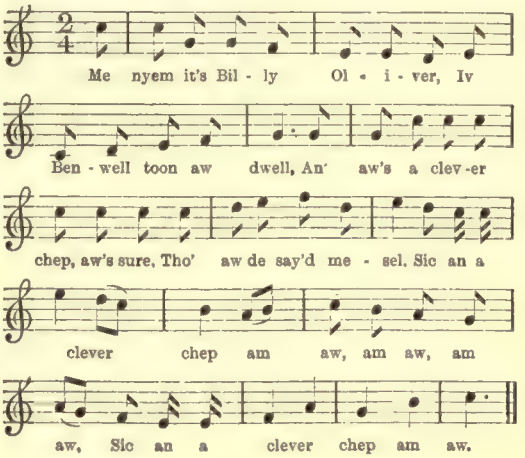
The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

BILLY OLIVER'S RAMBLE BETWEEN BENWELL AND NEWCASTLE.

THE song of "Billy Oliver's Ramble" is one of the old-time ditties which were as highly popular fifty years ago as "Jimmy Joneson's Whurry," "My Lord 'Size," or any of our historic local effusions. The author is unknown, but the song is a characteristic description of the ways of an old fashioned hard-working pitman bent on a pilgrimage of pleasure to his Mecca, Newcastle, and doing it, we fear, with anything but frugality or total abstinence.

The tune is a very old English melody, which Mr. William Chappell, in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time," traces back to 1641, when it was introduced in Brome's comedy of "The Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars," with the song of "A Begging we will go." The latter was the prototype of several others sung to the same melody, such as "A Bowling we will go," "A Fishing we will go," "A Hunting we will go," &c., besides being used in a number of the principal ballad operas performed in London during the eighteenth century.

The "Parody on Billy Oliver" was written about the same time, and enjoyed a share of popularity somewhat less than the original song.

Me nyem it's Bil - ly Ol - i - ver, Iv
Ben - well toon aw dwell, An' aw's a clev - er
chep, aw's sure, Tho' aw de say'd me - sel. Sic an a
clever chep am aw, am aw, am
aw, Sic an a clever chep am aw.

Me nyem it's Billy Oliver,
Iv Benwell toon aw dwell;
An' aw's a clever chep, aw's sure,
Tho' aw de say'd mesel.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, am aw, am aw,
Sic an a clever chep am aw.

There's not a lad iv a' wur wark
Can put or hew wi' me;
Nor not a lad iv Benwell toon
Can coax the lasses sae.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

When aw gans tiv Newcassel toon,
Aw myeks mysel' sae fine,
Wur neybors stand and stare at me,
An' say "Eh! what a shine!"
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

An' then aw walks wi' sic an air,
That, if the folks hev eyes,
They a'wis think its some greet man
That's cum in i' disguise.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

An' when aw gans down Westgate Street,
An' alang biv Denton Chare,
Aw whussels a' the way aw gans,
An' myek the people stare.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

An' then aw gans intiv the Cock*
Ca's for a pint o' beer;
An' when the lassie cums in wi'd,
Aw a'wis says maw dear!
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

An' when aw gets a pint o' beer
Aw a'wis sings a sang;
For aw've a nice yen aw can sing
Six an' thorty vairses lang.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

An' if the folks that's i' the house
Cry "Haud yor tongue, ye cull!"

* "The Cock," a favourite public-house of the pitmen, kept by the late Martin Jude, stood nearly opposite the west door of St. Nicholas' Cathedral.

Aw's sure to hev a fight wi' them,
For aw's as strang as ony bull.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

An' when aw've had a fight or twee
An' fairly useless grown,
Aw back, as drunk as aw can be,
To canny Benwell toon.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

A PARODY ON BILLY OLIVER'S RAMBLE.

Me nyem is Willy Dixon,
A coachmaker to my trade;
And when aw see a pitman come,
Aw run—because aw's flaid.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, am aw, am aw,
Sic an a clever chep am aw.

On pay-day neets aw gan to th' Cock,
When the pitmen's a' gyen hyem,
Then aw begins to rair and sing
An' myek o' them a gyem.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

On Sunday mornings, then ye see,
Aw dress mesel se fine;
And wi' me white drill pantaloons,
Aw cuts a fearful shine.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

Then what a swagger a diz cut,
As aw gan alang the street;
But aw's myed se like nutcrackers,
That my nose and chin they meet.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

Then when aw gans to see the lass,
It's in the afternoon;
An' then we gans a walking,
Wi' her fine lustre goon.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

And as we gan through Jesmond Fields
The lasses gyep and luik,
And efter we get past them a',
They cry "Ah! what a quik!"
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c.

Then efter wandering up an' down,
At neet we toddle hyem;
And aw gie her a kiss, ye see,
And she cries "Fie for shem!"
Sic an clever chep am aw, &c.

Then aw seeks out my awd wark claes,
Gets on another sark;
And on Monday morn, at six o'clock,
Gans whisslin' off to wark.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, &c..

The Brown Man of the Moors.

BROWNIES, it would appear, were divided into two sets. Both belonged to the rebellious spirits whom the Archangel Michael worsted in fair fight and tumbled ignominiously out of heaven. Some, when they reached the earth, took refuge in the dwellings of men, and became domestic drudges, serviceable but capricious. Others fell down on the wild lonely moors, and were the progenitors of those usually malevolent elf-folk who terrified belated travellers and sometimes drowned them in moss-haggs. A being of the latter class used in former days to haunt the extensive wastes that spread over the upper part of Northumberland, houseless, treeless, and trackless. It was seldom, indeed, that he was actually seen, for his colour was that of the heather and ferns amid which he passed his time.

The historian of Durham, Robert Surtees, tells, on the authority of an old dame named Elizabeth Cockburn, how, in the year before the Great Rebellion (that of 1715, as we conclude), two young men from Newcastle were sporting on the high moors above Elsdon, and at last sat down to refresh themselves in a green glen near a mountain stream. After their repast, the younger lad ran to the brook for water, and, after stooping to drink, was surprised, on lifting his head again, by the appearance of a brown dwarf, who stood on a crag covered with brackens across the burn. This remarkable personage did not appear to be above half the stature of an ordinary man, but was uncommonly stout and broad built, having the appearance of vast strength; his dress was entirely brown, the colour of the brackens, and his head covered with frizzled red hair; his countenance was expressive of the most savage ferocity, and his eyes glared like those of a bull.

Addressing the awe-struck young man, he threatened vengeance for having trespassed on his demesnes, asking him if he knew in whose presence he stood. The youth replied that he supposed him to be the lord of the moors, but added that he had offended through ignorance, and offered to bring him the game he had killed. This seemed to mollify the dwarf a little; nevertheless, he protested that nothing could be more offensive to him than such an offer. For, said he, "I consider the wild animals as my subjects and never fail to avenge their destruction. I do not feed on anything that has life. In the summer I subsist on whortle-berries, cloud-berries, dew-berries, and crane-berries, with nuts and mushrooms for a change; and in winter my food is hazel nuts and crab apples, wild plums and sloes, of which I have great store in the woods."

The strange figure then invited the youth to partake of his hospitality. And the lad was about to accept the invitation when he heard the call of his companion. Turning to tell him that he would be with him erelong, he was surprised to find, on looking round again, that "the Wee Brown Man had fled."

Elizabeth Cockburn's information was to the effect that the infatuated youth paid so little attention to the warning he had gotten from the Brown Man, that he continued his day's sport over the moors on his way homewards, reckless of the consequences. Sooth to tell, however, soon after his return he fell into a lingering disorder, of which he died before a year was out. People, of course felt morally certain that it was the Brown Man of the Moors that was the death of the irreverent sportsman

who had made light of the warning to spare his feathered and furred subjects.

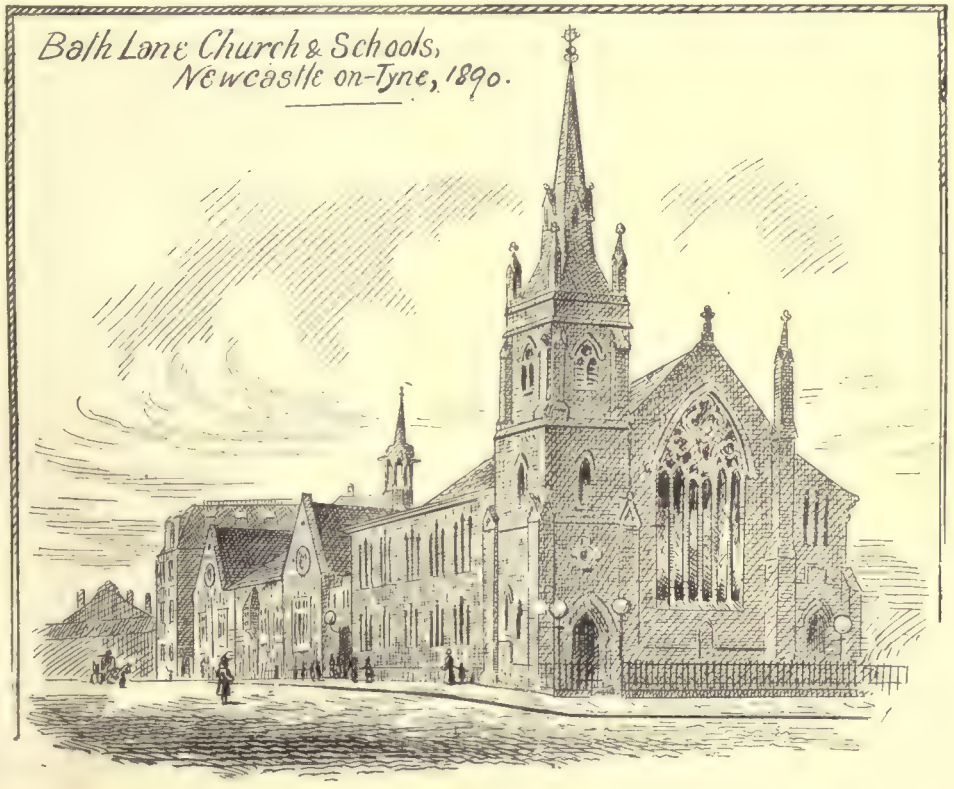
Uncle Toby's Annual Toy Exhibition.

IN the presence of a large assemblage of people, the third annual Exhibition of Toys in connection with the Dicky Bird Society, conducted by Uncle Toby in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, was opened in the Bath Lane Hall, Newcastle, on the 19th of December, 1890. The spacious room was specially fitted up for the occasion; and the splendid and well-displayed array of playthings collected and subscribed for by the members and friends of the society, and numbering 16,250 articles, presented an exceedingly pretty and attractive sight.

The opening address was delivered by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis), who reviewed briefly the history of the society, and spoke of the good it did in stimulating its young members to thoughts and acts of kindness. Appropriate speeches were also delivered by the Vicar of Newcastle (the Rev. Canon Lloyd), the ex-Mayor (Mr. Thomas Bell), the Rev. Frank Walters, Colonel Coulson, Dr. Hodgkin, and the Sheriff of Newcastle (Mr. Stephen Quin). Afterwards, accompanied by Mr. C. X. Sykes, of the *Weekly Chronicle*, who had charge of the musical arrangements, Madame Tomsett sang a song, entitled "Robin Redbreast," composed for the Dicky Bird Society by Miss Alice Simpkin.

During the two days on which it remained open, the toy show was visited by large and interested throngs of spectators, the estimate being that, in all, between 30,000 and 40,000 persons had passed through the room. Vocal and instrumental music was performed at intervals. The Wellesley Band, under the leadership of Mr. Wigg, Mus. Bach., played "Uncle Toby's March," the composition of Mr. Ernest Reid, of Newcastle; and a very charming pianoforte recital was given by Master Willie Wigg. Mr. J. H. Amers kindly gave the services of his orchestral band on the two afternoons, and selections were likewise rendered by the Newcastle Industrial Band, the Newcastle Workhouse Band, and the Gateshead Workhouse Band. Among other performers were Miss Etta Newborne, Mr. W. G. Whittaker, Master Willie Scott, Miss Lillie Heenan, Master T. H. Morrison, Master Harry Amers, Miss Ethel May Amers, and Miss Kate Steele.

The closing address was delivered by Mr. Alderman W. D. Stephens, the proceedings concluding with three



cheers for Uncle Toby and Father Chirpie. The articles comprising the varied and extensive collection of toys were afterwards, as usual, distributed among the poor children in the charitable institutions of the North of England and elsewhere.

Bath Lane Church and Schools.

More than thirty years ago, when the late Dr. Rutherford was holding religious services in the Lecture Room, Nelson Street, Newcastle, he gathered around him a number of influential supporters, who, finding that the popularity of this energetic preacher was increasing, decided upon erecting for him a permanent place of worship. The edifice then raised was Bath Lane Church, which was built and opened in 1860. It occupies a site at the corner of Bath Lane and Corporation Street. Not long after being settled in his new church, Dr. Rutherford set about the foundation of schools. As a result of his energy and enterprise, the elementary schools in Corporation Street adjoining the church were erected in 1870. Accommodation was provided for 660 scholars, but within a short time it was found necessary to provide seats for double that number of children, while branch schools were afterwards opened elsewhere. The next progressive step in the cause of education was the erection of the School of Science and Art, also in Corporation Street, the foundation stone of which was laid on November 21, 1877, by Mr. Joseph Cowen. This was followed in 1886 by the establishment of a technical college, situated in Diana Street, containing workshops, dining hall, and about fifty separate dormitories. Over all his educational undertakings, Dr. Rutherford exercised personal supervision. After a life of untiring zeal, he died suddenly on March 22, 1890, to the great grief of his fellow-townsmen, more than one hundred thousand of whom lined the streets as his remains were borne to their last resting place. It was in the large hall devoted to the elementary schools that Uncle Toby held his third annual Exhibition of Toys.

The Burning of Sunderland Lyceum.

Henry Irving's First Appearance.

GREAT preparations were being made in December, 1855, for the production at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, of the pantomime, "Puss in Boots," in which Sam Johnson was to play the Cat. Scenery of the most picturesque and costumes of the most elaborate description were prepared; most careful rehearsals had brought us up to as near perfection as was possible; and on the Saturday night (Christmas Eve) we parted at twelve o'clock with the hope of meeting on the Monday and taking the town by storm. The theatre was carefully looked over—from the large front doors, which were fastened by heavy bars of wood across the back as well as by lock and bolts, to the purlieus of the stage, above and below, and so to the stage exit. Everything was right, and apparently safe.

In the middle of my first sleep I was listening, it seemed, to the vigorous plaudits of an audience, but these soon resolved themselves into frantic knockings at my bedroom door, accompanied by cries of "Get up, Mr. Davis! The Lyceum is on fire!" As may be imagined, it did not take me long to struggle into some garments and get to the theatre. The entire back part of the building, by which alone entrance could be made, was a raging furnace. That end was hopeless, "To the front!" was then the cry. Those bars and bolts appeared to be adamantine. Hatchets, crowbars, improvised battering rams—all were applied vigorously and unceasingly until the doors went down, and I made a rush for the stairs leading to the wardrobe, which was in the front of the house. The last thing I saw was a roaring flame rushing at terrific speed towards me, but I thought it might be just possible to save the costumes. The next instant, as it seemed, I found friends round me in the street forcing water and other refreshers into my mouth. They said I had fallen, and providentially so close to the stairs that I had rolled down them.

Dipping a handkerchief into water, I tied it over my mouth and nostrils, and with a hatchet in my hand made for another stair leading to the business office. Others followed, we smashed a door or two, and with great difficulty we contrived to get out the office desk with its contents—the sole salvage from the entire wreck.

It was then about five in the morning; snow deep on the ground, the military drawn up in due array, and the entire building a mass of flame—a beautiful sight to onlookers who had not a personal interest in the result. To me it was different. "Have you telegraphed to E. D. Davis?" "Certainly not; let him have his night's rest. He'll know all about it quite soon enough." Some one, however, wished to be the first to make the pleasing announcement, and just as the roof had fallen in my father arrived from Newcastle. As we met there was no word spoken; just an exchange of looks, and a good firm hand grip. Then we went away to see what was to be done.

While we—E. D. D. and self—were writing letters, our friends came in troops to bring comfort and cheer us up, and we were compelled in the kindest manner to join an improvised dinner party, where jollity and enjoyment were the order of the day.

The announcement was at once put out that the New Lyceum Theatre would be opened in the month of September of the following year, and building was immediately commenced. It being settled that the new theatre should be much larger than the original Lyceum,

purchase was made of adjoining premises, and of course there was not to be any large hall underneath to favour "the entrance of any would-be fire-raiser." When completed the theatre was considered such a perfect model of comfort in the auditorium, and of convenience behind the curtain, that the builder (Mr. J. Potts, of Sunderland) rose into eminence as a theatre architect, and was sent for to improve and re-build several other houses in Glasgow, Birkenhead, and elsewhere.

As promised, the theatre was opened in September, 1856, and on the 29th of that month we started. For months previously a small army of scenic artists had been at work, headed by John Johnson. Carpenters, property makers, and of course costumiers had been working night and day, and everything was, as far as could be foreseen, ready and perfect. Among the names of a carefully selected *corps dramatique* were those of our old friend Sam Johnson, George Orvell (real name Frederick Kimpster), Miss Ely Loveday (sister of H. J. Loveday, the present much respected stage manager of the Lyceum, London), afterwards married to Mr. Kimpster; and a youthful novice just eighteen, "his first appearance on any stage," called Henry Irving. Making his first appearance, he spoke the first word in the first piece (played for the first time in the town, I believe) on the first or opening night of the new theatre, from which he has by his industry and genius worked up to the proud position of the first man in the first theatre of the first city of the world! The words of the speech itself, "Here's to our enterprise!" have in them almost a prophetic tone of aspiration and success.

It will be readily believed that on such an occasion my time was fully occupied. In fact, so busy was I in front and behind the scenes that I was barely able to reach my place on the stage in time for the rising of the curtain. I kept my back to the audience till my cue to speak was given, all the while buttoning up, tying, and finishing my dressing generally, so that scant attention would be given to others. But even under these circumstances I was compelled to notice, and with perfect appreciation, the great and most minute care which had been bestowed by our aspirant on the completion of his costume. In those days managers provided the mere dress. Accessories, or "properties," as they were called, were found by every actor.

Henry Irving was, from his splendid white hat and feathers to the tips of his shoes, point-device, a perfect picture; and, no doubt, had borrowed his authority from some historical picture of the Louis XIII. period. From the very outset of his career, he gave an earnest of that attention to detail, in its microscopic points, which has culminated in his being *facile princeps* among stage directors, and the best arranger of realistic theatrical pictures in the world.

The character in which Mr. Irving made his first bow to the theatrical public was that of Orleans in "Richelieu."

ALFRED DAVIS.

The Flycatchers.

THE Flycatchers (*Muscicapæ*), a rather numerous group, constitute a family of birds chiefly confined to Europe, Africa, and Asia, our only British birds of the family, both spring and autumn migrants, being the spotted and pied flycatchers. The members of this family have

elongated bodies, short necks, and broad heads. Their soft and rather fluffy plumage varies considerably in its colouration, according to the age and sex of the bird, and the young are easily recognised by their spotted appearance. They frequent trees in preference to bushes, and rarely seek their food on the ground. In fine weather they may be seen darting from the branches of trees, snapping up passing flies. In rainy weather, when flies and insects are under cover, the birds feed on berries and wild fruit.

The spotted flycatcher (*Muscicapa grisola*), which is tolerably plentiful in the Northern Counties, is about the latest of our summer arrivals, and it departs for warmer climes correspondingly early. The bird is a regular frequenter of gardens and orchards, where it is too often killed by fruit growers while clearing the fruit trees and bushes of insect pests. It is known as the beam bird, rafter, cob-web bird, post bird, cherry chopper, cherry sucker, and chanchider. Its scientific name, *Muscicapa* is derived from *musca*, a fly, and *capio*, to catch or take, while *grisola* seems to indicate that the bird helps itself to garden fruits. It is, however, by no means a fruit eater, inasmuch as its food consists almost exclusively of insects inimical to fruits, wild and cultivated. Gilbert White, of Selborne, notes that the female, while hatching, is assiduously fed by her mate as late as nine o'clock at night.

The following curious circumstance has been recorded of a brood of flycatchers, which had been taken from a nest, and placed in a large cage with some other birds of different species, among which was a robin:—The young

birds were fed regularly by one of their parents, the female, while her mate, who accompanied her constantly in her flight, used to wait outside the window, either upon the roof of the house or on a neighbouring tree. Sometimes the little birds were on the top perch of the cage, and not always near enough to the wires of the cage to be within reach of the old bird when she appeared with food; but the robin, who had been for some time an inhabitant of the cage, where it lived in perfect harmony with all its associates, and had from the first taken great interest in the little flycatchers, now perceiving that the nestlings could not reach the offered food, but sat with their wings fluttering, and their mouths open, anxious to obtain it, flew to the wires, received the insects from the mother bird, and put them into the open mouths of the nestlings. This was repeated every succeeding day, as often as kind robin's services were required.

The male bird (and in plumage and markings the hen resembles her mate) is soberly feathered, and but for the conformation of the beak, and the spotted feathers of the breast, might be taken for the titlark, though the latter affects a different habitat. It has an undulating flight, not unlike that of the pied wagtail, and its only note is a weak and somewhat monotonous chirp, which it mostly utters from the branch of a tree or shrub. The birds, which commence to nest about the beginning of June, sometimes select extraordinary places for their nests, and some have even been known to build on lamp-posts and in letter boxes.

The average length of the male is five inches and a half; bill, dusky, flattened and broad at the base, with a ridge along the upper part; the under mandible is yellowish at the base; iris, dark brown; head, brown; crown, spotted with darker brown; neck on the sides, streaked with brown; nape, as the back; chin, dull white streaked with brown; breast, as the chin, tinged on the sides with yellowish brown; back, light brown; greater and lesser wing coverts, as the back; primaries, darker brown, sometimes edged with buff brown; the first feather very short, the second and fourth nearly equal, the third the largest; secondaries, as the primaries; tertiaries, the same, with a narrow margin of light brown. Tail, brown, paler at the tip, slightly forked; under tail coverts, dull white; legs, toes, and claws, dusky black.

The pied flycatcher *(Muscicapa luctuosa)* is a much rarer bird than the spotted flycatcher, and affects more lonely localities. On this account, and as it cannot be said to be plentiful anywhere, it is by no means as well known as its more familiar relative. It is sometimes called the coldfinch and epicurean warbler, and occurs sparingly in most English districts, but seems most partial to the Northern Counties. Morris remarks that it appears to be only a summer visitant, and not a resident throughout the year.

Mr. John Hancock, in his "Catalogue of the Birds of Northumberland and Durham," has some interesting notes on the bird. The pied flycatcher, he observes, "is a spring-and-autumn migrant, though very rarely observed breeding here. I never obtained its nest in the district, though Bewick mentions the occurrence of one in Axwell Park, near Newcastle, in June, 1801. And I am informed by Mr. Isaac Clark that a nest was taken with five eggs in Stella Park, a little west of Newcastle. A few of the birds may always be seen on our coast in autumn previous to their migration; and in the middle of May they are occasionally observed in the same locality on their return to this country."

The bird has been found along the banks of the Eden, near Carlisle; on the banks of the Lyne, near the Border; and in various parts of the Lake District. Years ago it was by no means scarce in Castle Eden Dene. Morris

notes that it has been seen near Wearmouth (Sunderland), in Durham, and several others at Benton and other parts of Northumberland. Indeed, it has of late years increased in numbers, both in Northumberland and Durham, and is found nesting regularly in the two counties.

The food consists almost entirely of insects, which are captured in the air when the birds are on the wing.

The male bird is about five inches in length; tail, black; head on the sides, dark brown spotted with white; crown, black; forehead, white, the connection of two white spots; neck and nape, brownish or yellowish black; chin, throat, and breast, white, tinged with yellowish brown at the sides; back black, blackish grey in winter. The wings, which expand to a width of about seven and a half inches, reach to one-third of the length of the tail, which is black, with the exception of the basal half of the outer web of the outer feather, but it is said to be totally black in aged birds. The wings are brownish black, edged with white; tail coverts, greyish black; under tail coverts, white; legs, toes, and claws, black. The female is distinguished from the male by the white portions of the plumage being of a duller hue than in her

mate. The young are at first mottled over with dull white spots on the back, and with brown on the breast; the eyes, toes, and claws being of a dark slate colour.

Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York.

WILLIAM THOMSON, Archbishop of York, and Primate of All England, whose death occurred at Bishopthorpe on Christmas morning, 1890, was the son of Mr. John Thomson, of Kelswick House, near Whitehaven, and was born in the year 1819.

It was at Shrewsbury and Queen's College, Oxford, that he received his higher education. While at Oxford he devoted a great portion of his time to the study of logic, and produced his well-known work, "An Outline

DR. THOMSON, LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

of the Laws of Thought," which is used as a text-book in several universities in this country and in America.

Entering the church, he was for three years curate of St. Nicholas', Guildford, and there he came under the notice of one of the greatest men of the day, Samuel Wilberforce, father of the present Bishop of Newcastle, who was then Archdeacon of Surrey. By him Mr. Thomson was offered a curacy at Alverstoke; but while the arrangement was being made the rector of Alverstoke became Bishop of Oxford, and Mr. Thomson followed him to Cuddesdon as curate, the bishop being then the vicar of that parish, in which the episcopal palace is situated. Here he did not remain long, for in 1847 he was asked to return to his college as tutor, a position that he occupied for over eight years, during which period he successively became dean and bursar.

The year after Mr. Thomson's return to Queen's College, he was appointed Select Preacher to the University, which distinguished post he was again called upon to fill in 1856. Previous to the latter date he was chosen Bampton Lecturer—an honourable office which the University bestows upon her most eminent men.

The year 1855 was an eventful one in the life and career of Mr. Thomson. In the month of July he married Miss Zoë Skene, then living with her grandfather, James Skene, of Rubislaw, known to many as the friend of Sir Walter Scott, who dedicated to him the fourth canto of "Marmion." The lady's father was James Henry Skene, her Majesty's Consul at Aleppo, while her mother was Rhalou Rangabè, a Greek lady of distinguished birth.

And in this year commenced those appointments which led up to Mr. Thomson's promotion to the Primacy of England. It was then that he became Chaplain to the Queen, and shortly after, when the important Crown living of All Souls, Langham Place, became vacant, Lord Palmerston, who was Prime Minister, offered it to Mr. Thomson. Shortly after he had accepted the living of All Souls, he was elected Provost of Queen's College. At this time Mr. Thomson was only 36—an unusually early age for anyone to be elected to such a position. In 1856 Mr. Thomson took his degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1858 the preachership of Lincoln's Inn became vacant, and the Provost of Queen's, who had by this time established a considerable reputation as a preacher, became a candidate for the distinguished post. There were thirty competitors, and from among them the benchers of the society elected Dr. Thomson by a very large majority.

After a few years' enjoyment of the comparatively tranquil position of Provost of Queen's, Dr. Thomson was called to a higher post and increased responsibilities. The See of Gloucester and Bristol became vacant in 1861 by the death of Bishop Monk; and Lord Palmerston, who was still Prime Minister, presented it to Dr. Thomson. A year after this Dr. Longley was translated to Canterbury, and the newly-made Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol was appointed in his room, and became Archbishop of York.

The Archbishop was the projector of the "Speaker's Commentary"; he also contributed largely to Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible." A theologian, philosopher, and poet, Archbishop Thomson was also a student of physical science, and had a remarkable power of grasping any subject to which he turned his mind. On one occasion, when he addressed the students of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, the medical men present exclaimed, "What a good doctor spoilt by being Arch-

bishop!" Another time an ironmaster to whom he was talking said, "If he had been an ironmaster, he would have beaten us all."

Notes and Commentaries.

THOMAS IRONSIDES, A TYNESIDE WORTHY.

A Dunston correspondent, who takes the name of Village Blacksmith, lately informed the readers of the *Weekly Chronicle* that a venerable gentleman who had nearly reached his hundredth year was still living, hale and hearty, in the neighbourhood of Kibblesworth. Village Blacksmith has since supplied me with a few particulars of this remarkable man, together with a copy of a photograph which was taken by Mr. J. Eltringham, of the Felling. It is from this photograph that the accompanying sketch has been copied.

Mr. Thomas Ironsides was born at the quaint village of Kibblesworth, in the county of Durham, in 1791, so that he is within a very few months of celebrating his hundredth birthday. It is an interesting fact that he first saw the light in the same house—Kibblesworth East Farm—that he now occupies, which has been his peaceable home for close upon a century. Mr. Ironsides is a son of the late William Ironsides, a well-known agriculturist in his day. Coming to Kibblesworth about 1786, the father obtained from an ancestor of Lord Ravensworth the farm which his son now holds. William was born in the year 1766, and died on July 25, 1856, at the ripe age of 90 years. After his father's retirement, about 61 years ago, Thomas took the farm (which he had managed for some time previously) into his own hands, and he has carried it on with success up to the present day. Although the old gentleman walks at a slow pace, and has to rely upon a trusty stick, he still takes plenty of out-door exercise, enjoys good health, and has all his mental faculties about him. When a young man, he served in Sir Thomas Burdon's cavalry. Although he was seven years a foot soldier and seven years a horse soldier, he was never called out except once, and that was at the time of the great Keelmen's Strike on the Tyne, when troops were despatched to Shields to assist in preserving the peace. Village Blacksmith regrets to say that Mr. Ironsides lost the partner of his joys and sorrows some years ago, and was left with a grown-up family, chiefly sons, the eldest of whom is 73 years old.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

ELIZABETH ISABELLA SPENCE.

Elizabeth Isabella Spence, the descendant of a literary family, was the only child of Dr. Spence of Durham, where she was born in the year 1767. Her parents dying whilst she was yet a child, she went to London and resided with some friends, and there became imbued with a desire for the study of literature. At the house of these relatives she became the associate and friend of many of the leading litterateurs of the period, and in time the authoress of several works, including:—"Summer Excursions through Part of England and Wales," "Letters from the North Highlands," "Tales of Welsh Society and Scenery," "The Curate and his Daughter," "Dame Rebecca Berry." She died at Chelsea on the 27th of July, 1832, in the sixty-fifth year of her age.

J. W. FAWCETT, The Grange, Satley.

BROUGHAM'S FIRST BRIEF.

Old Samuel Wood, Town Clerk of Jedburgh, gave Henry Brougham his first brief. He found him in his office, pacing up and down like a bear in his den, with a clerk, evidently afraid of him, writing to his dictation. Mr. Wood stated his case, and then proceeded, with the natural self-confidence of an old practitioner, to give him some law points. Brougham stopped him. "Are these the facts?" "Yes." "Then leave the law to me. Good day!" And he hurried him out. The worthy old gentleman thought he had engaged a madman; but Brougham gained the cause. While it was going on in the court, the young advocate curtly asked the attorney if he could lend him ten pounds. He did so. "I'll remit you," said Brougham. But the remittance never came. Six months afterwards, Mr. Wood was walking along Princes Street when he saw Brougham approaching. He would have avoided him, but the future Lord Chancellor's quick eye, catching sight of his Jeddart friend, put it out of his power. Brougham came forward with a bound, and, taking his hand, said, "I remitted you yesterday, Mr. Wood, with ten thousand thanks, and ten thousand apologies; for I had entirely forgotten all about it." He sent off the money by next post.

W. BROCKIE, Sunderland.

A WESTMORELAND MATHEMATICIAN.

William Gibson was born at Boulton, near Appleby, Westmoreland, in 1720. From his childhood (so I read in the "Imperial Dictionary,") he was brought up to farming, receiving no education whatever. In early manhood he obtained a farm at Hollins, near Cartmell Fell, Lancashire. It was here he commenced to teach himself how to read, his chief lesson book being a work on arithmetic. While studying the art of reading, he developed a marvellous power for work-

ing out sums of all kinds by sheer mental process. He next set about mastering the art of writing; then he devoted all his spare time to studying geometry, algebra, trigonometry, and astronomy, proving himself an expert in these sciences, finally acquiring a sound knowledge of the higher grades in mathematics and their various branches. The problems propounded in the "Ladies' Diary," the "Palladium," the "Gentleman's Diary," and cognate publications, were answered by him with an accuracy so astounding that his fame spread far and wide. Mathematicians in various parts of England were glad to consult him on abstruse matters. By the time he was thirty years of age he opened a school at Cartmel for the instruction of eight or ten pupils, who boarded at his farm-house. He also held a good position as a land-surveyor and acquired a lucrative practice. He died from the effects of a fall at his house at Blawith, near Cartmel, on Sept. 4, 1791, leaving a widow and ten children.

C. H. STEPHENSON, Southport.

THE HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE.

One of the first persons to suggest the idea of a high level bridge between Newcastle and Gateshead was Edward Hutchinson, master-mason, of Newcastle, who, when the old Tyne Bridge was swept away in 1771, brought a prospectus and plan before the Newcastle Corporation; but the project was premature, and nothing was done. In 1833 a plan was presented for an elevated suspension bridge, to connect Newcastle and Gateshead, by Mr. B. R. Dodd, civil engineer, Newcastle, at a cost of £77,000; but this project was also abandoned. About the year 1839 Messrs. John and Benjamin Green published a scheme for a high level bridge. Although a committee of the Newcastle Corporation, of which Sir John Fife was a member, reported in favour of the plan, it likewise was abandoned.

Another plan for a high level bridge was that of Mr. Richard Grainger, who proposed to erect a superstructure on the Tyne Bridge, consisting of a viaduct for passengers and other traffic, supported upon metal tubes resting upon the piers of the bridge. Mr. Grainger's proposal, which, like the others, left the railway connection severed, did not meet with much favour. The eccentric William Martin (brother of John Martin, the painter) proposed to raise an additional storey upon the old bridge.

The most important proposal of all was that of Mr. John Dobson, the architect of many of the fine buildings in Newcastle. His plan provided a road for horse carriages and foot passengers in addition to a viaduct with two lines of railway, and included the formation of a grand central and general railway station in Neville Street, Newcastle. To Mr. Dobson is due the honour of having initiated the idea of the High Level Bridge; but he did not design that noble structure. The directors of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company, who saw the utility of the plan, judiciously engaged the services of the greatest engineer of the day, Mr. Robert Stephenson, to carry the scheme into execution, engaging Mr. Dobson at the same time to design the Central Railway Station.

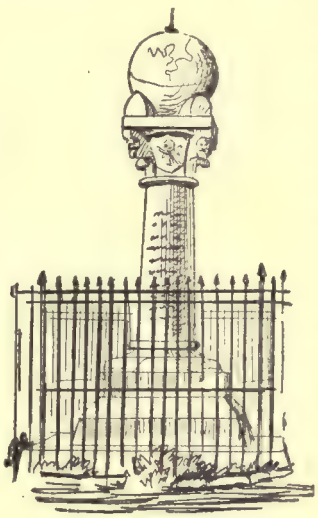
X., Newcastle.

THE MERIDIAN PILLAR AT HAMMERFEST.

TERMINUS SEPTENTRIONALIS
arcus meridiani 25° 20'
quem
inde-ab-Oceano-Artico
ad fluvium Danubium usque
per
Norvegiam, Sueciam et Rossiam
jussu et auspiciis
Regis Augustissimi
OSCAR I.
et Imperatorum Augustissimorum
ALEXANDRI I.
atque
NICOLAI I.
Annis MDCCCXVI. ad MDCCCLII.
continuo labore emensi sunt
trium gentium Geometræ.

Latitudo 70° 40' 11" 3.

At a little distance outside the town of Hammerfest (the most northern town in Norway and of the world), there stands a handsome polished granite pillar, of which I here give a drawing from a photograph. The pillar is surmounted by a large bronze casting of the globe, and upon this the hemispheres are portrayed in relief, the whole standing upon a suitable base consisitng of three tiers of granite, and enclosed by a massive metal railing. Upon either side of the granite column may be read an inscription in the Latin and Norwegian languages which indicates that the pillar has been erected for putting on record the fact that the geometricians of the three northern countries—Norway, Sweden, and Russia—under the auspices of the most august King Oscar I., and of the most august Emperors Alexander I. and Nicholas I., have, by continuous labour, during the years 1816-1852, measured the northern terminus of the arc of the meridian of 25° 20', the latitude being recorded as 70° 40' 11" 3.



VIATOR, Newcastle.

THE FIRST TELEGRAPH MESSAGE BETWEEN NEWCASTLE AND LONDON.

Mr. Joseph W. Oliver, now of Birmingham, while employed in the Electric Telegraph Company's office in the Sandhill, Newcastle, in 1849, had the honour of sending the first telegraphic message that was ever

transmitted from Newcastle to London. How this happened has been thus described by himself:—

In those days, night-work was almost a sinecure, and, except in the troublous times of 1848, it was rare that anything occurred to disturb our "watchful repose," or the game of draughts in which we occasionally indulged with our fellow-clerk at Edinburgh or York. On one occasion—somewhere in the latter half of 1849—I was alone on night duty at the Sandhill, long after all active business had ceased, when, looking up from a book I was reading, I noticed a slight vibration of the needles taking place. But it was so very slight, and so much like that which was constantly being caused by disturbed conditions of the atmosphere, that for some time I paid but little heed. At last, however, I began to suspect that someone was "calling" Newcastle, and I at once proceeded to reply to the signal, taking it for granted that it was one of the stations with which we usually communicated, but that some accident had occurred to the wires, and thus rendered the signal indistinct. For a long time, I could make nothing of it, but at last, after a very slow and deliberate putting of the question, "Who are you?" I got the reply, equally deliberately given, but with the very faintest motion of the needles, "I am I. R." As far as my memory goes, those were the code letters which stood for London; at any rate, it was the code signal for London which was given, and to my astonishment I found I was speaking to the great metropolis, whereas up to that time our messages had never gone further than Normanton. We both of us tried a little further talk, but without avail; and presently Normanton intervened and told me he had connected me with London, and that it was with London I had been speaking. My chief and colleagues were considerably surprised when I reported the matter to them next morning.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE DRUNKARD'S REPLY.

A drunken character was accosted in the streets of Blyth one day by a person of evangelistic propensities, who found John in his usual condition. "Oh Jack," said he, "drunk again, aa see. Wey, man, whaat'll become o' ye? Divvent ye knaa that drunkards cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven?" "Aye," said Jack, "aa knaa that; but aa divvent mean to get drunk when aa gans thor!"

CONSOLATION.

A Pelton Fell man who had purchased the week's provisions at the co-operative stores, called at a public-house on his way home, and indulged rather freely in strong ale. The result was that he lost his parcel. On his arrival at his home, he told his wife of his misfortune, and she upbraided him for his folly. "Begox," he suddenly shouted in joyful tones, "it's not se bad eftor aall. Nivvor mind the grosseries—aa've getten the checks aall reet!"

AN ARTIST'S LICENSE.

A Tyneside artist was painting the portrait of a sculler who hails from the other side of the Atlantic. The oarsman was seated in his boat, and the painter was desirous that he should alter his position. "I want you to be a little more foreshortened," said the painter. "What's that?" queried the other. "Oh, it's just an artist's expression—an artist's license." "Waal," said the oarsman, "this is the first time I've heard that English painters have to obtain licenses!"

A FRIEND OF PUBLICANS AND SINNERS.

A local character in the neighbourhod of Jarrow, a great frequenter of public-houses, was accosted recently by a temperance friend who pointed out that he was despised and rejected by all respectable people, owing to his frequent visits to the public-house. "Ah, weel," was the reply, "if aa is despised and rejected by them, aa can easily see that it's for the syem reason that ma Lord and Master was despised and rejected—because aa's a friend of publicans and sinnors!"

PRIORITY IN SWEARING.

A gentleman and his wife were walking down Grey Street, Newcastle, when a little sweep in front of them delivered a volley of oaths, and then ran away. The gentleman, disgusted, left his partner and hastened after the boy to correct him. "You young scoundrel," he cried, shaking the boy, "what made you swear before my wife?" "What, sor?" "What made you swear before my wife?" "Oh, aa dident knaa, sor," whimpered the laddie, "thet yor wife wanted to sweer, or she shud ha' sweered afore aa did!"

SPELLING.

Two miners were conversing together one morning during the spelling bee rage. Bob says to Mick, "What an a sort of a speller is thoo, Mick?" "Wey, when aa went te skyule, aa nivvor got varry far larn'd, but aa knaa m-double-e spells me." "Whaat?" says Bob; "no, it dissent." "Wey, it dis noo," says Mick. "Aa tell thoo, man, thoo's wrang," said Bob. "Wabbot, aa's sure aa's reet; it dis, mun." "Hoots man, had thee tongue; aa tell thoo thoo's wrang; it dissent spell me," says Bob. "Wey, aa cannot tell whether it spells thoo or not, but aa can insure thoo it spells me!"

"MIND YOR PIPESTOPPLES."

A few years ago a keelman opened the door of a carriage at a Tyneside railway station, with the intention of entering, but found that the passage was not clear, as a tall, thin gentleman, deeply engaged in reading his paper, and evidently too much interested to perceive the opening of the door, had his legs stretched on to the opposite seat. Making his way up the steps, the keelman shouted out, "Mind thy pipestopples, man!" The gentleman at once withdrew the offending extremities, and the keelman took his seat. As soon as the train started, the former began, "I am sorry, my friend, that I did not observe your entrance, or I certainly should not have caused such an offending request to be made to me. But just let me give you a bit of advice. Be a little more respectful and courteous to your fellows, make your requests with a certain amount of civility and regard, and I'll warrant you will get on much better in life." The keelman looked at him with somewhat of a curious gaze, as if he hardly understood him, but, determined not to be beaten, replied, "Noo, let me gie *thoo* a bit advice. Always keep

thy pipestopples oot o' folk's way, if thoo dissent want them smashed!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 12th of December, 1890, Mrs. Dodds, widow of Mr. George Dodds, the well-known temperance advocate and ex-Mayor of Tynemouth, died at the residence of her grandson, Mr. Allison, at Liverpool. The remains of the deceased were conveyed to Newcastle, and interred in All Saints' Cemetery.

Mr. John Burnup, of the firm of Messrs John Burnup and Sons, builders, and for many years chairman of St. John's Burial Board, Newcastle, died in Newcastle, on the 14th of December, in the 87th year of his age.

On the same day, Mr. Robert McQueen, senior partner in the firm of R. McQueen and Son, cutlers, Grainger Street, Newcastle, died at his residence at Gateshead.

On the 18th of December the Duchess of Northumberland died at Alnwick Castle. (See *ante*, p. 82.)

The death was announced, on the 20th of December, of Joseph Inskip, an old standard of the city of Durham. The deceased was a great favourite of John Gully, the celebrated prize-fighter, horse-racer, legislator, and colliery proprietor, by whom he was frequently entertained at Cocken Hall.

On the 23rd of December, Mr. William Dodd Pratt, a large land and property owner, died suddenly at Field House, Hylton, in the 69th year of his age. The deceased was originally an architect, and in that capacity furnished the design of the Lambton Monument at Penshaw. Mr. Pratt was a member of several local public bodies.

On the same day, James C. Hunter, an old showman, died at South Bank, Yorkshire. The deceased was a Newcastle man, belonging to the Ouseburn, and a bricklayer to trade, but at an early age he acquired a taste for the drama, and as an actor and showman he travelled round the Northern Counties, Northumberland and Durham especially being his favourites.

Mrs. Watson, of Prestone, Weardale, a lady well known for her philanthropy, died suddenly on the 24th of December.

Mr. Joseph Michael Smith, of Monkwearmouth, a retired draper, local philanthropist, and originator of the Volunteer Life Brigade at Roker, died on the 24th of December, 80 years of age.

Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York, in his 72nd year, died in that city on the 25th of December. (See *ante*, page 89.)

On the 27th of December, Mr. Matthew Stephenson Dodds, the oldest printer in business in Newcastle, died at his residence in Gateshead, aged 70 years.

Mr. Thomas Richardson, member of Parliament for the Hartlepools, died at his residence, Kirklevington, near Yarm, on the 29th of December. The deceased gentleman, who was 69 years of age, was head of the firm of Richardson and Sons, marine engineers, Hartlepool.

On the 30th of December, the remains of the late Mr. Jonathan Claude Wylie, a noted linguist, and a frequent contributor to theological and philological discussions, were interred in the cemetery at Blackhill.

Mr. George Walton, artist, of Newcastle, who was especially distinguished as a portrait painter, died at Appleby, Westmoreland, on the 30th of December, his age being only 35 years. The deceased, who was born at Blenkinsop, near Haltwhistle, in 1855, after studying at

Mr. George Walton.

the School of Art, Newcastle, the Royal Academy, and in Paris, painted many portraits of great excellence both in England and in Australia.

On the 1st of January, 1891, Mrs. Harkness, wife of the chief officer of the Tyne Division of the Salvation Army, died in Westgate Road, Newcastle.

At the age of 75 years, Mr. William Knott, for upwards of thirty years outdoor manager for the Sunderland Water Company, died on the 4th of January,

Mr. J. G. Robinson, one of the principal clerks in Backhouse's Bank at Durham, a prominent archæologist, and a captain in the 4th Durham Volunteers, died on the 5th of January, aged 50 years.

The death occurred on the 6th of January, at an advanced age, of Mr. Thomas Brentnall, J.P., of Southfield Terrace, Middlesbrough. The deceased was Mayor of that borough in 1862-63.

On the 6th of January, news was received of the death, at Hull, of Mr. William Joliffe, the founder of the famous steam-tug boat company at Liverpool, to which town, in early life, he had removed from Shields.

Mr. Thomas Tucker, managing partner of the firm of Isaac Tucker and Co., brewers and merchants, Gateshead, died suddenly on the 6th of January, aged 41.

On the 8th of January, intelligence was received of the death from fever at Usambiro, in Africa, of two missionaries belonging to the party of Bishop Tucker. One of the unfortunate gentlemen was Mr. James William Dunn, a native of Blaydon.

Mr, John Thompson, who for thirty years was a builder of wooden ships at Sunderland, died on the 8th of January.

On the same day, the death took place of Mr. John Binks, for forty years assistant-overseer and poor-rate collector for the township of Westoe, in the South Shields

Union. Mr. Binks was a native of Alnwick, and was 81 years of age.

Mr. H. Bowman Brady, of the firm of Brady and Martin, chemists, Newcastle, and one of the sons of Dr. Brady, of Gateshead, died at Bournemouth on the 10th of January. Mr. Brady, who was an accomplished naturalist, was a member of the Society of Friends, and was 56 years of age.

On the same day died, in his 70th year, Mr. Thomas Main, a member of the Northumberland County Council.

On the 10th, also, in the 91st year of his age, Mr. Andrew Brown died at Linthaugh Farm, near Ford, Northumberland.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

DECEMBER, 1890.

11.—Mr. G. E. T. Smithson, secretary of the Tyneside Geographical Society, addressed a letter to the local papers, enclosing a communication from Mr. Albert Grey, who drew attention to the fact that the initial steps of the Anglo-Siberian enterprise, which had recently been crowned with success, grew directly out of the admirable lecture delivered by Captain Wiggins under the auspices of that society about twelve months previously.

12.—The Bishop of Durham laid the foundation stone of a new wing of the Lady Vernon Schools, Gateshead.

13.—At the offices of the Miners' Permanent Relief Fund, Newcastle, Mr. Thomas Weatherley, of Pelton Fell, was presented with a testimonial, in the form of a purse containing a hundred sovereigns, together with a handsomely bound volume of Allan's *edition de luxe* of Joe Wilson's poems and a copy of Wilson's "Pitman's Pay," in recognition of the services he had rendered to the miners of the North of England during a period of fifty years. Mr. T. Burt, M.P., presided, and the presentation was made by Mr. George Parkinson, of Sherburn, Durham.

—Messrs. Palmer and Co., Jarrow-on-Tyne, launched from their yard at Howdon, a second-class twin-screw steamer, named the Pique, for the English Government.

—The first prize awarded by the directors of the North-Eastern Railway Company for the best floral display at railway stations was awarded to the station-master at Heddon-on-the-Wall, and the second to the station-master at Newburn.

—The Dundee and Newcastle steamer Pladda went ashore, and subsequently became a wreck, on the Fifeshire coast, near Crail, but the passengers and crew were saved.

14.—At two mass meetings, held in Newcastle, an almost unanimous resolution was passed in favour of a strike among the servants of the North-Eastern Railway Company in the event of certain demands relating to the hours of work and the rate of wages not being conceded, and a large number of notices of an intended cessation of labour on the expiration of a week were subsequently handed in to the company. Before the expiration of the notices, however, an amicable settlement of the difficulties was effected, liberal concessions having been made to the men.

—In the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, LL.D., PH.D., lectured under the auspices of

the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society on "The Literature and Religion of the Ancient Egyptians."

15.—Mr. Thomas Wilson, the father of the Newcastle Council, and for many years chairman of the Town Improvement Committee, tendered his resignation as an alderman of the city of Newcastle. Mr. Richard Henry Holmes, of the firm of Messrs. Holmes and Spence, chartered accountants, and honorary secretary to the Newcastle Hospital Sunday Fund, was subsequently elected in his stead.

—The Newcastle City Council declined the proposal of the Byker Bridge Company to sell the bridge to the Corporation for £112,000.

—Mr. Sims Reeves, the celebrated tenor vocalist, gave a farewell concert in the Victoria Hall, Sunderland.

—A meeting was held in reference to a freehold farm, consisting of a hundred acres, about four miles west of Newcastle, which it was proposed to purchase with a view to its subdivision into allotments, and applications were eventually received for the whole of the lots.

—The foundation stone was laid of a new "Citadel," to be erected by the Salvation Army on the site of the old Lyceum Theatre, in Lambton Street, Sunderland.

16.—At Newcastle Christmas Cattle Market the total number of cattle shown was 2,650, and the prices realised ranged from 8s. 3d. to 8s. 6d. per stone.

17.—Mr. E. A. Hedley was appointed a director of the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company in the room of his late brother, Mr. Alderman Hedley.

—Three men, named Birbeck, Laverick, and Maddison, were fatally suffocated by a sudden escape of gas from some old workings at North Biddick Colliery.

18.—Mr. Charles Percy, solicitor, Alnwick, was elected coroner for the northern division of the county of Northumberland.

19.—The third annual exhibition of toys for poor children, under the auspices of Uncle Toby, the conductor

of the Dicky Bird Society of the *Weekly Chronicle*, was opened by the Mayor of Newcastle in the Bath Lane Hall in that city. (See page 85.)

—The Rev. R. Stewart Wright, who three years ago left Newcastle to act as a missionary in Central Africa, but who had had to return home invalided, paid a visit to Newcastle.

—It was announced that the will of the late Mr. Daniel Adamson, of the Towers, Didsbury, formerly of Shildon, in the county of Durham, and one of the originators of the Manchester Ship Canal, had been sworn at £54,168 10s. 10d. Other local wills of the month were those of Mrs. Bolckow, widow of Mr. H. W. F. Bolckow, M.P. for Middlesbrough, £29,281, and of Mr. Robert Walters, of Eldon Square, Newcastle, valued at £16,376. Under the last of these testaments a considerable sum was left to local charities.

21.—Damage to the extent of £4,000 was caused by a fire which broke out in Messrs, Lauder and Company's saw mills at West Hartlepool.

22.—The Rev. C. P. Sherman, who had been appointed to the living of St. John Lee, Hexham, was presented with several gifts by the parishioners of St. Paul's, Elswick, Newcastle.

23.—A severe frost, which had lasted several days, prevailed at this time, skating being freely enjoyed on the ponds in the public parks; and as showing the great waste of water, from the fear of frozen pipes, it was stated that 15,500,000 gallons per day had been sent from Whittle Dene to the Benwell reservoir, whereas the usual quantity did not exceed 12,000,000 gallons.

24.—It was announced that Mr. Charles William F. Goss, sub-librarian of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Public Libraries, had been appointed principal librarian to the Lewisham Public Libraries and Museum, London, S.E.

—The Christmas pantomime of "Dick Whittington and his Cat" was produced at the Theatre Royal; and the same evening witnessed the first representation of "Jack and the Beanstalk" at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

25.—The frost having given way, rain fell smartly during the greater part of Christmas Day. There were the customary festivities and entertainments, including a breakfast to poor children given by the Mayor (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis), in Bath Lane Hall, Newcastle.

—A married woman at Consett was delivered of triplets, all boys.

—Dr. and Mrs. Beatty celebrated their golden wedding at Seaham Harbour.

26.—The little Border church of Falstone was destroyed by fire; the sacramental plate, a fine harmonium, and a painted window, presented by Mr. T. Spencer, of Ryton Grove, being lost in the conflagration.

—A massive silver pencil case was presented to Colonel Coulson by a number of the girls whom he had helped in connection with the Northumberland Association for the Protection of Women and Children.

27.—Mr. J. R. D. Lynn, as umpire, decided that the drawing hours of double shift pits in the county of Durham should be twenty hours per day.

—A second-class protected cruiser, the Sybille, built for the Government, was launched from the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., at Hebburn.

—The foundation of a Workmen's Institute for the workmen of Burradon was laid by Mrs. Reah, of Gosforth, wife of the managing owner of the Burradon and Coxlodge Coal Company.

29.—A meeting of the governors of the Wellesley Training Ship in the river Tyne was held in Newcastle, in reference to certain changes in the rules; but, owing to the difficulty of coming to a unanimous agreement, the proceedings were eventually adjourned.

30.—Robert Kitching was executed in York Castle for the murder of Police-Sergeant Weedy, at Leeming, near Bedale, on the 9th of September, the executioner being a man named Billington.

JANUARY, 1891.

1.—In Newcastle, and throughout the North of England generally, the New Year of 1891 was ushered in by a strict observance of the customs, secular and sacred, traditionally associated with the season. There were the usual festive and other social gatherings, while in the evening all the places of entertainment were largely patronised. In the afternoon, the Mayor of Newcastle entertained about 250 aged persons, male and female, to a comfortable meal in the schoolroom attached to the Church of the Divine Unity, New Bridge Street. One of the guests, Catherine O'Hara, of Wall Knoll, was of the reputed age of 104 years.

—The annual gathering and singing competition promoted by the Cleveland and Durham Eisteddfod was held in the Town Hall, Middlesbrough, under the presidency of the Marquis of Londonderry.

2.—Mr. Thomas Stamp Alder's annual New Year's breakfast to poor children took place in the Bath Lane Hall, Newcastle, the little guests numbering 2,500. Through Mr. Alder's instrumentality, also, about 200 of the poorest and most destitute children in the neighbourhood were, on the 4th, entertained to breakfast in All Saints' Church Mission Room, Silver Street, in the same city.

—John Power, a labourer, but formerly stationed as a Customs officer at North Shields, was found lying dead on the North-Eastern Railway between North Shields and Tynemouth.

3.—The steamer Caroline Robert de Massey, of Stockton, was sunk off Dungeness after collision with another steamer, the Braithwaite Hall.

—It was announced that the degree of D.D. had been conferred by the University of Dublin on the Rev. Thos. Randall, Principal of Bede College, Durham.

5.—The Rev. J. C. Street, formerly minister of the Church of the Divine Unity, Newcastle, received and accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Church of the Saviour in Birmingham, with which the late Mr. George Dawson, M.A., was identified.

—A large new Board School at Todd's Nook, affording accommodation for 1,200 children, and erected at a cost of £11,000, was formally opened by the Mayor of Newcastle.

—In the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle, the Rev. Canon Talbot commenced a series of six lectures on "The English Reformation in the Sixteenth Century." The Bishop of Newcastle presided.

6.—A number of men were seriously burned by the accidental upsetting of a ladle of molten steel at the Eston Steel Works of Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, & Co.

—The Stockton Town Council resolved to confer the honorary freedom of the borough on Major Ropner, J.P., in recognition of his munificent gift of a park to the town.

—Mr. G. F. Robinson, a local artist, and his wife, celebrated their golden wedding at their residence,

Elsdon Road, Gosforth, and were the recipients of numerous congratulations.

7.—There being no cases for hearing at the Sunderland Police Court, the customary pair of white gloves was presented to the Mayor, who presided on the Bench.

—It was stated that the total output of iron in the Cleveland district during 1890 had amounted to 2,846,000 tons, being the largest quantity ever known in one year.

9.—George Sterling, late assistant-overseer of the township of Elswick, pleaded guilty to falsifying the books of the township and embezzling large sums of money received by him on account of the overseers. The Recorder (Mr. W. Digby Seymour, Q.C.) sentenced the prisoner to 18 months' imprisonment.

—Mr. Thomas Stamp Alder gave the first of a series of free indoor winter concerts for the poor, in the People's Palace, Haymarket, Newcastle.

—Five men were injured by the sudden collapse of a portion of the roof of the North Bridge Street Presbyterian Church, Sunderland, at which they were working.

10.—A gold watch and guard and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles were presented, on the occasion of his retirement, to Mr. John Baines, permanent-way inspector for the North-Eastern Railway Co., at Malton. Mr. Baines began his career on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, under George Stephenson, sixty-four years ago.

—A conversazione was held in the Barras Bridge Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society. Dr. R. Spence Watson, who presided, stated that the attendance at the lectures had averaged 1,900.

—Considerable damage was caused by a fire which broke out in the shop of Miss H. Pye, milliner, 177, Westgate Road, Newcastle.

General Occurrences.

DECEMBER, 1890.

12.—Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A., the famous sculptor, died suddenly in his studio, Fulham Road, London.

15.—A Parliamentary election for the Bassetlaw division of Nottinghamshire resulted as follows:—Sir Frederick Milner (Conservative), 4,381; Mr. Mellor, Q.C. (Liberal), 3,653.

—Owing to the prospect of a rising of Indians in the United States, the authorities arrested a noted chief, Sitting Bull, and his son. Their followers attempted a rescue, and the two chiefs were killed.

16.—Serious disturbances occurred at Ballinakill, Ireland, in connection with an election for North Kilkenny. Among those assaulted were Mr. Michael Davitt and several members of the Irish party. Mr. Parnell was nearly blinded by having two bags of lime thrown in his face.

—The trial of Michael Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard for the murder of a man named Gouffé was commenced at Paris. After a very sensational and prolonged inquiry, both the prisoners were found guilty. Bompard was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, while Eyraud was sentenced to death.

19.—Charles Lyddon, a medical student, was committed for trial by the coroner of Faversham on a charge of having feloniously administered a poisonous dose of morphia to his brother, Dr. Lyddon.

21.—The Scotch railway servants decided to come out on strike, owing to the refusal of the directors to grant a ten hours' day. The traffic was almost paralysed for a time by the action of the men.

22.—M. Niels Gade, the eminent Danish composer, died suddenly, aged 73.

—The North Kilkenny election took place. The result was the defeat of the Parnellite candidate, Mr. Vincent Scully, by a majority of 1,162 votes, Sir J. Pope Hennessy, the Gladstonian candidate, being returned with 2,527 votes.

23.—Mary Eleanor Wheeler, *alias* Mrs. Pearcey, was executed at Newgate Prison for the murder of Phœbe Hogg, the wife of Frank Hogg, and their infant daughter, Phœbe Hanslope Hogg, on 24th October last, in Kentish Town, London.

27.—Mr. Walter Grimshaw, a well-known chess player, committed suicide.

28.—A terrible fight ensued between American troops and Red Indians at Porcupine Creek, Nebraska, U.S., owing to the attempted disarmament of the latter. The Indians were mown down by artillery, and during their flight many women and children were killed.

29.—M. Octave Feuillet, the well-known French author, died, aged 78.

30.—Thomas Macdonald was executed at Liverpool for the murder of Miss Holt at Belmont, near Bolton.

JANUARY, 1891.

1.—Nine children lost their lives and many others were seriously burnt at an entertainment at Leeds. While they were being dressed in cotton wool to represent the winter season, a Chinese lantern caught fire and ignited the costumes of the children.

2.—A great fire occurred at New York, the Fifth Avenue and Hermann Theatres being destroyed.

3.—About two hundred men employed in the Savings Bank department of the General Post Office were discharged for having declined to work two hours extra the day previous. They afterwards apologised, and were re-instated.

5.—Serious disturbances took place at Motherwell in connection with the Scotch railway strike. The affair arose through men being evicted from houses belonging to the Caledonian company. The soldiers were called out, and the Riot Act was read. Blank cartridges were fired upon the crowd, which then quickly dispersed.

—Intelligence was received of the suppression of a native insurrection in the Caroline Islands with terrible slaughter.

10.—Riotous proceedings occurred at Carlisle in connection with the strike on the North British Railway.

11.—Two steamers—the Britannia, trading between Leith and Newcastle, and the Bear, belonging to Glasgow—accidentally collided in the Firth of Forth. Both vessels were sunk, thirteen persons being drowned.

—It was announced that the Right Rev. William Connor Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, had been appointed Archbishop of York.

Printed by Walter Scott, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. V.—No. 49. MARCH, 1891. PRICE 6D.

Anne Clifford, High Sheriff of Westmoreland.

GEORGE CLIFFORD, third Earl of Cumberland, the father of the subject of our sketch, was a brave, extravagant, reckless, and eccentric man. Endowed by nature with strength and agility, splendid in his dress, and accomplished in all knightly exercises, he was renowned alike for his personal attractions and his Quixotic valour. A skilful navigator and an intrepid commander, he made many successful voyages to the Spanish Main—an El Dorado whose golden stores were the goal of all sea adventurers in Elizabethan days. Spending his substance in fitting out ships for these expeditions, this high-born buccaneer won the favour of Queen Elizabeth, who, true to her Boleyn blood, liked nothing better than to share the profits of enterprises which cost her nothing; in fact, the handsome cavalier was held in so much esteem by the Queen, who loved a "proper man," that she honoured the most skilful horseman and tilter of his day by appointing him her special champion at all tournaments, an office for which he was admirably qualified by taste and personal advantages.

The suit of tilting armour which he wore when challenging all-comers to combat in honour of his Royal mistress now hangs in "monumental mockery" at Appleby Castle, and some idea of the gallant champion's strength and vigour may be formed from the great size and weight of the helmet, which no living shoulders can now support. In 1592 he was invested with the Order of the Garter, which he is represented as wearing in the Skipton family picture, while another whole length portrait of the earl preserves the memory of a circumstance characteristic of that chivalric age, when even the most trifling observance bore some romantic or allegorical meaning. On his return from one of his semi-piratical voyages the Queen accorded him an audience, during which she inadvertently dropped her glove. Earl George immediately picked it up, and presented it kneeling; his sovereign, with a gracious smile, bade him keep it, and he, fully conscious of the honour Elizabeth had bestowed upon him, had the gauntlet richly set in diamonds, and wore it ever afterwards in front of his hat at all courtly ceremonials.

In 1577 this Earl of Cumberland married Margaret Russell, daughter of the Earl of Bedford, and Ann Clifford, the youngest and ultimately only surviving child of this union, was born at Skipton in 1590. Her father and mother, though knowing each other from infancy, and married before either of them had reached twenty years of age, led a most unhappy life, the reckless and roving disposition of the earl causing him to be a negligent and unfaithful husband to a wife whose only faults appear to have been goodness and virtue. They were separated while their daughter was still in her childhood, and she was thenceforth entirely left to the care of her mother—a prudent, sensible woman, who entrusted her education to efficient teachers. Samuel Daniel, a poet of no mean fame, was appointed her tutor, and it was from him she acquired that fondness for literature and composition which led her afterwards to write the long and curious account of herself and family which is still extant. Her account of her own personal appearance is worthy of notice; she details the length and thickness of her hair, the beauty of her eyes and figure, the dimple on her cheek, &c., but in her idea her physical advantages were more than equalled by her intellectual charms, for, "though I say it, the perfections of my mind were much above those of my body; I had a strong and

copious memory; a sound judgment; and a discerning spirit; and so much of a strong imagination as at many times even my dreams and apprehensions proved to be true." From a very early age the Lady Anne, as the only child of her noble parents, was regarded as a little lady of no small importance. Before she was ten she was introduced at the Court of Queen Elizabeth by her maternal aunt the Countess of Warwick, and after that Queen's death she accompanied her mother to Tibbals to see King James when he first came to England. Of that visit she writes:—"We all saw a great change between the fashion of the Court as it was now, and of that in the Queen's (time), for we were all lousy by sitting in Sir Thomas Erskine's chamber."

The Lady Anne was not present at the coronation of James and Anne of Denmark, "because the plague was then so bad in London"; but afterwards we find her in constant attendance at courtly festivities in company with her mother and her aunt of Warwick, and we learn that her "father at this tyme followed his suite to the kinge about the border lands, so that sometimes my mother and he did meet by chance when their countenance did shew the dislik they had one of ye other, yet he would speak to me in a slight fashion and give me his blessinge."

The extravagances of the Earl of Cumberland plunged the countess into poverty, and the education of his daughter had to be conducted on the strictest principles of economy. During the two years Lady Anne was in London with her governess (Mrs. Taylor), her whole expenses amounted to £35 13s. 8d. This small allowance was, however, supplemented by constant gifts from her wealthy relatives, the Countess of Warwick, the Countess of Derby, and the Countess of Northumberland, who sent her presents of silver groats and small gold pieces packed in little silver barrels, besides trinkets, fruit, and game, and sometimes a whole stag at a time. Her most expensive accomplishment was dancing, for we find twenty shillings was paid for "teaching my lady to daunce for one month." If she could read the books the titles of which are seen on the backs of volumes depicted in the portrait representing her as a prim girl of thirteen, she must have been a very learned little woman, for among them are Josephus, Eusebius, Sidney's "Arcadia," and works on alchemy. Her general education, however, was in no particular neglected; she was instructed in the precepts and practice of frugality and domestic economy, and to her careful training in early youth must be ascribed the business habits and administrative power she developed in after life. She made journeys with her mother to Brougham, Skipton, and Appleby, and paid visits to numerous relatives. During one of these visits she tells us, "I used to wear my hair-coloured velvet gown every day, and learned to sing and play on the bass viol of Jack Jenkins, my aunt's boy."

But a great change in Lady Anne Clifford's circumstances and position was about to take place. Her father's iron constitution broke down during a course of wild dissipation, and he died in London in the autumn of 1605, after a month's illness. In spite of all previous estrangements and disagreements his wife and daughter were with him at the bitter end. The latter testifies that he expressed great sorrow for his conduct to her saint-like mother, and died a very penitent man. He left the world, however, without repairing a grievous injury he had done his child. Pride of family was with him a stronger feeling than paternal affection, and by a will and deeds executed some years previously he arranged that all his lands should go with the earldom to his brother, and should only return to his daughter on the failure of his brother's heir male; the only provision bequeathed to Anne Clifford, expect this apparently remote reversion, being a present portion of £15,000.

After the death of the earl, Anne, by the advice and under the direction of her mother, contested the validity of her father's settlement, grounding her claim to the estates and barony of Clifford on the old entail granted by King John. Her case was laid before the House of Peers, and judgment was given against her at York. Both mother and daughter refused to accept this decision, and demanded a fresh trial; but before the case was ready for a new tribunal Anne Clifford, then in her nineteenth year, was married to Richard, Earl of Dorset, a youth who was a few months older than herself. From the first the marriage was an unhappy one; her husband, like all the Buckhursts, was immoral and extravagant; he soon wearied of the perpetual lawsuit, and urged his wife to accept a sum of money in lieu of her birthright. She held out; the case was tried over and over again; quarrels ensued and put an end to all harmony between husband and wife; and, though never finally separated, they lived as much apart as if they had been separated. The Earl of Dorset's life was, however, not a long one; he died in 1624, leaving by his wife only two daughters. Some years afterwards Lady Dorset's eldest daughter, then about fifteen, was married to Lord Lupton, and she herself took as her second husband Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. This union was no more fortunate than her preceding one, and my lady's matrimonial miseries, and the state of terror in which she lived, may be imagined when we find that she was obliged to write to her uncle, Lord Bedford, begging him to ask her husband to allow her to spend a few days in London, "for I dare not ventter to come up without his leve, lest he should take that occasion to turne me outt of his howse, as he did outt of Whitehall, and then I shall not know wher to put my hede." Under such circumstances well might she exclaim that "the marble pillars of Knowle and Melton were to her aftertimes but the gay arbours of anguish." Events now occurred which were of more vital interest to this daughter of the house of Clifford than the acquisition or loss of a husband. Her

uncle Francis, the fourth Earl of Cumberland, died, after holding the title and estates for thirty-five years, and his son Henry, who succeeded him, expired at York about two years afterwards, without leaving an heir male. On the death of this last earl the long contest was finally closed, and Anne, Countess Dowager of Dorset, Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, in accordance with her father's will, as well as heir of entail, became Baroness Clifford, and the ancient title and inheritance once more settled in the old line.

It was not, however, till the death of her tyrannical husband, the Earl of Pembroke, in 1649, that she found herself for the first time in her life a free agent. She then set out, though nearly sixty years of age, with all the activity and energy of a great nature long suppressed, to take personal possession of her superb estates in the North, and never again quitted her native mountains. With every impediment removed, and two rich jointures added to her paternal possessions, she at once commenced the great works which have made her as celebrated a builder as Bess of Hardwicke. She completely rebuilt the castles of Brougham, Skipton, Pendragon, Appleby, Brough, and Barden, some of which had been in ruins for centuries, and "scarce one showed more than the skeleton of a house," for "she did think upon the stones, and it pitied her to see them in the dust." As "she was not one to live in ceiled palaces while the Lord's House lay waste," she did not neglect more sacred edifices, but restored the parish churches of Appleby, Brougham, Barden, Skipton, Bongate, Mallerstang, and Ninekirks; she also repaired an almshouse, built by her mother at Bearmly, and built and endowed another at Appleby for thirteen poor women. In this way she imagined she earned the blessings promised in scripture to "the repairer of breaches, and the restorer of paths to dwell in."

One of her first pious works was the erection of a memorial pillar on the road between Penrith and Appleby, marking the never-to-be-forgotten spot where years before she had said her last sad good-bye to her beloved mother. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, page 71.) The memory of this dear parent was cherished through life; she constantly alludes to her in her memoirs, and ascribes whatever good fortune befell her to "the prayers of my devout mother, who incessantly begged of God for my safety and preservation." She never forgot or forgave her mother's injuries; even in the long epitaph she inscribed on her father's magnificent monument this feeling peeps out, for she assures us that it was erected by his sole surviving *legitimate* offspring, an innuendo most daughters would have avoided, particularly in Craven (her father was interred at Skipton), where many families claim a sinister descent from George, Earl of Cumberland.

Moving from castle to castle, the Countess Anne spread plenty and happiness around her, consuming the produce of her estates and spending large sums in hospitality and benevolence. She caused all the groceries, spices, stuffs, wine, corn, and malt required in her households to be bought from her neighbours, being desirous that the country should be benefited by her expenditure. Amongst other charitable acts, she caused a dole of money to be distributed to twenty poor persons in the neighbourhood of her residence every Monday morning. Exceedingly temperate in her diet, she rarely tasted wine, even after she was past eighty years of age, nor did she ever take physic in her life; her dress was plain to meanness, for though she attired her waiting women (who were all daughters of her tenants) in handsome garments, a petticoat and waistcoat of black serge was her own constant dress after her second widowhood. It was her custom to pass the year among her six castles, spending a certain number of weeks or months at each, not only inspecting the works she had in progress, but insisting in a tenacious and inflexible manner on what she believed to be her just rights.

It was a custom on her estates for each tenant, in addition to his rent, to pay an annual boon hen, as it was called, and this survival of an old custom had come to be considered the steward's perquisite. It happened that a rich tradesman from Halifax, named Murgatroyd, having taken a house near Skipton, refused to pay his boon hen. The countess, who never relinquished even the most shadowy of her claims, at once commenced a suit against him. As her tenant was as obstinate and determined as herself, the case was argued at considerable length, and when at last the law decided in her favour she found her hen had cost her £200. After the affair was settled, she invited Mr. Murgatroyd to dine with her, and the hen was the first dish served at table. "Come," said she, "let us now be good friends; since you allow the hen to be dressed at my table, we will divide it between us." Many other anecdotes of her inflexible determination are related. She defied Oliver Cromwell, refused his proffered arbitration in some difficulty with her tenants, and when he threatened to blow her castle down with his cannon she said she would build them up again so long as she had a shilling in her pocket. Who has not heard of her celebrated letter to the Minister who attempted to interfere with her right of nomination to the borough of Appleby? "I have been bullied by a usurper and neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject: your man shan't stand.—Anne Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery." Whether this letter is authentic or not, it is difficult to say. Horace Walpole believed it to be genuine, and he was no mean authority.

The countess was particularly proud of a singular dignity derived from her paternal ancestors, who had a hereditary right to act as High Sheriffs of Westmoreland. It has been stated again and again that Anne Clifford filled this office in person, and, like her great ancestress, Alethea, sat on the bench with the judges. That she

ever did so is uncertain; she was, however, recognised as Sheriff, and exercised the authority of the office by deputy. After having lain in abeyance for many years, this right was at length abolished by an Act of Parliament passed in 1850, ordaining the appointment of Sheriffs for that county in the usual manner.

Lady Dorset preserved her mental and physical activity to the end of her life, keeping up her journal of the events and transactions of every passing day to the very last. She met death with the same uncomplaining fortitude which had characterised her life, always answering when asked how she felt during her last brief illness, "I thank God I am very well." She died at Brougham Castle in 1675, in the 86th year of her age, and was buried in the sepulchre which she had herself erected at Appleby, choosing rather to rest beside her adored mother than to be interred with her martial ancestors at Skipton.

M. S. HARDCASTLE.

The Gipsies of the Border.

II.

GIPSY GENTLEMEN.

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago, or less, the superior order of gipsies used to swagger about the country like "perfect gentlemen." Simson tells us, in his History of the Gipsies, that the male head of the Ruthvens—a man who, according to the newspapers of the day, lived to the advanced age of 115 years—when in full dress in his youth, wore a white wig, a ruffled shirt, a blue Scottish bonnet, and white stockings, with silver buckles in his shoes. And William Baillie, well-known in Tweeddale and Clydesdale, was said to be the handsomest, the best dressed, the best looking, and the best bred man of his day. He acted, however, the character of the gentleman, the robber, and the tinker, indifferently, just as it answered his purpose. He was considered the most accomplished swordsman in all Scotland. Weapon in hand, and his back at a wall, he set almost everything, save fire-arms, at defiance.

THE WINTERS.

The Winters, one of whom was the principal in the Elsdon tragedy, for which murderous exploit he was hung in chains, were a gang of ferocious gipsies who long infested the wastes of Northumberland and committed many crimes. Several of them, we believe, were hanged for horse-stealing, house-breaking, or murder, and others were sent to the plantations or the hulks for various offences. The only member of the family that turned out well, for several generations, was a girl who was taken from her father when he was in prison, previous to execution, and brought up apart from her brothers and sisters. The father had a quarrel with one of his sons about the sale of some property, and shot him dead. The mother cohabited with another man, and was one morning found dead, with her throat cut. The remnant of this gang went down to Scotland about a hundred years ago, and assumed the Roxburghshire name of Wintrup, as they found their own somewhat odious. They settled at a cottage within four miles of Earlstoun, on the Leader, and became great plagues to the country round, until they were secured, after a pitched battle, tried before the Circuit Court at Jedburgh, and banished to England. The dalesmen of Reedwater showed great reluctance to receive these returned emigrants when they were set loose on the southern side of the Carter Bar. After the Sunday service at a little chapel near Otterburn, one of the squires rose, and, addressing the congregation, told them they would no longer be accounted Reedsdale men, but Reedsdale women, if they permitted this marked and atrocious family to enter the district. The people answered that they would not allow them to come that way; and the proscribed family, hearing of the unanimous resolution to oppose their passage, slunk away across the Kielder Moors to the head of North Tyne, and thence southward, where they were lost sight of. One of them was the redoubtable boxer, Tom Spring, Champion of England, who changed his name of Winter to that of a more kindly season on severing connection with his tribe.

THE ROMANNO POLYMACHY.

The quarrels of the gipsies frequently broke out in an instant, and almost without a visible cause. Some of their conflicts were terrible. Dr. Pennecuik gives the following account of one of them that took place on his estate of Romanno, in the parish of Newlands, in Tweeddale:—

> Upon the 1st of October, 1677, there happened at Romanno a remarkable polymachy between two clans of gipsies, the Fawes and the Shawes, who had come from Haddington fair, and were going to Harestanes to meet two other clans of these rogues, the Baillies and Browns, with a resolution to fight them. They fell out at Romanno among themselves about dividing the spoil they got at Haddington, and fought it manfully. Of the Fawes, there were four brethren and a brother's son; of the Shawes, the father with three sons; and several women on both sides. Old Sandy Fawe, a bold and proper fellow, with his wife, then with child, were both killed dead upon the place, and his brother George very dangerously wounded. In February, 1678, old Robin Shawe, the gipsy, and his three sons, were hanged at the Grassmarket for the above-mentioned murder, committed at Romanno; and John Fawe was hanged the Wednesday following, for another murder.

This gipsy battle is also noticed by Lord Fountainhall, in a MS. preserved in the Advocates' Library. The Browns and Baillies (whom he calls Bailezies) had come over from Ireland, he says, a short time before, and the others were determined to chase them back. The bodies of the four Shawes who were hanged were thrown into a hole dug for them in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, with their clothes on, but the next morning that of the youngest, who was scarce sixteen, was missed. "Some thought," says his

lordship, "that, being last thrown over the ladder and first cut down, and in full vigour, and not much earth placed upon him, and lying uppermost, and so not so ready to smother, the fermentation of the blood, and heat of the bodies under him, might cause him to rebound, and throw off the earth, and recover ere the morning and steal away, which, if true, he deserved his life, though the magistrates deserved a reprimand. But others, more probably, thought his body was stolen away by some chirurgeon, or his servant, to make an anatomical dissection on." Dr. Pennecuik erected a dove-cot on the spot where the fray took place; and to commemorate the battle, put upon the lintel of the door the following inscription:—

A.D. 1683.
The field of gipsie blood, which here you see,
A shelter for the harmless dove shall be.

THE BATTLE OF HAWICK BRIG.

A very bloody, though not fatal, gipsy battle took place at the bridge of Hawick, in Teviotdale, in the spring of the year 1772 or 1773. The following particulars, given in Simson's History, were derived from a former tenant of Falnash, Mr. Robert Laidlaw, a gentleman of respectability, who was an eye-witness. It was understood that the battle originated in some encroachments of one tribe upon the district assigned to another; and it had been agreed by the contending parties to fight out their dispute the first time they should meet:—

On the one side, in this battle, was the famous Alexander Kennedy, a handsome and intelligent man, and head of his tribe. Next to him in consideration was little Wull Ruthven, Kennedy's father-in-law. This man was known, all over the country, by the extraordinary title of the Earl of Hell; and although he was above five feet ten inches in height, he got the appellation of Little Wull to distinguish him from Muckle Wull Ruthven, who was a man of uncommon stature and personal strength. The earl's son was also in the fray. These were the chief men in Kennedy's band. Jean Ruthven, Kennedy's wife, was also present, with a great number of inferior members of the clan, males as well as females, of all ages, down to mere children. The opposite band consisted of old Rob Tait, the chieftain of his horde, Jacob Tait, young Rob Tait, and three of old Rob Tait's sons-in-law. These individuals, with Jean Gordon, old Tait's wife, and a numerous train of youths of both sexes and various ages, composed the adherents of old Robert Tait. These adverse tribes were all closely connected with one another by the ties of blood. The Kennedies and Ruthvens were from the ancient burgh of Lochmaben. The whole of the gipsies in the field, females as well as males, were armed with bludgeons, excepting some of the Taits, who carried cutlasses, and pieces of iron hoops notched and serrated on either side like a saw, and fixed to the end of sticks. The boldest of the tribe were in front of their respective bands, with their children and the other members of their clan in the rear, forming a long train behind them. In this order both parties boldly advanced, with their weapons uplifted above their heads. Both sides fought with extraordinary fury and obstinacy. Sometimes the one band gave way, and sometimes the other; but both, again and again, returned to the combat with fresh ardour. Not a word was spoken during the struggle; nothing was heard but the rattling of the cudgels and the strokes of the cutlasses. After a long and doubtful contest, Jean Ruthven, big with child at the time, at last received, among many other blows, a dreadful wound with a cutlass. She was cut to the bone, above and below the breast, particularly on one side. It was said the slashes were so large and so deep that one of her breasts was nearly severed from her body, and that the motions of her lungs, while she breathed, were observed through the aperture between her ribs. But, notwithstanding her dreadful condition, she would neither quit the field nor yield, but continued to assist her husband as long as she was able. Jean's father, the Earl of Hell, was also shockingly wounded, the flesh being literally cut from the bone of one of his legs, and hanging down over his ankles, "like beefsteaks." The earl left the field to get his wounds dressed; but, observing his daughter, Kennedy's wife, so dangerously wounded, he lost heart, and, with others of his party, fled, leaving Kennedy alone to defend himself against the whole of the clan of Tait. Having now all the Taits, young and old, male and female, to contend with, Kennedy, like an experienced warrior, took advantage of the place. Posting himself on the narrow bridge of Hawick (over the Teviot), he defended himself in the defile, with his bludgeon, against the whole of his infuriated enemies. His handsome person, his undaunted bravery, his extraordinary dexterity in handling his weapon, and his desperate situation (for it was evident that the Taits thirsted for his blood, and were determined to despatch him on the spot) excited a general and lively interest in his favour among the inhabitants of the town who were present, gazing on the conflict with amazement and horror. In one dash to the front, and with one powerful sweep of his cudgel, he disarmed two of the Taits, and, cutting a third to the skull, felled him to the ground. He sometimes daringly advanced upon his assailants, and drove the whole band before him pell-mell. When he broke one cudgel on his enemies, by his powerful arm, the town's people were ready to hand him another. Still, the vindictive Taits rallied, and renewed the charge with unabated vigour; and everyone expected that Kennedy would fall a sacrifice to their desperate fury. Jean Gordon stole, unobserved, from her band, and, taking a circuitous route, came behind Kennedy, and struck him on the head with her cudgel, but failed to stun him. A party of messengers and constables at last arrived to his relief, when the Taits were all apprehended and imprisoned; but as none of the gipsies were actually slain in the fray, they were soon set at liberty.

This gipsy fray at Hawick is known as "The Battle o' the Brig." Every one engaged in it, save Alexander Kennedy, was severely wounded, and the ground on which they fought was wet with blood. Mr. Murray, of Hawick, in his "Gipsies of the Border," gives an account of another conflict which took place at Hawick, about the year 1730, between the Yetholm and Lochmaben tribes. The incident, he tells us, is gleaned from Wilson's "History of Hawick," where it may be read at length.

FATAL SKIRMISH ON ESKDALE MOOR.

Alexander Kennedy's grandson, of the same name as himself, was sent to Botany Bay for fourteen years, about the year 1819, for the manslaughter of a gipsy named Irving, at Yarrowford, the cause of the quarrel having been the same feud which gave rise to the Hawick battle. The latter engagement was not decisive to either party. The hostile bands, a short time afterwards, came in contact in Ettrick Forest, at a place on the water of Teema, called Deepshope. They did not, however, engage then and there, though the women on both sides, at some distance from each other, with the stream between them, scolded, cursed, and banned, urging the males to fight. The men, more cautious, observed for the nonce a sullen and gloomy silence. After this they

separated, taking different roads; but in the course of a few days, meeting again on Eskdale Moor, a second desperate conflict ensued. In this the Taits were completely routed, and the result was that they were driven from the district. The country people were horrified at the sight of the wounded tinklers, after these bloody engagements. Several of them, lame and exhausted, in consequence of the severity of their wounds, were carried up and down, by the assistance of the tribe, on the backs of asses, till they either recovered or died. Some of them were slain outright in the Eskdale Moor fight, and buried on the field, or at least were never heard of more.

FIGHT AT LOWRIE'S DEN.

There used to be, and perhaps still is, a small public-house on the roadside between Lauder and Dalkeith, called Lowrie's Den. It stood in a very lonely situation, near the steep mountain pass of Soutra Hill, the terror of the South-Country carters in pre-railway times. It was seldom one could get past it without witnessing a drunken fight, if not getting implicated in it. In fact, the place was infamous. The neighbourhood was a harbourage for the gipsies, who could make their way thence across the hills, without let or hindrance, either to Galawater, Leithen and Eddlestone waters, the Blackadder, which runs down into the Merse, the Haddingtonshire Tyne, the South Esk in Mid-Lothian, or right down Lauderdale into Teviotdale, and thence into England. Many a gipsy fight, as well as carters' squabble, has taken place at Lowrie's Den. Little more than a century ago it was the scene of a terrible conflict. Two gipsy chiefs, named respectively Robert Keith and Charles Anderson, who had somehow fallen out, and followed each other for some time, for the purpose of fighting out their quarrel, met at last at Lowrie's Den. The two antagonists were brothers-in-law, Anderson being married to Keith's sister. Anderson proved an over-match for Keith; and William Keith, to save his brother, laid hold of Anderson. Whereupon Madge Grieg, Robert's wife, handed her husband a knife, and called on him to despatch the villain, while unable to defend himself, owing to his hands being held. Robert repeatedly struck with the knife, but it rebounded from the unhappy man's ribs without much effect. Impatient at the delay, Madge called out to the assassin, "Strike laigh! strike laigh!' Following her directions, he stabbed him to the heart. The only remark made by any of the gang was this exclamation from one of them:—"Gude faith, Rob, ye've dune for 'im noo!" William Keith was astonished when he found that Anderson had been stabbed in his arms, as his interference was only to save his brother from being overpowered by him. Robert Keith instantly fled, but was pursued by the country folks, armed with pitchforks and muskets. He was caught in a bracken-bush, in which he had concealed himself, and was executed at Jedburgh, on the 24th November, 1772. One of the persons who assisted at Keith's capture was the father of Sir Walter Scott. Long afterwards William Keith was apprehended in a ruinous house in Peeblesshire, but not till he had made, though half-naked, a desperate resistance to the officers sent to capture him. He was tried, condemned, and banished to the plantations.

THE SIEGE OF PENNICUIK HOUSE.

So formidable were the numbers of the gipsies, at one time, and so alarming their desperate and bloody battles, in the upper section of Tweeddale and parts adjoining, that the fencible men of the district had sometimes to turn out to disperse them. A clergyman was on one occasion under the necessity of dismissing the congregation in the middle of divine service, that they might quell one of these furious tumults in the immediate vicinity of the church. On another occasion, a band of gipsies broke into the house of Pennicuik, when the greater part of the family were at church. Sir John Clerk, the proprietor, barricaded himself in his own room, where he sustained a sort of siege, firing from the windows upon the robbers, who fired upon him in return. One of them, while straying through the house in quest of booty, happened to mount the stairs of a very narrow turret, but his foot slipping, he caught hold of the rope of the alarm bell, the ringing of which startled the congregation assembled in the parish church. The people instantly came to the rescue of the laird, and succeeded, it is said, in apprehending some of the gipsies, who were executed in due course in the Grass Market of Edinburgh. A volume might be filled with tales of violence and outrage similar to the above, recorded in the Scotch law books.

Craigie's Cross.

UNTIL a comparatively recent date, the higher districts of Northumberland were entirely destitute of made roads. All traffic between one part and another was carried on by means of pack horses, generally shelties from Shetland or galloways from the wild uplands of Wigton and Kirkcudbrightshires. These shaggy little creatures, wonderfully strong for their size, furnished with rope halters instead of bridles, and having their backs fitted with straw-stuffed cloth pads, would be marched in single file, or driven, if ten or a dozen, from twenty to thirty miles a day, for several days consecutively, with loads of four, five, or even six bushels of oats, barley, or rye, poised across their backs, in sacks made for the express purpose, with a slit on each side to pour or empty the corn through.

The principal route taken across that wild and dreary tract of country which lies between Corbridge on the Tyne and Woodburn on the Reed was by the old Roman road, the Watling Street, which "runs in its arrow-like course over hill and dale, swerving not to the right or the left, undaunted, untrammelled by any physical difficulty,

whether in the form of deep set valley, running water, boggy tract, or ridgy precipitous hill—in short, overcoming any hindrance which may present itself, rather than deviate from its straightforward course." If the traveller rashly diverged from it, either to the right or to the left, he was almost sure to get entangled and lost in the trackless waste, or, at all events, to find himself in such a situation that, as Hutchinson the historian says, "he would prove himself a patient Christian if he forebore to execrate the want of guide posts, and the neglect of those whose duty it was to remedy the delay, fatigue, hazard, and anxiety of the stranger whose stars infatuated him to engage in the labyrinths and wilds of such a country."

But to our tale. We shall tell it as it was told to Mr. William Pattison, about fifty years ago, by the landlord of a little roadside public-house, at Tone Pits, near Carry Coates, in Throckrington parish, and as he afterwards communicated it to Richardson's "Table Book." The landlord spoke as follows:—

It is as nigh fifty years as I can guess, that old Johnnie Craigie, of the Whitesidelaw, on the South Tyne, went to Cowden, in Reedswater, to bring oats. He had twelve ponies, and carried with him his son, who was an idiot born. The lad was counted harmless, and was besides very useful—being a capital hand among horses. Well, they went to Cowden, where they met with many others on the same errand. The oats were soon bought, and the money as quickly paid, and then the whisky drinking commenced, which did not end as soon or so well. Terrible hands for drinking whisky in those days! I've known my father stay a month, and heard of others staying from seed-time to harvest. Well, old Craigie drank whisky until he was well-nigh full, and, what was worse than that, they gave it to his idiot lad, who was not drunk with it, but staring mad. His looks almost frightened the whole company to death, so that instead of detaining old Craigie (as was many a time the case with others), the people of the house very gladly seconded his proposal to depart, when, much to the relief of the rest of the guests, he left on the afternoon of the following day. After proceeding a few miles on their journey the lad began to be very mischievous, turning the horses off upon the moor, and upsetting the sacks on their backs. For a time the old father kept putting things to rights, but at last his patience was exhausted; and, when the lad was in the act of throwing off a sack, the old man struck him a smart blow across his fingers with the stock of his whip. In a moment, maddened with pain and opposition, the wretch, implanted with the fury of a demon, suddenly seizing the whip, wrenched it from his father, and with one blow felled him to the ground. A girl attending some sheep which were pasturing around witnessed the whole affair. Of all the deeds ever transacted, perhaps this was one of the most appalling. The lad jumped upon his father, and kicked him until he was tired; then withdrew to a distance and watched him attentively; ran again and inflicted another shower of blows. There then lay on one side a heap of stones intended for the repair of the road; these he took up, and, selecting the sharpest, pelted the body with such unerring aim and effect, that it might as lief have been a heap of road scrapings as that it could be said to bear any resemblance to humanity. This done, the lad mounted one of the ponies, scoured over the moor, and, reaching home, informed his mother of the deed. Meanwhile, assistance arrived, but too late. There lay in a bloody mass all that was mortal of poor Craigie—his brains and grey hairs besmeared and matted among the stones, whilst I myself, a little boy at the time, picked up five of his fingers, which had been knocked off by the stroke of the stones. The lad, on his arrival home, went to bed, and lay till he was secured and sent to a lunatic asylum in Newcastle, where he died. When the common was enclosed, the masons employed in erecting the fence, built a cross into the wall—Craigie's Cross—which, being destroyed by some accident or other, a rude death's head was made to supply its place.

Mine host concluded by observing:—"Often have I heard it said that at night the form of old Craigie might be seen stealing quietly about the fatal spot; but I'm not one, sir, that believes in such stories."

The Snowflake and Lapland Bunting.

THE snowflake or snow bunting (*Emberiza nivalis*, Bewick—*Plectrophanes nivalis*, Yarrell) is a purely winter visitant, and only makes its appearance in the North of England when the winters are unusually rigorous. Mr. Hancock remarks in his Catalogue—"Occasionally abundant, it arrives on our coast, singly or in pairs, in September or October, and during the winter assemble in large flocks. In the breeding season, the snowflake has a very different appearance from that which it assumes with us. The change is produced in the same manner as in the mountain finch, namely, by the margins of the feathers wearing off. The change in appearance thus produced is very remarkable in this species; the head, neck, breast, and belly become quite white, while the back and scapulars are changed to pure black." Large flocks of snowflakes used formerly to visit Newcastle Town Moor, but are now rarely seen. Whether the decrease in numbers is owing to drainage and other agricultural changes, or because it is getting less numerous from other causes, it is hard to say.

The bird, which is a native of the Polar regions, is found over the whole of the northern parts of Europe and America, and was seen by Captain Scoresby, in immense numbers, in icy Spitzbergen, where it breeds during the brief northern summer. It is also occasionally found in winter in the warmer countries of Southern Europe and in Mid and Southern England and Ireland, but it is always most plentiful in Scotland and the Border Counties. As Morris remarks, the number of those wintry visitants diminish from Yorkshire southward. Mountainous regions are their natural resort, which they leave for lower and more sheltered ground when severe weather sets in. They return to their breeding haunts in the far north about April.

The male, in shape and size not unlike the yellow bunting, is from six to seven inches in length. The short bill is yellow, darker at the tip in winter, but wholly yellow in summer. The iris of the eye is a chestnut brown. The head, on the back, is a pale yellowish brown, white in summer; crown, bright chestnut brown, mixed with white, the tips of the feathers being reddish

brown in winter, though sometimes white. Neck, on the back, greyish brown, white in summer; in front, a gorget of bright chestnut brown, mixed with white; nape of the neck, white in summer, tinged with greyish or

brownish red in winter; chin white, with more or less yellow brown on the sides, white in summer. The back feathers are beautifully mottled black and brown. The wings, which extend to the width of thirteen inches, are black and white. The tail is black, the outside feathers white. The legs, toes, and claws are black, the hind claw being prolonged and nearly straight. The female is somewhat duller plumaged than the male, and rather smaller in size.

Snowflakes run with rapidity on the ground when in search of food, perch on rocks and walls, seldom on trees, and roost on the ground. Their food consists chiefly of different kinds of grain, the seeds of grasses and plants, as also of small mollusca, caterpillars, and insects. The note is low and soft, and uttered on the wing. The male bird sings to his mate when the latter is on the nest, and rises a little way in the air with hovering wings and outspread tail.

Dr. Brehm, the German naturalist, thus refers to the arrival of the snow buntings in Northern Europe:—"The flocks of these beautiful creatures (in winter) are remarkably numerous; they pour in dense masses over the country, and drop like snowflakes upon such spots as seem to offer them the food of which they are in search—indeed, so strong is the resemblance of these swarms to a snow-storm, when thus seen congregated in large numbers, that the birds are popularly called 'Snowflakes' in St. Petersburg, where they are met with in much greater multitudes than in other parts of Europe. Many tales are told of these flocks settling down during their migration, on the decks of ships, in order to enjoy a short repose; upon such occasions, however, they rise again into the air almost immediately, and continue their long and weary journey, even should they have to encounter the full violence of a contrary wind."

The Lapland bunting *(Plectrophanes Lapponica)* is a rare accidental visitor to this country. The first instance of its occurrence was early in the year 1826, the fact being announced by Selby to the Linnæan Society. This specimen was discovered in Leadenhall Market, where it had been sent with some larks from Cambridgeshire. Since that date about a score of examples have been obtained in Great Britain. One was killed among a flock of snow buntings near Durham, in January, 1860, and is now in the Durham Museum. The adult male in breeding-plumage has the entire head, throat, and upper part black, except a nearly white streak, which, beginning behind the eye and passing at the back of the ear-coverts, forms a white patch on the sides of the neck. A rich chestnut collar reaches from behind the head to the upper back. The rest of the feathers of the upper parts, including the wing-coverts, innermost secondaries, and centre tail feathers, are brownish black, margined with white and buff. The quills and tail feathers are brown, with narrow pale margins, the two outer tail feathers with more or less smoky white at the tip. The black on

the upper breast extends to the flanks, and the rest of the underparts is nearly white. The bill is yellow, black at the tip; the legs, feet, and claws are dark brown; and the irides are hazel.

Dove Cottage, Grasmere.

TOWARDS the close of last century William Wordsworth settled down at Dove Cottage, Townend, Grasmere. At that time the seclusion of the lovely neighbourhood would seldom be intruded upon; but the English Lake District gradually became the haunt of thousands of tourists. Wordsworth himself was in some way responsible for the invasion, for he published a "Guide to the Lakes."

The cottage at Townend has of late been surrounded by the out-buildings of an hotel, and no doubt the time was not far distant when it would have been either consider-

ably altered or pulled down. Recognising this possibility some admirers of the poet have acquired possession of the premises. It is proposed to place in them editions of Wordsworth's poems, to fill the little nook with all the mementoes of the poet that can be obtained, and to maintain the cottage by voluntary subscriptions as public trust property.

No better description of Dove Cottage, as it was when Wordsworth entered into possession, can be desired than that of Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister, who in a letter dated September 10, 1800, refers to it in the following terms :—

We are daily more delighted with Grasmere and its neighbourhood. Our walks are perpetually varied, and we are more fond of the mountains as our acquaintance with them increases. We have a boat upon the lake, and a small orchard and smaller garden, which, as it is the work of our own hands, we regard with pride and partiality. Our cottage is quite large enough for us, though very small; and we have made it neat and comfortable within doors; and it looks very nice on the outside: for though the roses and honeysuckles which we have planted against it are only of this year's growth, yet it is covered all over with green leaves and scarlet flowers; for we have trained scarlet beans upon threads, which are not only exceedingly beautiful, but very useful, as their produce is immense. We have made a lodging-room of the parlour below stairs, which has a stone floor; therefore we have covered it all over with matting. We sit in a room above stairs, and we have one lodging-room with two single beds, a sort of lumber-room, and a small low unceiled room, which I have papered with newspapers, and in which we have put a small bed.

The following poem was written by Wordsworth during his residence at Dove Cottage :—

On Nature's invitation do I come,
By Reason sanctioned. Can the choice mislead,
That made the calmest, fairest spot on earth,
With all its unappropriated good,
My own, and not mine only, for with me
Entrenched—say rather peacefully embowered—
Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,
A younger orphan of a name extinct,
The only daughter of my parents dwells?
Aye, think on that, my heart, and cease to stir;
Pause upon that, and let the breathing frame
No longer breathe, but all be satisfied.
Oh, if such silence be not thanks to God
For what hath been bestowed, then where, where then,
Shall gratitude find rest? Mine eyes did ne'er
Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind
Take pleasure in the midst of happy thought,
But either she, whom now I have, who now
Divides with me that loved abode, was there,
Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps turned,
Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang;
The thought of her was like a flash of light
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Or fragrance independent of the wind.
In all my goings, in the new and old
Of all my meditations, and in this
Favourite of all, in this the most of all. . . .
Embrace me then, ye hills, and close me in.
Now on the clear and open day I feel
Your guardianship: I take it to my heart;
'Tis like the solemn shelter of the night.
But I would call thee beautiful; for mild,
And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art,
Dear valley, having in thy face a smile,
Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou art pleased,
Pleased with thy crags, and woody steeps, thy lake,
Its one green island, and its winding shores,
The multitude of little rocky hills,
Thy church, and cottages of mountain stone
Clustered like stars some few, but single most,
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
Or glancing at each other cheerful looks,
Like separated stars with clouds between.

It was to Dove Cottage that Wordsworth brought his bride in 1802, and here he spent many happy years. But the accommodation was very limited, and his increasing family soon necessitated a transfer to a larger house. In the spring of 1808 he went to live at Allan Bank, at the north end of Grasmere; but, finding this place unsuitable, he removed for a time to the parsonage at Grasmere. The loss of some of his dear ones and the circumstance that they lay in Grasmere churchyard rendered him anxious to leave a house that, to use his own words, "by recalling to our minds at every moment the losses we have sustained in the course of last year, would grievously retard our progress towards that tranquillity which it is our duty to aim at." Finally, a suitable residence was found at Rydal Mount, on the rocky side of Nab Scar, and overlooking Rydal Water. Thither he and his family migrated in the spring of 1813, and there he spent the remainder of his days.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Westgarth Forster,

GEOLOGIST AND MINING ENGINEER.

WESTGARTH Forster, author of "A Section of the Strata from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to Cross Fell," was the eldest son of Westgarth and Lucy Forster, of Ivy House, Garrigill, Alston, and grandson of George Forster, of Jeffry's Rake, Hunstanworth, who married a daughter of the ancient family of Westgarth, owners for many generations of the estate of Unthank, in Weardale. Westgarth

DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE.

Forster, the elder, was a mining agent, who, in 1774, received the appointment of assistant-manager of the Allendale and Coalcleugh mines, and who, at his death in February, 1797, was described in the *Newcastle Chronicle* as "one of the best judges of lead mines in the North of England." Westgarth, the younger, was born in 1772, and it is believed that the family mansion of Jeffry's Rake was his birthplace. There, and at Allenheads, his boyhood was spent.

Upon the death of his father, Westgarth Forster undertook the agency of the Allendale mines, and held it for about ten years. When he resigned, he was preparing his great work on the Strata. The first edition of this elaborate treatise was issued in 1809. In the same year appeared the first geological map of England, by William Smith. These two productions—both the results of patient investigation conducted in two different portions of the same field of inquiry—laid the foundation of a sound knowledge of English geology.

Though the profits accruing from the sale of the work were small, the author had good reason to be satisfied with the success it had achieved. It brought his name prominently before the mining community; and he was henceforth recognised as an authority on geological and mining questions. Owners of mining property, directors of mining companies, and mining agents sought his assistance in their difficulties. A new career as a surveyor was thus opened out to him. He may be said to have fully entered upon his duties as a mine surveyor in 1810; he retired into private life in 1833. His professional course thus extended over twenty-three years, exclusive of the time during which he acted as agent for Sir Thomas Blackett and Colonel Beaumont. As compared with the average duration of professional careers, his was a short one; but, if measured by the amount of work accomplished, it is justly entitled to be considered a long one. During those twenty-three years he surveyed, mapped, and reported upon, mining fields in Cumberland, Westmoreland, the North Riding of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, Shropshire, North and South Wales. He also visited Spain and North America, for the purpose of surveying mines in those countries. He had offers of employment in Ireland and Norway, but was unable to accept them. Some of his reports and many of his plans are still extant. The former are noticeable for their clearness, and for the comprehensive grasp of the subjects with which they deal; the latter are remarkable for their order and neatness.

The second edition of the "Strata" appeared in 1821. Among the subscribers to this edition were Dr. Buckland, author of the "Bridgewater Treatise on Geology"; Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society; the Duke of Devonshire; the Earls of Darlington and Strathmore; Dr. Barrington, Bishop of Durham; Professor Millington, of the Royal Institution; Dr. Thompson, Regius Professor of Chemistry, Glasgow, and Col. Beaumont.

In the same year in which the second edition of the "Strata" appeared, Forster went down to Somersetshire, where he surveyed some mining property, and directed the efforts of a company who were interested in a new colliery. During the years 1825 and 1826, he surveyed, sketched, and reported upon mining properties in Cardiganshire, Merionethshire, Glamorgan, Monmouthshire, Pembrokeshire, Montgomeryshire, Denbighshire, Shropshire, and the Isle of Man. He sailed for North America in April, 1830, and returned in May, 1831, bringing with him a series of sketches which he had made during his stay on that continent. That he visited Spain during the interval between May, 1831, and April, 1833, is more than probable.

In his retirement at Ivy House, Garrigill, Westgarth Forster found such occupation as failing health permitted in outdoor sketching and planning when the weather was favourable, and in colouring plates of unsold copies of the "Strata" when outdoor work was impracticable, busying himself at the same time in the affairs of the village, and keeping up a correspondence with Professor Sedgwick, Hugh Lee Pattinson, and other friends of his prime. These congenial employments were, however, of but brief duration. During the summer of 1835 he was seized with a fatal illness, and on the 9th of November in that year he died.

Though half a century has elapsed since the grave closed over Westgarth Forster's remains, his name still continues a household word among the people of Alston Moor, Weardale, and the two Allendales. He lives in their minds as a clever though somewhat eccentric man, different in many respects from the ordinary run of mankind. Local mining agents and local geologists are familiar with his name; mining agents and geologists who have a reputation which is more than local still continue to quote him as an authority on mining and geological questions. His "Section of the Strata" is still the standard work on the geology of the two Northern Counties, and it was never more highly prized by miners than it is now. Though the book was written when the science of geology was in its initial stage; when even people of education recognised no distinction between one kind of rock and another; when such terms as "stratified" and "unstratified," "aqueous" and "igneous," seldom appeared in print, and were scarcely ever heard; when the great works of Buckland, De la Beche, Philips, Lyall, Murchison, Sedgewick, and other geologists had not yet appeared, the classification of the strata which it contains is the one still in use.

[The foregoing narrative is condensed from an appreciative memoir of Mr. Forster (prefixed to a third edition of the "Strata"), by the Rev. William Nall, M.A.]

William Garret,

FREEMAN'S LEADER AND BIBLIOPHILE.

Sacred to the Memory of William Garret, who for forty years devoted himself to the interests of the freemen, and was ever ready to defend their rights and

privileges. He filled the office of Chairman of the Stewards of the Incorporated Companies for a long period, and was Steward of the Skinners' and Glovers' Company. He also contributed to our local literature by editing a black-letter manuscript of the Battle of Flodden, and compiling an account of the principal Floods in Northumberland and Durham. Died 28 December, 1857, aged 63 years. Erected by the Skinners' and Glovers' Company, and private friends of Mr. Garret, in commemoration of his public services. This stone was erected in its place on the 31st March, 1860.—*Monumental Inscription in Jesmond Cemetery.*

A generation of Novocastrians that has scarcely yet passed away, was familiar with William Garret, whose portly form, fluent speech, and imperious bearing gave him a distinct individuality in the town forty to fifty years ago. Champion of the freemen of Newcastle against their civic rulers, and far-searching collector of every available chip that could exemplify or scrap that could illustrate the workmanship of Thomas Bewick, he

figured for many years as a minor light in local administration on the one hand, and as a bibliophile and relic-hunter of wide-spreading repute on the other. The highest official position to which he attained was that of Chairman of the Stewards of the Incorporated Companies; his commercial status was that of a bookseller; yet, in the thirties and forties of the present century, one could not be many days in Newcastle without hearing of William Garret.

Born in 1793, the son of John Garret, a hairdresser, who carried on his business first in the Groat Market and afterwards in the Bigg Market, William Garret received a good education, for his father was a man of advanced ideas, a promoter of the Royal Jubilee School, and a supporter, to the extent of his means, of other institutions designed to encourage mental and social improvement. Developing studious habits and exhibiting bookish tendencies, he was bound apprentice, in or about the year 1807, to his father's neighbour, the famous bookseller, Emerson Charnley. Soon after his term of servitude expired, on the 3rd November, 1814, he was admitted to the freedom of the Stationers' Company, and thenceforward became qualified to exercise his calling in any way most conducive to his wishes. He chose to remain at the famous shop wherein he had acquired his business knowledge, and for thirty years he continued with Mr. Charnley, rising from the position of 'prentice lad to that of assistant, and from the post of assistant to that of manager.

During the early days of his engagement with Mr. Charnley, Mr. Garret indulged in mild literary recreations on his own account, encouraged thereto, without doubt, by his friend and pastor, the Rev. William Turner. The formation of the Newcastle Typographical Society, in 1817, provided him with the temptation to see himself in print, and he contributed between that year and 1822, the following tracts to the society's series :—

An Elegy to the Memory of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, 1817.

An Account of the Great Floods in the Rivers Tyne, Tees, Wear, Eden, &c., in 1771 and 1815. With the Names of the Principal Sufferers in Northumberland, the Amount of their Estimates, and of the Damage done in each Township; Also an Account of the Subscriptions made for their Relief, in 1771. To which is added an Account of the Irruption of Solway Moss. Newcastle: Printed for Emerson Charnley, 1818. Four Bewick Cuts. [Dedicated to John Adamson.

The Battle of Flodden Field. Reprint, in black-letter, of a rare tract originally issued by Richard Fawkes, printer, about 1514. Newcastle: Printed for Emerson Charnley, 1822. With one Bewick Cut. [Dedication of three pages to John Trotter Brockett.]

Nothing more appears to his credit in local literature till the election of 1830, when he issued a well-known broadside entitled "The Gathering of the Whigs in Sir Matthew White Ridley's Committee Room," commencing—

> Little wot ye wha's comin,
> Dan o' Blagdon Ha's comin,
> Harry's comin, Scaife's comin,
> Henderson and a's comin,

and running on through nine other verses of the same character. By this time more absorbing, and perhaps more useful, work than the compilation of local tracts had been found for Mr. Garret to do. At an early period of his freedom he had been elected steward of his company, and now he was engaged in continuing the work which Joseph Clark had begun, of denouncing municipal extravagance, and demanding a restoration to the freemen of their alleged rights and privileges. Those who consult "The Corporation Mirror," "The Northern John Bull," and other ephemeral periodicals of the time will read reports of the noisy guild meetings that preceded the Great

Reform Bill, and be able to gauge the height and depth of the agitation that ensued in favour of a similar measure for securing Municipal Reform. At all those meetings Mr. Garret was one of the guiding spirits; through all that agitation he was a chief spokesman; sometimes leading the attack, sometimes conducting the defence. At the Municipal Inquiry held in Newcastle during the early part of November, 1833, he took the lead in cross-examining the representatives of the Corporation, and in addressing critical remarks to the Commissioners. Mr. John Clayton, the Town Clerk, principal witness for the civic authorities, received a regular fusillade of questions from the freemen's chief inquisitor, and the genial way in which he turned the tables on his interlocutor formed a subject of admiration and amusement for long after.

The passing of the Municipal Reform Act in 1835 settled most of the disputes between the Corporation and the freemen. Several of the latter found their way into the Reformed Town Council: but Mr. Garret, although nominated by both wards of the parish of St. Andrew, did not enter the charmed circle. He remained outside, and, as chairman of the Stewards of the Incorporated Companies, led the freemen through many a wordy fray and convivial encounter, for which, later on, they rewarded him with the customary "handsome piece of plate."

In 1844 (the year before Mr. Charnley died), Mr. Garret left the famous book mart in the Bigg Market, after thirty years' service, and started in business on his own account in Mosley Street. He began with a goodly number of local books, and before long he had one of the largest stocks in town. Bewick's blocks and illustrations were the principal objects of his search. His first catalogue contained six copies of the "Birds," six of the "Quadrupeds," four of the "Select Fables," and three of "Æsop," with several separate cuts, prints, and drawings. In little more than a twelvemonth he sent out a catalogue in which were no fewer than 108 entries under the name of Bewick, and an announcement that, besides these, he had in stock "upwards of one thousand specimens" of the "minor and early" work of that great engraver. Local curios and relics also added interest to his collections. Among other objects that he offered for sale were:—

Saint Nicholas' Church: A beautiful Model in Wood, upwards of eight feet high, "accurate by Measurement in all its Parts."

Lord Derwentwater's Wine Glass: A curious old "Party Glass," engraved "F. R.," surmounted by a coronet on one side, and "Success to Prince Charles" on the other.

Lord Derwentwater's Girdle Purse: An old Leather Double Purse, the Tassels fringed with Silver Lace.

Wine Pant: A Tin Model, 19 inches high, of the Pant that ran Wine on the Sandhill, Newcastle, at the coronation of George IV.

A Fine solid Plaster Bust of William Martin, the Natural Philosopher.

Sixty Saxon Stycas found at Hexham.

Seven Pairs of very old Leather Shoes made in Newcastle, in fine condition, and very curious.

Fruit Piece by George Gray, "admitted to contain some of the ripest fruit he ever painted."

Devotion to Bewick brought Mr. Garret into communication with that enthusiastic collector the Rev. Thos. Hugo. In the preface to the first volume of his "Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of Thomas and John Bewick," Mr. Hugo attributes to two men in Newcastle—William Garret and John Bell—his chief success in gathering together the vast and unique collection which bore his name. The book itself is full of notes from Mr. Garret's pen, giving little histories of the objects enumerated, bits of gossip about the workmanship of them, or stories concerning their previous owners. Besides these jottings, Mr. Garret does not appear to have added anything to his early efforts in literature. He issued the "Fisher's Garlands" in 1844 and 1845, and afterwards made up a few sets of those charming songs with a title page dated 1842. He gathered together handbills, broadsides, and tracts relating to special subjects, and bound them in unique volumes, like those of John and Thomas Bell, with title pages and occasional notes—volumes prized by local collectors, and now rarely obtainable. Beyond this class of bookmaking he did not venture.

Four or five years after Mr. Garret started in business for himself, some local dispute with the Stationers' Company led to his withdrawal from the fellowship. The Skinners' and Glovers' Company, taking into consideration his extensive knowledge of Corporate affairs, admitted him an honorary member, and on the resignation of Mr. George Halliday, they appointed him the Glovers' Steward. Towards the close of his life, finding bookselling less remunerative, and his natural powers failing him, he accepted the position of deputy-registrar of births and deaths for the district of St. Nicholas and St. John. Occupying that office, he died on the 28th December, 1857, and was buried in Jesmond Cemetery.

The Gibsons of Hexham and Stonecroft,

FRIARS, PRIESTS, AND BISHOPS.

That part of the Tyne valley above which the venerable Abbey Church of Hexham rears its time-worn tower, has been, for three hundred years, the birthplace and the home of a family bearing the ancient patronymic of Gibson. Their pedigree commences with Richard Gibson, who obtained a grant from the Crown of lands at Hexham, and settled there in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Public interest in them begins a hundred years later, when Richard, son of George Gibson, of Hexham, adding to his patrimonial inheritance other property in the town, and acquiring lands at Corbridge, laid the foundation of a goodly estate. To him were born three sons, two of whom, George and William, choosing the religious life, joined the order of St. Dominic, while the other son, Thomas, remained at home, married, and perpetuated the race.

George Gibson, the eldest of these three brothers, was professed at the Dominican Convent of Bornhem, near Malines, in 1673, where he taught philosophy and theology, and for a year occupied the responsible position of sub-prior. From Bornhem he went to Rome, where he rose to the more exalted office of prior in that great house of his order which bore the united names of St. John and St. Paul. In the summer of 1686, he was sent to England as chaplain to the Claverings of Callaly, with whom he remained till 1693, when his brother Thomas, having acquired the estate of Stonecroft, near Hexham, put him in charge of a mission there. At Stonecroft he died on the 17th of December, 1696, and was buried in Newbrough churchyard.

William Gibson, born in 1668, professed at Bornhem in 1687, and ordained priest at Rome in 1692, taught philosophy at Aglia, in Piedmont, till upon the death of his brother George he took up the work of the Stonecroft mission. At Stonecroft he remained till 1712, when he was obliged to leave the country. He had solemnized a marriage, and for that heinous offence an information was laid against him, and warrants were issued for his apprehension. Flying to Bornhem, he was welcomed by the brethren, who made him Professor of Theology, Master of Novices, and Spiritual Director of secular students, and in May, 1714, elected him to be their Prior. Three years later he became confessor to the Dominican house at Brussels. In 1719, having received his degree of S.T.M., he returned to England, and was appointed chaplain to one of the foreign embassies in London, where he died on the 7th June, 1724, aged 56.

Thomas Gibson, brother of the two Dominicans, married Bridget, daughter of Jasper Charlton, of Hawkhope. Through this alliance he acquired a moiety of Hawkhope; later on he purchased from his wife's sister the other half, and thus became possessed of the whole estate. He bought, also, Stagshaw Close House from Sir William Blackett; Stonecroft and Nunbush from William, Lord Widdrington; and Housesteads from the Armstrong family. Two of his sons were men of mark, as well as marked men. George, the heir, was out with the Earl of Derwentwater and General Forster in 1715, was captured at Preston, tried and condemned for treason, and would have suffered, like many others, but for an outbreak of fever in Newgate, which carried him off before the date fixed for his execution. Another son, Thomas Gibson, born September 29, 1688, was ordained priest at Douay, and shortly after the death of his brother in Newgate received an appointment to the Catholic mission in Newcastle. By the attainder of the Earl of Derwentwater the mission had been deprived of its chapel—a part of the old residence of the Radcliffe family, situate in a court or yard, known long after as Bell's Court, Newgate Street; but Mr. Gibson found a home and raised his altar on the opposite side of the way, in the Nun's Gate. There he officiated in peace (being also Archdeacon of Yorkshire) till the second Rebellion—that of 1745—broke out. Newcastle and Gateshead were intensely loyal to the Hanoverian dynasty, and when the Duke of Cumberland came over the Tyne, marching to the victory of Culloden, the populace evinced their gratitude by burning the Catholic chapel at Gateshead, and wrecking Mr. Gibson's in Newcastle. For some time the ousted priest went in fear of his life; but, resorting to various disguises, even adopting women's attire, he was able to visit his flock till the storm blew over. Meanwhile, the old Radcliffe mansion in Newgate Street had fallen into Catholic hands again. It was occupied by Mary, widow of Albert Silvertop (daughter of Joseph Dunn, of Blaydon); and one of her daughters being married to a nephew of Mr. Gibson's, she invited the persecuted ecclesiastic to return, like a wandering shepherd, to the old fold, and he accepted the invitation. For nearly twenty years after the return of the mission to its former domicile Mr. Gibson remained in charge, and, dying on the 20th January, 1765, aged 76, was buried in All Saints' Churchyard.

A third son of Thomas Gibson, and, therefore, brother of the "rebel" and of the Newcastle priest, bore the name of Jasper. He married, September 26, 1719, Margaret, daughter of Nicholas Leadbitter, of Nether Warden, by whom he had two-and-twenty children. Four of his sons entered the Catholic priesthood, and two of them rose to be bishops. George and Richard were the two sons who remained priests; Matthew and William were the brothers who donned the mitre.

George Gibson, the eldest of the four, born in March 1726, was educated at Douay, and for some years remained in the college there as general prefect. Upon his return to England he was appointed to the misson at Hexham, where he established a manufactory for spinning wool to provide employment for the children of the poor. He died at that place, on the 3rd December, 1778, aged 52.

Richard Gibson, the youngest of the four, born in 1739, was ordained at Douay. After leaving the college, he assisted in a school at Standon, in Hertfordshire, and was successively appointed to Hare Street and Old Hall, in the same county. About the year 1784, he removed to Mawley Hall, the seat of Sir Walter Blount, in Shropshire, where he spent the remainder of his life, "much respected and beloved by the family and his congregation, notwithstanding his constitutional roughness and apparent harshness." He died there on the 13th September, 1801, aged 62.

Matthew Gibson, fourth son of Jasper, was born in 1734, and, like his brothers, was sent to Douay to be educated for the priesthood. After his ordination he occupied for four years the chair of Philosophy, and afterwards, for six years, the professorship of Divinity. Returning to England in 1768, he entered into the general work of the mission, and two years later was chosen Archdeacon of Kent and Surrey. In 1776, under Bishop

Walton, Vicar-Apostolic of the Northern District, he became Vicar-General, and the following year received the higher appointment of Special Vicar. When, through the death of Bishop Walton, a vacancy occurred in the supreme office of Vicar-Apostolic, the Pope, approving his zeal for the faith, his success in propaganda, and his undoubted abilities in administration, appointed Mr. Gibson to be Bishop Walton's successor. He was consecrated in London, September 3, 1780, by the title of Bishop of Comana in Cappadocia, and a few days afterwards entered upon the onerous duties of his office. How onerous these were may be inferred when it is explained that the Northern District, mapped out in the reign of James II., and unaltered till 1840, comprised the counties of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, York, Lancaster and Chester, and therefore extended, at a time when railroads had not been invented, from the Tweed in the North, to the Humber and the Mersey in the South.

Up to the date of Matthew Gibson's appointment the Catholics of Northumberland and Durham saw their bishops at long intervals only, and their vicars-general as seldom. The Rev. W. Maire, of Lartington, who acted from 1767 to 1769 as coadjutor to Bishop Petre, and was buried at Romaldkirk in the latter year, formed the only exception to this rule. Bishop Gibson, being a Tynesider, not only paid frequent visits to his native county while discharging subordinate functions, but four years after his consecration he came to the North to reside. There was a Catholic mission at Stella, founded a hundred years before by the Tempests, and worked from their ancestral home, Stella Hall. Under the protection of the Widdrington family, successors of the Tempests, the mission had been continued, the officiating priest sharing the hall with the agent of the estates, and celebrating mass in a chapel attached to it. Thither, in the spring of 1784, Bishop Matthew Gibson took up his residence with the priest of the mission, the Rev. Thomas Eyre, and from thence he governed his extensive charge. Upon Tyneside his life was quiet and unobtrusive. In no public capacity outside of his spiritual functions did he appear; nor did he contribute much to ecclesiastical literature. Nothing is known to have issued from his pen but a revised edition of "The London, or Little Catechism," and a Pastoral Letter on a proposed oath to be taken by "Protesting Catholic Dissenters." He died at Stella Hall, on the 19th May, 1790, aged 57, and was buried among his relatives at Newbrough.

William Gibson, fifth son of Jasper, born in February, 1738, was educated and ordained at Douay, where he took the college oath, November 3, 1755. Returning to England, he took up his residence at Minsteracres, as domestic chaplain to the Silvertops. He was appointed President of Douay in 1781, and remained there till the death of his brother, whom he succeeded as Vicar-Apostolic of the Northern District, with the title of Bishop of Acanthos, in 1790. This Bishop was the founder of the great Catholic College of Ushaw. He had resigned the presidency of Douay to assume the mitre, and when, three years later, that famous French training house of English priests, and its companion establishment at St. Omer, had been broken up by the French Revolution, he devoted himself to the task of gathering together the scattered students, and carrying on in England the educational work which the Republic had suppressed. Some of the refugees were provided for at Old Hall Green, Herts; others were placed for a time in a lay school at Tudhoe. In 1794, Bishop Gibson obtained a lease of Crook Hall, ancient seat of the Bakers, in the parish of Lanchester, and opened it as the first Catholic college established in England after the Reformation. Thither students flocked in annually increasing numbers, until Crook Hall became inadequate to their accommodation. Then the Bishop took in hand a project of greater magnitude—the founding of an institution which, in size and teaching power, might compare with the college at Douay. He applied to Sir Edward Smythe to sell him a farm of 300 acres, situated near the village of Ushaw, four miles west of Durham; the price being arranged, the land was purchased, and a scheme drawn up for a large collegiate edifice. Early in the year 1805 the first stone was laid of a quadrangular building, enclosing a large open court, surrounded by corridors. Three wings of the college were so far completed in the summer of 1808, that, on the 19th July, the President sent the first body of students to take possession of their New Alma Mater.

Residing generally at York, but occasionally at Durham with the resident priest, the Bishop managed to conduct the business of his huge district without flinching, and without neglecting any part of it. "For many months," he wrote, "I administered the sacrament of confirmation three or four times a week, and as often preached sermons before Catholics and Protestants. My journeys were very long and fatiguing. In Lancashire I confirmed about 8,000, and almost all of those confirmed received the holy communion." It was not until the seventeenth year of his episcopate that he obtained the services of a coadjutor. After that time, his health gave way under the weight of years and the burden of his office. He died at Durham on the 2nd of June, 1821, aged 83, and was buried in the college cemetery at Ushaw. His literary work comprises a translation of a French book, "The Truth of the Catholic Religion, proved from the Holy Scriptures," published at Newcastle by Edward Walker, in 1799; a "Charge," delivered on the passing of the Act of 1791, which freed Catholics from various declarations and disabilities; the joint authorship of an encyclical letter in 1791, and of a Pastoral Letter in 1793, and a "Conversation between the Right Hon. Edmund Burke and Dr. W. Gibson," undated.

The First Mayor of Sunderland.

ANDREW WHITE, of Frederick Lodge, Sunderland, and Tunstall Lodge, county Durham, first and three times Mayor of Sunderland, Member of Parliament, Borough and County Justice, and a Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Durham, was born in Sunderland in the year 1788. He was a son of John White, of Thorny Close, Durham, the most extensive shipowner in Sunderland at that time, a colliery owner, and the proprietor of the Bishopwearmouth Iron Works—a gentleman of large means and philanthropic spirit, who built at his own cost the Wesleyan Schools in Hendon Road.

After receiving a sound education (he was a pupil of Rev. John Hayton), Andrew White early entered upon a

Andrew White Esqr. M.P.

business and public career. Together with his brother Richard, he was taken into partnership by his father, and the firm became John White and Sons. Endowed with more than average ability, and the happy possessor of a genial and polished manner, he was not long in making his influence felt in the good town of Sunderland. When in 1835 an agitation arose for taking advantage of the Municipal Reform Act, he was the chosen champion of the Municipal party. Although Bishop Morton had in 1634 vested the government of the town in a "Mayor, twelve Aldermen, and Commonalty"—all duly elected and acknowledged by the State—the charter had fallen into disuse, and a strong faction now objected to the formation of a council without a special Act of Parliament. Mr. White, however, presided at a meeting on the 16th December, 1835, and, strengthened by the opinion of the then Attorney-General, the meeting unanimously resolved to take advantage of the Act. An opposition meeting was held on the 17th, when Mr. R. Pemberton, Mr. Fenwick, and Mr. Featherstonehaugh, together with some of their friends, strongly opposed the resolution adopted at the previous meeting. Their objections were, however, overruled, and on December 26, 1835, the first election of councillors for the newly-constituted borough of Sunderland took place.

The subject of our sketch was returned at the head of the poll for two wards—the Bishopwearmouth and the West Wards—his brother Richard being returned for the Ward of St. Michael, also at the head of the poll.

The first meeting of the Council was held on December 31, and at a subsequent meeting on New Year's Day, 1836, Mr. Andrew White was chosen first Mayor, and Mr. Ritson Town Clerk. On this occasion the ladies of Sunderland presented the Mayor with an elaborate silken banner on which was emblazoned in letters of gold the statement that he was "the pride of his native borough." This banner, at a later date, Mr. White presented to the Corporation, and it now occupies a conspicuous position in the New Municipal Buildings.

The chief magistracy, however, was not to be an enviable position, for on the first occasion that Mr. White took his seat at the head of the Bench he was hustled, and a demonstration was made, more against the office than the occupier of it. The county magistrates declined to recognise the Mayor's authority, and the battle waged long and furiously; but Mr, White held his court at a different hour to the opposition until he was left in undisputed possession of the field. He was re-elected Mayor on the 9th Nov., 1836, but retired in July, 1837, to fill the more important position of Member of Parliament for the borough. The new member sat in the Whig interest, his colleague being Mr. Thompson, a Conservative. As showing the contrast between past and present elections, it may be mentioned that Mr. White's election expenses on that occasion amounted to £16,000!

From this time new honours came thick and fast. Mr. White was made a deputy-lieutenant of his county, was present at the coronation and marriage of his Sovereign, and presented her with a congratulatory address from the borough of Sunderland on the occasion of the birth of the Princess Royal. For many years he held a prominent position in the county, taking a leading part in all philanthropic movements. It was an annual custom of his at Christmas time to entertain to dinner in his town house, Frederick Lodge, the whole of the chimney sweeps of Sunderland—a portion of the community at that time in anything but affluent circumstances.

Severe losses in winning coal came upon him in the closing years of his life, and he retired from all public work. Mr. White, who died in 1856, had no offspring, and the only male representative of his family in the

North of England is Mr. John White, of Claremont Terrace, Newcastle, who is the only son of Andrew's brother and partner, Mr. Richard White (Mayor of Sunderland in 1840). Some younger brothers went to reside in the South of England early in life, and many of their progeny now occupy exalted positions in the Church and Army.

Our portrait is taken from an engraving of Bewick's painting of Mr. White whilst Member for Sunderland, now in the possession of his great-nephew, Mr. J. Holmes White, of Newcastle.

Wooler, Doddington, and Milfield.

FEW parts of the North of England so well repay a visit as that fertile tract of Northumberland called Glendale, of which Wooler is the capital, and Doddington and Milfield are neighbouring villages. Wooler itself cannot be said to raise any enthusiasm; it is a dull, uninteresting market town, with no feature of attraction in itself. The accompanying view of a bit of the town is taken from as good a point of view as any. It includes, besides the fountain in the middle of the street, a distant view of the church, and, what is now somewhat of a curiosity, a chemist's shop marked by the sign of the serpent.

The town was described thirty years ago as follows:—"Wooler is such a town as you would expect to see in the heart of a country, decidedly rustic, with roofs of thatch here and there to temper aspiring notions, with shops that remind you of the days of George III., but yet with indications of homely prosperity. The parson preached in the thatched church till it was burnt down about 100 years ago." The thatched roofs mostly disappeared at the time of the second fire at Wooler in 1862, when a great part of the town, notably High Street, was destroyed. There is nothing intrinsically attractive in the parish church of St. Mary, a plain building at the north-east of the Market Place. It dates back to 1765 only, the former edifice, which, like most of the churches round Glendale, had a thatched roof, having been destroyed by the fire of 1722. It is supposed that the mother church was at Fenton, some five miles to the north, where its ruins still may be found. But, on the other hand, it is contended that Fenton was probably a separate and independent parish, and existed before that of Wooler. In 1883, however, the township of Fenton was incorporated with the parish of Doddington, through an exchange between the incumbents of Wooler and Doddington, the townships of Humbleton and Earle being in return connected with the parish of Wooler.

Behind Tower Hill Church (Presbyterian) is found about the only bit of antiquity in the town, this being the ruins of an old tower, which, like most of the minor towers in the district, has an uncertain history. In the time of the Muschamps it was described as "a certain waste fortress." In the reign of Richard II. it was used as a hospital, and latterly was made a place of refuge and safety from the rough Borderers.

The village of Doddington contained at one time, and up to as late as 1734, like most of the ancient

villages of Northumberland, a large number of small proprietors, who held copyhold houses and lands, and had rights on the extensive common. As an example of the general prosperity of those days, it may be stated that, on one occasion, forty of these lairds, each mounted on his own horse, attended the funeral of a deceased fellow-proprietor.

"It is remarkable," says Marks, speaking of Dodding-

ton, "for one of the largest and best springs in the country, which sends out a current sufficient to turn a mill." Of the four large springs in the immediate neighbourhood, the Dod Well yields about 72 gallons per minute; Cuddy's Well, 60 yards east of the Dod Well, about 20 gallons; Blunty or Blinty Well, near the village, about 24 gallons; and a little less than this is given by the Blind Well. At one time Dod Well had a beautiful natural fountain at the base of a freestone rock; but in 1846 the present fountain and cross were erected, chiefly through the exertions of the then incumbent, the Rev. William Proctor.

Milfield is an ancient place, where British remains have been found. It was once the residence of the Saxon kings of Bernicia. After the death of Edwin, the royal palace of Yeavering was forsaken, and another made "at Melmin, but at this day Melfield." On the south side of the beautiful plain to the east and south-east of the village, a large body of Scots, under Lord Home, were defeated by Sir William Bulmer, of Brancepeth Castle, commander of the forces of the Bishopric of Durham. Four hundred Scots were killed, and over two hundred made prisoners, among them Lord Home's brother. This skirmish took place a month before Flodden, and it was regarded as of ill omen, the road through the plains being afterwards called "the ill rode."

Ninnie of the Rocking Tower.

ONLY a few short memorials are extant of a distraught occupant of an old house in Redesdale, long since demolished, called the Rocking Tower. These particulars were communicated to Mr. Robert White by Robert Beighet, of Otterburn Waulk Mill, who died at an advanced age about sixty years ago. The Rocking Tower, which had been an old peel-house, stood upon the left bank of the Reed, about a mile north-east of Otterburn, on the opposite side of the stream from the Dow Craig, and near the present farm-steading of Hope Foot. This old peel-house was the residence, some

hundred and thirty years since, of a small farmer or cottager named Nimmo. He was a stupid, inactive, inoffensive man, endowed with such a small amount of energy that his wife Marjory, "a rallying, magisterial woman, got the heavy end of the barrow to carry," as the neighbours said. Their son John, a lad of ten or twelve at the time of our story, had some of his mother's stout heart in him; and, as there was little work for him at home, he was hired as a cowherd to a neighbouring farmer, living at Elishaw, a mile or two further up the river. John set off in bonnet and plaid, accompanied by his dog Moss, heartily bent on his new work, which was the first thing to make a man of him.

After a little time, a report got to his mother's ears that his master's pantry was not very full, and that her son Jack was scantily fed. Without inquiring into the truth of the story, Marjory sent off her husband to set things to rights by bringing the starveling home, telling him twice over before she let him go what he had to do when he got to Elishaw. On reaching that place, the simple old man found his boy following his milky charge, as brisk as a bee, plaiting, for his amusement, a rush cap, and "lilting like a lintwhite" the well-known old Border song, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" which is recorded to have been the last sung by the accomplished poet and Orientalist, John Leyden, when roused on his deathbed at Batavia, in Java, by the news of the battle of Barossa, wherein Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, achieved one of the most glorious triumphs of the Peninsular war. The lad was quite surprised at his father's errand, and declared that he would not leave his master till his time was un, for he was well treated and got plenty to eat. The dog Moss, however, was too glad to see his old master to be willing to stay where he was; and so, after fawning upon him, as he had often done, he trotted home along with him. The following is Mr. White's account of the dialogue that ensued between Nimmo and his wife on his return to the Rocking Tower:—

"Weel, where has tu John?" inquired Marjory, as her husband entered the house.

"Oh! he says he gets plenty o' meat," replied Nimmo, "an' winna come hame, for a' I can eyther dey or say."

"Then thou's gettin thy labour for thy pains," said the dame in a bantering mood; "thou's gane a' the way to 'Lisha an' back, an' no a hair the better."

"Nay, gudewife, no just sae bad as that, eyther," interposed Nimmo, looking at Marjory and directing her eye to the dog.

"Oh! thou's brought hame Moss, has thou?" she observed, darting a still more displeased glance at her husband; "an' thou's left the callant by his ainsel'? Should the stickin bull o' the Stobbs come down amang the kye, an' they gang a' wrang, an' he hae na dog to hound them wi', he may rin, puir thing, till he burst his vera heart! Dye, thou's o' nae use, an' naebody 'll miss thou, if thou'll just get a rape an' hang thysel' at yence. Mercy me! was ever woman like mysel' i' this world pestered wi' sic a sackless, dozen'd creature as thou?"

"Wey, gudewife, sae nae mair about it," replied Nimmo, in an unmoved tone, for practice had perfected his forbearance. "I did the thing for the best; but I'll tak' back the dog to the callant again to please ye. Only, when I was at 'Lisha, kennin' that Moss was our ain as weel as Jack, I brought the poor tyke away, thinkin' it *better to save ane than lose twa!*"

Nimmo's stupidity was shown in almost every act he performed. Thus, when killing a sheep, he would first cut the shanks from the unfortunate animal to prevent its getting away, and then bleed it leisurely to death.

These memorials, trifling in themselves, may be of interest to those who know Redesdale as it now is, and care to cast a backward glance on what it formerly was.

The Siege and Capture of Newcastle, 1644.

ONE of the most important incidents in the great Civil War was the siege and sack of Newcastle by the Scots in 1644. The town was conspicuously loyal. The Scots Covenanters, who had been the first to declare openly against the unfortunate Charles, were the objects of mingled hatred and contempt there. The bulk of the gentlemen of Northumberland and Durham shared heartily in these feelings. When Charles visited Newcastle in May, 1639, on his march northward against the Scots, he was magnificently entertained by the Mayor and magistrates. "All the town," writes Rushworth, "seemed but as one man against the Scots in case of an invasion." The Mayor, Mr. Alexander Davidson, and the Town Clerk, Mr. Thomas Riddell (son of Sir Thomas Riddell, the Recorder), were knighted by his Majesty. The town had previously been fortified at the charge of the inhabitants, according to the practice of former times. There were 1,500 men able to bear arms in the town and suburbs, besides the trained bands, and it was expected that at least a thousand more would come from the outlying districts for their own safety. Further, there were a troop of 100 horse, consisting of Northumbrian gentlemen of good estates and fortunes, who, all gallantly mounted, went to warfare at their own charges, not putting the King to any expense for their maintenance.

Never on earth, perhaps, since the days of Gideon and Judas Maccabeus, did so pious an army take the field as that of the Scots Covenanters when they invaded England, under Alexander Lesley, afterwards Earl of Leven, in the month of August, 1640. At every captain's tent-door colours were flying, with the Scots arms upon them, and this motto in golden letters, "For Christ's Crown and Covenant." There were daily sermons from their ministers, and prayers morning and evening, under the canopy of heaven, to which the men were called by tuck of drum; and, besides this, reading the Scriptures aloud, praying and psalm-singing were to be heard in every tent. Both in numbers and discipline the Scots were likewise superior to the English. The battle of Newburn, in which the Covenanters defeated and routed

the Royalists, spread panic among the English soldiers. In a council of war held at Newcastle, at twelve o'clock the night after the defeat, it was determined that the place was untenable, and Lord Conway accordingly forthwith abandoned it, and marched south into Yorkshire, leaving all the royal stores and magazines collected there as a prize to the victors. The occupation of the town, which the Scots entered the next day, gave them military possession of both the two North-Eastern Counties. The inhabitants were panic-struck, and offered no sort of opposition; and the magistrates seem to have merely considered how to make the best terms they could. At this time, writes Rushworth:—

Newcastle and the coal mines, that has wont to employ 10,000 people all the year long, some working under ground, some above, and others upon the water in keels or lighters, now not a man to be seen, not a coal wrought, all absconding, being possessed with a fear that the Scots would give no quarter; 400 ships using to be here at a time in the river, not a ship durst come in; an hundred and odd coming to the mouth of the haven the day after the fight, and hearing the Scots had possessed Newcastle, returned all empty, and tradesmen in the town for some days kept their shops shut; many families gone, leaving their goods to the mercy of the Scots, who possessed themselves of such corn, cheese, beer, &c., as they found, giving the owners thereof, or some in their stead, some money in hand and security for the rest, to be paid at four or six months' end in money or corn; and if they refuse, said the Scots, such is the necessity of their army that they must take it without security rather than starve.

Durham was in like manner deserted and occupied. The bishop forsook his flock and fled. For four days after the fighting not one shop in the city was open. Not one house in ten had either man, woman, or child in it. And not one bit of bread was to be had for money, for the King's army had eaten and drunk all up in their march into Yorkshire. At Darlington much the same state of things existed. His Majesty's troops swept the whole land north of the Tees of comestibles before they left it to its fate. They also ordered all the upper millstones to be broken or buried, everything of a movable nature to be removed, and the cattle and sheep to be driven off. It was to little purpose that the inhabitants petitioned the King for relief, and represented that they and their posterity were likely to be "ruinated and undone." The King could not help them, and the Scots might harry them to their heart's content, without let or hindrance. And so it was that the Scots compelled Durham to pay them £350 a day, Northumberland £300 a day, and Newcastle £200 a day, besides furnishing them with great quantities of hay and straw. Between the two contending parties, then, the people were woefully tested.

Early in August, 1641, the Scots, having received from the English Parliament a large sum of money, or the promise of it, quitted Newcastle. A few days after their departure, the King passed through the town, journeying North to pacify the malcontents across the Border, whence (having neither pleased his friends nor conciliated his enemies) he returned by the same route in November. By this time civil war was seen to be inevitable, and both parties were anxious to secure possession of Newcastle. An order to this effect was issued by the House of Commons; but the Royalist party were in the ascendant upon Tyneside, and the order was disobeyed. William Cavendish, Earl of Newcastle, being appointed governor of the town by the King, was warmly welcomed, and generously helped to put the district in an efficient state of defence. So highly gratified were the burgesses with both King and Earl that they lent his Majesty £700, and gave the Earl their honorary freedom.

In the month of January, 1644, another Scottish army, consisting of 18,000 foot and 3,000 horse, commanded by the same experienced general as before, crossed the Tweed to the assistance of Parliament in the midst of a severe storm. The King's forces in Northumberland, under Sir Thomas Glenham, were very inferior in number, and their leaders laboured under the disadvantage of being of various ways of thinking. The Yorkshire gentlemen voted for devastating the country before the invaders, while the Northumbrians were naturally averse to seeing their estates laid waste, and proposed to return a conciliatory answer to the propositions of the Scots Commissioners. All agreed that it was impossible to meet the Scots in the field, and the result was that the King's troops fell back, first over the Aln, and then over the Coquet, after some desultory skirmishes; and the Scots experienced no serious difficulty till they arrived under the walls of Newcastle, except such as bad roads and wretched weather occasioned.

General Lesley came before the town on Saturday, the 3rd of February, and summoned the place the same day. The Mayor and Corporation returned a resolute answer. In the evening the suburb of Sandgate, a poor place without the walls on the east side of the town, was set on fire to prevent the enemy from making his advances under cover. This was on Saturday night, and the suburb continued burning all Sunday and Monday. After three weeks' waiting, seeing that the siege, or rather blockade, was likely to be a long and wearisome affair, Lesley determined to waste no more time. So he broke up his camp and marched to Heddon-on-the-Wall, leaving behind him only six regiments of foot and some troops of horse to hold the garrison in check. On the 28th of February the Scots crossed the Tyne, without opposition, at the three several fords of Ovingham, Bywell, and Eltringham. The next day they passed the Derwent at Ebchester, their foot crossing the river, which was both deep and rapid, being greatly flooded, in single file, over a bridge of trees. Two days afterwards they crossed the Wear, at the new bridge near Lumley, and on Monday, the 4th of March, they entered Sunderland. Marching and counter-marching up and down North Durham, with skirmishes at South Shields, Hylton, and other places filled up the time till the second week in August. Mean-

while, the battle of Marston Moor had completed the ruin of the King's affairs in the North; and the surrender of York to the Parliamentarians left Newcastle the last bulwark of the Royal cause in this part of the kingdom. The Earl of Crawford and other Royalists had thrown themselves into the town. But General Lesley, having been joined by the Earl of Callendar, with a reserve army of 10,000 Scots, determined to make himself master of the place, and accordingly sat down before it on the 13th of August, beleaguering it on all sides.

The chief Scottish engineer, William Hunter, had formed a new kind of great guns, never before discovered, which were made purposely for this design, "above three-quarters of a yard long, or some a yard, that would carry a twelve-pound bullet, to do good execution at a good distance, and yet so formed that a horse might carry one of them." The Scots also brought with them one hundred and twenty other great guns, and a train of ammunition, "very full and large." We learn from "A True Impartial Relation of the Taking of Newcastle," published by authority in 1644, and reprinted in 1825 as one of the Newcastle Typographical Society's Tracts, that no fair means were unessayed to invite the townspeople for their own safety to surrender themselves "unto the Obedience of King and Parliament." In a letter from "the Committee of both Kingdomes" to "the Mayor, Aldermen, Burgesses, and Common Councell of the towne," the latter were adjured not to trust to rotten reeds and broken staves, which would suddenly bring the town to ruin, but to acquit themselves like rational men. Numerous copies of a letter from "a well-wisher to the town" were cast over the walls, in order that they might come into the hands of the inhabitants, who were therein told that it was "no more wisdome, nor Honour, but extreame madnesse, any longer to hold out, when the danger was "present and certain," and when all hopes of relief had failed them. But "when all these waves could nothing prevaile against the obstinacy of the Enemy, the Army having endured much hardship with patience, and the Mines and Batteries being in readinesse," it was resolved without loss of time to send in a peremptory summons. A courteous correspondence followed, in which the parties designated each other as "loving friends," and both professed the utmost anxiety to shun the effusion off Christian blood. The result was the appointment, "after many shiftings and delays," of three gentlemen, besides a secretary, to arrange with the Earl of Leven the terms of a treaty. Sir John Marley (the Mayor), Sir Nicholas Cole and Sir George Baker, Colonel Charles Brandling, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Davidson, and Captain Cuthbert Carr, late Sheriff of Newcastle, were named as hostages on the part of the town for the safety of the Scots Commissioners who went in to treat; and the trio accordingly went out to the Sandgate. But, as the "true and impartial relater" says, "the time appointed for Treaty was very improfitably spent." The Newcastle gentlemen "would not suffer any propositions to be put in writ, but used high and intollerable expressions against the power of Parliament, and their own power to stand out, and nothing appertaining to the businesse of that meeting. And after three or foure houres' debate, all they would resolve upon was to send out Propositions to the Lord General within two or three dayes, and in the meantime they declared that whatever should be the conditions of their agreement, they would onely give Hostages to render the Towne after twenty days, if reliefe came not." Whereupon the Scottish Commissioners, finding themselves deluded and delayed by the governor, who was "void of all candor, and tyrannized so absolutely over the mindes and fortunes of the people that none durst expresse their inclinations to peace and happinesse," were "forced to part and desert the Treaty, the Governor refusing to doe so much as seeke a continuation thereof while to-morrow." He "evanished so farre in his owne conceit, that he thought the Army would have taken a summe of money, and have beene gone, and himselfe have been desired to be a Mediator betwixt the King and Parliament. But all hopes of accommodation failing, the Commissioners and the hostages were mutually returned; and thereupon orders were given to the whole Army, and at the severall Batteries, to be in a posture ready for action the next day, early in the morning, seeing all fair meanes were ineffectuall."

Further delay was desired by the besieged, but Lesley refused to give it. Then Sir John Marley, in his own name alone, sent this imprudent message to the Scottish camp, addressed to Lord Sinclair:—

> My Lord,—I have received divers Letters and Warrants subscribed by the name of Leven, but of late can hear of none that have seen such a man; besides, there is strong report he is dead; therefore, to remove all scruples, I desire our Drummer may deliver one letter to himself; thus wishing you could think on some other course to compose the differences of these sad distracted Kingdomes than by battering Newcastle, and annoying us who never wronged any of you; for if you seriously consider, you will find that these courses will aggravate and not moderate distempers; but I will referre all to your owne consciences, and rest Your friend, JOHN MARLEY.

Sir John Marley's foolish epistle bears date the 19th, and was probably written shortly after midnight on Friday, the 18th of October. Barely had the drummer who bore it returned to his place within the walls, when the final assault began.

During the siege, Lord Leven, with the forces immediately under him, beleaguering the west and north-west parts of the town, was quartered at Elswick, then a village about a mile west of Newcastle. Lord Sinclair's regiment lay to the east, separated from the main body by Shieldfield Fort belonging to the town. The Earl of Callendar, with his division, was stationed at Gateshead, on the bridge, and at the glass-houses, below which he had thrown a bridge of "keill boats" over the river, for the passing and repassing of his forces, to both sides, and

also for the use of the country people, who brought in daily provisions for the army. The bridge itself, being duly guarded by Lord Kenmoor's regiment at both ends, and a strong sentry set at each of them, with two redoubts, had also there a "watery guard" of "keill boats," tied with cable ropes from bank to bank, to secure it from any sudden surprise. The besiegers were domiciled on the Town Moor, Leazes, and elsewhere in huts composed of turf, clay, straw, and wattles. On the other hand, a round tower in the Castle Garth, called the Half-Moon Battery (on the site of which the Assize Courts were long afterwards built) was used by Sir John Marley to secure the Close and the Quayside; and the Castle, which had been suffered to fall into a very ruinous state since the union of the crowns, he put into good repair. The walls are described by William Lithgow, an eye-witness of the siege on the Scottish side, as being a great deal stronger than those of York, and "not unlike the walls of Avignon, but especially Jerusalem." As for the inhabitants, he says, "the richest or better sort of them, as seven or eight common knights; aldermen, coal merchants, puddlers, and the like creatures," were "altogether malignants, most of them being Papists, and the greater part of all irreligious Atheists; the vulgar condition being a mass of silly ignorants, living rather like to the Berdoans in Libya (wanting knowledge, conscience, and honesty) than like to well-disposed Christians, pliable to religion, civil order, or church discipline."

On the morning of the 19th of October Lord Leven ordered his batteries to be opened all round the town. The besieged made a gallant defence, and the Scots suffered considerable loss, yet still they pressed on. After some hours' desperate fighting at breaches which they had made near the White Friar's Tower, and in the neighbourhood of Sandgate, the Scots forced an entry, made themselves masters of the gates of Newgate and Pilgrim Street, and, being joined by comrades who had entered at other breaches in the walls, effected the capture of the town.

The Milbank Manuscript adds several particulars of the defence from the Royalist side. "The Newgate Ward, which was under Captain Cuthbert Carr, was taken by the enemy, who entered at the White Fryer Tower and Sandgate, and encompassed them before and behind; and Pilgrim Street Gate was maintained by Captain George Errington, Lieutenant William Robson, and Ensign Thomas Swan, who fought and killed very many, they themselves not having one hurt, until they were encompassed by the enemy before and behind; and even then would not parley with the Scots who fought against them from without, but did capitulate with Lieutenant-Colonel Sinclair, who loved and honoured them, and kept his agreement well with them, that not one of them was robbed of his clothes or money, nor were any of his men suffered to give any evil word; and it was the great blessing of God that all that time there was not one man slaine nor hurt, although that company consisted of nine score men, all tradesmen; and there were divers sallies made out at that gate, for it was the largest of all the gates of the town, it being barrocaded and shut up. And after they had surrendered, and the enemy was called over at that breach, they durst not approach, but shot at their friends that called them, and would not believe that the town was taken."

Edward Man, Merchant Adventurer of Newcastle, was on the side of the Parliament, and was made Town Clerk after the capture (an office which he retained down to his death in 1654). On the day that the town was stormed and taken, he wrote off to a Member of Parliament, informing him of the fact. "The storm lasted," said he, "two hours or thereabouts. It was very hott, and managed bravely on both parts, till the towne was overmastered. I am happie God made me a spectator of the fall of those wicked men who were born to vacuate so famous a towne. The Maiors house, or some other adjoyning, are burning; yet my Lord Generall hath given order for the staying off the fire, if possible."

The Scots wondered at their own moderation in the hour of their triumph. If there was some pillage, there might have been more. There would have been less if the ruling authorities could have had their own way. "Then began the whole armie," writes Lithgow, "commanded and uncommanded—(observing King David's ancient rule that they who stayd with the baggage and they who fought in the field should share the booties alike)—to plunder, I say, for twenty-foure houres time, being an act of permission, although to no great purpose. And why? Because the common souldiers, being only able to plunder the common people (although they might have justly stretched their hands further), had for the greatest part of them small benefite," getting little "excepting only household stuff, such as bedclothes, linens, tanned leather, calve skins, men and women's apparel, pots, pans, and such like common things." The store of victuals and ammunition within the town was found to be almost spent, so that they could not have holden out ten days longer, "unless the one half had devoured the other." After the lapse of a day, further plundering was prohibited under pain of death; but the Scots are said in the meanwhile to have rifled the town's hutch, and destroyed most of the deeds and documents belonging to the Corporation.

A news-sheet, entitled "Perfect Occurrences," bears witness to the religious discretion observed by the soldiery:—"They have not taken anything from any godly persons, men or women, that they finde never acted or carried themselves against the Parliament; and they do so piously that they show them all the respect that may be." Still, saints and sinners all suffered. "Looting" fell not only on the ungodly, but pretty impartially on all who had anything to lose. Even the globes of the Trinity House, terrestrial and celestial, were seized by

warriors who would "make the best of both worlds," and turned them into ten shillings—the sum accepted for their ransom.

The balladmongers were not behind in turning a penny by the sack of the town; and their candid rhymes confess that the pillagers were no respecters of persons.

> Straightway to plundering we did fall,
> Of great and small, for we were all
> Most valiant that day;
> And Jenny in her silken gown,
> The best in town from foot to crown,
> Was bonny and gay.

While Jenny flaunted in ill-gotten silk, there was *Te Deum* sung. Both sides claimed the favour of God. Lord Leven and his comrades went to church "to give thanks to God that He was pleased, even according to the words and wishes of their enemies, to prosper and bless His people, according to the justness of their cause.' Sir John Marley, the defeated commander, who had now cause to believe in Lord Leven's presence without the evidence of a drummer, addressed his lordship on the 21st from the Castle, of which he still held possession. He desired that he and those with him might have liberty to stay, or go out of the town, with His Excellency's safe pass, to His Majesty's next garrison not beleaguered, with their horses, pistols, and swords, and have fourteen days' time to dispatch their journey, so many as pleased to go. "And truly, my Lord," says he, "I am yet confident to receive so much favour from you as that you will take such care of me as that I shall receive no wrong from the ignoble spirits of the vulgar sort; for I doubt no other. I must confesse, I cannot keep it [the Castle] long from you; yet I am resolved, rather than to be a spectacle of misery and disgrace to any, I will bequeathe my soul to Him that gave it, and then referre my body to be a spectacle to your severity. But, upon the tearmes above-said, I will deliver it to you." Upon his surrendering himself, he was almost torn to pieces by the mob; was committed to his house, under a strong guard, to protect him from the fury of the people; and, not being considered safe there, was cast, writes Lithgow, "into a dungeon within the Castle, where now that presumptuous Governor remaineth, till the hangman salute his neck with a blow of Strafford's courtesy." Parliament and Army were, however, more lenient. His life was spared, and he shared the exile of Charles and Clarendon, and lived to enjoy their Restoration.

Many were the companions-in-arms of Sir John Marley who suffered death in the defence of the town. Conspicuous among the fallen was Sir Alexander Davison, whose mansion was on the Sandhill, opposite the Exchange. Under its roof, in all probability, he received from the King, during his second mayoralty, the honour conferred upon him in 1639. At the siege, he fought on the walls as a lieutenant-colonel, with his son Joseph by his side as captain. Father and son were borne away wounded, and did not long survive the defeat of their cause. They died, and were buried in the church of St. Nicholas, the former being laid in his tomb on the 25th, and the latter on the 29th of October. On the 11th of November, the eldest son of the fallen knight placed in St. Mary's Porch a mural monument recording the manner of their death.

There is a tradition that the Scottish general threatened the Mayor, during the siege, that if the town was not instantly delivered up, he would direct his cannon so as to demolish the beautiful steeple of St. Nicholas. Sir John Marley thereupon promptly ordered the chief of the Scotch prisoners to be taken to the top of the tower, below the lantern, and returned Lord Leven an answer, that if the structure fell, it should not fall alone, as his countrymen were placed in it. And so St. Nicholas' Church was saved.

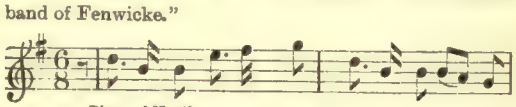
The North-Country Garland of Song.

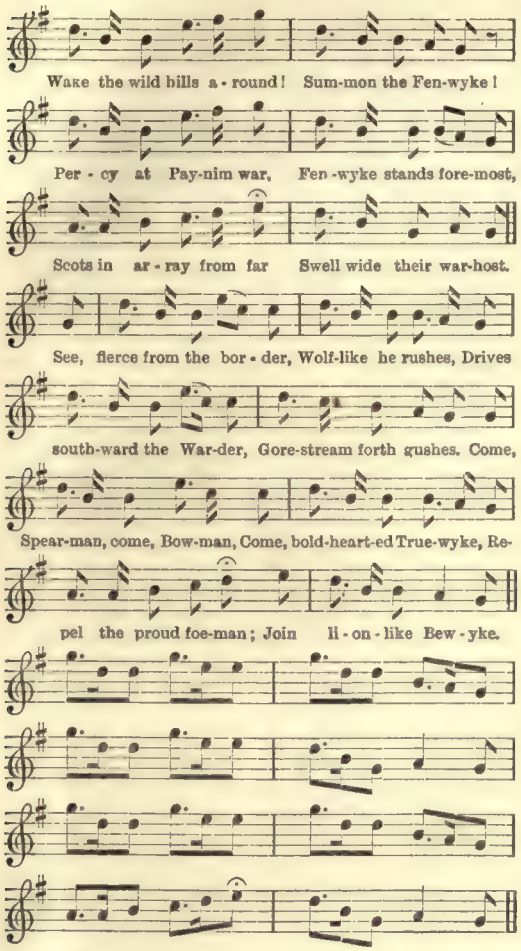
By John Stokoe.

THE GATHERING ODE OF THE FENWYKE.

MR. WILLIAM RICHARDSON, the author of this ditty, modelled from Scott's famous gathering ode "The Pibroch of Donui Dhu," was born at Little Harle Well-House, in the parish of Kirkwhelpington, in 1759, and died at North Shields, aged 65 years, in 1824. He was a teacher in his youth, and kept a school for a few years at Backworth, after which he removed to North Shields, where he practised as a notary public for the long period of thirty-five years, and also became secretary to several Marine Insurance Clubs of the Port of Tyne. He was endowed with keen literary tastes, and cultivated the Muses to good purpose during his leisure hours.

Mr. Richardson was likewise a great admirer of the music, songs, and tales of the Northumbrians, and an authority in all that pertained to the antiquities of the county. But his most important literary work was a translation of the Odes of Anacreon, in chaste, smooth, and elegant verse.

The "Gathering Ode of the Fenwyke" first appeared in the "Life of James Allen," published by Eneas Mackenzie, second edition, 1818. The air to which it was intended to be sung is "Lochiel's March," also well-known as the "Pibroch of Donui Dhu." Written for the Northumberland Regimental Bagpipes, the ode was "respectfully inscribed to a descendant of the warlike band of Fenwicke."

Pipe of North-um-bria, sound! War pipe of Aln-wyke,


Wake the wild hills a - round! Sum-mon the Fen-wyke!
Per - cy at Pay-nim war, Fen - wyke stands fore-most,
Scots in ar - ray from far Swell wide their war-host.
See, fierce from the bor - der, Wolf-like he rushes, Drives
south-ward the War-der, Gore-stream forth gushes. Come,
Spear-man, come, Bow-man, Come, bold-heart-ed True-wyke, Re-
pel the proud foe-man; Join li - on - like Bew - yke.

Pipe of Northumbria, sound!
  War pipe of Alnwyke!
Wake the wild hills around;
  Summon the Fenwyke!
Percy at Paynim (1) war,—
  Fenwyke stands foremost,
Scots in array from far
  Swell with their war-host.

See, fierce from the Border,
  Wolf-like he rushes—
Drives southward the Warder—
  Gore-stream forth gushes.
Come, Spearman, come, Bowman,
  Come, bold-hearted Truewyke, (2)
Repel the proud foeman,
  Join lion-like Bewyke!

From Fenwyke and Denwyke, (3)
  Harlow and Wallington,
Sound bugle at Alnwyke,
  Bag-pipe at Wallington!

On Elf-hills th' Alarm Wisp (4)
  Smoulders in pale ray;
Maids, babes that scarce can lisp,
  Point trembling the bale-way.

Leave the plough, leave the mow,
  Leave loom and smithie;
Come with your trusty yew,
  Strong arm and pithy;
Leave the herd on the hill,
  Lowing and flying;
Leave the vill, cot, and mill—
  The dead and the dying.

Come, clad in your steel-jack,
  Your war-gear in order,
And down hew or drive back
  The Scot o'er the Border.
And yield ye to no man;
  Stand firm in the van-guard;
Brave death in each foeman,
  Or die on the green sward.

(1) An inroad of the Scots is supposed to have taken place in the absence of the Percy in Palestine, warring against the Paynims, Saracens, or Infidels.

(2) Spearman, Bowman, Truewyke, and Bewyke were names of clans that were retainers and vassals of the Earls of Northumberland, and allies of the Fenwyke, the most powerful of the old families.

(3) Hamlets in Northumberland owned or occupied by the Fenwicks.

(4) The Elf Hills or Hills of the Fairies, near Cambo, on which a watch used to be kept and a beacon was fired in case of alarm. The wisp was a weeze of straw or tow, steeped in tar, set on fire, and mounted on the point of a spear, and carried in the direction taken by the raiders, to rouse the country to the "hot trod."

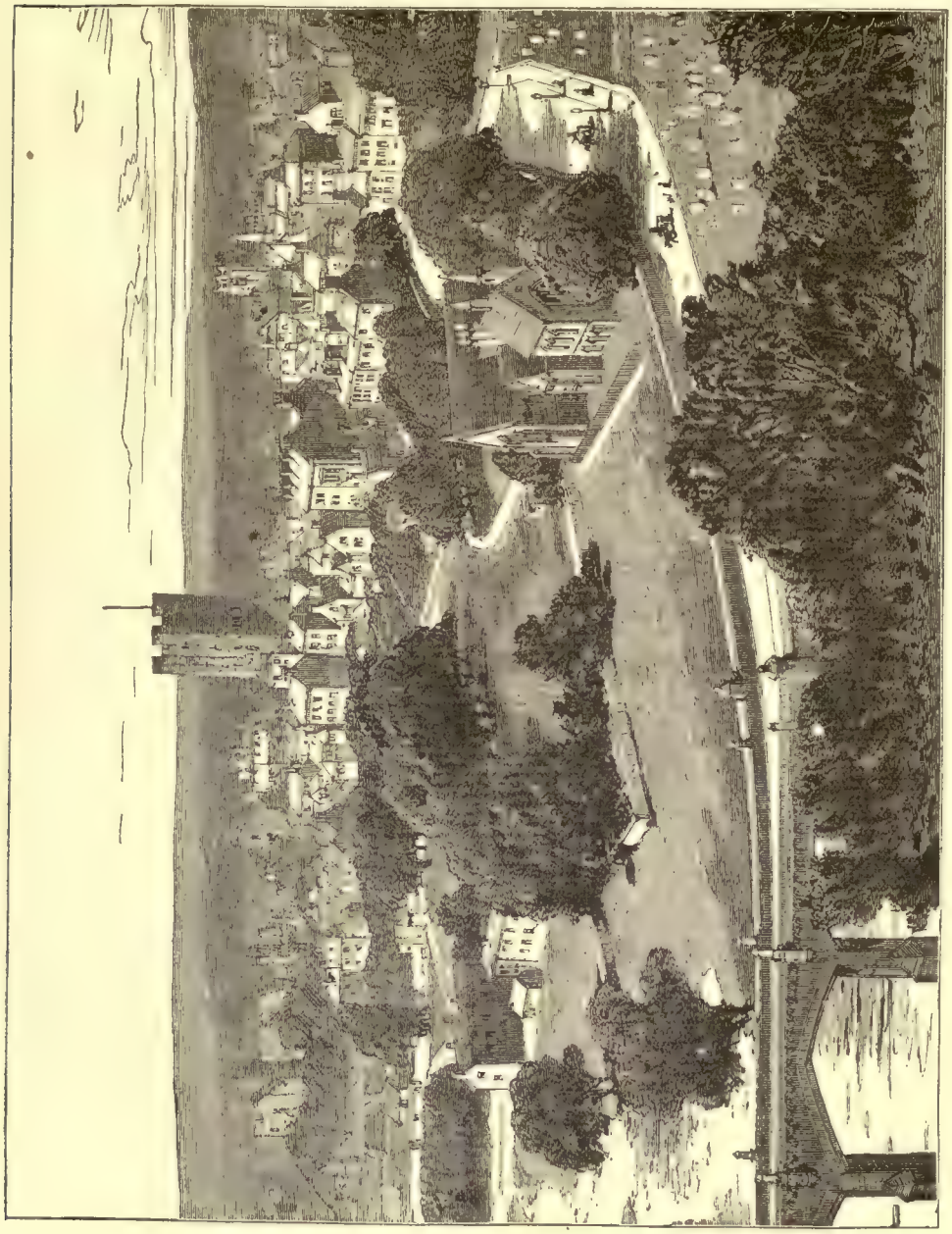
Richmond, Yorkshire.

COMBINING in an eminent degree all the elements of the picturesque, the ancient town of Richmond is a veritable artist's paradise. Whether we view it from the vicinity of the bridge leading to Leyburn and Hart Leap Well (immortalised by Wordsworth), from various points on the footpath that skirts the south shore of the river Swale, from the elevated sylvan terrace to the east, or from the northern suburbs, the prospect is always beautiful, often romantic, never commonplace.

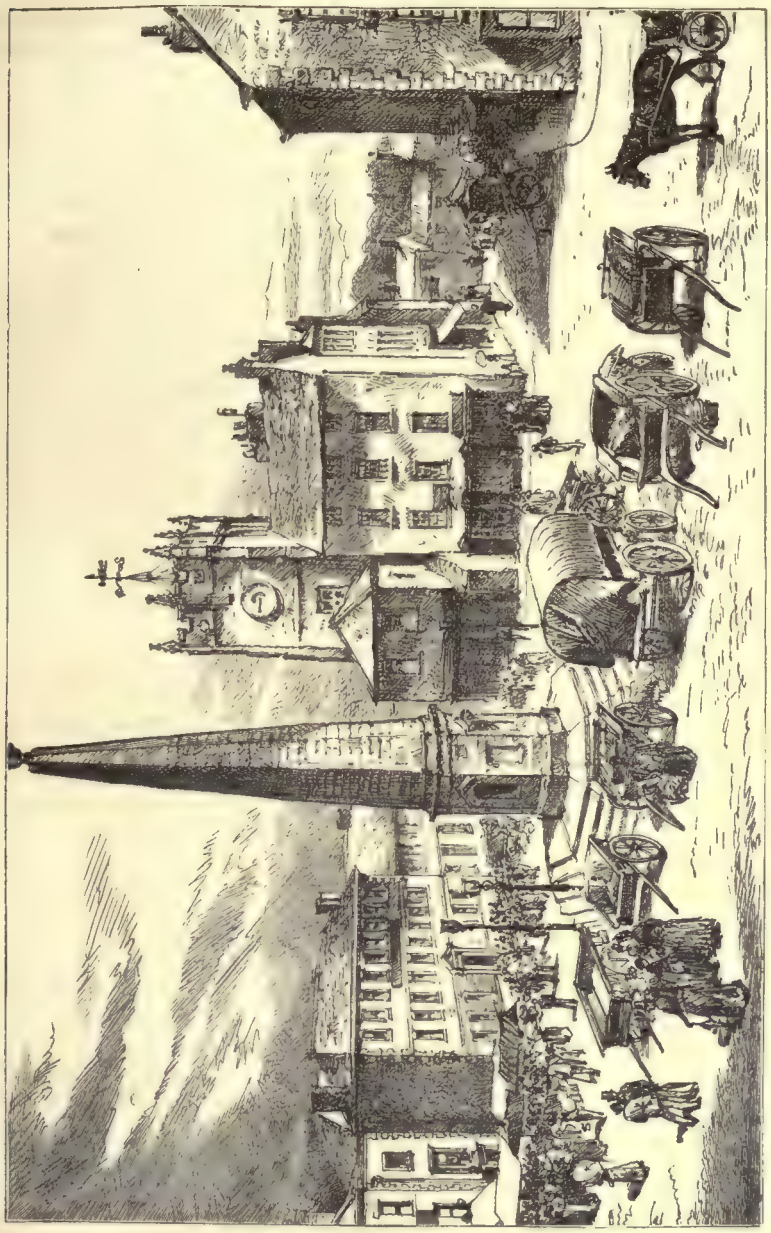
Ever since Turner reproduced, with his magic pencil, the salient features of the old castle and its surroundings, the place has been a favourite haunt for painters, who all coincide in the opinion that its natural charms are not surpassed by any town in the North Country. There is here every object that is imperative in a grand picture—noble ruins, a dashing river with a waterfall, graceful and varied foliage, and an extended perspective.

Richmond is supposed to derive its name from the fertility of the district and the excellence of its situation; hence, Rich-mount. But there are writers who aver that the name may have been borrowed from a castle of the same title in Brittany, or from the Anglo-Saxon *Reced*, a dwelling, modified by the prevalence of the Norse or Danish in Swaledale into *Reiki*; thus we arrive at Recedmund, Reiki-mund, the dwelling or settlement on the mound or dike. The dike referred to is the Scot's Dyke, an entrenchment bisecting the country from the Swale near Richmond to the Tees at Barforth or Old Richmond.

Before the Norman Conquest that portion of the North Riding of Yorkshire known as Richmondshire was the property of Earl Edwin, a Saxon noble. When William of Normandy was distributing favours to his prominent



RICHMOND FROM THE HIGH TERRACE.



MARKET PLACE, RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

adherents, he bestowed the vast estate upon Alan Niger, or Rufus, one of the sons of the Earl of Bretagne. But though he held the title, Alan soon found that it would be no easy matter to enter into possession. The vassals of Earl Edwin, in common with the general population of the North, detested the Normans. Alan, therefore, selecting a suitable situation overhanging the Swale, erected thereon a fortress of impregnable strength, well calculated to overawe the hostile population. Probably commenced about 1071, the massive structure was not completed until about 1100.

One of our illustrations is taken from the High Terrace to the east of the castle—a favourite promenade of the inhabitants. The bridge seen to the left is that leading from the railway station to the town. The Free Grammar School, or Tate Memorial, seen to the right, was erected to commemorate the virtues and scholarly attainments of the Rev. James Tate, known in the literary world as "Mr. Tate of Richmond." Appointed to the position of headmaster of the Grammar School in 1769, he retained that position for thirty-seven years, during which time a long list of finished scholars, destined to rank amongst the most distinguished men of the day, were sent into the world.

Above the line of the houses in the distance is seen the upper portion of the beautiful tower of Grey Friars, of which a separate drawing is given, showing its elegant proportions. The tower of the Grey Friars is in a remarkable state of preservation, more especially when compared with the ruins of Easby Abbey and St. Agatha's Abbey in the same neighbourhood. After the Norman Keep, which dwarfs all other buildings through sheer preponderance of bulk, the tower of Grey Friars is the greatest architectural ornament of Richmond. The name of the consummate artist who designed it is unknown, and its history is somewhat obscure. The house, which was founded in 1257 by Ralph Fitz Randulph, Lord of Middleham, appears to have been prosperous for about three hundred years. At the Dissolution of the Monasteries in 1539, it was surrendered to the tender mercies of the King, who treated the brethren with considerable severity, owing to their opposition, and since then the building has passed through several hands. It is now in the possession of a gentleman whose desire it is to preserve the tower from further decay.

Another illustration gives a fair view of Richmond's Market Place. From the number of stalls and vehicles gathered around the town cross, it may safely be assumed that the drawing was made on a Saturday, the market day, the only day in the week when there may be said to be any "throng on." At no time very flourishing, the trade of Richmond has recently become somewhat depressed. Fortunately, the town is gradually becoming popular as a health resort.

FROM PHOTO. BY VALENTINE & SONS, 152 PERTH ROAD, DUNDEE.

Anent the old church which figures in the drawing, it may be affirmed that few (if any) sacred buildings are so peculiarly constituted. Under the north gallery are three lock-up shops; there is another shop between the church and the steeple, while a fifth occupies the base of the tower. Above the latter place of business is the residence of the Town Crier, who has the rare option of ringing the curfew bell (placed in the church steeple by order of the Conqueror) from his bed on cold frosty mornings. The curfew bell is tolled twice a day, but the sound has, of course, for centuries ceased to have any significance to the good people of Richmond. The old church has, indeed, suffered from neglect. Erected on the site of a more ancient structure, all vestiges of which have disappeared, it was only rebuilt when its former importance had been usurped by the new parish church beyond the walls. The south aisle has disappeared, several houses occupying its site. Other portions of the old fabric remained for a considerable time in ruins, and during this condition of things it is probable that the incongruous shops came into existence. In 1740, the Corporation of

Richmond, being desirous of obtaining a benefaction from the governors of Queen Anne's Bounty, repaired the church, and since that time divine service has regularly been performed in it. The church was restored in 1864 by Messrs. Austin and Johnson, architects, of Newcastle.

Henry Greathead, the builder of the first lifeboat, was a native of Richmond.

The Murder of Capt. Berckholtz in Sunderland Harbour.

ABOUT noon on Thursday, the 13th of June, 1839, the people of Sunderland were thrown into a state of excitement by a rumour that the body of a murdered man had been found in the river Wear. The body was discovered by a keelman, named James Alderson, about thirty yards from the north shore. Alderson saw the head in the water, and giving the alarm to the people on board a ship lying near, with their assistance he raised the body, which was found to be tied to a large square piece of limestone, weighing upwards of seven stones. The rope, which was of foreign make, and seemed to have been used in the running rigging of a ship, was tied tightly round the waist of the murdered man, and both ends had been safely knotted, in sailor fashion, about the stone, leaving some four feet of rope between the stone and the corpse. On the body there was no other apparel than a pair of stockings, a flannel shirt, and a cotton shirt torn open, and marked at the bosom with red cotton, "J. B. 1." Attached to the neck was a small camphor bag, and on the fourth finger of the left hand a plain gold ring.

The body was soon afterwards recognised by the crew of the brigantine Phœnix, of Stettin, as that of their captain, John Frederick Berckholtz. This ship, which was in ballast from Leith, had been lying for some days a considerable distance below where the body was found. The captain had spent the previous Tuesday evening on board a Prussian vessel lying alongside, and he left to go on board his own vessel about eleven o'clock at night. The account given by his crew was that he went ashore about half-past four on the following morning, at the ferryboat landing on the north side of the river, dressed in a new pilot coat, new silk hat, &c., and wearing a watch and gold chain and seals. From that time, they said, they never saw him alive; but his absence excited no uneasiness till the Thursday morning, when the Phœnix was in turn for coals, for it was supposed that he had gone over to Newcastle on a visit to some captains of his acquaintance, then in that port.

The right side of the frontal bone of the skull, and the orbit of the right eye, had been driven in upon the brain by a violent blow, and over the right eye was a deep horizontal cut, about an inch and a half in length, which appeared to have been inflicted with some sharp instrument. There was also a smaller cut on the forehead, and some trifling bruises about the face and the left hand; but the surgeon who examined the body, a gentleman named Dodd, pronounced the injury done to the skull sufficient to have caused instant death. Round the neck there was the mark of a cord, by which the body had been dragged, or rather hoisted, as it seemed likely, from the cabin or other place where the murder had been committed.

The superintendent of police, Mr. Brown, when he went on board the Phœnix, and entered the captain's cabin, was struck with the circumstance that the bed had been neatly made up, a cap placed on the pillow, and the clothes turned down, while the sheet appeared clean and smooth, as if it had not been slept on. On drawing down the sheet and turning over the pillow, which was without its case, he found on the tick a large blood stain, and about it a roughness and dampness as if a wet sponge had been employed upon it. The wood-work at the head of the bed seemed as if a handful of blood had been dashed against it. The floor, near the bed-head, had been newly and hastily washed; but on the skirting-board, as well as under the bed, were splashes of blood. On making further search the superintendent found a linen shirt of the captain's, marked at the bosom "J. B. 5," and on the upper part of the collar was a large stain of blood. He, therefore, requested two officers who were with him to detain the mate in the cabin, and, going on shore, returned with a sufficient force to apprehend the whole crew, consisting of the mate, three seamen, and two boys, all foreigners, who were immediately taken out of the ship, and locked up in different cells.

The principal facts of the case were soon elucidated. In the first place, the appearance of the wounds on the captain's body showed that he had been murdered. Next, the place in which the body was found, a sand bank, proved that it had been deposited there by persons unacquainted with the river. The rope by which the body had been tied to the stone had evidently been used on board of a ship, and the knot upon it was such as none but a sailor would tie; the presumption, therefore, was that the deed had not been done by a landsman. The weight of the stone precluded the idea that it could have drifted to the place, or have been deposited there by one person. The next inquiry was, were the perpetrators of the crime Englishmen or foreigners? The make of the rope was foreign. Captain Berckholtz had been seen to go on board his vessel on the night of Tuesday, and the only persons who said they had seen him afterwards were Jacob Friedrich Ehlert, the mate, a man twenty-nine years of age, hailing from Bahrt on the Binnensee, in Pomerania, and Daniel Friedrich Mueller, of Ganserin, aged eighteen, elder apprentice (German, *jung mann*) on board the Phœnix. These two men implicated themselves, Ehlert through having, in the hearing of Pust, one

of the seamen, and Eichstaedt, the cook, called up Mueller at four o'clock on the Wednesday morning to put the captain on shore; and Mueller through having declared that he had done so, pointing out the particular part of the north-shore gangway on which he said the captain landed—a falsehood on the face of it, for the gangway at four o'clock was at least seven feet under water.

On the prisoners being brought before the magistrates, it was considered desirable, for the purposes of justice, that Mueller, the apprentice, should be kept from having the slightest communication with his shipmates. Accordingly, five only were first brought forward, viz.: Ehlert, the mate; Eichstaedt, the cook; Pust and Guenthersohn, the two seamen; and Weidemann, the other apprentice. The gentlemen on the bench were Joseph Simpson, Esq. (Mayor), John Lotherington, Esq., Joseph Brown, M.D., Edward Backhouse, Esq., and Richard White, Esq. The Prussian vice-consul, Mr. George Booth, was present during the examination, in his official capacity, to see fair and equal justice done to the subjects of his Prussian Majesty. One gentleman, named Bleck, was sworn as interpretor for the Crown, and another, Wassermann, for the prisoners. The superintendent of police and others gave evidence as to the finding of the body and the blood stains in the captain's cabin. The five men were than remanded, and Mueller was introduced. The evidence against him was precisely the same as that against the others, but he was charged with being a principal, because he was at watch upon deck the whole of the night, and he had stated that he put the captain on shore at four o'clock in the morning.

Shortly after the examination, it was communicated to the magistrates that Weidemann wished to make a statement of all he knew respecting the transaction. Accordingly, he told a straightforward, circumstantial story, to the effect that the cook having found Mueller in possesion of six five-franc pieces on the Wednesday, and asked him where he got the money from, Mueller said the mate had given it to him; the mate came and said the boy had stolen it from his trunk; the cook told him he was a liar, for "the money," said he, "belongs to the captain, and I will keep it till the captain comes on board"; the mate then said he knew it was the captain's, but he had found it behind the looking-glass, and was keeping it safe; the cook rejoined that he would keep it himself till the captain came; whereupon Ehlert said, "It seems to me as if the captain would never come on board again." The mate, Weidemann likewise said, must have washed the cabin floor himself, for when in the morning he was requested to clean it he found it all wet.

Very soon after the close of this lad's examination, the magistrates were again summoned, having been informed that Mueller, unable to bear the torture of concealed guilt, had voluntarily offered to make a full disclosure of all the circumstances attendant on the horrid affair. When brought into the Mayor's chamber, before Messrs. White and Backhouse, Mueller told his tale with remarkable clearness, though, at the same time, says Mr. George Hardcastle in his report of the case, "his demeanour was entirely free from anything bordering on the reckless audacity of a hardened villain." The purport of the confession was that the mate called him to go down into the master's cabin to hold a lighted lantern which he gave him; that Ehlert struck the captain on the head with a hammer, three blows, while he was lying asleep; that he (Mueller) wanted to run away, but the mate kept hold of him; that he put the body into a sailcloth bag, cut a long cord from the gear, tied it round the body, pulled it up the skylight, hand-over-hand, then took it up in his arms, and threw it into the water, over the vessel's stern. Then, desiring Mueller to bring round the boat, he went into it with the end of the line, which he fastened to the boat; forced the lad to take an oar and help to row to the south side of the river, where he went on shore and got a square stone; afterwards pulled up the river a good way, and then told Mueller to lay the oar by; let the stone and the body go into the water, where they disappeared; returned on board the ship; instructed Mueller to say he had been called up to set the captain on shore; if he 'peached, he would kill him; if he did not, he would give him three hundred pounds.

At the inquest Mueller repeated his statement, which Ehlert said was all a lie. Each then loudly accused the other of being the murderer, producing a singular scene. The balance of evidence, however, seemed against the mate, and so the jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against him, and he was committed for trial at the assizes.

The trial took place at the Durham Assizes in July. Counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Ingham and Mr. Granger; solicitors, Messrs. Kidson and Son. Counsel for the prisoner, Mr. Knowles; solicitor, Mr. Thomas Burn. On Mueller being brought forward to be sworn, the judge warned him that, if he did not speak the truth, he would be put on trial himself. He made nearly the same statement as before. When cross-examined, however, he prevaricated a good deal. The other members of the crew repeated their former evidence.

The learned judge, in summing up, said it was impossible to regard Mueller in any other light than as a willing accomplice in the case; but his statement, he conceived, was strongly confirmed by the conduct of the prisoner himself, who had evidently exerted himself most zealously to conceal the murder. Eight minutes after retiring the jury came back with a verdict of "Guilty." In answer to the usual interrogatory, what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed on him, Ehlert said he was not guilty. Sentence of death was then formally pronounced, and he was removed from the bar protesting his innocence.

After his condemnation, Ehlert evinced much distress

of mind, and shed tears in abundance in his cell. He continued, moreover, to asseverate that it was Mueller who committed the murder, and that he concealed it, after discovery, out of compassion for the lad. When not engaged in writing, which occupied great part of his time, he was intent on reading his Prayer-book and Bible, and was assisted in his devotions by the Rev. Mr. Salvin, of Gateshead, a clergyman of the Church of England, who was acquainted with the German language.

We shall not give the disgusting details of the execution, which took place on the morning of Friday, the 16th of August, 1839, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, a very large portion of whom were women, who did not seem to mind the rain, though it fell in torrents,

"Whisky Jack."

FAMILIAR in the mouths of many Tynesiders was the name of "Whisky Jack" some thirty or forty years ago. It was the name that was popularly given to John Kane, an adroit and active smuggler of the time and neighbourhood. Although noted for this character, nothing else to his detriment was ever really known against him.

John Kane was a native of Norfolk, and the son of a gardener. When he was a boy, a considerable amount of smuggling was practised on the Norfolk coast and up the estuary of the Wash. Heavy war duties were then levied on imports, and smuggling was a dangerous, but not altogether an unprofitable business. Small vessels containing contraband goods were accustomed to run between that part of the coast and Flushing and other continental ports. Their cargoes were deposited in some cases in the woods and in others in the gardens adjacent to the coast. Kane's father, along with others, was engaged in assisting smugglers in concealing the goods that they had managed to land. In time, however, the revenue authorities made it very hot both for the smugglers and their friends on shore; and, shortly afterwards, the passing of Sir Robert Peel's Act rendered the profits of the business so small as not to warrant the risk.

Whether Kane's father was dismissed, or had to escape, I do not know. But his son certainly left the district, and for several years found occupation, at one time as a gardener, and at another time as a farm hand and forester. In pursuit of his vocation, he travelled, or rather tramped, all through Lancashire and the North of England to the extreme North of Scotland. For some time he lived in Sutherland. Afterwards he returned to the Borders, where, falling in with some illicit distilleries, his early interest in smuggling revived, and he, first an associate with others, subsequently became sole owner of a still. But the Border districts did not appear to be favourable for his enterprise, and so he came to the mining districts of Northumberland and Durham. For some years he carried on his smuggling in different localities between the Coquet and the Tees. He found this neighbourhood favourable to his operations, because the country afforded abundance of convenient nooks for placing his stills, and the contiguity of mines and factories supplied him with a suitable market for his whisky. Jack led a very adventurous but harmless life during his residence in the North of England. But misfortune overtook him in 1855. He had a still at that time along Derwentside, and not very far from where it was placed a cruel murder was committed. A young doctor named Stirling, whilst on his way from the Spen to Burnopfield, was found shot dead on the roadside. There was great mystery attendant upon the occurrence. After some delay, Kane, along with others, was arrested and tried for the crime, but acquitted.

It would serve no good purpose to recall the painful incidents of the outrage and the trial. Suffice it to say that great sympathy was aroused for the unfortunate gentleman who was murdered, and his relatives. And this, along with the mystery attaching to the crime, created a very strong prejudice against the persons who were accused. The fact that Kane was a smuggler was sufficient, it seemed, to justify almost any charge against him. But his case was put before strangers and responsible persons, who, upon investigation, found that both he and his companions had a complete defence. When the accused were brought to trial, the lawyers decided that the case against them was so feeble that it was not necessary to adduce the evidence on their behalf which had been prepared and would have been forthcoming. The prejudice against both men amongst ignorant people, however, did not readily die out, and there was an attempt made to hunt Kane from the district. Wherever he sought employment, stories to his detriment were circulated. He was driven from one place to another, and he found it difficult to get the means of living. Mr. Joseph Cowen thereupon took him into his employment, and for thirteen years he was gardener for that gentleman. During that time, Kane justified to the fullest extent the confidence that was placed in him. He was a sober, industrious, honest, and reliable man. The effects of his roving life, however, began to tell upon him in course of time. In 1868 he was disabled by rheumatism, and, believing that a sea voyage and a trip to a warmer climate would remove it, he went to Australia. He carried with him letters of introduction to influential people in Melbourne, where he soon got work. At first the disease from which he suffered was abated, but ultimately it returned; and the last of many letters received from him said that he was extremely ill. That is some years ago. No communication has since been received from him, and the inference is that "Whisky Jack" died in Australia.

These are the facts so far as the life of John Kane is

concerned. The idea that he was drunken or cruel, that he kept a gun near his still and a revolver on his person, or that he hung about public-houses and led a dissipated life, is altogether absurd. He probably was not a teetotaler, but he was an extremely temperate man. And when he lived in Blaydon he took an active part in public matters in the village. Amongst other things he was an ardent co-operator when co-operation held a very different position in public estimation from what it does to-day. He talked often, many thought wildly and extravagantly, about co-operators growing their own corn, grinding their own flour, growing their own tea, owning their own ships, and in fact advocated the system in much the same manner that it has developed. He could read and write and keep accounts fairly well, but his book knowledge was not extensive. On the other hand, his knowledge of the habits of birds and animals, agriculture and gardening, was considerable. He had a great *penchant*, too, for mechanics and chemistry; and one of the crazes of his latter days was that he he had found perpetual motion. He had had many hair-breadth escapes and peculiar adventures with the excise officers and police, and, in a distorted form, some of these escapades have found their way into novels.

Although not an expert in books, nor much of a politician, he had a shrewd appreciation of the situation of the unenfranchised. Once, when brought before the magistrates and accused of illegal practices, he defended himself in this wise:—He said it was true that he made whisky and sold it without paying any duty. He did not deny that, but held that he had a right to do so. The still was his own. He had bought it and paid for it. The sugar and other material that he used in making the whisky had been bought and paid for by him. All the labour that had been given in its production and distilling he had given himself. And he held that, this being the case, no accusation of dishonesty could be levelled against him. It was true, he said, that he had avoided the excise law, but then the Government of the country did not recognise him. He was practically an outlaw. He had not a vote. The doctrine of the English Constitution was that representation and taxation should go together. And as he was not represented, he did not see why he should be taxed. He contended, further, that there was no greater offence in evading the payment of duty on the whisky that he made with his own materials than there was in wealthy merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen returning incorrect statements of their incomes to the Revenue Office. There was a certain shrewdness as well as sarcasm in this statement. But, while it amused the persons to whom it was addressed, it did not save him from paying the penalty of infraction of the Excise laws.

It is only necessary to add that the mystery connected with the murder of which poor Jack was accused has never been unveiled. J.

The Delaval Weighing Machine.

SOME time ago, a note was contributed to the *Weekly Chronicle* on the present custom, at Sandringham, of weighing visitors at the hall on their coming and going. The writer supposed the fashion was introduced by his present Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales; but in this the correspondent errs. In the last century, a "weighing machine" stood regularly in the hall of Seaton Delaval, for the purpose of weighing visitors and others; and on the hall table, in like manner, as the visitors' book now lies in most large mansions, there was a book recording the weights. Whether the custom originated with the Delavals, or when they first adopted it, does not appear certain; but it is more than likely that the gay Sir Francis introduced the fashion, although the earliest date recorded in the existing book, which I have had the privilege of seeing, is seven years after his death. Here are some of the weights:—

1778. Aug. 13. Sir J. H. Delaval, Bart., 14s: 2lbs.
Lady Delaval, 15s: 4¾lbs.
,, Sep: 20. Lord Algernon Percy [1st Earl of Beverley] 8s: 8lbs.
Lady Algernon, 8s: 9lbs.
1779. Feb: 17. Mrs. Shaw [housekeeper] 19s: 9lbs.
,, Nov. 14. Mr. Blake [a child, afterwards 3rd Bart. of Twizell], 2s: 9¼lb.
1780. Feb: 2. Miss Kitty Dace, a dwarf [where of?] 4s: 7lbs.
Mr. Oxley [agent for Delaval estates] 12s: 5½lbs.
,, July 29. Earl of Tyrconnel, 13s: 4½lbs.
Lady Tyrconnel, 8s: 11lb. [Sarah Hussey Delaval was married to the Earl of Tyrconnel the 3rd of same month].
Mr. Jadis, 9st. 3½lbs.
Master Henry [Jadis] 2s: 3½lbs.
Mrs. Jadis [Sophia Delaval] 10s: 3½lbs.
1781. July 23. Lady Audley, 7s: 3lbs.
Lord Audley 9s: 7½lbs. [Elizabeth Delaval was married to Lord Audley, 19 May previously.]
,, ,, 27 Captain Stanhope with Boots and Spurs, 9s: 11lbs.
, Aug. 17 Master Charles Saville, 4s. 11b.; Hon: H. Saville, 11s. 0½lbs. [brothers of the Earl of Mexborough].
Countess of Mexborough [sister of Lord Delaval] 8s: 10½lbs.
Rev. Mr. Hardcastle [her second husband] 12s: 3lbs.
Lord Mexborough [her son] 12s: 0½lbs.
Mr. Farrer [of London firm of family lawyers] 12s: 11⅜lbs.
Mrs. Cawthorne [Frances Delaval, wife of J. F. Cawthorne, M.P.] 10s: 4lbs.
1782. Sep: 26 Lord Percy [2nd Duke of Northumberland] 10s: 10½lbs.
Lady Percy, 7st: 11½lbs.
1784. Octr. 7. Captain Delaval [son of Sir F. B. Delaval by Mrs. Roche] 14st: 6lbs.
Mrs. Delaval [Mary E. Carpenter, his wife] 10st. 2lbs.

1784. Octr. 7. Mrs. Huthwaite [Frances, daughter of Sir F. B. Delaval, by Mrs. Lydia Davison] 14st: 2lbs.
1785. Sep: 28. Mrs. Hicks [mistress of Lord Delaval, whose portrait, painted about this time, by Reynolds, hung for 25 years in her dressing room at Seaton] 10s 12lbs.
Mr. [Samuel] Huthwaite [husband of Frances Delaval above] 14st: 9lbs.
,, Decr. 4. Mr. Hay [16th Earl of Errol] 10st: 1¾lbs.
1786. Aug. 8. Charlotte Knight [then domestic, afterwards mistress and eventually wife of Lord Delaval] 9st: 2lbs.
,, Octr. 13. Mr. Coulthurst [of London firm of family lawyers] 10st: 0½lbs.
1788. Octr. 29 Miss [*sic*] Hicks [as above] in habit, 12st: 0lbs.
1789. Novr. 7. Miss Touchett [daughter of Lord Audley] 3 st: 13½lbs
Lady Susan Carpenter [Marchioness of Waterford] 2st: 13½lbs
N.Y. Sep: 8. Miss H. Huthwaite, 3s: 2½lbs.
1790. May 30. Mr. Williams, in shoes, and after dinner and five weeks' gay life at Seaton [an amateur actor] 13s: 9lbs.
1790. Octr. 21. Miss Warkman, 8s: 8lbs; Mr. Warkman [vicar of Earden and rector of Ford] in boots, 13s: 7lbs.
R. W. Spearman 18s: 1lb.
Big Ben [a noted prize fighter] 15s: 0lbs.
Miss M. Warkman, 6s: 3½lbs.
,, Novr. 28. Miss E. Warkman, 8s: 3lbs.
1791. Octr. 17 Miss A. M. Hussey Delaval, 4st: 1lb.
Captain Delaval [again; her father] 15s: 3lbs.

Although it does not appear in this book, it is elsewhere recorded, and may be worth noting here, that Sir F. B. Delaval was not only the heaviest member of his family, but turned the scale at 20 stones. It is very probable that in Lord Delaval's later years, so far as Seaton Delaval is concerned, the custom fell into abeyance, for when an inventory of the goods there was taken after his death 1808, the only reference to the machine appeared in an item of the contents of a lumber room—"1 Fir case supposed for weighing machine." The machine itself had evidently been removed or got rid of.

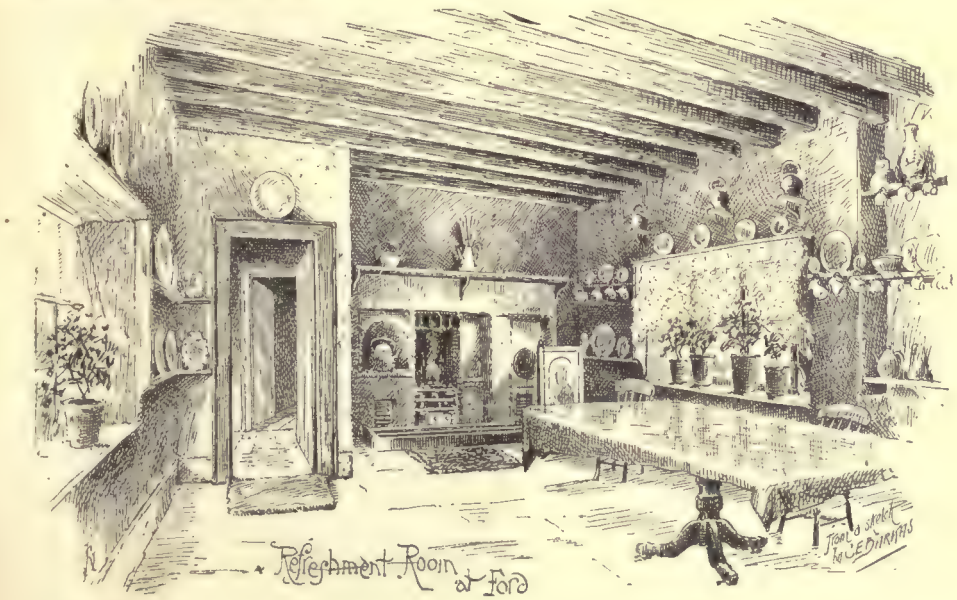
CUTHBERT HOME TRASLAW.

Around Ford.

OF all the villages of Northumberland Ford is probably the most sweet and comely. It stands on a steep hill which rises from the Till. But no good picture of it can be made, because the trees amidst which it is hidden completely prevent any general view from being obtained. It is a village to be seen, not depicted or described. And, once seen, it is not likely to be soon forgotten.

The inhabitants owe much of the comfort and beauty which characterise their homes to the fostering care of successive occupants of Ford Castle, of whom none has taken greater interest in the welfare of the villagers than the present Marchioness of Waterford. For the younger generation her ladyship hung in the school-room a number of pictures, the product of her own artistic conception and workmanship, while the elder generation have a lasting memorial of her thoughtfulness in the cosy reading-room she has provided for them.

Ford is one of the somewhat numerous prohibition estates in Northumberland. There is, however, a little cottage where modest refreshment of a non-alcoholic nature may be purchased. The principal apartment in the cottage has been furnished by Lady Waterford with



a beautiful collection of china. This ware, much of which is old and valuable, is arranged all round the room, while screens and other articles of furniture go to give it a most unique appearance for a house of that description in a little country village.

Ford Forge, as will be seen from our illustration, is an ideal country smithy. The entrance, constructed of stone-work, represents a gigantic horse-shoe. The forge is situated about a mile and a half from the village. Built in 1769, it was once celebrated for the manufacture of spades.

The bridge over the Till is, in the summer, with all the green foliage about it, a pretty sight, and from it may be had, as seen in the accompanying picture, a good view of the Cheviots in the distance to the west, with Flodden about a mile and a half away.

For an account and illustration of Ford Castle, around which the modern village has been reared, see the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1887, p. 455.

Regner Lodbrog.

ONE of the most famous of those terrible Danish sea-kings, who, in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, ravaged the coasts of Britain, and particularly that of Northumberland, was Regner Lodbrog, whose proper name was Regner Sigurdson. Regner's real history is overladen with manifest fables; but enough is certain, or at least credible, after these latter have been brushed away, to justify the narrative here.

Regner annexed Jutland to his kingdom of Scania and Zealand; overran Sweden, Norway, Esthonia, Livonia, Finland, and Northern Russia; and harried the best parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Flanders. He had the hardihood to sail up the Seine as far as Paris, plundering, slaughtering, and burning all the way. He even ventured through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean, plundered Africa, Sicily, and the Isles of Greece, and landed on the shores of the Hellespont, whence he brought away a rich spoil. But, on his return from the expedition, the fifth which he had made into the West Sea, he found that he had to cope with a formidable insurrection of his Danish subjects, raised by a competitor to the crown, supported by the Emperor Louis the Pious. This rival had adopted the Christian faith, which he had promised to introduce into Denmark. Regner, on the contrary, was an obstinate heathen, and upheld the worship of Odin, Thor, and Freya as stoutly as he did the invincible raven banner. He forbade the Christian converts to meet for public worship, and drove the German missionaries out of the land, on the ground that they were spies of the Emperor.

Ella, son of Hama, King of Britain (so designated in the Danish sagas), had dared to raise his head again in Northumberland, after his father's submission to Regner's arms; and the irate sea-king accordingly set sail for England to chastise the rebellious prince. Despising his

insolent Anglian vice-gerent, or rather vassal, Regner hastened off with only five hundred men, on board of two ships. His wife Aslog, who was a wise woman, deeply skilled in the *runes*, warned him against venturing into a hostile country with so small a force, especially since he might have a whole fleet of long ships to accompany him; but he answered that the fewer ships and men he had the greater would be the glory he should gain.

Regner's ships were separated and driven ashore during a dreadful storm on the Northumbrian coast; nevertheless, he got safe to land with a handful of people somewhere near the mouth of the Tyne or Wear. Ella had collected a large army against him, so that Regner found himself caught in a trap. Narrowly hemmed in, with no means of retreat by land or sea, he made a desperate stand on what proved to be his last field. Overwhelmed, with his little band, he was taken into the presence of Ella, but refused to tell who he was. He was accordingly thrown into a dungeon infested with venomous snakes; but so much afraid was Ella of bringing down upon himself the vengeance of Regner's sons, whose fame for martial exploits already rivalled their father's, that he gave the guard orders to set the prisoner free at once, if he should turn out to be Regner.

None of the snakes, if we may believe the saga, would fasten on the king so long as the enchanted helmet remained on his head; but when that was pulled off, they fixed themselves instantly upon him on all sides. Dreadful was the agony Regner suffered, but no exclamations, groans, or sighs escaped from his lips, and he still resolutely suppressed his name. It was only when a snake forced its fangs into his left side, close to his heart, that he cried with a loud voice: "Grind your tusks, ye wild pigs! The old boar is done for!" Then the men recognised who their dogged prisoner was, and they would fain have delivered him from the snakes, but it was too late. Regner was already on his way home to the Hall of Odin, to sit there enthroned among kindred heroes.

Local tradition has it that the scene of the conflict in which Regner fell was Tunstall Hope, about a mile and a half from Sunderland. There is a farm near the head of the valley, called Ella's Hope, shortened into Elstob, and it is supposed to have taken its name from the Northumbrian king.

We have said that Regner is to a great extent a mythical character. Antiquaries have been very much puzzled to reconcile the legends regarding him with the facts of history. According to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles, Ella usurped the throne of Northumberland in the year 862, whereas Regner's death is placed by Suhm in 794, and by other writers at a still earlier date. Indeed, some split up Regner into three distinct persons, and manufacture two successive Ellas to kill three successive Lodbrogs. There are thus difficulties on every side, which will perhaps never be solved.

Volumes have been filled with Regner's adventures, and with disquisitions thereon. He was not only a great hero, but a famous poet, bard, or *skjald*. Many of his poems were long preserved in the North, and several may

be found inserted in the Danish accounts of his life. Olaus Wormius, in his book on Runic literature, gives what purports to be his funeral song, in a Latin translation from the Norse original, which has since been printed several times with more or less careful editorial supervision.

The poem, entitled the "Lodbrokarquida et Krakemal," that is to say, "Lodbrog's Torment," is understood to be the composition of a *skjald* of the ninth century, probably a contemporary of the hero of it, or at least belonging to the next generation after him. In the first strophe, Regner is made to relate how he won his first wife, Thora Borgehjort (Hart Castle) on the shores of Gothland. She was the daughter of the king of that country, whose name was Herod, and she was held in captivity, in a high tower, by a pair of monstrous dragons, heath serpents, or ling eels, as they are called in the original. The poisonous breath of these horrid creatures infected the whole neighbourhood with the plague; and the old king, with a view to getting rid of them and freeing his hapless daughter, promised the princess's hand to the daring champion, whoever he might be, that should slay the monsters. Regner undertook the task, and in order to protect himself from the serpents' teeth, he got a pelisse or cloak made of undressed lamb skins, and a pair of breeches of peculiarly shaggy material, of which the dragons could not get a fast hold, and in which he could easily turn himself. The weather was freezing cold, and on his way to the place of conflict he dived under the water, and saturated his shaggy dress so that he was all bristling with sharp icicles. The saga tells us, in a quiet vein of humour, how the king and his courtiers ensconced themselves as safely as possible in the innermost recesses of the court, or on the highest pinnacles of the palace. But Regner defended himself from the teeth of the dragons with his shield, while his frozen coat protected him from their venom; and, watching the first opportunity, he transfixed both of the monsters with his spear at one blow. They tried to envelope him with their tails and crush him to death, but his shaggy breeches saved him, and he came off conqueror unwounded, like More of More Hall, who slew the dragon of Wantley; the heir of Lambton, who cut the worm in pieces; the Daft Laird of Larriston, who killed the worm of Ormiston; and their still more famous classic prototype, Perseus, who freed Andromeda from the sea monster on the coast of Palestine. Ever after this exploit, for which he was rewarded with the Princess Thora's hand, Regner was known by the cognomen of Lodbrog, that is, Shaggy Breeches.

Dreadful was the retribution that followed Regner's death. When his three or four surviving sons—Iver or Ingoar, the Legless Boar, so called from some congenital deformity; Sigurd Snake-eye, otherwise called Ubbe; Bjorn, the iron-ribbed; and some add Halfden the Terrible—heard of their father's fate, they at once determined on wreaking the most speedy, summary, and signal vengeance on his murderers. They soon collected what old historians have termed "a mighty torrent of vindictive fury," composed of Danes, Jutes, Swedes, Norwegians, Frisians, and other nations—in short, all the strength and valour of the teeming North. The avengers of their father's blood, accompanied by four or five other kings and twenty earls, sailing out of the Baltic, arrived safe on the East Anglian coast, among their countrymen settled there, with whom they stayed over the winter. Next spring they borrowed horses from the East Anglians, and marched across Mercia into Northumberland. The misfortune of England at that time was that every one of its petty kingdoms was split up into factions destitute of public spirit. In Northumberland, as one party after another prevailed, the kings, who were, in truth, only the puppets of these parties, were expelled or restored, hailed as monarchs, or slain as traitors and usurpers; and the greater part of these shadowy potentates had no title or claim to authority but what their courage or their cunning gave them. Had the Northumbrians and the Mercians cordially joined at this crisis with the first Saxons, whose leader was nominally king of all England, their united forces would have sufficed to repel the invaders. But even the imminent danger to which they were exposed failed to produce any great degree of union. The Northumbrians, as usual, were employed in contending amongst themselves, the kingdom being divided between Osbert, who seems to have been the legitimate king, and Ella, the prime object of the wrath of the brothers, who was styled a usurper. These two saw plainly, it is true, that their situation was desperate if they did not join their forces. They accordingiy suspended their rivalry and marched against the Danes, who, after ravaging Lindsey, near Lincolnshire, had taken possession of York.

Accounts differ as to the particulars of the campaign, but the result was speedily fatal to both the Northumbrian kings. The Danes had fortified themselves in York, and made themselves masters of the surrounding country. Osbert and Ella challenged them to come out, and the challenge was accepted. Upon the ample folds of the standard which floated at the head of the Pagan host was depicted the raven, the bird of Odin. This magic banner had been woven and worked by the daughters of Regner Lodbrog in the course of a single day, and the Danes believed that it was endowed with prophetic power, imparted to it by Queen Aslog, who was the daughter of Sigurd Fafnisbana, a famous mythical hero. If victory was to follow, the raven stood erect and soaring before the warriors; but if a defeat was impending, he hung his head and drooped his wings. On this occasion we may infer that the omen was favourable, for victory at length declared for the Danes.

This battle was fought under the walls of York on the 21st of March, 867. The brave Osbert was slain on the

field, while Ella, more unfortunate, was taken prisoner. The victors treated him with an amount of barbarity uncommon even among savages. They cut the figure of an eagle on his back, threw salt on the lacerated flesh, and divided his ribs to tear out his lungs.

Simeon of Durham, in his Chronicles of the Angles, tells us that Ella and Osbert brought this terrible judgment on themselves, wholly irrespective of the death of Regner. They had both, it seems, been guilty of sacrilege, having deprived St. Cuthbert of a good part of his patrimony, viz., Warkworth, Tilmouth, Billingham, Aycliffe, and Wycliffe.

According to some accounts Iver or Ingoar, accompanied by Hubba, landed at Berwick, and marched south instead of marching north from East Anglia with the rest, as others state. Halfden seems likewise to have landed at the mouth of the Tweed, and to have ravaged the rich country adjacent. Tynemouth monastery was utterly destroyed by these fierce marauders.

After this melancholy epoch, Northumberland appears no more in history as an Anglo-Saxon kingdom. Iver assumed the title of king, not of it only, but of all England; and as soon as he found himself firm in the saddle in these northern parts, he and Sigurd first overran Mercia (A.D. 868), then Lindsey (869), and, finally, East Anglia (870). The Danes thus became sole rulers over the north-eastern half of England, bounded by the Watling Street, and reaching as far north as Edinburgh.

Bjorn, the Iron-ribbed Bear, returned to Norway, and ruled for some years over that kingdom, with the government of which he had been entrusted during his father's life; and Sigurd Snake-eye was chosen King of Denmark by the unanimous vote of the Landsting or National Assembly. Thus all Regner's sons attained the rank of kings, including Halfden, who was the most illustrious of sea kings, though he had no distinct kingdom on land.

A North-Country Bibliopole.

THERE are few places so full of interest as a second-hand book shop, especially when it happens to be owned by an enthusiastic collector. I am acquainted with a model store of these literary curiosities, and with a man who seems to have been made for their efficient control. Both are to be found in Great Queen Street, London—standing cheek by jowl with the Freemasons' Tavern—and it is difficult to say whether the establishment, or its proprietor, can be regarded as the greatest attraction. Such hesitancy, however, applies only to casual visitors. Those from Tyne or Wearside can have no reasonable doubt on the subject, seeing that Mr. John Wheldon,* the founder of the show, is a native of Newcastle; that he is over 80 years of age; and that the valuable treasures around him have sprung from the smallest of small beginnings. Looking at his premises now, the idea of a modest start seems almost incredible. The building is so full of stock that it is barely possible to secure travelling way from one room to another. Long stretches of shelving are crowded with double layers of books, while heaps of papers and periodicals strew the floors and tables. In a similar fashion, the entrance hall is reduced to half its natural width; the staircase is lined with towering piles of prints; and the cellars and garrets, as well as the small sanctum of the chief, are inconveniently packed also.

Like many other North-Countrymen, the proprietor of this old book shop has been the pioneer of his own fortunes. He sprang from humble parents, had no influential friends to help him, and was left, when quite a young man, to

Mr John Wheldon.

map out a career for himself. The method, at the outset, did not seem particularly promising. It was something like this:—Young Wheldon would walk into an old book shop, inquire what volume or set of volumes the collector most particularly desired to possess, and, on receipt of the information, at once commenced a search for the missing works. For every successful quest he was paid liberally; while for some lucky hits the honorarium might be described as munificent. While thus earning his livelihood, he was steadily adding to his knowledge of books, and soon began to accumulate a stock of his own. Slowly, but very surely, his position improved. In course of time the diligent searcher was transformed into a sagacious masterman, who gave his attention principally, though not exclusively, to historic and scientific works. Mr. Wheldon now enjoys an almost unique posi-

* The portrait of Mr. Wheldon is copied from a photograph by T. C. Turner and Co., 17, Upper Street, Islington, London.

tion in these branches of literature. His stock, as I have shown, is enormous; it is insured for many thousands of pounds; and its actual selling value can hardly be estimated. Years hence, perhaps, when his present lease expires, it may be necessary to sort and catalogue all the treasures that the place contains. This prospect—strange as the confession may seem—is one of the venerable gentleman's greatest troubles. "I only possess this place for nine years more," he says, "and I am afraid the landlord may then want to disturb me." As this is a long look ahead—especially for a veteran of 84—it is sincerely to be hoped that some satisfactory solution of the difficulty may be discovered.

Though a Newcastle man by birth—having been born in Pilgrim Street on the 9th of April, 1807—Mr. Wheldon has spent the bulk of his time in London. He was taken there when quite an infant, and, except in his early years, has adhered faithfully to the metropolis. It is concerning a northern visit, made during his boyhood, that the old bookseller retains his most pleasurable reminiscences. When 18 years of age he accompanied his father to the Farne Islands in order to assist in fixing the lantern for the Longstone Lighthouse. He was nine weeks engaged on this duty, and afterwards spent a couple on the Brownsman, where William Darling and his daughter Grace were then residing.

It was here that the young visitor made friends with the girl, and became deeply impressed by her character. After twelve or thirteen years had passed away, there came news concerning the wreck of the Forfarshire, coupled with that "deed of daring" which has made the name of Grace Darling famous for all time. The enthusiasm of the capital found an echo in every quarter of the civilised globe; but in no bosom did it arouse a feeling of greater pride than in that of Mr. Wheldon. He had known the brave lassie; he gloried in her achievement; and, what is more important, he still continues to sing her praises as loyally as he did half a century ago. It is his belief, to-day, that there is no person now living who shared his labours at the Longstone light. He feels absolutely certain that he must be the only human being who can boast of an acquaintance with the girl before her memorable exploit.

There is something very touching about Mr. Wheldon's fidelity to his sea-girt friends. Their acquaintance seems to have formed one of the most pleasurable incidents of his youth, and he looks back upon it as only kindly bachelors can. This accounts for many of his subsequent inquiries. He was aware, of course, that Grace died four years after her memorable achievement; but, notwithstanding this fact, he was always anxious to renew his acquaintance with her family. It was not until 1864 that this desire could be gratified. By that time he had become thoroughly established in business. He was, in fact, a man of financial substance—well able to extend the scope of his operations—and he accordingly attached himself to the Naturalist Field Clubs of Berwick and Newcastle. Being in the North on the eve of one of their excursions, he indulged himself with a run to Bamborough. As William Darling was then a resident in the village, Mr. Wheldon availed himself of the opportunity for a friendly call. Though the two men had not seen each other for forty years, a few questions were quite sufficient to revive their earlier intercourse. The ex-lighthouse-keeper remembered the London workman very well, and had a cordial greeting for the warm-hearted boy who accompanied him—the "friend of little Grace." As the youth of 18 had developed, during the interval, into a man of 58, there were many questions to ask as well as much to tell on both sides. At the close of an edifying interview, Mr. Darling produced a small book, in which he asked his guest to place his autograph. The request was cheerfully complied with, and, under the date of August 25th, 1864, Mr. Wheldon wrote his name, occupation, and place of business.

The whereabouts of this "visitors' list" has latterly been the subject of many inquiries; but its history could not be traced. By the merest accident, however, I am able to add a few words concerning it. During the rambles of Mr. W. H. Atkinson, a gentleman residing at Starbeck, near Harrogate, it was lately discovered in the possession of Grace Darling's niece. It is to the courtesy of Mr. Atkinson that I am now indebted for a few memoranda from the interesting little volume. The title, which is in the handwriting of the old lighthouse-keeper himself, appears to have been drawn up on the 2nd of August, 1861, after he came to reside at "Wynding House, Balmburgh." The first signature, inserted eleven days afterwards, was that of Dr. John Struthers, of Edinburgh. Amongst those who succeeded him were the Venerable Archdeacon Bland, in 1863; David Dunbar, the Dumfries sculptor, in 1864; Sir Walter James and Lord Hardinge, in 1865; Captain and Mrs. Stafford Northcote, in 1866; and Mr. Tom Taylor, in 1868. Some of these visits were subsequent to the death of Mr. Darling, which took place in 1865; but they were prompted, no doubt, by a desire to see his home, his journal of experiences on the Farne Islands, and the many similarly interesting records of a long and valuable life. But the entry of greatest note is undoubtedly that of Mr. Wheldon, for it is followed by a postscript which says—"He was one of the workpeople sent from London to the erection of the Longstone Lighthouse in the years 1825 and 1826."

The Castle Spectre: A Legend of Haughton.

IT would be too much to expect that a tale handed down by oral tradition, through at least ten or twelve generations, and probably far more, should be consistent in all its parts. The innumerable legends connected with old castles, abbeys, and hermitages in Durham and Northumberland, as in most other parts of Britain, would be placed by critical writers of local history in the same category with the lives and adventures of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Still, they are interesting and worthy of preservation, bringing before us, as they do, obsolete manners and customs, and ideas, beliefs, and superstitions once prevalent among the common people, but now in great part abandoned and forgotten. The castle spectre is one of the commonest of those imaginary beings whose appearance from time to time frightened the inmates of old fortalices in different parts of the world, from the hill forts of India to the strongholds of Scandinavia; and it may safely be asserted that there is not a single building with any pretensions to remote antiquity that has not been honoured in time past by the possession of its peculiar goblin, whether akin to the German "hoffgespenst" or the Irish "banshee."

Haughton Castle, situated on the North Tyne, is reputed to have once had a spectre of its own, said to have been the ghost of one of those daring mosstroopers who made life and property on the Borders unsafe, both before and subsequent to the Union of North and South Britain. The story goes that in the reign of Henry VIII., when Lord Dacre of Gilsland was Warden of the Middle Marches, a loud complaint arose in the Northern Counties against his lordship's administration, on account of his being more than suspected of taking bribes, directly or indirectly, from the more influential of those freebooters, such as the chiefs of the clans Armstrong, Elliot, Scott, Kerr, and Graeme. The fact was, that during a great part of his wardenship, the mosstroopers, especially those of the Scottish side and the Debatable Land, were more troublesome than they had ever been before. No man's horses or cattle were safe unless he submitted to the ignominy of paying "blackmail" to some notable hard-riding chieftain, thus purchasing exemption from the operations of professional and skilled "lifters"—that is, horse, cattle, and sheep-stealers, true "minions of the moon" like Johnnie o' Gilnockie, Wat o' Harden, or Kinmont Willie. It was first whispered, then loudly proclaimed, and by-and-by universally believed on both sides of the Border, that Lord Dacre knowingly and willingly connived at the robberies committed by these masterful rough-riders, several of whom, it was known, had been allowed to escape when the warden had them in his power. In more than one instance, it was alleged that Lord Dacre's retainers had interfered actively to effect the rescue of mosstroopers, when captured by some of the plundered people. This might or might not have been true, but it was unhesitatingly asserted, and never positively denied; and it was remarked that of all the miscreants who profited by the Lord Warden's tolerance, the Armstrongs seemed the most favoured. This was accounted for by Lord Dacre's being deep in love with Helen Armstrong, the sister of the chief of her clan. Dark-eyed Nelly, as she was commonly called, is said to have been a charming woman. No sooner had Lord Dacre beheld her, during a time of truce, then he fell a victim to her fascinations. The discontent of the honest gentlemen and yeomen, whose effects were thus at the mercy of the unscrupulous raiders, ere long rose to such a pitch that an association was formed amongst them for the double purpose of protecting themselves against the mosstroopers and of exposing the guilty connivance of Lord Dacre to the king.

The Lord of Haughton Castle, Sir John de Widdrington (in some versions of the story it is said to have been Sir Thomas Swinburne, but the Swinburnes had ceased to have any connection with Haughton long before the date specified) was one of the most energetic men in this movement for the redress of grievances. He is reported to have been a learned and clerkly man, though as gallant a knight as any in the whole North Country; and it was accordingly he who was entrusted by the gentlemen of the district to draw up the memorial stating their case for presentation to the king or his chief minister—his Eminence the Lord Cardinal Wolsey, who was Chancellor and Legate à Latere, as well as Bishop of Durham and Archbishop of York. This distinguished prelate being then on a visit to York, it was judged to be a favourable opportunity for laying the memorial before him, and so the Lord of Haughton Castle and two or three other gentlemen proceeded to that city for the express purpose. It happened, however, that on the eve of their setting out the Lord of Haughton's people had managed to capture the leader of a gang of mosstroopers—no less a personage than the chief of the Armstrongs, and the brother of Lord Dacre's fair Helen. The prisoner was brought in triumph to Haughton, and safely lodged in the deep, dark, underground dungeon of the castle. Then, after two days' hard riding, the deputation duly arrived at York, where they were to be presented to the Cardinal on the second day afterwards. On that morning, they were on their way to the Archiepiscopal Palace, when it all at once flashed across the Lord of Haughton's mind that he had quite forgotten, before leaving home, to give his servants any instructions as to how they should treat his prisoner, and he found likewise, to his utter consternation, that he had brought away with him the key of the dungeon, which he usually

carried attached to his girdle. Being a truly humane man, as well as a firm supporter of law and order, he was horror-struck at the possible consequences of his neglect; for it was now the fourth day of Armstrong's confinement, and during the whole of that time he could not have received either meat or drink.

Without waiting to see the Cardinal, he turned that instant the face of his horse northwards, and galloped away as hard as he could—so hard that before he reached Durham, sixty-seven miles off, his horse dropped dead under him. To borrow another steed was the work of a few minutes; and this horse he urged to its utmost speed, so that by the middle of the night of the day on which he left York, he was thundering at the outer portal of his own castle. Soiled and stained with the mire of the roads he had traversed, his face flushed with a fearful excitement, and his voice nearly gone, he could only ejaculate, on the gate being opened, in a hoarse, harsh, raucous tone, "The prisoner!" The domestic could only answer that they had heard nothing of him for the last four-and-twenty hours, though before that he had been very noisy. "Bring me a torch!" was his master's instant exclamation. The light was at once brought, the key was turned in the lock, the door was thrown open, grating on its rusty hinges, and Armstrong was found lying on the steps leading down into the gloomy vault, stark dead, either starved to death or suffocated by foul air. In his mortal agony, he had gnawed the flesh from one of his arms, and his features were contorted in such horrid fashion as to strike terror into those who looked on him.

How his mortal remains were disposed of we are not told, nor has tradition preserved the issue in the case of the delinquent Lord Warden; but, as in all such mediæval tragedies, even when the death of the victim was unpremeditated, the voice of his blood, like that of Abel, cried unto the Lord from the ground. In other words, as a matter of course, the spectre of the unhappy man haunted the castle. In the dead of night, shrieks of the most agonising kind were heard issuing from the dungeon, and piercing and resounding through every room in the place. The consequence was that no servant would stay within its precincts, and the family were at their wits' end how to get peace and rest o' nights. At length the Rector of Simonburn exorcised the ghost, by means, it is said, of a black-lettered Bible, whether of Coverdale, Matthew, or Cranmer's edition we cannot take it upon us to say. And so long as the sacred volume remained in the castle, the ghost continued quiet; but on one occasion, during the reign of the graceless Charles II., the Bible having been taken away to London for re-binding, or some other undefined purpose, the ghost took advantage of the sacred talisman's absence to return and avenge itself for its long enforced silence.

So one night in the winter of 1681, when the menials of the castle were assembled in the servants' hall after the day's work was done, the conversation somehow fell on the subject of the reappearance of departed spirits. While some expressed their belief in the doctrine and others their disbelief, all at once, when the conversation had slackened, a horrifying shriek rose, as it were, out of the earth, pierced through the brains and hearts of those who heard it, and pealed and reverberated through every room in the castle, after which it gradually sank into an agonising moan, and finally died away in a wail of inexpressible anguish. Fear, or rather horror, petrified the company. No one of them, we are told, could cry out. That there was some dreadful supernatural presence in the room even the most sceptical could scarce doubt, at least for the time being; but one or two of them by next day had managed to get rid of their fears, and professed to believe that the sounds they had heard were nothing more nor less than the howling of one of the watch dogs baying the moon.

However this may have been, no time was lost in getting the black-lettered Bible restored, so as to pacify the servants; and never since that time—that is, for more than two hundred years past—has the ghost of the famished freebooter troubled the inmates of Haughton Castle.

Penrith Beacon.

BEACON HILL is an eminence about a mile and a half to the north-east of the town of Penrith. Here a square stone building, erected in 1719, occupies the site of the beacon fires that were lighted on the approach of an enemy in the times of Border feuds. Penrith Beacon was one of a fiery line of communications extending from Lancashire to Edin-

Penrith Beacon.

burgh. Sir Walter Scott refers to the blazing beacons in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" in the following terms:—

A score of fires
From height, and hill, and cliff were seen,
Each with warlike tidings fraught.
Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight
As stars arise upon the night.

Standing some 1,020 feet above the level of the sea, the Beacon commands extensive views of the surrounding country. On the west are Blencathra and Skiddaw; on the south Shap Fells; on the east Crossfell and the Yorkshire hills; and on the north Carlisle and the distant Scottish mountains.

Joseph Blackett, Shoemaker and Poet.

JOSEPH BLACKETT was born in 1786, at Tunstill, a village not far from Richmond, in Yorkshire. He was the son of a day labourer, and the youngest but one of twelve children. He received such elementary education as was open to the poor a century ago; but in 1797 his schooldays were terminated, and he went to London ("in ten days on a waggon") as apprentice to his brother, who was a ladies' shoemaker there. He gratified his taste for reading by the perusal of works like Eusebius's "Ecclesiastical History," and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." The year 1804 was marked by two important events. He was led to the study of Shakspeare by seeing Kemble in "Richard III.," and he also married a wife, who, however, died of consumption in 1807.

Blackett came under the notice of the printer Marchand, who thought so well of his poems that he gratified the author by setting them up in type for nothing, and did him an even more substantial service by introducing him to the publisher Pratt. "The Mæcenas of shoemakers and preface-writer-general to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring forth,"—this was Byron's characteristic description of Capel Lofft, who had introduced Robert Bloomfield to the public. Pratt thought Blackett deserving of a similar service, and brought his *protegé* before the public in a detailed comparison of the relative merits of his own poet and Lofft's. This was in 1808, and Byron, who published his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" in the early spring of the following year, belaboured both patrons and both *protegés* with all the characteristic vigour of a satire which is far more suitably typified by the bludgeon than the rapier. He attacks the glorification of poetasters as follows:—

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,
Employs a pen more pointed than his awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud,
How ladies read, and literati laud!

Poor Blackett's fame was only a November sun—he still felt the shivers while he stood in the shine. He does not appear to have unduly neglected his trade, but he never emerged from a poverty which was soon aggravated by chronic ill-health.

Pratt and other friends found him the means necessary for a sea voyage, which was recommended for the benefit of his health. He accordingly set sail in 1809 for Seaham, where his brother-in-law was then gamekeeper to Sir Ralph Milbanke. Here he found abundant encouragement, not only from Sir Ralph and Lady Milbanke and their daughter, the future Lady Byron, but also from the Duchess of Leeds, who exerted herself to procure support for his "Selections from the Poetry of Joseph Blackett." These kindly attentions may have soothed the end of poor Blackett, but they could not retard it, for he died on August 23rd, 1810. He was buried in Seaham Churchyard, and his tomb is inscribed with the concluding lines of his "Reflections at Midnight":—

Shut from the light, 'mid awful gloom,
Let clay-cold honour rest in state,
And from the decorated tomb
Receive the tribute of the great.

Let me, when bade with life to part,
And in my narrow mansion sleep,
Receive a tribute from the heart,
Nor bribe the sordid eye to weep.

Byron, who was at Malta when he heard the news of the death of "Cobbler Joe," wrote the following satirical epitaph:—

Stranger! behold, interred together,
The *souls* of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe has gone, but left his *all*:
You'll find his relics in a *stall*.
His works were neat, and often found
Well stitched, and with *morocco* bound.
Tread lightly—where the bard is laid
He cannot mend the shoe he made;
Yet is he happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his *sole*.
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only "leather and prunella"?
For character—he did not lack it;
And if he did, 'twere shame to "Black-it."

The references to Blackett in Byron's letters are rather heartless; but they are worth quoting as excellent examples of his trenchant and vivacious epistolary style. In a letter written to Dallas on board the Volgate frigate at sea in June, 1811, he says: "I see that yours and Pratt's *protegé*, Blackett the cobbler, is dead in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you. Had it not been for his patrons, he might now have been in very good plight, shoe (not verse) making, but you have made him immortal with a vengeance. Who would think that

anybody could be such a blockhead as to sin against an express proverb—'Ne sutor ultra crepidam'?

> But spare him, ye critics, his follies are past,
> For the cobbler is come, as he ought, to his *last*."

Pratt, however, was still faithful to his *protegé*, and made the deceased poet tell to the world the story of his life in two volumes of letters, which also included his poetical remains. The publication of these volumes in 1811 provoked from Byron another fierce and pungent diatribe:—"This well-meaning gentleman (Capel Lofft) has spoiled some excellent shoemakers and been accessory to the political undoing of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and his brother Bobby have set all Somersetshire singing; nor has the malady confined itself to one county. Pratt, too (who once was wiser), has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a poor fellow named Blackett into poetry; but he died

during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of remains utterly destitute. The girl, if she don't take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoemaking Sappho, may do well; but the tragedies are as rickety as if they had been the offspring of an earl or a Seatonian prize poet. . . . Certes, these rakers of 'Remains' come under the statute against 'resurrection men.' What does it signify whether a poor, dear, dead dunce is to be stuck up in Surgeons' or in Stationers' Hall? Is it not better to gibbet his body upon a heath than his soul in an octavo? 'We know what we are, but we know not what we may be,' and it is to be hoped we never shall know, if a man who has passed through life with a sort of eclat is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of Styx, and made, like poor Joe Blackett, the laughing stock of purgatory."

If we can imagine the gentle spirit of the unfortunate shoemaker poet meeting the grim shade of the Chelsea philosopher in those dim regions, poor Joe may be comforted, for Carlyle thought very little more of Byron than Byron did of Blackett. J. L. GARVIN.

"Billy Fine-day."

WILLIAM DAVISON, otherwise known in Gateshead as "Billy Fine-day," died at Gateshead Workhouse on the 27th of January, 1891. "Billy," who had been for 38 years an inmate of the Workhouse, was a character in the borough, and there were few men, women, or children in Gateshead who were not familiar with his appearance. He was originally a miner at Wrekenton and Sheriff Hill, and was the only survivor of an explosion which took place at the King Pit, on April 5th, 1843. A Dissenter in his youth, Billy could often be found in recent years preaching and singing to a group of urchins. It often happened that he found, when he had finished, that his barrow had disappeared. While in search of it, he would say to everyone he met, "Gie us a bit weed. Hes thoo an aad knife te gie Billy?" One of his peculiarities was, whatever the state of the weather, to accost his friends thus—"It's a fine day; he' ye onny weed?" If anyone asked a loan from him, he would say in reply, "Oh, aye, it's a fine day. De as aa de: get aall ye can, and luik for mair." Mr. and Mrs. Penrose, the master and matron of the Workhouse, were extremely kind to the poor fellow. If Billy's stock of tobacco became exhausted, he would say—"Aa knaa the maister will giv us sum; if he disn't, the wife will." The well-known local song, "Billy Fine-day," written and sung by Rowland Harrison, will keep alive his memory for at least a little while.

Henry Tennant.

IT was announced last month that Mr. Henry Tennant had resigned the office, which he had held for many years, of general manager of the North-Eastern Railway Company. The directors appointed as his successor Mr. George S. Gibb, who had been solicitor to the company since 1882. At the half-yearly meeting of the company at York, on the 6th of February, the retiring manager was awarded a gratuity of £10,000. Mr. Tennant is a native of Wensleydale. Educated at Ackworth, he came early in life to Newcastle, and entered the service of the old firm of Messrs. Bragg and Co., drapers, Pilgrim Street. On leaving that

employment he entered the railway service, joining the staff of the Brandling Junction Railway about 1845. A little later he removed from Tyneside, but returned to

MR. HENRY TENNANT.

Newcastle as accountant to the North-Eastern Company, removing to York on his promotion to the office of general manager in 1871.

Notes and Commentaries.

LADY PEAT'S PROPERTY.

Lady Peat, whose strange, eventful history is recorded in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, p. 149, died on the 26th of November, 1842, at Villiers Street, Sunderland, leaving much landed property and personal estate. The latter, being valued at something over £250,000, was divided between her solicitor (Mr. Gregson) and the authcrities at Ushaw College. The landed property was divided between Edward Taylor, of Sunniside Park, near Tow Law, butcher and farmer, son of Edward Taylor and his wife, a cousin of Lady Peat's, and Edward Leadbitter, wine and spirit merchant (?), Gateshead, and another distant relative of the eccentric lady, to both of whom she acted as godmother. The former received the farms of Stobbilee, near Satley, the residence of Lady Peat, when in this neighbourhood, and her supposed birthplace. Her ladyship's home, an old black thatched building, long used as a byre, was pulled down in 1885. Hole House—the residence of Lady Peat's steward, John Flounders—Throstle Nest, Colpike Mill, all in the Browney valley; Iveston Farm, at Iveston; High and Low West Houses, and High, Middle, and Low Hedleyhopes, in the valley of the Deerness, were included in the estate. Mr. Leadbitter received Flass Hall and Hall Farm, High Wooley, Cock House, all between Esh and Crook, and the estate of Osmondcroft, near Newsham, Staindrop. On acquiring possession of the estates, both Mr. Taylor and Mr. Leadbitter assumed by Royal license the additional name of Smith.

J. W. FAWCETT, The Grange, Satley.

A PECULIAR PARISH.

The following is copied from the *Universal Magazine* for November, 1782:—

One of the Kings of England, being in the North, was entertained by the Bishop of Durham, at his palace there. Among many of the clergy at that time with the bishop there was the then Rector of Elwick Hall, near Hartlepool. His Majesty was very particular in inquiring about the North, and asked the Rector of Elwick Hall if there was anything remarkable in his parish. The rector replied there was, for in his parish there was not either town, village, surgeon, apothecary, midwife, schoolmaster, schoolmistress, blacksmith, shoemaker, cartwright, joiner, house carpenter, chandler, grocer, mason, bricklayer, public-house, tailor, weaver, barber, baker, butcher, or brewer; nay, scarce one day labourer, and frequently neither a funeral nor a marriage for twelve months. His Majesty listened to all this with great attention, and laughed heartily when the rector had finished his long string of names. What is extraordinary is, that the parish at this day (1782) is nearly in the same state. The living, which is worth £400 per annum, is now vacant. The whole parish contains about seventeen or eighteen farmhouses, situated in various parts of the parish, and the former rectors have often entertained all the parishioners at their tables. NIGEL, York.

THE FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

I am indebted to an old and worthy Newcastle man for the following particulars concerning "General" Booth:—

According to the *Nottingham Evening News*, William Booth was born in Booth Street, Nottingham, April 10, 1829, the street taking its name from his father, who held most of it, and being until quite lately owned by a member of the family. He commenced his career in a pawnbroker's shop, and his first religious associations were with Wesley Chapel, Broad Street, Nottingham. He was a member of the Wesleyan body until the agitation arose with respect to Everitt, Dunn, and Griffith, who were ultimately expelled from the connexion; and although it could hardly be said that the "General" was similarly treated, yet it is a fact that he was "dropped" also by the Wesleyans about this period. He laboured with the above-named seceders for about twelve months, after which he joined the New Connexion. He remained a little while under the late Dr. Cooke, was recommended by the London circuit to Conference for travelling preacher, and entered on his probation at the New Connexion Conference in 1854.

Mr. Booth was subsequently appointed to the London first circuit, and during the next two years he held special revival services at various places. At the end of his third year he married. His first appointment after he was married was at Halifax. He became the superintendent minister of the Gateshead New Connexion Circuit in 1858. He travelled the circuit three years (the full term at the time), and was very popular throughout the whole district, especially for the vigorous manner in which he encouraged open-air services. It was in Bethesda Chapel, Melbourne Street, Gateshead, that he ministered when not on circuit.

At the conference in 1861, he requested to be made a New Connexional evangelist, but the Conference did not see its way to give him such a position at that time; and he was appointed superintendent of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Circuit instead. He moved "over the water" from Gateshead, and resided in Richmond Street, Newcastle; but he shortly afterwards resigned, and com-

menced as an evangelist on his own behalf. He visited Cornwall after leaving Newcastle, and in 1865 went to London, where he was induced to start the "Christian Mission" in the East End, from which, as all the world knows, came the present huge organization known as the Salvation Army.

According to the Nottingham journal above named, Mr. Booth is not to be credited with originating the idea of the Salvation Army, that being an adaptation of the Hallelujah Band, which Mr. James Dupe, a Nottingham evangelist, who is still living, started in what is now known as St. James's Church, Nottingham, and in which Mr. Dawe had the assistance of the notorious Bendigo, the prize-fighter. FULHAM.

GEORGE WATSON, MATHEMATICIAN.

George Watson, formerly a well-known mathematician of Chester-le-Street, was born in the city of Durham in 1796, and was the son of humble parents, his father being a shoemaker. When nine years of age, he was sent to school, but only for a short time. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker of the name of Pickering at Chester-le-Street. Of studious habits, he spent most of his spare time in self-tuition, and frequently, whilst at work, had an open book by his side, to which every now and then he gave a glance, committing something to memory.

Before he was out of his apprenticeship the press gang got hold of him, and compelled him to be a sailor. However, in 1815, when only nineteen years of age, he was again on land, and in that year became a married man; but the day after his marriage he resumed his seafaring life. Some time afterwards he returned home and settled down at Chester-le-Street, where he eventually opened a private school, teaching, besides "the three R's," mathematics and navigation. He died in 1857, and is buried in Chester-le-Street Churchyard, where a monument stands erected to his memory by one of his pupils, the present Sir George Elliot.

As an expounder of mathematics and navigation, Mr. Watson occupied a high position, and corresponded largely with men of like abilities. He was also a sound educationist, a staunch Churchman, and a person of great ingenuity.

J. W. FAWCETT, Satley.

MOUNTAINEERING FEAT IN ENGLISH LAKELAND.

Perhaps the following record of a mountaineering feat in the English Lake District, culled from the *West Cumberland Times*, may prove interesting to the readers of the *Monthly Chronicle*:—

About twelve years ago there appeared in the Manchester and Liverpool papers a brief account of a walk that had been accomplished by four gentlemen living in the Lake District, who climbed four of the highest mountains in England, namely, Bowfell, Scawfell, Skiddaw, and Helvellyn, in one day. It was regarded at the time as a wonderful instance of pluck and endurance, the temperance organs being particularly enthusiastic on the subject, as the walk was achieved entirely on non-alcoholic drinks.

Although it is somewhat late in the day to do so, I am in a position to be able to give a more accurate and detailed account than has yet appeared of a performance that has seldom if ever been beaten.

Prior to the year 1878 there had been much talk in the Lake District, around Grasmere and Ambleside, of a feat accomplished by a gentleman, a well-known Alpine climber, who, accompanied by the equally well-known guide, Mackereth, of Dungeon Ghyll, had ascended the four mountains already referred to within twenty-five hours. In the neighbourhood this was looked upon as an unparalleled performance, and the feat was established as a record.

In June, 1878, four brothers named Tucker, living in Westmorland, all of them painters—for Alfred Robert Tucker, now the Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, had not then taken holy orders—determined to beat the record established by the gentleman before mentioned, and announced their intention to ascend the four mountains within twenty-four hours, and without a guide.

It is needless to say that their determination to eclipse what was looked upon as such a wonderful achievement was received on all sides with, at any rate, mild derision and scepticism. People who had spent all their lives in the land that Wordsworth loved so well, declared that the thing was next to impossible, and the attempt folly. Nothing daunted by the adverse comments freely expressed on every hand, the four young men proceeded to carry out their intention.

At four o'clock a.m., one bright June morning, after partaking of a substantial breakfast, the brothers started from their home at Elterwater, some five miles west of Ambleside—(those readers who know the Lake District will be able to follow the excursion point by point)—making their way through the beautiful and picturesque valley of Langdale towards Bowfell (2,960 feet), the first and least important of the mountains they intended to conquer. This point was reached at about eight o'clock, and from thence, without resting, the next point, the summit of Scawfell (3,208 feet), was made for. Between these two summits the route, although not precipitous, necessitates incessant and most fatiguing climbing, not ten consecutive yards along the ridge that joins them being on the level. Nevertheless they stood on the tops of Scawfell shortly after nine o'clock, gazing over the intervening country into the sea, where in the remote distance, like a speck upon the horizon, lay the Isle of Man.

They had now achieved what to the majority of British mountaineers would have been considered a very fair day's work, but which was merely a preliminary canter compared with what was to come.

The next point to be made for was Skiddaw, twenty miles away. By this time the sun had commenced to beat down fiercely, and the heat was oppressive. They carried nothing with them but a small quantity of beef tea, and when that was gone contented themselves with a drink from the brooks they passed on the way. No time was to be lost. Straight, or, at least, as straight as the circuitous paths would permit, through Rosthwaite, down along the valley of Borrowdale, where Grange nestles, a poetic picture painted by Nature. Still farther on to where "the waters come down at Lodore," skirting Derwentwater, on to Keswick. Thence a long, monotonous toil to the top of Skiddaw (over 3,000 feet), which was reached shortly after one. Twenty miles in a little over four hours! The journey is now nearly half over, and, to celebrate the event, sixteen bottles of ginger beer are consumed.

The return journey is commenced. Once more passing through Keswick, the Vale of St. John is traversed, and on arriving at the King's Head Inn the first halt is called. Tired feet are plunged into water as hot as can be borne, and the inner man is refreshed with bowls of bread and milk. The last effort is about to be essayed, and ten minutes are spent in the preparation. Helvellyn still remains, and a start is made. Again a long gradual ascent is battled with and conquered, and as the sun is beginning to set the self-imposed task is practically finished. The four mountains have been climbed in less than fifteen hours, and a proposition is made to add yet another mountain, viz., Fairfield, to the list; but wiser counsels prevail, and, acting on the principle that "enough is as good as a feast," the descent to Grasmere is made.

From Grasmere to Elterwater is slightly over four miles; but, as one of the Tuckers lived at Ambleside, his three brothers determined to see him home, thus doing nine miles instead of four.

The clock is striking eleven as they reach their house at Elterwater, having walked, as nearly as can possibly be gauged, seventy miles and climbed over 12,000 feet in nineteen hours, beating the previous record by six hours, and at least an extra ten miles.

I cannot tell whether this achievement has ever been beaten; but it lives in the memory of many "Lakers" as a truly wonderful walk. J. C., Carlisle.

AN INVITATION TO MARRIAGE.

The following curious advertisement was published in the *Cumberland Packet*, 1811:—

May no miscarriage prevent my marriage! Matthew Dowson, in Bothel, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm Church on Thursday before Michaelmas Day, when that may happen, and return to Bothel to dine. Mr. Reed gives a goose to be Roasted; W. Elliot gives a hen to be Roasted; Jos. Gibson gives a Pig to be Roasted; W. Hodson gives a Calf to be Roasted; and in order that the Roast meat should be well Basted, do you see, Mary Pearson, Betty Hodson, Mary Bushby, Matty Fisher, Mary Bride, and Betty Porthouse, to each give a pound of Butter. The advertiser will provide everything else suitable to so very festive an occasion, and hereby gives notice to all young women desirous of changing their condition that he is at Present Disengaged, and he advises them to consider that tho' there may be Luck in Leisure, yet in this case Delays are Dangerous, for with him he is Determined First Come First Served.

So come along Lasses, who wish to be Married.
Matt Dowson is vexd that so long he has Tarryd.

FORD POTTERY, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE TELEGRAM.

A few years ago a pitman received a telegram from an official whom he knew to be a very bad caligraphist. "Begox," he exclaimed as he opened the missive, "that can nivvor be his writing; he must ha' got a secretorry!"

A PLEASANT HOUSE.

"De ye like yor new hoose?" asked a woman of her friend who had lately changed her place of residence. "Weel, it's not se pleasant as the other," was the reply, "'caas aa could stand at the door and watch aall the funerals gan alang the chorchyaird!"

THE TAP.

A man was trying hard in a house at one of the Northern collieries to get a leather washer on to a tap. "Hang it aall," he exclaimed, "aa wonder if a drop whisky wad myek hor slip?" "Varry likely it wad," rejoined his wife, "it myeks lots of ye foaks slip at times, onnyway!"

VULTURES.

A party of Blyth men, including a philosopher from that quarter, were recently on a visit to North Sunderland, when a flock of birds flew overhead. "Bless me, what's them bords?" cried one of the excursionists. "Thor vultures," said a native. "Vultures," exclaimed the Blyth philosopher, "they *flee* heor, de they? Wey, they *waak* iboot wor plyace!"

OLD AND YOUNG.

A steamer was tugging a sculler boat under the Swing Bridge, when an applewoman, observing them, exclaimed —"Begox, isn't that like natur? Even the varry steamboats hes little uns?"

A REMARKABLE BOAT RACE.

A short time ago a crowd gathered on the Tyne Bridge, and for some moments attention was directed to certain moving objects in the river. A woman approached "Tommy on the Bridge," a well known local character, and asked: "What's up, thor, Tommy?" "Oh," was the reply, "it's oney a boat race wi' twe dogs!"

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

Not long ago, during stormy weather, a man and his wife went down to Tynemouth. They were watching the waves beat upon the shore, and the good man seemed to be impressed with the angry character of the scene. He was about to give vent to his feelings, when his wife, her eyes fixed on the sea, quietly remarked:—"O Geordy! isn't it like soapsuds?"

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

A certain pitman having entered a barber's shop to get shaved, the barber, knowing Geordy to be a tippler, commenced to admonish him, and to give him some sound advice upon temperance, when the pitman exclaimed, "Aa'll tell ye what it is, friend; drink's the ruin of all evil, but a small whisky and a lemon dash, she's grand when yor dry!"

A TEXT.

Two miners went into the waiting-room at Castle Eden Station, when something caught the eye of one of them. Some texts of Scripture were hanging against the wall—"God so loveth the world," &c. After endeavouring to make out the words, he turned to his companion and asked, "Hi, Geordie man, whaat 's this aboot? Is't a dog race?"

EGG-HATCHING.

Some pitmen, who were passing a shop in Newcastle, stopped to look at an egg-hatching machine exhibited in the window. This novelty so astonished one of the party that he exclaimed, "By gox! what 'styordinary things they de get up nooadays! Thor'll be ne cayshin noo for folks te keep hens or cocks owthor. Aa'll they'll want 'll be yen o' them clockin' thingamies!"

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

This was the subject of a discourse at a revivalist meeting in Gateshead one Sunday night, at which two pitmen, uncle and nephew, were present. The following morning the uncle observed to his nephew: "Aye, Josh, aa agree wi' the preachor chep; thor's nowt impossible." "Aa think thoo's wrang," said the other; "aa could hev tell't him something that was impossible." "Wey, Josh, thoo'll sartinlees be a clivvorer chep then aa tyuk thoo for,

if thoo can de that. Wey, what is't?" "Aa wad hev axed him to myek wor clock strike less nor yen!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. William Stainsby, post-master of West Hartlepool, succumbed to an acute attack of paralysis, on the 11th of January. He was about 55 years of age.

On the 13th of January, the death was announced, as having taken place at Buninyong, Victoria, Australia, of Mr. Claude Thomas Stanger, only surviving son of the late Mr. John Stanger, for many years publisher of the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

Mr. Edward Sword, stationmaster at High Shields in the days of George Hudson, the "Railway King," and subsequently stationmaster at Wetheral, died on the 14th of January, at the age of 82.

Mr. Peter Borrie Blair, connected with a marine engineering firm at Stockton, died on the 15th of January.

The death took place on the same day of Mr. Robert Burnside, a member of the Darlington Town Council.

Mr. W. J. Capper, a gentleman well known to the older generation of commercial travellers, died suddenly, on the 15th of January, at Hexham, with the religious and philanthropic institutions of which he had for many years been intimately identified.

Police-Constable Charles Keene, one of the firemen who was injured in the disaster at Messrs. Mawson and Swan's, Mosley Street, Newcastle, died on the 17th of January, at the Police Barracks, Pilgrim Street, aged 27, his death being the fourth in connection with that calamity. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, p. 525.)

On the 18th of January, Mrs. Fenwick, widow of Mr. Henry Fenwick, who sat in the House of Commons as one of the members for Sunderland from 1854 to 1866, died at Grasse, Alpes Maritimes. She was a daughter of Mr. Cookson, of Meldon Park. Mr. Fenwick died on the 25th of April, 1868.

The Rev. T. A. C. Armbrister, late Rector of St. Thomas's Parish, Middle Island, St. Kitts, West Indies, and formerly curate at New Seaham, died in Newcastle, whither he had returned in a state of bad health, on the 19th of January.

On the 22nd of January, the Rev. William Gorst Harrison, Rector of Easington, died after only a few days' illness. He was in his 85th year, and was a justice of the peace for the county of Durham.

On the 23rd of January, the death was announced of Miss Elizabeth Darling Thompson, of Berwick-on-Tweed. She was a descendant of an ancient family of Berwick freemen, and was in the 98th year of her age.

Mr. Thomas White, who formerly carried on an extensive grocery business in Durham under the style of White Brothers, and who was an ex-Mayor of that city, died very suddenly on the 24th January, aged 70.

Mr. John James Kayll, J.P., Mayor of Sunderland in 1866, died at Staines, Middlesex, on the 25th January, at the age of 70.

Mrs. Moses, who for many years had resided in Bridge Street, Tow Law, and who was stated to have reached the age of 103 years, died on the 25th of January.

Mr. John Ward, veterinary surgeon, and one of the oldest standards of Hexham, died there on the 28th of January, at the age of 68 years.

On the 28th of January, Mr. John Dixon, a well-known engineer, and a native of Newcastle, died at East Croydon, near London. The deceased gentleman was the engineer who superintended the operations connected with the transport of Cleopatra's Needle from Alexandria to London. He was also prominently identified with the construction of the first railway in China—the line from Shanghai to Woosung. Mr. Dixon, who was 56 years of age, was related to Jeremiah Dixon, who surveyed Mason and Dixon's Line. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, page 245.)

MR. JOHN DIXON, C.E.

On the 30th of January, Mrs. Macpherson, late of Ryton, was interred in Elswick Cemetery, Newcastle. Mrs. Macpherson, who was 88 years old, was a relative of the famous Dr. Brydon, one of the few survivors of the crushing disaster which nearly half a century ago fell on the British army in Afghanistan.

On the 31st of January, Mr. James Crosby Wilson, who had been in business as a draper in Sunderland for nearly half a century, and who was a leading Wesleyan Methodist in that town, died at the age of 69 years.

On the same day died, at the age of 60, Mr. Joseph Paxton, roper, an "old standard" of Hexham.

Mr. Joseph Temperley, a well-known and highly respected corn merchant in Newcastle, died at Corbridge, on the 1st of February, in the 76th year of his age.

On the 2nd of February, Mr. R. T. Wilkinson, one of the oldest solicitors in Sunderland, died at his residence, Rose Dene, near the Cedars. In addition to his profession as a lawyer, he carried on an extensive pottery business at Southwick, under the title of Messrs. F. Moore and Co., and he had also held several public appointments in the district.

Mr. William Thompson, a native of Newcastle, who for upwards of twenty years acted as Teesside representative of the *Newcastle Chronicle* at Middlesbrough, died at Clifton, York, on the 3rd of February, aged 48.

The death was announced, on the 4th of February, of Mr. George Barker, of Manor House, Whitwell, near Darlington. The deceased, who had attained the age of 93 years, was born in the house in which he breathed his last.

On the 4th of February took place the death of Mr. Henry Maddison, of Darlington, of the firm of Ord and Maddison, who was the descendant of an old Weardale family.

On the 5th of February, the death was reported of the Rev. B. Wildon Carr, in early years assistant to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, and the pastor, about a quarter of a century ago, of Ryehill Baptist Chapel, Newcastle.

On the 7th of February, it was stated that there had just died at Long Lee Farm, near Alnwick, Mr. John Craven, farmer, at the age of 82 years. The deceased

was widely known in agricultural circles, and had, in his day, performed some marvellous walking feats.

Mr. Joseph Bell Browell, farmer, and a successful stock-breeder, died at Coldcoats Moor, Ponteland, on the 6th of February.

On the 7th of February, the death was announced of Mr. Jonathan Wardle, who for the last thirty years had been a Methodist local preacher throughout the Northern Counties.

On the 6th of February, the Rev. W. A. Hunter, second son of Mr. J. G. Hunter, of The Grange, Whickham, died suddenly in London. The deceased, who held the curacies, successively, of Sedgefield and Chester-le-Street, was only 29 years of age.

The Rev. J. P. De Pledge, vicar of Satley, in the diocese of Durham, and chairman of the justices for Lanchester and Consett Petty Sessional Divisions, died on the 9th of February. He was 64 years of age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JANUARY.

11.—The passenger steamship Britannia, trading between Leith and Newcastle, and the steamer Bear, of Middlesbrough, were sunk in collision in the Firth of Forth. Twelve out of a crew of fourteen belonging to the latter vessel, and the chief engineer of the former, were drowned.

—In the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, Mr. Robert McMillan, honorary secretary of the Liverpool Sunday Society, lectured under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "Morocco and the Moors."

—It was officially announced that the Queen had been pleased to approve the nomination of the Right Rev. William Connor Magee, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough, to the Archbishopric of York. Dr. Magee was born at Cork, in 1821, his father being the Rev. John Magee.

12.—The river Tyne at Newcastle presented a singular appearance, the entire surface being covered with large blocks of ice, which had broken away from the upper reaches in consequence of the thaw which set in on the previous day. Traffic on the river was greatly impeded.

—Mr. Edward Browne, son of Sir B. C. Browne, delivered a lecture on "Persia and the Persians," in the lecture room of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, in connection with the Tyneside Geographical Society.

13.—The body of Mr. George Broderick Corner, shipowner, was found drowned on the sands at Seaton Carew.

—The Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., and Mr. James Craig, M.P., addressed a meeting of their constituents in the Town Hall, Newcastle, and received a vote of confidence.

14.—A complimentary dinner was given by his political friends, in the Grand Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, to Mr. James Joicey, M.P., the chair being occupied by Mr. Morley, M.P.

—Between 600 and 700 of the aged poor of Gateshead were entertained to tea in the Town Hall of that borough.

—The steamer Carrie, of West Hartlepool, went ashore at the mouth of the Tees, but the crew were saved.

15.—A memorial tablet, erected by the parishioners to the past vicars of the parish, from A.D. 1190 to A.D. 1884 (700 years), was dedicated in Newburn Parish Church.

16.—There was a large and fashionable gathering in the Banqueting Hall, Jesmond Dene, Newcastle, on the occasion of an entertainment given by several well known local ladies and gentlemen, in aid of the Diocesan Lodge and School of Cookery.

17.—A report appeared of the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dickenson, of the Almshouses, Haydon Bridge.

—The foundation stones of a New Primitive Methodist Chapel were laid at Throckley.

—On this and the following day the frost and cold were excessively severe throughout all parts of the North of England. At the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, the lowest reading of the thermometer between the two evenings showed 14 degrees (Fahr.) The river Wear at Durham was frozen over for the third time this winter.

18.—In the absence of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., who, owing to indisposition, was unable to fulfil his engagement, Dr. Andrew Wilson officiated as Sunday lecturer at the Tyne Theatre, his subject being "Germs: What they do and what they are."

—A demonstration of trades unionists was held in the Haymarket, Newcastle, to sympathise with the railway men on strike in Scotland. Mr. T. Burt, M.P., presided, and among the speakers was Mr. Charles Fenwick, M.P.

19.—An inquest was held at Jarrow touching the death of Margaret Bell, 59 years of age, the finding of the jury, based on the medical evidence, being to the effect that death was caused by exposure to the cold and want of nourishment. On the same day a man named John Samuel Burlinson, 33 years of age, died from cold at Sunderland.

—An announcement appeared of the appointment of Mr. C. C. Moody, of the "Old Guard" Opera Company, as manager of the Blyth Theatre, in succession to Mr. R. Fynes, resigned.

20.—A verdict of manslaughter was returned by a coroner's jury at Thornley, against Robert Spence, in connection with the death of his wife, Jane Spence.

—At a meeting of the Gateshead Children's Relief Committee, it was decided, owing to the prevalence of suffering through the frost, to supply dinners to distressed children for a week, the estimated number being 5,500.

—No arrangement having been effected in reference to the demand by the Cleveland mine owners of a reduction of 12½ per cent. in wages, the masters decided to serve notices on the men to terminate their engagements. The notices were subsequently served accordingly; but an amicable settlement was ultimately effected by the acceptance of a reduction of 5 per cent. for the months of February and March.

21.—The polling for the election of a member of Parliament for the Hartlepools, in the room of the late Mr. T. Richardson (Liberal Unionist), took place. Sir William Gray, shipbuilder and engineer, was the Liberal Unionist candidate, while Mr. Christopher Furness, shipowner and shipbuilder, came forward as champion of the Gladstonian Liberals. The poll was declared at 11·40 p.m. by the Mayor, amid a blinding snowstorm, the

numbers being—for Mr. Furness, 4,603; for Sir William Gray, 4,305. Mr. Furness was accordingly declared duly elected.

—Madame Trebelli, the famous contralto, sang at a concert in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

22.—At the annual meeting of the Institute of British Manufacturers in London, Mr. John Philipson, J.P., was presented with an illuminated address, to mark the success of that gentleman's labours for the modification of the carriage-tax.

23.—Mr. J. Rose Troup, late of the Emin Pasha Expedition, delivered a lecture in the Town Hall, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Geographical Society, his subject being "Stanley's Rear Column."

—Mary Turnbull, aged 12; Matthew Turnbull, 9 (brother and sister); and Thomas Simpson, 12 years, were drowned by the giving way of the ice, on which they were sliding, in a disused quarry at Tughall Lodge, Belford.

24.—The sawmill connected with the premises of Messrs. Sopwith and Co., cabinet makers, upholsterers, and mahogany merchants, Sandyford Road, Newcastle, was destroyed by fire.

—Mr. William Cowell, ironmonger, was elected as member for Jesmond Ward, in the Newcastle City Council, in the room of Mr. R. H. Holmes, promoted to the position of Alderman. The unsuccessful candidate was Mr. C. D. Hill, and the contest was the first in the ward since its separation from Byker.

25.—An interesting discussion on the question "Why does the working man not attend church?" took place, on the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Walsh, in the Rye Hill Baptist Church, Newcastle. Several members of the local Trades Council and certain Nonconformist ministers took part. On the following Sunday (Feb. 1) the question was dealt with from pulpits by several Nonconformist ministers.

—Sir James Crichton-Browne M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., and formerly physician at Coxlodge Asylum, Newcastle, delivered a lecture in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, in connection with the Sunday Lecture Society. The subject was "Brain Rust."

26.—The anniversary of the birth of the Scottish poet, Robert Burns (Jan. 25) having fallen on Sunday, the event was celebrated to-night, under the auspices of the Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club, by a dinner and varied entertainment in the County Hotel, Newcastle. The chair was occupied by Dr. Adam Wilson. Dr. J. W. Smith, Ryton, gave the toast of "The Memory of Burns," while that of "The Scottish Peasantry" was proposed by Sir James Crichton-Browne. There were also commemorative gatherings at Gateshead and in other parts of the North of England.

—Mr. Valentine Smith commenced a season, extending over three weeks, of English opera in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—At a meeting held in York of the committee appointed for the purpose of raising a memorial to the late Archbishop Thomson, it was decided that a monumental effigy of the prelate be placed in York Minster.

—Dr. Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield, took part in the proceedings connected with the annual meeting of the Newcastle Diocesan Society for the Protection of Women and Children; and on the following day he also spoke at the annual meeting of the Newcastle Diocesan Society. The Bishop of Newcastle presided on both occasions. On the latter evening, Dr. Walsham How preached a sermon in St. Nicholas's Cathedral, Newcastle, on behalf of the Diocesan Home for Waifs and Strays at Netherton.

—A verdict of manslaughter was returned at Sunderland against a woman called Mary Ann Quinn, who was alleged to have caused the death of another woman named Martha Armstrong.

27.—The result was declared of the election, on the previous day, of seven members for Wingate School Board, the poll being headed by Mr. T. Watson, mining engineer, Trimdon.

—At a Convocation at Durham, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon the Rev. W. E. Nowell, vicar of St. Cuthbert's, Newcastle.

—Herr Bernard Stavenhagen, the German pianist, gave a recital in the Grand Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle.

28.—The Rev. J. P. Glen was ordained to the pastorate of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Westoe Road, South Shields.

—Mr. J. L. Wharton, M.P., Chairman of Durham Quarter Sessions, was privately presented with a portrait of himself by the magistrates and members of the Durham County Council.

—The Rev. Father Magill, head-master of St. Cuthbert's Grammar School, Newcastle, was presented, on the occasion of his leaving the district, with an illuminated address and a purse of gold.

29.—A new bridge over the river Wear at Pensher was opened for public use by the Earl of Durham. The structure cost about £8,000, which was raised partly by the county and local authorities, and partly by private subscriptions.

—The nave and transepts of Durham Cathedral were illuminated, for the first time, with the electric light. The Cathedral, on the Sunday following (February 1), was illuminated by the new light.

—About this time a large number of cattle were killed on farms near Stockton, owing to an outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia.

—A strike, which had existed for six months, was brought to an end at Coanwood Colliery by the acceptance on the part of the men of the masters' terms.

30.—Mr. W. T. Scarth, of Staindrop, was entertained to a banquet, in celebration of the jubilee of his official connection with the estates of the Duke of Cleveland.

31.—A woman named Hetty Howells, aged 52, was burned to death by the explosion of a paraffin lamp at Middlesbrough.

—Mr. Peter Applegarth was returned at the head of the poll, on the occasion of the triennial election of five members to serve on the Penshaw and Offerton United District School Board.

31.—As the outcome of suggestions made in Robin Goodfellow's gossip in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* the natives of Tyneside resident in Birmingham, to the number of 44, held a social dinner at the Swan Hotel, New Street, in that town. The chair was occupied by Mr. Walter D. Welford, son of Mr. Richard Welford, author of "Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed." Mr. J. H. Elliott (of Tangye's) officiated as vice-chairman.

FEBRUARY.

1.—Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, a grand-daughter of the

late Robert Chambers, the well-known Edinburgh publisher, delivered the weekly Sunday evening lecture at the

Tyne Theatre, her subject being, "All by Myself in Poland."

2.—At a special meeting of the members of the Tyneside Geographical Society, it was unanimously resolved to purchase Barras Bridge Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, for the purposes of the society, the sum agreed to be paid being £3,500, with £50 off for repairs and painting.

—It was intimated that Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., had been elected an honorary member of the Eighty Club.

3.—A miner named Thomas Watson, 50 years of age, was knocked down and killed by a mineral train between Bishop Auckland and Hunwick. On the previous day, two men named John Moore and John Stones met their deaths in a similar manner, on the railway, near to the same place.

4.—The Rev. W. M. Macdonald was ordained as pastor of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, North Bridge Street, Sunderland, in the Presbytery of Newcastle. Under the auspices of the same Presbytery, on the following day, the Rev. Joseph Rorke, of Berwick-on-Tweed, was inducted to the pastorate of Heaton Presbyterian Church, Newcastle.

REV. JOSEPH RORKE.

5.—The annual dinner of the Bewick Club was held in the Exhibition Rooms, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by Mr. H. H. Emmerson, and the vice-chairs by Mr. Ralph Hedley and Mr. Robert Jobling. On the following evening, in the presence of a large assemblage, the eighth annual exhibition of pictures was formally opened by the Earl of Carlisle. The exhibition was pronounced to be one of the best and finest held in connection with the club.

—The honorary freedom of the borough of Stockton was conferred upon Major Robert Ropner, shipowner and shipbuilder, in recognition of his gift of a site of 36 acres of land, at a cost to himself of £8,250, for the purposes of a public park for the borough.

—A conversazione for poor folk, promoted by Mr. T. S. Alder, took place in the Royal Jubilee Schools, City Road, Newcastle.

7.—The Rev. A. D. Shafto tendered his resignation as chairman of the Durham Board of Guardians.

—The first of a series of lectures arranged by the recently formed Newcastle Health Society, was delivered in the lecture theatre of the Literary and Philosophical Society, by Dr. William Murray, the subject being "Eating and Drinking." The chair was occupied by the ex-Mayor, Mr. Thomas Bell, and there was a crowded audience. (See vol. 1890, p. 479.)

—The miners of Northumberland, through their official agents, agreed to accept a reduction of 1¼ per cent. in their wages.

8.—Damage to the estimated extent of £2,000 was done by a fire which broke out in the premises of Mr. Rees, furniture dealer, Middlegate, Hartlepool.

—At the services held in Bath Lane Church, Newcastle, a letter was read from Mr. Alfred Dennis Jeffrey, student at Bradford United College, intimating his acceptance of the call to the pastorate of that church, as the successor of the late Dr. J. H. Rutherford.

—The subject of the lecture delivered at the Tyne Theatre, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, was "Pompeii, the City of the Dead," and the lecturer was Mr. Whitworth Wallis, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., Director of the Birmingham Art Gallery and Museum. The accompanying portrait is copied from a photograph by Mr. Harold Baker, 58, New Street, Birmingham.

MR. WHITWORTH WALLIS.

—A miner named William Douglas, 28 years of age, was killed by falling over the cliffs at Marsden.

9.—It was announced that probate had been granted of the will of the late Mr. Robert Spence, of Rosella Place, North Shields, and of the firm of Hodgkin, Barnett, Spence and Co., bankers, the personal estate being valued at £70,232. The personalty under the will of the late Mr. Christian Rudolph Fernando Thiedmann, of The Cedars, Low Fell, Durham, was stated, at the same time, to have been sworn at £31,612.

—The members of the Northern Amateur Thespian Society gave a successful performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "H.M.S. Pinafore," in the Circus, Northumberland Road (formerly Bath Road), Newcastle, on behalf of the Aged Female Society, and an amateur dramatic performance, repeated on the following evening, was given in the Banqueting Hall, Jesmond Dene, Newcastle, in aid of the Diocesan Lodge and School of Cookery, Ridley Place.

—The Rev. R. T. Talbot delivered the last of a series of six lectures in Newcastle on the English Reformation.

—A reduction of five per cent. was accepted in the wages of the Weardale quarrymen.

10.—The usual Shrove Tuesday game of football at Chester-le-Street was brought to an abrupt termination by the sudden fall of a wooden bridge over the river Cone, the whole of the people on the structure having been precipitated into the water, and one of them, a boy, being severely injured.

General Occurrences.

JANUARY.

10.—News received of the revolt of the Chilian navy against the Government. Several towns were bombarded.

14.—In the course of a dispute between the Speaker of the Colorado House of Representatives and certain of the members, three officials were shot, one fatally.

15.—It was announced that the Indian War in America had come to an end.

18.—An infuriated cow ran into a schoolyard at Nantwich, where a number of children were awaiting the opening of the doors of the school, and attacked them ferociously. Some of the children were caught on the animal's horns and tossed about in all directions, whilst others were trampled upon. Although forty of the little ones were severely injured, none was killed.

20.—David Kalakana, first King of Hawaii, died at San Francisco, where he was temporarily residing for the benefit of his health, aged 55.

—About this time the cold was very severe in England and on the Continent. In some places 25 degrees of frost were registered.

23.—Death of Prince Baldwin, eldest son of the heir-apparent to the throne of Belgium, aged 22.

—Death of Mr. George Bancroft, American historian.

—Owing to the publicity given by the newspapers to the fact that the cause of death of the Duke of Bedford had been withheld from the public, the registrar's certificate of cause of death was published, showing that his grace had committed suicide on the 14th whilst suffering from temporary insanity.

24.—Pierre Vladimiroff, a youthful Russian adventurer, was convicted at Versailles, France, of the murder of a well-to-do and beautiful widow. He was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, and ten years' police supervision. The trial caused a great sensation.

—A colliery explosion took place in the Hibernia coal pit, Gelsenkirchen, Westphalia, Prussia, and more than forty men were killed.

—Death of Mr. John Hampden, a well-known advocate of the theory that the earth is flat.

27.—Over a hundred miners lost their lives through an explosion of firedamp at the H. C. Frick Coke Company's works at Mammoth, United States.

—The performance of M. Victorien Sardou's great play, "Thermidor," produced at the Theatre Francais, Paris, on the 24th, was stopped by order of the French Government in response to popular clamour.

—A resolution to expunge from the journals of the House of Commons the resolution of June 22, 1880, that Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., be not permitted to take the oath or make affirmation was accepted by the Government and unanimously adopted by the House. Mr. Bradlaugh, who was lying dangerously ill at the time, never knew what had been done, and died four days later.

30.—It was announced that the great strike on the Scotch railways had collapsed, the men having returned to work.

—A revolt broke out among the troops of the garrison at Oporto, Severe fighting occurred in the streets, and several people were killed.

—M. Meissonier, the famous painter, died at Paris, aged 76.

—In consequence of a severe defeat in the Italian Parliament, Signor Crispi placed his resignation in the hands of King Humbert.

FEBRUARY.

1.—A mob of miners surrounded a negro cabin at the Carbon Hill Coal Mines, Alabama, U.S., and shot nine of the inmates.

2.—It was reported in connection with the revolution in Chili, that a great battle had been fought, and that Valparaiso had been captured by the Government troops.

3.—Eyraud, the murderer of M. Gouffé, was guillotined at Paris.

—The funeral of Mr. Bradlaugh took place at the Necropolis, Brookwood, Woking. Three special trains were run from London to convey the large number of people who attended. The burial took place without any ceremony.

7.—A dispute in connection with the shipping industry was commenced at Hull. The struggle was between the Shipping Federation and the sailors' unions.

10.—A new Ministry assumed office in Italy under the Marchese di Rudini.

—A petition respecting the treatment of the Jews in Russia sent by the Lord Mayor of London to the Czar was returned without comment.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. V.—NO. 50. APRIL, 1891. PRICE 6D.

About "Boldon Buke."

By the Late James Clephan.

THE "BOLDON BUKE" is a Survey of the possessions of the See of Durham, made in 1183 by order of Hugh Pudsey, the powerful and magnificent prelate of the time. More than a quarter of a century ago, it was edited by the Rev. William Greenwell, M.A., now Canon Greenwell, for the Surtees Society, and forms the twenty-fifth volume of its invaluable series of publications.

"Boldon Buke," which (says the editor in his preface) "may be called the Domesday of the Palatinate," derives its name from the village of Boldon, near Sunderland, in the county of Durham. The services and returns of many of the Bishop's manors were the same; and the compilers, after enumerating those services and returns under Boldon, when the same occurred elsewhere during the progress of the inquisition, were satisfied to describe them as the same with those of Boldon. The name of Boldon, therefore, repeatedly occurring, the record itself became popularly spoken of as the "Buke of Boldon." It sets forth, in its opening words, that at the feast of St. Cuthbert in Lent (March 20), 1183, the Lord Bishop of Durham, in his own presence and that of his Council, caused to be described all the revenues of his whole bishopric as they then were, and the assised rents and customs as they then were, and formerly had been. The Bishop (or Count Palatine) of Durham sat in his Council as a King. The crosier fell little short of the sceptre in this remote diocese; and the Bolden Buke presents us with a picture of the episcopal dominions north of the Tees in the early time of the Plantagenets; although, from the nature of the survey, the free tenants of the Bishopric come but slightly into view.

Before copying any portion of it, we propose to make an extract or two from the editor's Glossary, thus preparing the way for a better understanding of the Buke. Interpreting the word "*Villa*" of the ancient manuscript (the original of which is lost, copies only remaining), Canon Greenwell says:—"A vill, village, town, or hamlet. It appears to have borne much resemblance to the village of a German tribe. The house of each villan, cottar, or farmer was situated in a toft, with one or more crofts adjoining, the houses being in this way separated from each other. Many of our villages still show the old form, each cottage standing apart in its garden, and backed by a small close, the croft. In some villages there was also the demesne house (*aula*) of the lord, and the dwellings of one or more free tenants, perhaps not much superior in convenience and accommodation to the cottages of the servile holder. Attached to the village, with its enclosed parcels of ground, was the common field, where each tenant had his own portion of acres of arable land under the name of oxgangs; and beyond that was the pasture, where the cattle fed in common, under the charge of the village herd. In some cases there was also the lord's waste or forest, in which his tenants had various rights of pasturage, swine feeding, and cutting turf and fire-wood. At the period when Boldon Buke was compiled, the aspect of the country must have differed widely from its present one. In the midst of moorland or extensive woods, there was every

here and there the large open pasture and cultivated field of each village, without hedge or any division, save a strip of grass, called now in East Yorkshire a balk, which bordered each tenant's holding; and by the side of the stream, or where the best land lay, snugly ensconced each in their little fields with their hedgerow trees, rose the cottages of the humble tillers of the soil, clustering round and sheltered by the hall of their lord. Each village had its herd for looking after the stock of whatever kind, its pounder for taking care of stray cattle, and its smith and carpenter. All the people were the servants of the lord; and in return for the work they rendered him, they had each his little holding, which provided for the daily wants of the family."

Having copied this pen-and-ink sketch of the old English village, we have only now to quote from the Glossary, in addition, some portion of the two pages dedicated to "*Villenagium, Villanus*"—"probably from *villa*, the village in which the villan lived." "The villans formed that large class, including under this general name cotmen, bondtenants, and farmers, the members of which, though not slaves, and holding under the lord some smal portion of land, had neither a permanent interest in the land, nor could be called freemen. They have been divided into villans regardant, those attached to the land, and villans in gross, those attached to the lord's person, and transferable by him to another. No real distinction, however, seems to have existed; and this distinction probably originated from confounding the villan with the serf, who was a mere personal slave, and had no interest, even of a temporary nature, in the land. The villan could not leave his lord's estate, nor, indeed, give up the land he held under him: he was a servant for life, receiving as wages enough of land to support himself and family. If he left his lord, he could be recovered as a stray, unless he had lived meanwhile for a year and a day in a privileged town or borough, in which case he obtained his freedom. He could accumulate no property, everything he possessed being his lord's. His services consisted of servile work done by himself and his household on the lord's demesne land; such as ploughing, harrowing, mowing and reaping, carting dung, and all other agricultural operations. These could be changed at any time by the lord, though they naturally had a tendency to become of a permanent and settled character, and in the end became regular and stated in quantity and time. We see indications of this in Boldon Buke; in fact, every entry there relating to the village shows a settled system of services, such as we should look for under the circumstances." We further learn that "the villan could not marry his daughter without the lord's leave"; that the "children of villans inherited their father's condition"; that in course of time the villan "became the copyholder of later days; so that, as Coke expresses it, copyhold, though of mean descent, is of a very ancient house." "The villan, indeed, could acquire no property in goods or land; for, being himself the property of his lord, all that he acquired was the lord's. But being allowed to hold land, himself and his children, for many years without interruption, the common law gave him the title to hold his land on rendering the accustomed services, or on payment of the money for which these services had been commuted. This title the villans possessed only by custom, as shown in the roll of the lord's court; and from this manner of holding by copy or court roll, they became ultimately in name and effect copyholders."

Tilling the grateful soil, these villans of England were sowing the seeds of freedom of which the laureate sings in his oft-quoted lines; and to their patient toil and persevering endeavour—their onward efforts and upward striving—their descendants are indebted in the present day. Let us see how many of them were in Boldon, and how they were employed in 1183, when the Buke was compiled.

"In Boldon," says the Survey, "are 22 villans, of whom each one holds two oxgangs of 30 acres, and renders 2s. 6d. of scatpennies, and half a scatchalder of oats, and 16d. of averpennies" (a payment by the tenant in lieu of service by horse or ox, or carriage with either), "and five cart-loads of woodlades" (wood for fuel), "and two hens and 10 eggs, and works three days in the week through the whole year, except the week of Easter and Pentecost, and the 13 days of the Nativity of our Lord; and during his work he makes in autumn four precations" (boon days of the tenant to his lord) "to reap with all his house, except the housewife. Moreover, he reaps three roods of averipe" (oats ready for cutting), "and he ploughs and harrows three roods of averere" (oat stubble?) "and, moreover, each plough of the villans ploughs and harrows two acres; and then for once they shall have the corrody" (food, a meal, whence "crowdy") "of the Bishop; and then they are quit of the work of that week. But always when they make the great precations they have a corrody; and in their works they harrow when there shall be need; and they make cartloads; and when they make them, each has one loaf; and they mow one day at Houghton till the evening, and then they have a corrody; and at the fairs of St. Cuthbert every two villans make one booth; and when they make the lodges and cart woodlades, then they are quit of other works. Twelve cotmen, of whom each one holds 12 acres, work through the whole year two days a week, except at the three above-named feasts; and they render 12 hens and 60 eggs. Robert holds two oxgangs of 37 acres, and renders half a marc. The pounder holds 12 acres, and has from each one plough one thrave of corn; and renders 24 hens and 500 eggs. The mill renders five marcs and a half. The villans ought to make every year in their work, if there shall be need, one house of the length of 40 feet, and the width of 15 feet; and then, when they make it, each one is quit of 4d. of averpennies.

The whole town renders 17s. of cornage" (payment in commutation of a return of cattle), "and one cow in milk. The demesne is at farm with a stock of four ploughs and four harrows, and renders for two ploughs 16 chalders of wheat, and 16 chalders of oats, and 8 chalders of barley; and for two other ploughs, 10 marcs. John the baker holds Newton, near Boldon, for 20s. per annum. In Newton, near Boldon, 12 mallmen" (inferior tenants as opposed to those who held in free tenure or drengage) "holds 24 oxgangs, each one of 15 acres; and they render, for every two oxgangs, 5s. of farm rent, and two hens and 20 eggs; and they plough and harrow at Boldon each one one acre; and they make for every two oxgangs four precations in autumn with two men. The wife of Henry de Montanis holds 40 acres for 40d."

In this one community, which existed within little more than a century after the Conquest, we have a representation pretty nearly of the whole. The view is not perfect. Select as we may, we cannot make it so. But a few more extracts will lessen its imperfections; and we begin with the Cathedral City. Durham had mills and a bakehouse. "Reginald the fuller" was among the holders of the land. "The dies of the mint used to render 10 marcs; but the Lord King Henry the Second, by means of the dies which he placed in Newcastle for the first time, reduced the rent of 10 marcs to 3, and in the end took away the dies which had been in use many years before that time." Currency was coined in the county. "The son of William the moneyer holds Stella by the proper boundaries which the Bishop caused to be ridden for him; and he renders one marc for land which belonged to Meldred, son of Dolfin."

There was coining of money and winning of coal. "Coals" repeatedly occur. "In Wearmouth and Tunstall are 22 villans. * * The carpenter, who is an old man, has for his life 12 acres for making ploughs and harrows. The smith, 12 acres for the iron-work of the ploughs, and coal which he wins." He must win it for himself. The coal-trade, if it had begun, was in its infancy; and the smith of the Wear must supply his forge with his own hands. The smith at Sedgfield must do the same: he has an oxgang of land "for the iron-work of the ploughs, which he makes; and he finds coals." In the Auckland district (whose mineral riches led to the project of a canal in the last century and of a railroad in a later day) was "a certain collier" in the reign of Henry II. He had for neighbours Elzibred, and Alan Picundrac, and Umfrid the carter; but, unfortunately, his own name is not given. All we know of this primitive "carbonarius" is that "he held one toft and one croft and four acres, and found coal for making the iron-work of the ploughs of Coundon." A tenant of Bishop Pudsey in the year 1183, he is the historic father of the coal trade of South Durham—the earliest coal-miner of our acquaintance in the district which gave birth to the passenger railway.

The Survey has mention, also, of the weaver and the dyer, the architect and the mason. Craftsmen of various kinds were numerous; and those of them who were tenants of the Bishop were not required to render him the wonted service for their holdings while he employed them in their several callings. "In South Sherburn, Christian the mason holds 60 acres, which the Bishop gave him out of the moor, for 5s., and two oxgangs which were Arkill's for 14d.; but he shall be quit of these payments so long as he is in the Bishop's service for mason-work." In Stanhope, "Lambert the marble-cutter" has "30 acres for his services, so long as he shall be in the Bishop's service; and when he shall have left the Bishop's service, he renders two besants, or 4s." This marble mason of the twelfth century, remarks the editor, doubtless provided the columns of Frosterley marble with which Pudsey adorned his chapel of the Galilee at Durham. "Richard the architect" (*ingeniator*), who occurs under Newton, near Durham, "was a man of some note in his profession. He was employed by the Bishop about the repair of Norham Castle."

Expert and ingenious were the men of England in the time of the great-grandson of the Conqueror. The massive Keep at Newcastle is a proof with what knowledge and ability they could build. It has kept its ground seven centuries, and is strong enough to hold it for centuries more. They could build for successive generations; and they could cleverly contrive for the wants of the passing day. There were valiant trenchermen in the Bishopric, and skilful workmen to supply them with platters by the thousands. In Wolsingham, where "Ralph the bee-keeper" had six acres for his services at the hive, there were also three turners, holding 17 acres: "and they rendered 3,100 trenchers, and make four precations and assist in mowing the meadows and making the hay." They were handy alike at the scythe, the hayfork, and the lathe; and "the monk cook" of North Auckland would be among their customers for wooden plates.

The "great chase" had rare attractions for lord and tenant. It roused the people of the Brishopric to high excitement. There is constant allusion to it in Pudsey's record:—"Little Usworth, which William holds, renders 10s., and carts wine with eight oxen, and goes in the great chase with two greyhounds." "Plausworth, which Simon Vitulus holds, renders 20s., and carts wine with eight oxen, and goes in the great chase with two greyhounds." "Little Burdon, which John de Houghton holds, renders 10s,, and carts wine with four oxen, and goes in the great chase with two greyhounds." William de Hertburne "goes in the great chase with two greyhounds." In the time of the hunt, the Bishop encamps in the forest, a sylvan Nimrod. His tenants and subjects surround him with every necessary appliance for the sport. "All the villans" of Stanhope "made at the great hunts a kitchen and larder, and a kennel; and they find a settle in the hall, and in the chapel and in the chamber, and carry all

the Bishop's corrody from Wolsingham to the lodges." "All the villans of Aucklandshire to wit, of North Auckland and West Auckland, and Escomb and Newton, find at the great hunts of the Bishop, for each oxgang, one rope, and make the Bishop's hall in the forest, of the length of sixty feet, and of a breadth within the posts of sixteen feet, with a buttery and hatch, and a chamber, and a privy; also they make a chapel of the length of 40 feet, and of the breadth of 15 feet; and they have a charity 2s; and they make their part of the fence round the lodges; and they have on the Bishop's departure a whole ton of beer, or a half one, if it shall remain; and they guard the aeries of hawks which are in the district of Ralph the Crafty; and they make 18 booths at the fair of St. Cuthbert. Moreover, all the villans and farmers attend the roe-hunt at the summons of the Bishop, and at the mills of Aucklandshire." The district of Ralph the Crafty, where hawks were bred and trained for a favourite amusement of the day, is indicated further on, viz. :—"Ralph the Cratfy holds Frosterley for half-a-marc."

There was beer in the forest by the ton when the chase was on foot. It was a drink that contributed to the exchequer. We find it mentioned under "Norton" in association with a milder beverage :—"The toll of beer at Norton renders 3s. ; and the whole town renders two cows in milk," Stockton. Preston, and Herteburne each rendering one cow in milk. The Stockton tenants comprised Adam, son of Walter; William de Tumba; Elwin, and Robert, and Goderin, cotmen; and Suan the smith. Hertburne had "Alan, son of Osbert." He "holds one oxgang; and renders and works as one of the 20 farmers of Norton, as much as pertains to one oxgang." At Preston were Walter; Adam, son of Walter de Stockton; Orm, son of Tok; William, son of Utting; and Richard Rund. At Carlton, Gerebod and Helias; Walter the miller; Summina, a widow; and William, son of Orm; the mill of Carlton rendering "20 skeps of wheat, after the measure of Yarm." "The passage over the water" at Stockton "renders 20d."

The "cotmen" of the Tees, Robert and Elwin and Goderin, are members of a large class of occupiers. Cotmen, or cottagers, holding land and making return, are of common occurrence in Boldon Buke :—"In Newbottle are 16 cotmen, of whom each one holds 12 acres, and works through the whole year two days in the week, and makes in his work four precations in autumn with his whole house, except the housewife, and renders one hen and five eggs. And three other cotmen, of whom each one holds six acres, and works from Pentecost to the feast of St. Martin two days in the week." Other holders of land in Newbottle are John, son of Heluric; the bailiff and the pounder; and the smith, with "12 acres for his service." "In Houghton are 13 cotmen, who hold, work, and render as those of Newbottle, and three other half cotmen, who work as the above-named three of Newbottle." Houghton has also, besides bailiff, and pounder, and smith, a carpenter, with "one toft and four acres for his service."

The good feeling of the episcopal landlord is shown in the case of Elstan the dreng. The "dreng" was a sort of half-freeman, midway between the free tenant and the villan, being the lowest holder who had a permanent interest in the land. The term (as we further learn from Mr. Greenwell's Glossary) comes from the Anglo-Saxon "*dreogan*, to do, work, bear; the root of our English word *drudge*." The "dreng" of West Auckland "held four oxgangs, and rendered 10s., and he makes three precations in autumn with all his men, except his own house; and he has ploughed and harrowed two acres, and he used to go on the Bishop's errands between Tyne and Tees at his own cost, and he used to find four oxen to cart wine, and the land is now in the hands of the Lord Bishop until the son of Elstan shall be grown up. Of that land the Lord Bishop has let 12 acres to the wife of Elstan, free of charge, to maintain her children; and the residue of that land renders 13s. of farm rent, and makes the other services which Elstan used to make." Pudsey was at once merciful and magnificent; he was gentle as well as proud and powerful; the widow and the fatherless were considered in the administration of his affairs. Let his kindness to the family of Elstan be kept in grateful memory.

The service of many of the tenants of the county palatine extended to the running of their lord's errands. "Elfer de Burdon," holding two oxgangs of land on the Wear, "renders 8s., and goes on the Bishop's errands." Easington and Thorp had thirty-one villans; two of whom were Galfrid Cokesmahc and Simon, each holding half a ploughland, and rendering 10s., and going the Bishop's errands. At Shotton was another of his lordship's messengers, "William the lorimer" (a smith forging bits, spurs, and other metal furniture of the horse). At Darlington, "Osbert Kate holds two oxgangs, for which Gilbert used to render 8s. ; and they now render for the same, with the increase of four acres, 10s., and go on errands." "Geoffrey Joie, 20 acres for 40d. ; and he goes on the Bishop's errands."

The Survey of 1183 conjures up an animated scene of daily life in the Darlington district. The villans of Darlington, holding 40 oxgangs, at the rate of 5s. an oxgang, "ought to mow the whole of the Bishop's meadows, and make the Bishop's hay, and lead it, and once to have a corrody; and to enclose the copse and the court, and to make the works which they were accustomed to make at the mills; and for each one bovate" (oxgang), "one cartload of woodlades; and to make cartloads on the Bishop's journeys; and also three cartloads in the year to cart wine, and herrings, and salt. Four cotmen render 3s., and assist in making the haycocks, and carry fruit, and work at the mill for their tofts." A smith is named; and also Odo, holding land "where the beech mast was sown." The pounder holds

nine acres, and has thraves like the others, and renders 100 hens and 500 eggs. The boroughs, dyers, and bake-houses render 10 marcs. "William holds Oxenhall," and has the "horse mill," and "keeps a dog and a horse for the fourth part of the year, and carts wine with four oxen, and makes utware when it shall be laid on the Bishopric." (He makes "utware"; he renders service "out of or beyond the boundaries of that territory to which the word *haliwere* was applied; in other terms, beyond the Tyne or Tees." *Haliwerfolc* were "the men of the palatinate of Durham who held their lands by the service of protecting and defending the body of St. Cuthbert, and who were not obliged to cross the Tyne or Tees, in defence of the kingdom at large, against their will.") "The mill of Burdon, for keeping up the milldam, which is raised on the land of Haughton, 12s." Adam de Selby, who "holds to farm the demesne" of Little Haughton, "shall find at Darlington a litter for the Lord Bishop on his journeys." At Blackwell, "Robert the Ruddy, for a small parcel of ground near the Tees," pays 6d. Here we have "Robert the Ruddy" on the Tees; "Richard the Ruddy" occurs at Stanhope; and "Ralph the Crafty" holds Frosterley.

The miller and the mill, the millstone and the milldam come repeatedly before us. There is mention of a horse-mill. Horse-power and water-power are in requisition for the grinding of corn. Whether or not the wind was utilized by the millers of the diocese, does not appear. In reviving the landscape of Pudsey's period with the aid of his "Buke," we do not see it animated in imagination by the revolving sail of the mill. But, further on in the Surtees Society's volume, we come to the "Roll of Bishop Bec" (1307); and there, at Norton, the windmill appears, with a Scotch carpenter (Robert de Tevydale) plying his craft in its moving shadows.

We have only now to pick from the pages, as the leaves are turned over one by one, a series of cabinet sketches:—"Chester, with the villans and the demesne without stock, and with the fisheries, and the mill of the said town, renders 24 marcs." Urpeth "repairs a moiety of the milldam and house of the mill of Chester, with the men of Chester." "Birtley and Tribley render 20s., and attend the great chase with two greyhounds." "The villans of South Biddick hold their town at farm, and render £5, and find 160 men to reap in autumn, and 36 carts to lead corn at Houghton." "Gatull the smith holds 16 acres" in North Auckland "for one pound of pepper; and his heirs for 2s., or two pigs." At West Sleekburne, "Patrick renders one pound of pepper." "Robert de Yolton holds the land which was the hermit's on the Derwent, and renders one besant, or 2s." "Eudo de Lascelles holds one ploughland of 120 acres in Farnacres for the tenth part of one knight's fee." "Sunderland is at farm, and renders 100s. Roger de Audry renders for the milldam built on the land at Sunderland one marc." "The dreng" at Hutton "feeds a dog and a horse, and carts one ton of wine and a millstone to Durham, and attends the pleas" (the Bishop's Courts), "and goes on messages."

Generations have come and gone since the Count Palatine sat in council at the feast of St. Cuthbert, counting up his revenues, and setting forth the rents and customs of his Bishopric; he and his colleagues and tenants have passed away; but owners and occupiers have continued to succeed in long procession, and "the earth abideth for ever."

Hewson Clarke, Author of "The Saunterer."

COLLECTORS of Newcastle literature occasionally come across a volume of 300 pages containing satirical essays written in the style of the "Spectator," and entitled "The Saunterer, a Periodical Paper. By Hewson Clarke. Newcastle: Printed by K. Anderson for the author, 1805." Perusal of the book excites interest in the author, and the question naturally arises, "Who was Hewson Clarke?" Resort is made to the usual sources of local biography, but nothing is found there. Local annalists, chroniclers, and historians ignore Hewson Clarke—all except Mackenzie, and he snaps him off in seven lines. To ascertain what manner of man the author of "The Saunterer" was, we turn to the files of the *Tyne Mercury*, in which paper the majority of the essays appeared. There we find a full and minute biographical sketch of Hewson Clarke, and discover at the same time that nearly all of it was written by himself. Below is a copy of the article, with a continuation by Mr. W. A. Mitchell, the editor of the paper.

RICHARD WELFORD.

Hewson Clarke was born at Maryport, in Cumberland, in 1787. His father was an innkeeper in Maryport, who received a decent competence from the profits of his trade. In the year 1791, Hewson was sent to the common day school of the place, where he attained a tolerable knowledge of his mother tongue and of penmanship.

After various removals of his family and himself, which prevented the complete gratification of his desire for reading, they fixed their residence at Workington. There he pursued a course of reading perhaps unparalleled. He rose at 7 in the morning, and after the first duties of the day were over, secluded himself from the observation of his friends till the hour of 11 or 12 in the evening. His eagerness for books was such, that he could scarcely spare time to attend his meals, but frequently took a potato or a slice of meat into his hand, which served him as sustenance for the whole of the day. His reading, however, though extensive, was not valuable, his only resource being that of a neighbouring circulating library, which contained little else than plays, novels, romances, and fairy tales; of these the far greater number were insipid and uninteresting. Young Clarke, however, read them with great avidity, and during his stay at Workington, which lasted for the space of a year and a quarter, he had read above 600 volumes of different kinds. He was frequently engaged in the perusal of Peregrine Pickle, or the Arabian Tales, when he should have been attending to the wants of his

father's customers. His parents remonstrated against his idleness and misapplication of his time, without much effect. His assistance was not really wanted. There were four servants in the house, who were more than sufficient to execute all its duties. Whatever may have been the motives of his parents, independent of these reasons, young Clarke's propensity to reading was sufficient to resist all their efforts; they therefore, after a long struggle, left him to his own inclinations.

But this was not of long duration. In the beginning of the year 1800, his parents found their situation neither profitable nor convenient; they therefore departed for London in the month of March, and early in the ensuing month they entered into the possession of the Red Lion, Gray's Inn Lane, Holborn. This was the most miserable period of Clarke's life. He had no opportunity for study but what he gained by a concealment of a few minutes in his father's cellar, or what he caught by casual glances at a book while sitting in the tap-room, amidst the noise of porters, grooms, and chairmen. He was seldom able to retire to bed till 2 o'clock in the morning, and it was sometimes still later. In the day time it was impossible to get out, and he therefore lived in the midst of London, with the most ardent desire to see its curiosities and its crowds, in total ignorance of all that surrounded him. In about three months after his arrival in London, his father's affairs took an unfortunate turn, and, through a brewer, it is supposed, to whom the house belonged, he was reduced to great distress. During the intermediate time, between their departure from the house and their voyage from London, his time was spent in *sauntering* through the streets, standing at the book stalls, and making what observations his youth and situation would allow on men and manners. On the 1st of June, 1800, he bade farewell to London, and arrived on the 21st of the same month, after a very unpleasant voyage of three weeks, at Newcastle. His adventures between this period and his coming from Alnwick to the shop of Mr. Huntley, on the 22nd of August, 1803, are too various to insert in a sketch like this. One circumstance, however, it is necessary to mention, as it marks the natural bent of his inclination. In the beginning of the year 1801, when he had only two hours a day which he could devote to study, and when he had not quite attained his fourteenth year, he formed the plan of a periodical paper which he intended to publish by himself, and of which he wrote the three first numbers. His dreams upon this occasion will perhaps excite the smiles of those who have experienced the scanty rewards of literary labour. According to his own calculation, his labours, provided he could procure 500 subscribers, would produce him 100 guineas a year. He knew, however, the laughter that such an attempt by a youth of his age would excite, and he therefore resolved to conceal his name. He wrote a note to Messrs. Akenhead, of Newcastle, desiring to know the terms on which they would engage to print a periodical paper of the common size and type, and signed it with the fictitious name of J. Clarke, Whickham. He was himself the bearer of his letter, and received for answer that it was impossible to mention the terms till the size of the type, &c., were more distinctly specified. This was not very difficult, but a different piece of information induced him to relinquish his project; he was informed by a friend that security for payment would probably be required. His purpose was therefore postponed till a more favourable opportunity should occur. On the 23rd of August, 1803, he engaged with Mr. Huntley, chemist, of Gateshead. In that situation he had some leisure, but that leisure, from circumstances which it is unnecessary to mention, could not be employed. Had not the irascibility and meanness of one woman embittered all his moments, he might have passed his time very happily with Mr. H. If he could not read, he could at least meditate; his duties were servile and sometimes laborious, yet they were attended by what seldom accompanies them, the respect and civility of the inhabitants. In this place he had very great opportunities of observing mankind; besides the usual frequenters of the shop, he was enabled to attend the principal societies of the town These indeed were not very fashionable or sensible, but they exhibited a sufficient example of the general follies and virtues of mankind.

The *Tyne Mercury* had been established a little before this period. It had frequently attracted the attention of Clarke, and seemed to offer an easy method of introducing himself to the world. He thought it necessary, however, previous to beginning his correspondence, to prepare a few numbers for the press. With five numbers, therefore, in his possession, he ventured upon his literary career on the 7th of August, 1804, when he had attained the age of seventeen years and nearly five months. Those who are favoured by leisure in the pursuit of literature have little idea of the difficulties of him who composes his work amidst noise and business, interrupted every moment by the calls of a multitude, his thoughts bewildered by perpetual tumult, and his words confused by necessary haste. Clarke, when he composed the *Saunterer*, seldom had it in his power to overlook his copy after it was finished, but was obliged to correct it as he proceeded, and commit it to the press with all its want of arrangement and connexion. His papers were more than once destroyed in the confusion and hurry of business, or were employed by mistake to wrap up medicines. Some of these compositions were written during the hours stolen from sleep, and others upon a counter, amidst drugs and merchandise.

Under these obstacles, the *Saunterer* seldom appeared more frequently than twice in three weeks, and was closed by the 26th number, on the 13th of June, 1805. It was published in a volume, with 24 additional numbers, in November. The publication of the *Saunterer* was of great advantage to him; it introduced him into the society of the most respectable gentlemen in the town, and gained him the attention of the late William Burdon, of Hartford. Under his patronage, and with the profits of the *Saunterer*, he was able to enter at Emanuel College, Cambridge, to which place he repaired on the 21st of January, 1806.

[Thus far proceeds our unknown biographer. As we perused the manuscript, we have had frequent suspicions that that biographer was no other than Mr. Clarke himself. The following particulars of the remainder of his life we have reason to believe correct :—]

At Cambridge, instead of attending his studies, it is generally understood that he commenced a satirical work, which rendered him remarkably obnoxious. He went from college (probably hastened by the enmity produced by his conduct) to London. There, after making many vain attempts to procure employment from booksellers, he at length became connected with a scurrilous publication called the *Scourge*. By this connection he offended his friends in such a manner, that some, after fruitlessly remonstrating with him on the impropriety of having his name associated with a work which was synonymous with universal abuse, never after spoke to him. It is supposed he never took his degree, though amongst his acquaintance he was always denominated Dr. Clarke. He became involved in quarrels and disputes, and finally, from what cause we know not, forfeited the esteem and patronage of Mr. Burdon, who may be considered the origin of any literary ability he possessed. The loss of the friendship of his patron, he himself repeatedly declared to us, was not occasioned by any improper conduct on his own part, but solely by a whimsical disposition he attributed to Mr. Burdon. What was the truth we cannot now determine; but it is certain that the author of the "Materials for Thinking" transferred his protection to another, who enjoyed it, we believe, to his lamented decease.

While in London, Clarke maintained himself chiefly by writing histories of the war, &c., for the booksellers, in general for that portion of the trade that deals exclusively in numbers. Besides these, which may be called the mercenary occupations of literature, he wrote a poem called, "The Art of Pleasing," which, Lord Byron says, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," must have been so called as *lucus a non lucendo!* The noble lord also severely lashes him in a note at the end of his last edition, for having said many ill-natured things of a bear which his lordship kept at college.

He was always wishing to do something more than ever the world gave him ability or his manners and connexions gave him opportunity to do, and he dragged on to the last a half-dissipated, half-plodding life, with the expectation that he was about to become more generally known, and that time would remunerate him for his youthful assiduity and his maturer exertions. But, alas! the to-morrow for which he looked never dawned upon his destiny. He died about the age of thirty, seized with madness.

Lord Byron's "lashing" of Hewson Clarke in the first edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," mentioned by Mr. Mitchell in the foregoing paragraph, reads as follows :—

There Clarke, still striving piteously "to please,'
Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees ;
A would be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon ;
Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind ;
Himself a living libel on mankind.

To this satire his lordship adds the following footnote :—

This person, who has lately betrayed the most rapid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem, denominated the "Art of Pleasing," as "lucus a non lucendo," containing little pleasantry and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the *Satirist*. If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.

In a postscript to the second edition of the same work, Lord Byron renews the lashing, as described in the *Tyne Mercury* :—

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke (subaudi *csquire*), a sizer of Emanuel College, and, I believe, a denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet ; he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in the *Satirist*, for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation ; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name till coupled with the *Satirist*. He has, therefore, no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather pleased than otherwise.

***

The foregoing article by Mr. Welford appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of January 31, 1891. A later issue of the same paper contained the following letter from Mr. Edward Pocknell, of London, a well-known authority on shorthand :—

Mr. Richard Welford's article on Hewson Clarke, author of "The Saunterer," brought to my mind the recollection that I had read something about him in connection with shorthand. I have been able to find the passage in a privately-printed work (twenty copies only having been printed), entitled "The Grand Master : being Some Extracts from the Shorthand Correspondence of Robert Cabbell Roffe, (Engraver), with his Much Valued Friend, Thomas Molineux, of Macclesfield, edited by Alfred Roffe" (1860).

In a letter from Roffe to Molineux, dated Aug. 1, 1820, the former says :—"The MS. papers, as they were all open, I took the liberty of perusing, as, I presume, you intended I should. Lewis's 'Historical Account of Shorthand' is a book that seems to contain a great deal of research on the subject of shorthand. You wrote to Mr. Lewis as the author of the work, but I have been credibly informed that Mr. Hewson Clark *(sic)*, who wrote a work called 'The Saunterer,' is likewise the writer of the Historical Account, and of Mr. Lewis's other publications."

Roffe and Molineux were writers of Dr. Byrom's system (1767), and Byrom was known amongst his followers as "The Grand Master"—hence the title of the book now referred to.

A Ramble Round Richmond.

IF a ramble round Richmond be contemplated, the best plan is to commence at the railway station. Moving in the direction of the south bank of the river, we soon come within sight of the cascade near the paper mills, which,

THE TERRACE UNDER THE CASTLE WALL, RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

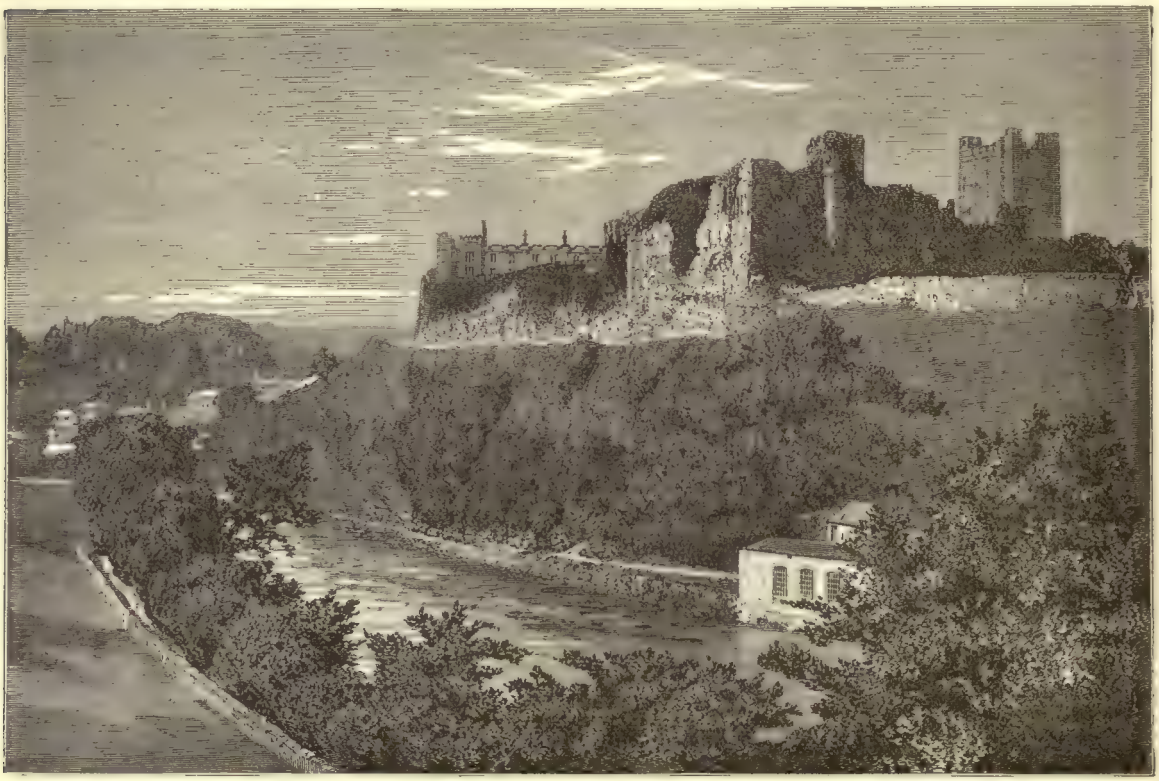
though formal in general outline, was "adapted" by Turner for a poetical composition, including in its scope the grand old castle and the predominating Norman keep. There is no denying that this scene is picturesque, though the view is more comprehensive from a slight eminence a few hundred yards further to the left.

Our picture of the castle (page 152), which is seen rising from the banks of the Swale, was taken from a rustic stile near a group of trees that partly hide the formal lines of the paper mill. This is only one of the many delightful prospects in the neighbourhood, but by no means the least attractive, the great bulk of the ruins of the old stronghold being seen to the best advantage. When the western sun gilds the noble fragments with its mellow tints, and the brilliant light is reflected in the tarn-like expanse of water below, it will be admitted that nowhere in all the North-Country is there a more entrancing combination of nobility and loveliness.

A drawing of Richmond Castle was discovered amongst the Harleian manuscripts, and thus conjecture is set at rest as to the original design of the building. The external wall, which was about 600 yards in length, enclosed a triangular space of about five acres in extent. Lofty square towers, affording accommodation for the chief officers, overhung the southern side, the base of the triangle, which was the strongest point. Towers also strengthened the remaining portion of the wall. The great donjon tower was not built until about seventy-five years after the foundation of the castle. Ninety-nine feet in height, it is a noble specimen of a Norman keep. Even after the wear and tear of centuries, it is still as firm and true as the solid rock upon which it stands. Once so menacing and defiant, it now wears the stern aspect of a worn-out warrior.

The lower storey of the keep is supported by a bulky octagonal column in the centre, from which springs circular groined arches. In a cavity of the column is a well of pure water. A tower named after Robin Hood, the famous outlaw, is in the eastern wall; but how he came to be associated with Richmond history doth not disclose. The lowest chamber was a chapel, but in course of time it became too small for the garrison, and a more convenient edifice was built on the opposite side of the castle. A large window still indicates the site of the later erection.

On the south-east are the remains of another tower, called "The Golden Hole," probably from the circumstance that a sum of money was discovered there. Adjoining "The Golden Hole" are the remains of the Hall of Scolland, Lord of Bedale, one of the feudatories



RICHMOND CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

of the Earls of Richmond. The lowest apartment of a tower in the south-west corner of the area appears to have been used as a dungeon. It was probably here that William the Lion, King of Scotland, was immured after his capture in 1174 near Alnwick (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, p. 178); for it is asserted in a rhyming chronicle in old Norman French that the royal prisoner was placed in a "very narrow prison."

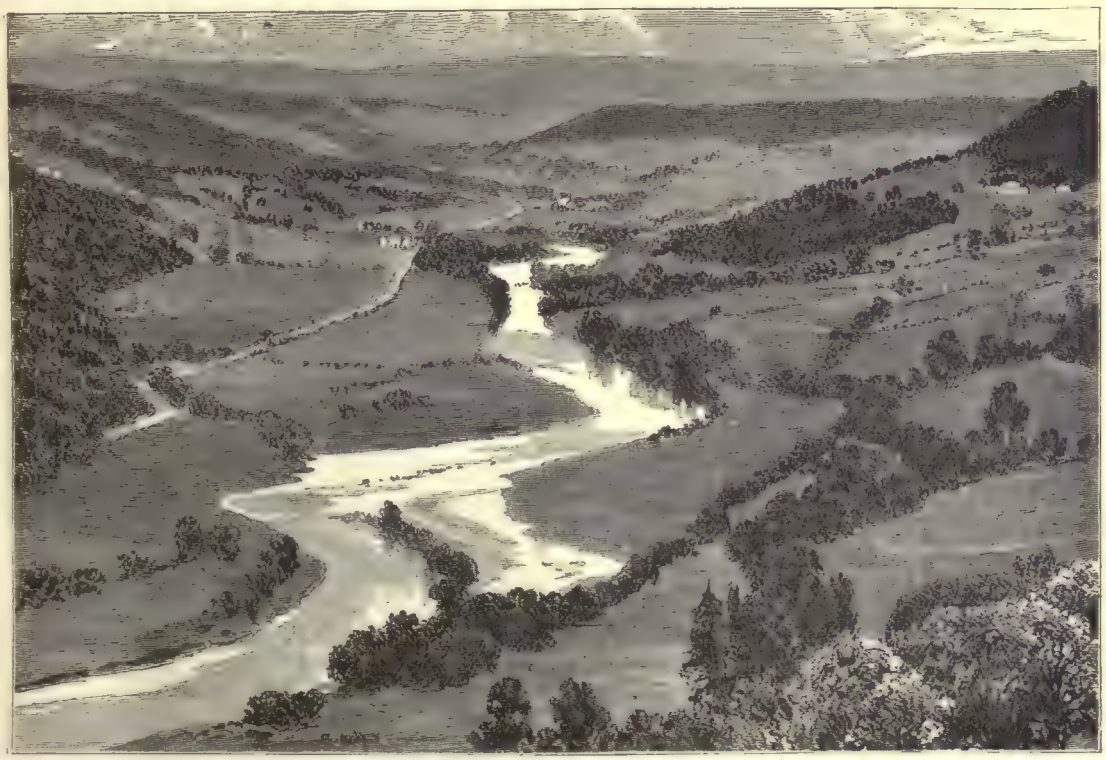
Richmond Castle is the property of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who has let it on lease to the North York Rifles.

A terrace which runs around by the base of the castle wall is kept in good order by the Corporation of Richmond, which is also to be credited with the pleasant appearance of the precipitous banks through the planting thereon of young trees. The sylvan adornments are a great improvement upon the green slope of old that was seared with yellow strips of sandy soil. This terrace is a favourite promenade of the Richmond people, who appear to fully appreciate the enterprise of the corporate body. A local gentleman relates that, on one occasion, as he was strolling along this elevated terrace, he saw a man rush in an excited manner towards the base of a part of the castle walls and hold out his hands. To the astonishment of the beholder, a child, who had evidently been observed to be in a critical position by her rescuer, fell headlong into his arms without sustaining any injury!

That part of Richmond which is known as Old Biggin is easily reached from the Castle Terrace. Proceeding along Quaker's Lane (where formerly was a burying place of the followers of George Fox), we come to West Field, celebrated for romantic views. Further along is Whitcliffe Wood and Whitcliffe Scar, where rugged and imposing rocks arrest the attention of the stranger. Here is to be found a spot well known to the inhabitants by the name of Willance's Leap, from the circumstance that a hunter named Willance was carried by his horse over the precipice to the bottom, the rider being little injured. Three stones with inscriptions indicate the three bounds that the horse made before it reached the edge of the precipice. From this point there is a grand prospect of the bleak moorlands around the head of Swaledale. The river banks, however, are well-wooded, and afford an agreeable contrast to the sterner aspect of the adjacent acclivities.

A short distance further is the Beacon Hill, where in the troubled days of old a fire was lighted in times of danger.

There stands in the pleasure grounds near the Swale, once belonging to the family of Yorke, a lofty tower that



SWALEDALE FROM WILLANCE'S LEAP, RICHMOND.

was erected to commemorate the battle of Culloden, built on the site of an old fortalice known as Hudswell Peel.

In the same locality is the Convent of the Assumption, founded by the late Duchess of Leeds in 1850 for the education of young ladies of the Roman Catholic faith. The number of pupils at the present time is between fifty and sixty. The building is spacious, the grounds being extensive, and the scenery around very beautiful. The centre of the convent and the west wing contain class, study, music, and recreation rooms, also a large drawing-class room, three spacious dormitories, infirmaries, bath-rooms, &c., all for the use of the pupils. The east wing is occupied by the sisters. On the same side there is a chapel in which there is a very beautifully carved altar, the gift of Mr. W. Foggin, of Newcastle. The cost of the whole of this pile of buildings was about £8,000. The mother-house of the Order of Assumption is at Auteuil, Paris.

There is one other object near Richmond that should be visited—the Round Howe, an immense amphitheatre, surrounded by rugged rocks and hanging woods, and somewhat resembling a volcanic crater. It is conjectured to have been a temple of the Druids, but there are no historical records to support the theory, which is wholly founded on the fact that this part of the district was in former times a forest of vast extent that might have afforded shelter for Druidical priests. A large natural cave near the Round Howe is called Arthur's Owen; but tradition is silent as to the connection of this place with England's mythical king.

All the engravings which accompany this article are made from photographs by Messrs. Valentine and Sons, 152, Perth Road, Dundee.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

William Sidney Gibson,

BARRISTER AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORIAN.

UPON the extension to the provinces of the London system of bankruptcy procedure, under the Bankruptcy Law Amendment Act, 1842, a District Court was established at Newcastle, and on the 15th November, in that year, in a suite of rooms forming the eastern end of the Royal Arcade, the court was formally opened for the transaction of business. Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst appointed a member of a well-known local family—Mr. Nathaniel Ellison, of the Chancery Bar—to be the first Commissioner or Judge of the new court, and under him, as Registrar, he placed Mr. William Sidney Gibson.

Mr. Gibson, a native of Parson's Green, Fulham, where he was born in 1814, was studying for the bar when he came down to Newcastle to discharge the duties of his office, and shortly afterwards he received his call from the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. Although a stranger to the district, the reputation of a scholar, devoted to antiquarian and historical research, had preceded him, and he had not been long in the town before he began to inquire, to investigate, and to write. One of the first objects to attract his attention was the noble ruin of the Conventual Church of Tynemouth, familiarly known as the Priory, under whose shadow he had fixed his residence. Disappointed with the meagre details to be found

THE CONVENT, RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

in local literature, he set himself the task of writing the history of that magnificent structure, and after three years' unremitting labour he published in two volumes, royal quarto—

The History of the Monastery founded at Tynemouth, in the Diocese of Durham, to the Honour of God, under the Invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary and S. Oswin, King and Martyr. London: William Pickering, 1846 and 1847.

Decorated with illuminated pages, and adorned by initial letters copied from Mediæval MSS., resplendent in hand-applied gold and colours, these sumptuous volumes were further illustrated by etchings from the studio of the elder Richardson, by facsimile representations of ancient deeds and seals, and by wood engravings. No more superb example of typography and illumination had been seen in the district, and its illustrations were equalled only by the thorough and comprehensive character of the

text. Apart from the exceedingly "high" views which the writer thought fit to express in his preface, and, indeed, more or less obtruded throughout, the work is well done. Regarded either as a history or a book of reference, it leaves nothing to be desired.

Beyond the titles of the books he wrote, and the lectures he delivered, little is known of Mr. Sidney Gibson's life during the quarter of a century which he passed in Newcastle. With the exception of the Homœopathic Dispensary, in which he acted as a member of the managing committee, he does not appear to have associated himself with any public institution in the locality, not even in those non-political and unsectarian organisations which are devoted to social amelioration and philanthropic improvement. He was a model registrar in the Court of Bankruptcy—courteous, painstaking, methodical, punctual, and accurate; but to his duties there, and occasional lecturing before cultured audiences, his public work was limited. Absorbed in literary and antiquarian pursuits, he lived the life of a recluse amidst the bustling activities of Tyneside.

Mr. Gibson's literary productions show extraordinary mental activity, and the faculty of wielding a rapid and fluent pen. Taking in order of publication those of his books and papers which treat of local history alone, it is seen that in a little over ten years after he had put forth his great work on Tynemouth Priory he had published five others of importance, each of them involving patient research, and displaying minute investigation, viz. :—

Descriptive and Historical Notices of Some Remarkable Northumbrian Castles, Churches, and Antiquities: In a Series of Visits to the ruined Priory of Finchale; the Abbey Church of Hexham; the Parish Churches of Houghton-le-Spring, Morpeth, Bothal, Ovingham, and Ryton; the antient Castles of Prudhoe and of Bothal, the ruined Abbey of Newminster, etc. With Biographical Notices of Eminent Persons. First Series. Revised and Reprinted (by request) from the *Newcastle Journal*, with numerous additions, and embellished with Views of Finchale and of the Abbey Church of Hexham. Newcastle: Robert Robinson, Pilgrim Street, 1848. 8vo. 140 pp.

A Descriptive and Historical Guide to Tynemouth: Comprising a Popular Sketch of the History of the Monastery, the Church, and the Castle; with Notices of North Shields, Seaton Delaval, and Neighbouring Antiquities. Embellished with highly-finished Engravings. North Shields: Philipson and Hare, Tyne Street, 1849. Sm. 8vo. 161 pp.

Descriptive and Historical Notices of Remarkable Northumbrian Castles, Churches, and Antiquities. Second series. Dilston Hall, or Memoirs of the Right Hon. Jas. Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, a Martyr in the Rebellion of 1715. To which is added A Visit to Bamburgh Castle; with an Account of Lord Crewe's Charities, and a Memoir of the Noble Founder. Embellished with a Portrait of Lord Derwentwater, and several highly-finished Engravings. Newcastle: Robert Robinson, Pilgrim Street, 1850. 8vo. 220 pp.

Do. Third Series. Visits to Naworth Castle, Lanercost Priory, and Corby Castle, in Cumberland; the ruined Monasteries of Brinkburn, Jarrow, and Tynemouth; Bishop Middleham and the Town of Hartlepool; Newcastle-on-Tyne and Durham Cathedral. Embellished with Views of Naworth Castle, as Restored, and of Corby Castle, near Carlisle. Newcastle: Robert Robinson, Pilgrim Street, 1854. 8vo. 168 pp.

A Memoir on Northumberland. Descriptive of its Scenery, Monuments and History. Newcastle: F. and W. Dodsworth and Robert Robinson, 1860. 8vo. 77 pp.

These all relate to local history and topography. But they by no means indicate the full measure of Mr. Gibson's literary activity at the period in which they were written. For while they were passing through the press, the author was writing for reviews and magazines, and issuing treatises on a variety of interesting subjects.

At an earlier period Mr. Gibson had published books on "The Certainties of Geology," on "Some Antient Modes of Trial," a "Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the Amendment of the Law in Bankruptcy," and a Prize Essay on the "Antiquities of Highgate." In 1858 he collected together four-and-twenty lectures and essays, the former delivered at various Church Institutes in the

district, the latter contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, *Colburn's New Monthly*, *Household Words*, *Notes and Queries*, the *Dublin Review*, &c., &c., and published them under the title of "Lectures and Essays on Various Subjects, Historical, Topographical, and Artistic."

A few years later (in 1863) another collection of essays, lectures, and reviews, which Mr. Gibson had contributed to the *Ecclesiologist*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, *Household Words*, &c., was published. He prepared, also, a "Memoir of the Life of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, and Lord Chancellor of England, temp. Edw. III." This work, although advertised, does not appear to have been printed.

Mr. Gibson was a Fellow of the London Society of Antiquaries (F.S.A.); a Fellow of the London Geological Society (F.G.S.); a member of the Ecclesiological Society; of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, and of the Architectural Societies of Durham and St. Alban's; a Local Secretary of the Archæological Institute; an honorary member of the Academie des Sciences et Belles Lettres de Dijon, &c. In 1857, the degree of M.A. was conferred upon him by the University of Durham in recognition of his contributions to the literature and archæology of the North. Enjoying these honours, and the esteem of an ever-widening circle of friends, he remained in Newcastle till the abolition of the District Courts of Bankruptcy, in 1870, sent him into retirement. The Government rewarded his services with a handsome pension, which, unfortunately, he was not long destined to receive. Seized by a fatal illness, he died in London on the 3rd January, 1871, aged 56 years. During his lifetime he had expressed an ardent desire to be buried in the grounds of the old Priory Church at Tynemouth, about which he had written so copiously and so well, and shortly before his decease he obtained from the Home Secretary the necessary permission. His remains were taken to Tynemouth, and after a solemn service in the restored Lady Chapel, at the east end of the ruin, were laid to rest in a vault closely adjoining. A headstone marks the place of his interment, and in the chapel itself a stained glass window perpetuates his memory.

The portrait of Mr. Gibson is from a photograph kindly lent by H. A. Adamson, Esq., Town Clerk of Tynemouth.

Thomas Gibson,

PHYSICIAN, DIVINE, AND AUTHOR.

Dr. Thomas Gibson, born at Morpeth in the latter part of the fifteenth century, must have been a remarkable man, if all that is told of him by his early biographers be true. Later writers have, however, thrown some doubt upon the accuracy of the record, suggesting that there may have been two persons of the same name living at the same time, the one educated at Cambridge and the other at Oxford, whose respective achievements have been, in error, attributed to the Morpeth worthy alone. The Rev. John Hodgson, in the Morpeth section of his "History of Northumberland," supports the theory of separate individualities, chiefly on the ground that a well-known contemporary writer, and a native of Morpeth himself, Dr. Turner, makes no reference to Gibson, with whose life and labours he must have been acquainted. Mr. Hodgson's account, condensed from Bale, Aiken, and Watts, is as follows:—

Gybson, or Gibson, Thomas, was not only, like his townsman and contemporary, Turner, famous for his knowledge in divinity, physic, and botany, but was one of the early English printers. Bale mentions him in terms of high commendation, and says his cures were almost incredible. He entered zealously into the spirit of the Reformation, and wrote in its favour; but during the Marian persecution, fled to the Continent, from whence he returned on the accession of Elizabeth, and settled in London, where he died in 1562. Of the merits of his works I have not had an opportunity of forming any judgment, having never seen a volume of them; and in turning over such works of Turner as have fallen in my way, I have thought it remarkable that I never met with Gibson's name, especially as there were so many coincidences in their lives, for they were not only townsmen and contemporaries, but both reformers, divines, physicians, and naturalists, both banished for the same cause, and both lived and died in London. All his works were printed by himself, excepting the last in the list below; but it does not appear that he printed for any other person.

1. The Concordance of the New Testament, most necessary to be in the handes of soche as desire the communicacion of any place contayned in the New Testament. Imprinted by me Thomas Gybson. Cum privilegio regali. London, 1535. 8vo., with the mark T. G. on the sides of a cut.
2. A Treatise behooueful, as well to preserue the people from the pestilence, as to helpe and recouer them that be infected with the same; made by a bishop and doctour of phisick in Denmark; which medicines haue been proued in many places in London. London, 1536, 8vo.
3. The Great Herball newly corrected. Then the contents of this book. A table after the Latyn names of all herbes. A table after the English names of all herbs. The propertees and qualityes of all things in this booke. The descryption of vrynes, how a man shall have trewe knoweledge of all sekenesses. An exposycyon of all the wordes obscure and not well knowen. A table quyckly to fynde remedyes for all dyseases. God save the kynge. Londini in edibus Thome Gibson, 1536.
4. John Campenses, his Paraphrase on the Psalmes, &c. No date.
5. A summe of the actes and decrees of the bishops of Rome. No date.
6. A Breue Cronycle of the Bysshope of Rome's Blessynge, and of his Prelates beneficiall and charitable rewardes from the tyme of Kynge Heralde vnto this day. Imprinted—by John Daye—in Sepulchre Parishe, at the signe of the Resurrection, a little above Holbourne Condiute.

Anthony Wood, in the first volume of his "Athenæ Oxonienses," which is devoted chiefly to a history of Oxford writers, claims him as a student of the University of Oxford:—

Thomas Gibson, a noted Physician of the Age he lived in, was born at Morpeth in Northumberland, and for a year, or years, was, as I conceive, educated here, because that several of both his Names and Time were conversant with the Muses in this University; but whether he took a Degree, or was licensed to practise Physic it appears not. Afterwards he being noted for his extraordinary Success in curing Diseases, was very much resorted to by great, as well as ordinary People, especially by those of

the reform'd Party, he being one himself, and a great Enemy to the R. Cath. Bishops; in spite and envy to whom he wrote—

A History of the Treasons of the Bishops from the Norman Conquest to his time. Whether this was printed, I know not, because had it been so, there's no doubt but inveterate Prynn would have found it, to gain matter thence, when he compos'd his Book of the same subject. He also wrote,

An Herbal.

Treatise against unskilful Alchymists.

Treat. of curing common Diseases.

Of the ceremonies used by Popes—besides other things, and had laid the foundation of a little Book to show the various States that Britany hath been in, which he divided into five Parts; but whether he compleated it, is uncertain.

The Coopers, on the other hand, in their "Athenæ Cantabrigienses," claim Gibson for the University of Cambridge. Thus:—

Thomas Gibson, a native of Morpeth, Northumberland, was, it is asserted, educated at Oxford. It is certain, however, that one of the name took the degree of M.B. in this University, 1511. He was noted for his extraordinary success in curing diseases, as also for his strong antipathy to the Roman Catholics. He wrote much, and from 1535 to 1539, or afterwards, carried on the business of a printer in London. With one exception, all the known productions of his press were compiled by himself. Bishop Latimer, writing to Cromwell, 21st July, 1537, recommends that Gibson, who was the bearer of the letter, should be employed as the printer of a work then about to be published. He says, "He ys an honeste poore man, who will set ytt forth in a good letter, and sell ytt good chepe, wher as others doo sell too dere, wych doth lett many to by. Doctor Crom, and other my frendes obteyned of me, natt with owght sum importunyte to wrytt unto you for hym." In the reign of Mary he was a fugitive for religion, but returned to England on the accession of Elizabeth, and in 1559 had a license from this university to practise physic. His death occurred in London, 1562.

To the list of his works printed by Hodgson (omitting "John Campenses his Paraphrase"), the Cambridge writers add the four extra books named by Anthony Wood, and another, "De Utroque Homine." They further state that he and his wife and daughter became members of the English congregation at Geneva on the 20th November, 1557. And that is all that is known about him. Whether he was one Gibson, or two Gibsons rolled into one, is an open question that, in this column at any rate, need not be debated.

The Rev. Thomas Gillow,

A POPULAR CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Before the Reformation, the ancient family of Gillow was remarkable for the number of its members who entered into holy orders, and assisted to propagate Christian doctrine among a rude and unlettered people. Since the Reformation the same tendency has continued to characterise their race. A "Biographical Dictionary of the English Catholics," now in course of publication by Mr. Richard Gillow, contains notices of fifteen persons bearing the name, and more or less related to each other, who have been ordained priests in the Catholic Church since the middle of last century.

Within the scope of this series of biographies only two of three members of the family become, by reason of their association with the county of Northumberland, admissible, namely, the Rev. Thomas Gillow, of North Shields, Canon Gillow, one of his nephews, and the Rev. William Gillow, a grand-nephew.

Thomas Gillow, born November 23, 1769, at Singleton, fourth son of Richard Gillow, of that place, entered Douay College as a student on the 22nd of May, 1784. While he was in his pupilage the French Revolution broke out, and the college was placed in a position of danger. Upon one occasion a mob of insurgents thundered at the doors for admittance. The authorities were frightened; the boys were terrified—all but young Gillow. It is recorded that he ran courageously down the stairs, met the assailants at the entrance, and by shouting

"Vive la Republique!" saved the institution. The mob seized hold of him and carried him about in triumph through the streets of Douay. In August, 1793, when the college was broken up and the inmates were ordered to retire to their country house at Esquerchin, three miles off, as prisoners, under surveillance, young Gillow effected his escape, and through many perils reached his father's home in Lancashire. After spending a month with his parents, Mr Gillow went to the institution at Old Hall Green. There he remained till December, 1794, when he was sent to Bishop Gibson's newly-founded college at Crook Hall, and three years later was ordained priest. Awaiting a vacancy among the private chaplaincies of the Catholic gentry, he taught at Crook Hall till the 21st August, 1797, when he entered upon a ministerial career at Callaly Castle, the seat of the Claverings. In that somewhat isolated position his duties were light, and he had much spare time, which

he utilised by establishing and superintending a school in the adjoining village of Whittingham. While thus employed, in 1817, he was nominated Bishop of the West Indies, but declining, from motives of health, to wear a mitre, he was selected to conduct a mission at North Shields. In June, 1821, after 25 years' service in the beautiful Vale of Whittingham, he entered upon his work at the mouth of the Tyne. A church had just been erected there by his cousin, the Rev. James Worswick, of Newcastle, and it became, under Mr. Gillow's care, not merely a place of worship for his co-religionists, but a centre of active propaganda throughout the district. To the church he added a presbytery and schools, providing the means, for the most part, out of his private fortune, the residue of which, sunk as a fund for the relief of the poor, was lost through the failure of the Union Bank in Newcastle.

In 1842, a nephew, the Rev. Richard Gillow, was sent to aid him in his arduous labours. Born May 9, 1811, and ordained at Stonyhurst in 1837, Richard Gillow was in every sense a fit helpmate to his uncle. He was a theologian of ability, a musical composer of promise, and a home missionary of high reputation. After the restoration of the hierarchy in England, and the revival of the see of Hexham, he was raised to the dignity of a canon. A most useful career seemed to be opening out before him. Short, however, was its course. Devotion to his work among the victims of the cholera visitation of 1853 cost him his life, on the 18th of November in that year, at the early age of 42.

Thomas Gillow survived his nephew four years. Although deprived of his eyesight, and, therefore, dependent upon the help and guidance of others, he was able to say mass till within a week of his death, which happened on the 19th March, 1857, in the 88th year of his age. "The whole town and neighbourhood, regardless of differences in religious belief, flocked to his funeral, and even the bells of the Protestant parish church rolled out a muffled peal in token of the universal respect in which he was held."

During the last years of Thomas Gillow's life, Dr. Chadwick, afterwards Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, assisted the venerable patriarch in his mission, and he was followed by his successor in the bishopric, the late Dr. Bewick. When Dr. Bewick left, in 1869, his place was filled by a grand-nephew of the old priest, the Rev. William Gillow. He had been ordained at Ushaw in 1861, and, after officiating for three or four years at Castle Eden, joined the staff of St. Mary's, Newcastle, under Monsignor Eyre, now Archbishop of Glasgow. From St. Mary's he went to Wolsingham, and from thence proceeded to North Shields, where he remained till, in 1873, he was removed to Barnard Castle. In 1877, having taken charge of the mission at Callaly, the old home of his great-uncle, which was undergoing a change through the sale of the estate by Sir Henry Bedingfeld (heir, by marriage, of the Claverings), his health gave way, and he retired to his brother's house in Lancashire. The following year he took charge of the mission at Berwick, where he died, November 30, 1880, aged 45.

The Rev. Thomas Gillow published "A Sermon preached at the Opening of the Catholic Chapel in the town of North Shields, on Thursday, the 14th June, 1821. Newcastle: Preston and Heaton"; and a pamphlet, entitled "Catholic Principles of Allegiance Illustrated. Newcastle: Edward Walker, 1807." His portrait was painted by Ramsay, G. A. Lutenor, and others. One of Ramsay's portraits was engraved by C. Turner in imperial folio; that of Lutenor, from which ours is copied, was engraved, in quarto, by W. Collard.

The Kingfisher and the Dipper.

SELDOM plentiful in any locality in this country, the kingfisher *(Alcedo ispida)* is very generally distributed, its favourite habitats being the bosky banks of rivers and sparkling trout streams, where it can procure a sufficiency of water insects and small fish. As is well known, it is our most handsomely-plumaged native bird; and when seen in its haunts during summer's prime, darting athwart some rippling stream, its iridescent plumage glancing in the sun, it is a "thing of beauty" which will be long remembered by the observer. It is partially migratory in this country, and is the only European representative of the group, or family, of *Alcedines*, which principally frequent warm latitudes, the Australian representative being the laughing jackass *(Docela gigantea)*, a bird well-known to the colonists.

Mr. John Hancock tells us that the kingfisher is a "resident in the district, and is not uncommon." "It is mentioned," Mr. Hancock adds, "in Mr. Selby's catalogue as breeding regularly near Mitford and Angerton, on the Wansbeck. And, according to the same authority, the nest has been taken on the banks of the Wear near Chester-le-Street. In 1870, it bred at Stocksfield and at Winlaton Mill on the Derwent. It also breeds by the Skerne, near Darlington, and near Bishop Auckland, and in other localities in the county of Durham. It visits Jesmond Dene every autumn, and may be seen on most of the Northumbrian streams." Recent contributions to the Natural History Department of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* have shown that the bird still frequents Jesmond Dene, notwithstanding the odious persecution to which it has been subjected.

In some localities, in winter, kingfishers appear in great numbers, the scarcity of food, no doubt, being the cause of such migratory movements. In December, 1849, and January, 1850, Morris asserts that great num-

bers of these birds appeared near Newcastle, and more came into the hands of one game dealer than he had had during the previous sixteen or eighteen years.

The note of the bird is harsh and sharp, not unlike that of the sandpiper, and is often uttered when darting across a stream, or when disturbed. The flight is rapid, and the wings, which are short, are quickly moved. It usually flies in a straight line close to the surface of the water. The Rev. W. T. Bree, author of the "Birds of Europe," has noticed how tenaciously the kingfisher keeps its flight over water, as if it felt a greater security in so doing, or in case of necessity, as he suggested, to be able to submerge itself like the wild duck. One, which was alarmed in his presence, and therefore could not have acted as it did in search of food, went out of its way to follow the windings of a series of brick ponds.

Mr. Hancock has lucidly and accurately described the mode in which the bird secures its finny prey. On one occasion, he says, "hearing a kingfisher utter a peculiar cry, and thinking that a nest was not far off, I concealed myself amidst the foliage. I had not watched long before I saw the bird, with rapid fluttering wings, poised in the air, about thirty feet above the water; the body was at an angle of about forty-five degrees, the tail downwards; in a few seconds the body became gradually horizontal, and then, as if turning on a pivot, the head was pointed in the direction of the water, and in an instant the bird shot down to the surface. It did not, however, succeed in capturing a fish. It made another unsuccessful attempt, exactly in the same manner, and then disappeared behind some bushes, but in the course of a minute or two returned, carrying a fish, which it bore off to some roots of an alder tree overhanging the bank, where probably its nest was concealed."

Mr. H. G. Adams briefly and appreciatively describes the habits of the kingfisher. "You may see him," he observes, "in some quiet out-of-the-way place, beneath the shade of the grey alders, sitting motionless as a statue upon a branch of an old thorn that projects over the stream. It may be that a ray of sunshine finds its way between the shivering branches, and out flash the glorious tints of its plumage—red, and green, and blue, and all changeable colours. Truly he is the monarch of fishing birds, and rightly named kingfisher! Not handsome in form, certainly not elegant nor well proportioned—with his short and squat body and stump of a tail, thick neck, large head, and immense bill, little feet that seem meant for a sparrow, and eyes which, although bright and sharp enough, are much too small for the head. But he is a swift flier, for all that he looks so awkward; and, see! quick as light he darts down upon the heedless fish that has come near the surface, swallows it at a gulp, and is ready for another dart before you can look around you."

The birds pair and commence nidification in May. The nest is usually placed in holes on the banks of streams, often in the hole of the water vole, which the birds enlarge or alter to suit their purpose. Nests have, however, been found of grass and lined with hair and feathers. The eggs range from five to seven, are of globular shape, white, and glossy. Seldom more than one brood seems to be reared in a season.

The male bird weighs one ounce and a half; length, seven inches; bill, blackish brown, reddish at the base; from the lower corner of it proceeds a streak of bluish-green, joining to that colour on the back, also a dusky streak to the eye; iris, reddish hazel; behind each eye is a patch of light orange brown, succeeded by a white one. Forehead, on the sides rufous, the commencement of the same colour behind the eye; crown, deep olive green, the forehead tipped with light green; the neck has a patch of green down the sides, in front of the patches behind the eye; nape, as the head; chin and throat, yellowish white; breast, orange brown, with a sprinkling of green by the shoulder of the wing; upper part of the back, green; down the back is a list of greenish blue, varying in different lights; greater and lesser wing coverts, deep greenish blue, margined with a paler shade, forming spots; primaries, brownish black, edged with olive green; secondaries, the same; greater and lesser wing coverts, pale chestnut; tail, greenish blue, the shafts black or dusky; underneath, brownish black, edged with olive green; under tail coverts, light orange brown; legs, very short and pale red, with a tinge of yellowish brown; toes and claws the same. The female is less varied in her colours, and the white on the sides of the neck is also more subdued.

The dipper or water ousel (the *Cinclus aquaticus* of Bewick and Yarrell) is classed by some naturalists with the thrushes and the starlings. It is the *Turdus cinclus* (the tail-moving thrush) of Pennant, and the *Sturnus cinclus* (tail-moving starling) of Montagu. The bird derives its most modern scientific name—*cinclus*—from the peculiar manner in which it moves or flirts its tail, and *aquaticus* as pertaining to water. Water ousels, which are met with in nearly all parts of the world, but more especially in northern countries, have all slender bodies, which, however, appear stout, owing to the great thickness of the plumage.

The bird has been, and still is, much persecuted by gamekeepers and fishermen through the mistaken notion that it feeds largely on the spawn of fish, particularly that of trout and salmon. John Hancock, Thomas Edward, and other observant naturalists have, however, laudably done their best to explode this cruel fiction. "This interesting bird," as Mr. Hancock observes, "is a constant resident [in Northumberland and Durham], delighting in our rocky burns that abound in little cascades, and have lively running streams. In such sequestered situations they are sure to be found nesting,

but sparingly, never more than a pair being found together; it is a solitary, retiring species. I found, many years ago, a nest of a dipper in the roof of a tunnel at Tanfield Dene; and I have observed it in Jesmond Dene on one occasion during summer, but it has never been known to breed there. This harmless frequenter of our brooks has of late been accused of devouring salmon spawn, and in some quarters has been doomed to the fate of all vermin. A few years ago I examined specimens that were killed because they were feeding on the spawning ground of the salmon in North Tyne, and found their crops contained nothing but aquatic insects and their larvæ; no trace whatever of spawn could be detected. In fact, the insects upon which our poor doomed friend had been feeding were much more likely to destroy fish spawn than it was." Thomas Edward has also clearly shown that the dipper does not feed on fish spawn. In his list of the Banffshire birds he observes:—"Every means has been put into requisition to destroy this little bird. It was abundant thirty years ago, but is now rarely to be seen. It was supposed to destroy the young salmon; hence it was shot down wherever found. But I have never yet found anything appertaining to fish in its stomach, and I have dissected about forty—water insects and their larvæ being what I have most frequently observed."

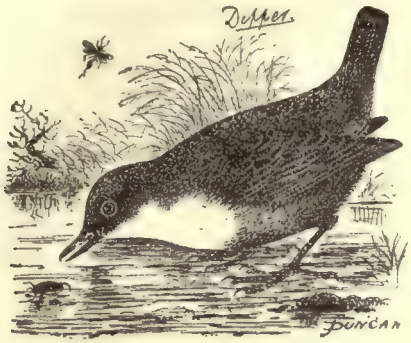
The dipper, while in search of food, such as water beetles, has the power of walking at the bottom of the water almost as nimbly as if on *terra firma*. In searching for food at the bottom of a brook, it proceeds against the stream. It can remain for a considerable time and travel some distance under water. The young are said to be able to dive before they are fully fledged. The bird has a rather rapid and strong flight, effected by regular pulsations of the wings. The song of the dipper, though short, is lively and melodious. Its period of song is not confined to any particular season, but it is in finest voice in warm, sunny weather. The ordinary note of the bird is a "chit, chit," which it utters when on the wing after being disturbed, or when perched upon a rock or boulder in mid-stream.

To the presence of man, Dr. Brehm remarks, the dipper usually exhibits the utmost repugnance, whether he comes in the guise of friend or foe, nor is it less fearful of the attacks of the numerous birds of prey that dwell around and within its rocky haunts. The birds are rather pugnacious and unsocial, and they drive off the birds which may have taken up their quarters near their nests or "beats." Even the bellicose robin is occasionally drubbed, as the following singular incident shows:—"A gentleman," says a correspondent of the *Field*, "was walking along the bank of a little stream in Pembrokeshire, when he saw a dipper, shooting along with its usual arrowy flight, divert itself from its course, and, dashing against a redbreast that was quietly sitting on a twig overhanging the stream, knock it fairly into the water. The savage little bird was not content with this assault, but continued to attack the poor redbreast as it lay fluttering on the waves, endeavouring to force it beneath the surface. It twice drove its victim under water, and would have killed it had it not been scared away by the shouts and gestures of the witness. The robin at length succeeded in scrambling to the bank, and got away in safety."

The domed nest, with a hole in the side, is a large and compact structure, and almost invariably well concealed. It is about twelve inches in diameter, and seven to eight in depth. It is usually built near the water, in the crevice of a rock, under a ledge of stone overhanging a brook, under bridges, and sometimes behind waterfalls. Like the common wren, the dipper not unfrequently builds near the root of a clump of ferns overhanging a brook, and the exterior of the nest can scarcely be discerned from the green-coloured moss surrounding the roots of the plants. The nest is composed of moss and grass, and generally lined with dried oak leaves. Two, and sometimes three, broods of young are reared in the year. The birds will nest in the same place season after season, if not disturbed.

The male dipper is from seven to eight inches in length; bill bluish black, tinged with brown at the edges; iris pale brown, with a ring of black in the middle; the margin of the eyelid white; head, crown, neck on the back and nape, dark brown; chin, throat, and breast on the upper part, clear white, on the lower part chestnut, blending towards the tail with deep grey; on the sides it is a deep grey; back deep, dark grey; and as each feather is deeply margined with black, the back plumage has a rich and handsome appearance. The wings, which are about a foot in width, extend one-third down the tail, and consist of nineteen quill feathers. Greater and lesser wing coverts brownish black, the tips of the first lighter greyish black; primaries, secondaries, and tertiaries, dark brown, tinged with grey. The tail, short and slightly rounded, consists of twelve feathers;

upper tail coverts, brownish black; under tail coverts, deep grey, slightly tipped with pale brown. The legs and toes are bluish grey, tinged with brown; claws



dusky. The female in plumage resembles the male, but is about half an inch shorter.

Sir William Brereton's Visit to the North.

WILLIAM BRERETON, of Handford, Cheshire, was born in 1604, and was created a baronet at the age of twenty-three. He married a daughter of Sir George Booth, of Dunham Massey, and represented his native county in the Parliaments of 1627-8 and 1639-40. During the civil wars of the time of Charles I., he headed the Parliamentary party of Cheshire. He was, in fact, appointed commander-in-chief of the Cheshire forces. In an engagement near Nantwich, on the 28th January, 1643, he defeated the Royalist forces under the command of Sir Thomas Aston. The explosion of one of the enemy's cannons greatly aided his victory. He thereupon occupied Nantwich, which became the head-quarters of the Parliamentary party, whilst Chester was held by the Royalists. He was first successful, but afterwards was worsted at Middlewich, in March of the same year. In the following summer he successfully captured Stafford, Wolverhampton, and Whitechurch. In 1644 he laid successful siege to Liverpool and Shrewsbury. In 1645 he captured Beeston Castle in Cheshire, and in February, 1646, he secured the city of Chester itself. In March he took Lichfield, and in May Dudley Castle was surrendered to him. In the same month, near Stow-on-the-Wold, he dispersed the forces of Lord Ashley, the last considerable body of Royalists in arms. In reward for his services various dignities and lands were granted to him, amongst other possessions being that of the archiepiscopal palace at Croydon. In one of the many curious pamphlets of that period he is described as "a notable man at a thanksgiving dinner, having terrible long teeth and a prodigious stomach, to turn the archbishop's chapel at Croydon into a kitchen; also to swallow up that palace and lands at a morsel." He died at Croydon on the 7th of April, 1661. His body was removed thence to be interred in the Handford chapel in Cheadle Church; but there is a tradition that in crossing a river the coffin was swept away by a flood, and this is confirmed by the fact that there is no entry of burial, but only of the death, in the Cheadle register.

Our redoubtable general was a considerable traveller. One journal of his travels, written in 1634 and 1635, when he was about thirty years of age, has been printed, and others are believed to exist. In these journeys he travelled through Holland, the Netherlands, England, Scotland, and Ireland. He came into the Northern Counties, where we meet with him, on Friday, the 19th day of June, 1635, travelling along the ancient Roman Watling Street, from Catterick Bridge. He enters the county of Durham at Pierce Bridge, and makes his way to the residence of Henry Blakistone, at Archdeacon Newton. Here he tells us he was "kindly and neatly entertained." Blakistone, by marriage, was the traveller's distant relative. He conducts him forward to Bishop Auckland. Brereton spent the night at Binchester, at the house of Blakistone's nephew, Wren, "who married Sir William Blakistone's daughter, a fine gentlewoman, and of a free carriage," and whom he elsewhere mentions as "a mighty gallant, a fine dainty gentlewoman, if she knew but how to value and prize the perfections God hath given her." Brereton left Binchester the following day, not, however, without bestowing many words of commendation on his host's successful farming operations, and especially on his skilful bee-keeping. A good hive, he tells us, was worth £1 10s. to £2 a year, and adds—"here I saw the most and best purest honey that I ever met withal; one great pot worth £5 or £6; greater profit herein than in any other commodity, and with least trouble and charge."

From Binchester the traveller proceeds to Auckland Castle, and becomes the guest of Bishop Morton, "who maintains great hospitality in an orderly, well-governed house." His description of the bishop's residence is interesting, and in the light of later changes, valuable also. "This castle, as it is a stately, pleasant seat of great receipt, so is it of great strength, compassed with a thick stone-wall, seated upon the side of an hill, upon a rock, a river running below, and good store of wood, though little timber, encompassing above. Here is a very fair, neat hall, as I have found in any bishop's palace in England. Two chapels belonging hereunto, the one over the other; the higher a most dainty, neat, light, pleasant place, but the voice is so drowned and swallowed by the echo, as few words can be understood. . . . Here are three dining-rooms, a fair matted gallery, wherein there was placed on both sides these pictures: John Huss, Jerome of

Prague, Luther, Zuinglius, Cranmer, Latimer, Whitaker, Wickliffe, Calvin, Beza, Perkins, Bullinger, Jewell, Pagius, Ridley, Bradford, Zanchius, Bucer, &c. And none but of this strain. A dainty stately park, wherein I saw wild bulls and kine, which had two calves runners. There are about twenty wild beasts, all white; will not endure your approach, but if they be enraged or distressed become] very violent and furious." The time spent with the bishop was employed in conversation, anecdotal, theological, and medicinal, much of which the traveller reports.

From Auckland Brereton proceeded to Durham. His first view of the city impresses him as "a stately and delightful prospect, especially the Minster and the Bishop's Palace, which is built castlewise, and is a place of great strength, and is in good repair, wherein the bishop doth winter." The cathedral he found "as neatly kept as any in England, built like unto Paul's"—meaning the old cathedral of St. Paul, London. He describes the "eight great and stately pillars," on each side, "as great as Paul's." He mentions the font—"the daintiest that I have seen in England"—"a stately pair of double organs," and "a stately altar stone, all of fine marble." He tells us that when the communion was administered "a stately cloth of gold" was laid "upon this altar, *or rather communion table.*" He mentions the copes, one of them a "new red embroidered cope, which is wrought full of stars, like one I have seen worn in St. Dennis in France." He describes the site of the shrine of St. Cuthbert, and alludes to the Chapel of the Nine Altars. Apparently speaking of one of the windows of the eastern transept, he says, "there is placed the picture of St. Cuthbert praying in the holy isle, the water flowing up to his chin: the picture, also in glass, of a friar correcting a nun" in a way which need not be described. After referring to the Galilee and the tomb of Bede, he introduces the following singular legend:—"In the churchyard is the tomb of him who was the steward, and disbursed the money when the church was erected; of whom it is reported that, all his money being paid over night, his glove was by a spirit every night filled and supplied, so as, though it was empty over night, yet was replenished next morning; his hand is made holding a glove stuffed with money, and by this means was the great work built: the name of the steward of the work was Hubbapella."

From Durham the traveller comes on to Newcastle, glancing at Lumley Castle on his way, "in reasonable good repair, though of no great strength." Newcastle, he declares, "is beyond all compare the fairest and richest town in England, inferior for wealth and building to no city save London and Bristol." The old house-and-shop-girt bridge of Tyne is, he says, "except London Bridge over Thames, and the bridge at Berwick over Tweed, one of the finest bridges I have met with in England." The church of St. Nicholas "is as neat pewed, and formed ith as much uniformity, as any I have found in England, and it is as neatly kept and trimmed." He mentions the market, kept every day, "and in a dainty market place." "Tuesday and Saturday," he adds, "a mighty market, and much provision comes out of Northumberland; infinite store of poultry." Many of the streets he finds so steep that "horses cannot stand upon the pavement—therefore the daintiest flagged channels are in every street that I have seen: hereupon may horse or man go without danger of sliding."

Our traveller takes an excursion by river to Tynemouth and South Shields. He mentions Tynemouth Castle, "which," he says, "is a dainty seated castle, almost compassed with the sea, wherein hath been the fairest church I have seen in any castle, but now it is out of repair, and much neglected." At South Shields he only sees the salt pans, but of these he gives a long and minute description—much too long to be quoted. He tells us that here there are more salt works and more salt made "than in any part of England." The result, however, was "such a cloud of smoke" that "you cannot see to walk."

Returning to Newcastle he finds "the fairest quay in England," stretching "from Tyne Bridge all along the Town Wall, and almost to the glass-works, where is made window glass." The Nag's Head Inn, at the foot of Akenside Hill, is "the fairest built inn in England" that he had seen. He lodged, however, at the Swan in Bigg Market, kept by Mr. Swan, the postmaster, "and paid 8d. ordinary, and no great provision." "This town," he goes on to say, "is also famous for the walls which compass round the town, about which you may walk, and which is strengthened with strong towers placed upon the wall at no great distance."

Brereton devotes a few sentences to the Roman Wall—"the ancientest monument I have heard of in England." In some places, towards Carlisle, he was told, it was "above twenty yards broad!" "The people go to market upon it."

Morpeth is the next stage in the traveller's journey. Here he sees "a fine little castle, in good repair," and "a market-town with poor houses." He dined at the post-master's and paid 12d. ordinary, and 6d. ordinary. Thence he proceeds to Alnwick, and lodges there at the post-master's, paying "6d. ordinary, and good victuals and lodging." Many parts of the Castle he found in decay, "but my lord is repairing the same by degrees." Great revenues, he learns, are paid unto the same "my lord" out of "this country: at least eight horse-load of money." Brereton spends the night at Alnwick, "6d. ordinary supper, and 4d. breakfast; good lodging and meat."

The traveller goes forward to Belford, and thence to Holy Island. Between the ruins of the Priory and the Cathedral of Durham he discovers structural resemblances. He mentions the "dainty little fort," where resided Captain Rugg, its governor, "who is as famous for his

generous and free entertainment of strangers, as for his great bottle nose, which is the largest I have seen."

From Holy Island Brereton proceeds to Berwick. He is struck with the "fair, stately bridge over Tweed" of fifteen arches, built by King James, and costing, he was told, £17,000. The river he describes as "most infinitely stored with salmon, 100 or 200 salmons at one draught." "But much more," he goes on to say, "was reported by our host, which is most incredible, that there were 2,000 salmons taken since Sunday last"; that is, in four days, for this was written on Thursday, the 25th of June. Berwick he describes as a poor town, having no trade, but many indigent persons and beggars. The harbour had "only one little pink of about forty tons . . . and some few fishing boats." His account of the fortifications is interesting. "Here were the strongest fortifications I have met with in England, double-walled, and outworks of earth, and the outer walls like unto Chester walls, and without the inner walls a deep and broad moat well watered; the inner walls of invincible strength, stone wall within, and without lined with earth about twenty yards thick, with bulwarks conveniently placed to guard one another." At Berwick our traveller lodged at the Crown, where he was well used, "8d. ordinary, and 6d. our servants, and great entertainment and good lodging, a respective host and honest reckoning." Having paid which, he crosses the Border, and we bid him adieu. J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

The Gipsies of the Border.

III.

"THE EARLS OF HELL."

MENTION has already been made of a gipsy of note, known by the title of "the Earl of Hell." Several others have born the same name—perhaps, though we are not sure of the fact, in hereditary succession. One of these swarthy noblemen was, about eighty years ago, tried for a theft of a considerable sum of money at a Dalkeith market. The proof seemed to the judge fully sufficient, but the jury returned a verdict of "not proven." On dismissing the prisoner from the bar, the judge informed him, in plain braid Scotch, that he had "rubbit shoothers wi' the gallows" that morning, and warned him not again to appear there with a similar body of proof against him, as it seemed scarcely possible that another jury would construe it so favourably. The impudent gipsy, however, replied, "that naebody had onny richt to use siccan language to him." The last "Earl of Hell" we have heard of had left off gipsying and betaken himself to farm work, but he still retained many traits of the old savageism. Once when a young would-be artist was sketching his profile on the whitened kitchen wall with a burnt stick, unbeknown, of course, to the earl, his lordship, seeing what the youth was about, clicked him up in his arms without saying a word, laid him on the fire, and left him there.

FAIRS.

The Gipsies of the Borders, like their kindred all over Christendom, have always been great frequenters of fairs. At the various horse fairs—St. Boswell's, St. James's, Berwick, Morpeth, Newcastle, Durham, Stagshawbank, Whitsunbank, Carlisle, &c.—the gipsies used to bring out their horses in the afternoon, and trot them up and down to effect sales, but more commonly exchanges. A more grotesque sight could scarcely be witnessed anywhere. Anyone wishful to see what a Turkoman, Koord, or Arab encampment is like, might have formed some idea of it from the gipsies on St. Boswell's Green on the morning after the fair, especially when, as often happened, it had been accompanied by a St. Boswell's flood.

HORSE-STEALING.

Down till the end of last century, and even later, some of the gipsies carried on a considerable trade in horse-stealing between England and Scotland. The animals which were stolen in the South were taken to Scotland, and sold there; those stolen in Scotland were, on the other hand, disposed of in the South. The crime of horse-stealing brought a great many of these wanderers to an untimely end.

CHILD-STEALING.

The gipsies, it is said, were long in the habit of stealing children. A curious case is on record. Adam Smith, author of the "Wealth of Nations," was actually carried off by a band of them, when a child three years old, from his widowed mother's house in Kirkcaldy. Being pursued by his uncle, with such assistance as he could obtain, the thieves were overtaken in Leslie wood, and the child was rescued. To this day, in the South of Scotland, when a child becomes unruly, his father will often say, in the most serious manner—"Mother, that cannot be oor bairn; the tinklers must ha' ta'en oors, an' left theirs. Gie him back to the gipsies, an' get oor ain." The other children will look bewildered, while the subject of remark will instinctively fly to his mother, who as instinctively clasps him to her bosom, quieting his terror, as only a mother can, with the lullaby—

Whist nu, whist nu, dinna fret ye;
The black tinkler winna get ye.

The gipsies, Simson tells us, frighten their children in the same manner, by saying that they will give them to the *gorgio*, that is, being interpreted, "the oppressor," a term applied to all who are not of gipsy blood.

CHILD-STRIPPING.

It was a common practice, about the middle of last century, for old female gipsies to strip children of their wearing apparel when they happened to meet them alone in sequestered places. Tradition has preserved many

such incidents, in which the notorious Jean Gordon, another virago named Esther Grant, and a third, nearer our own time, named Rachael Mo'gomery, conspicuously figure. The latter once shockingly mutilated a poor boy who had done something or other to provoke her. For this offence she was never tried or punished, but her name was a terror over the country-side as long as she lived.

RIVAL SEPTS.

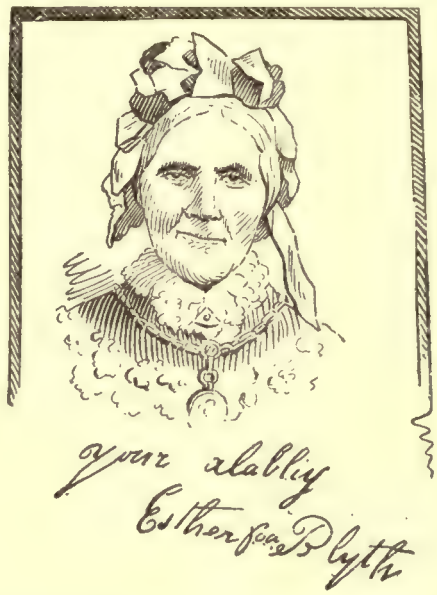
The Faws, or Faas, and the Baliols, Bailyows, or Baillies, have always been reckoned the aristocracy of the Scottish gipsy race. The respective heads of these two families have been contemporary kings and queens to their countrymen for several hundred years. The district held to belong to the Faas comprehended Northumberland, Berwickshire, Roxburghshire,, and East Lothian. The Baillies roamed and ruled further inland, from Langholm, Longtown, and Lockerby, to Linlithgow and Bathgate. The two royal families were always at feud. The Baillies deemed themselves of quite superior rank to the Faas, while, on the other hand, the Faas spoke with great bitterness and contempt of the Baillies. In some old records the name Faa is written Faley. This guides us to the etymology of the word, *falwe:* fallow, sallow, or tawny yellow, indicating the complexion of the tribe. The Baillies, like the Blythes, are mostly fair and ruddy, as of a different stock. Other clans or septs, besides those already mentioned, are the Stewarts, Cowans, Geddeses, Greys, Wilkies, Hallidays, Wilsons, Keiths, Robertsons, &c., numerically less powerful and holding a subordinate place.

THE ROYAL FAAS.

We have written records and biographies of the Royal Faas for several generations back, and they can trace their lineage, we believe, to that "John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt," with whom James the Fifth of Scotland entered into a league and treaty in the year 1540. The last three who bore the kingly title, all named William, were remarkable men. Auld Wull Faa, the first of the trio, is said to have done some service in Mar's Year (1715) to Sir William Bennet, the friend of the poet Thomson, and laird of Grubbet, in which barony Kirk Yetholm is situated. For this he got a free house to live in, and a right of pasturage on the common, while feus or perpetual leases were granted to members of his tribe. The second Wull Faa had twenty-four children, and at each christening he appeared dressed in his original wedding robes. These christenings were celebrated with no small parade. Twelve young handmaidens were always present, as part of the family retinue, and for the purpose of waiting on the numerous guests, including several of the neighbouring lairds and farmers, who assembled to witness the ceremony, and to partake of the subsequent festivities. His son and successor, Wull the Third and Last, was a very shrewd as well as active man, an accomplished athlete, a famous football player, a daring smuggler who had often braved the gaugers, a skilful adept in the piscatorial art, a capital hand with the gun, and a fiddler who might have matched Niel Gow. He died in 1847, at the age, it was said, of 96 years.

QUEEN ESTHER.

Wull Faa was succeeded by his sister's son, Charlie Blythe, called by his kindred "Charles I.," a decent, respectable man, naturally sharp, and by no means ill-informed. He died in 1861, aged 86, and his son David, whose right it was to succeed him, waived his claim in favour of his sister Helen, the youngest princess of the family. But Esther, vulgarly called Ettie or Eatie, the eldest, protested against this arrangement. She bore the royal name of Faa from her mother, and resolved to assert



her right to wear the crown, She accordingly issued a proclamation, asking for a plebiscite, which was taken on the 12th day of November, 1861, the result being that she was unanimously elected to fill the throne. The following account of Queen Esther's coronation and subsequent career was contributed by Thomas Tweed to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* shortly after her Majesty's death :—

The coronation was a stately pageant, and is memorable in gipsy annals. A gaily-arrayed palfrey had been provided for the Queen, who was attired in a robe of royal red. Her majesty was attended by a royal brother and nephew, two princesses of the blood, several grandchildren of the queen-elect, and a miscellaneous retinue of followers. An order of procession having been formed, the calvacade proceeded to the Cross at Kirk Yetholm, where the crowner, the village blacksmith, George Gladstone by name, produced the crown (which had been fabricated by himself, and polished bright as burnished tin could be made, with a Scotch thistle forming one of its conspicuous adornments), and made ready, in virtue of his office, first exercised by him when he set the crown upon the vener-

able head of Charles Blythe, to consecrate and crown the new sovereign. First, he made proclamation of his right to exercise his high office, and, having in the most courtly fashion, set the glittering emblem of royalty upon her head, proclaimed the heroine of the day Queen Esther Faa Blythe, "Challenge who dare!" Cheers both loud and long made the welkin ring, and then, when wishes for long life and a happy reign had been expressed, her Majesty conveyed in royal terms her thanks to her subjects for their countenance and support, and counselled them to live quietly and at peace with all men. An address of congratulation was next presented to her Majesty in the name of those who were not her subjects, and the more formal proceedings terminated, the wet and ungenial character of the weather helping to end them prematurely. But the Queen and her subjects were not easily overcome by the unfavourable weather, and they did not forego a pre-arranged procession round the village, with a call at the public places of entertainment in passing. Subsequently, a levee was held in the "royal palace," and afterwards dancing was attempted on the

village green; but the character of the weather robbed these proceedings of their life and vigour, and brought them to an early close. Nevertheless, the formalities, which attained considerable publicity at the time, were enough to set Esther firmly on the throne of her father.

The Queen was naturally of a sprightly disposition, though, when she was angry, as she frequently was, woe betide the victim of her wrath! Aged people have been heard to say that it was not pleasant to remember her free or fiery language either in hot blood or in lighter badinage when she gave full scope to her powers of speech. But like good wine, she improved with age, and she could chat pleasantly and intelligently with people in any condition of life during all the period of her reign. She "married beneath her" before she came to the throne, and she was a widow and mother of twelve children when that dignity was reached. Her husband, with whom she made a Coldstream marriage, was neither of her race nor rank, being a common person of the name of Rutherford, otherwise "Jethart Jock," and he long pre-deceased her, she being left to provide both for herself and those of her children who were not able to shift for themselves. This was a task not easily accomplished, and so sadly beaten did she at one time feel that she made application to the parish of Jedburgh for a pauper's allowance. When she mounted the throne she fairly turned the corner on adversity. Queen Esther had many visitors in "the palace" at Kirk Yetholm, and none of them ever came away without something to remember and much to talk about.

Her Majesty was, like many of her gipsy sex, greatly addicted to smoking, her favourite kind of pipe being a short and black clay, always, if possible, lighted by a brief insertion in the fire. This method of raising a "reek" has now almost gone out of fashion; but it produced an odour and flavour only to be tolerated, not to say enjoyed, by persons of strong tastes and acquired habits. She used intoxicants very sparingly, and never made herself the worse for what she took.

Before the close of her life, her Majesty removed from the prolonged scene of gipsy royalty at Kirk Yetholm to Kelso, where, in accordance with "the fitness of things," she spent her declining years, and where her death took place on the 12th July, 1883. Her remains were, however, interred in the sepulchre of her kin at Kirk Yetholm. The funeral took place on the 15th of the month, and, the date being Sunday, it was attended and witnessed by considerable numbers in Kelso, and by still larger numbers at Yetholm. The coffin bore a wreath of white roses sent by Lady John Scott, of Spottiswood, besides other floral tokens of respect; but the royal cloak of the Queen was thrown over all when the bier was being carried from the gate to the grave in Yetholm Churchyard.

None of Esther's progeny were deemed fit to fill her shoes or wear her gipsy honours, and gipsy royalty among the Border tribes came to an end when she was laid in the grave.

W. B.

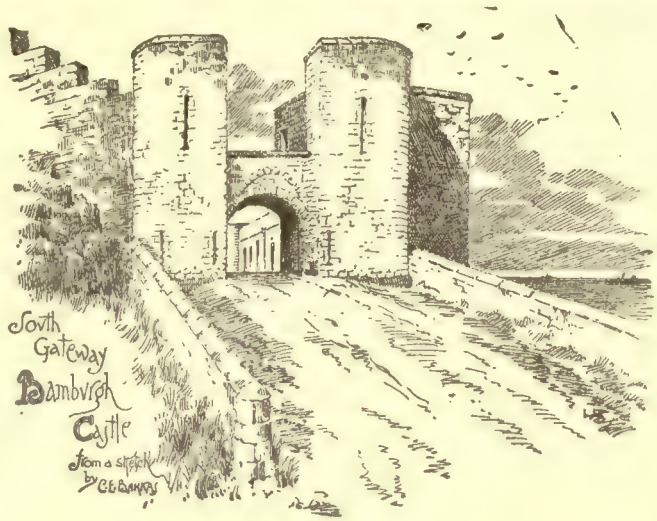
A Visit to Bamburgh

BAMBURGH is a place of such ancient renown, having so many associations, both legendary and historical, that one is perhaps just a little disappointed to find it so inconsiderable (though attractive) a village. A puny offspring it seems of the far-famed capital of the Anglian kinglets. To the lover of antiquity there is little to regret in the fact that Bamburgh has remained but an old-world village, instead of becoming, like Newcastle, a city of commerce. In this quiet watering-place he may yield himself unreservedly to the influence of the past, feeling assured that nothing too aggressively modern will disturb his meditations. Historically interesting, Bamburgh is also one of the most picturesque villages on the Northumbrian coast. From no standpoint is it seen to more advantage than from the walls of the mighty castle which overlooks and dwarfs it.

The village lies on the gentle slope of a ridge which in-

clines to the sea. It consists of a number of small villas and cottages, arranged, as it were, along the sides of a triangle, the apex of which is the castle, and the base the high brick wall of the castle gardens. Of the space thus enclosed the greater part is now occupied by a little plantation of trees—sycamores, oaks, elms, &c., about 70 years old. There is a row of cottages called the Wyndings between the main body of the village and the lifeboat station.

Most of the cottages are low, one-storey buildings, their front walls bedecked with such flowers and plants as the honeysuckle, fuchsia, bindweed, rose, canary-creeper, ivy, and cotoneaster. Behind them are several small kitchen-gardens, in which one



may see, above the hedges surrounding them, a few black poplars and laburnums. The oldest house in the village, so it would seem, is on the south side. Carved on its doorhead is the date 1692. Some of the newer cottages form a range of buildings which, with their mullioned windows and dripstone mouldings, have somewhat of a monastic appearance. One sees everywhere pots of musk and mignonette, fuchsias and geraniums, evincing that love of flowers so characteristic of country people. At the foot of the village are several new villas, with a row of trees in front of them on the road. Several prettily-designed red brick houses with dormer windows and porches have recently been built on the north side of the village. The hostelries of the place—the Lord Crewe's Arms and the Victoria and the Castle Inns—are all on the south side.

The eye lingers with pleasure on the details of the picture spread out from the walls of the castle—the broad street of the village with the red-tiled cottages on each side, the clump of greenery in the middle, the

oblong garden plots, the pale yellow stacks clustering round a farmstead, the low modern school-room, the massive church tower rising above the trees at the head of the village, the fields and pastures to the south and west, the heather-covered hills to the north, the long bare line of sand-hills, and the grand old ocean with its islets endeared to the memory by stories of piety and heroism.

Fair is the actual scene, but the fascination it is capable of exercising is only to be felt by the spectator who can call up before him a vision of bygone things. "At Bamburgh above all," to quote Mr. Freeman, "we feel we are pilgrims come to do our service at one of the great cradles of our national life." Around Bamburgh there is also a legendary interest, for is it not said to have been the castle of Sir Lancelot du Lac—the Joyeuse Garde of the Arthurian romances? Here, as in the valley of the Tweed, is it true that

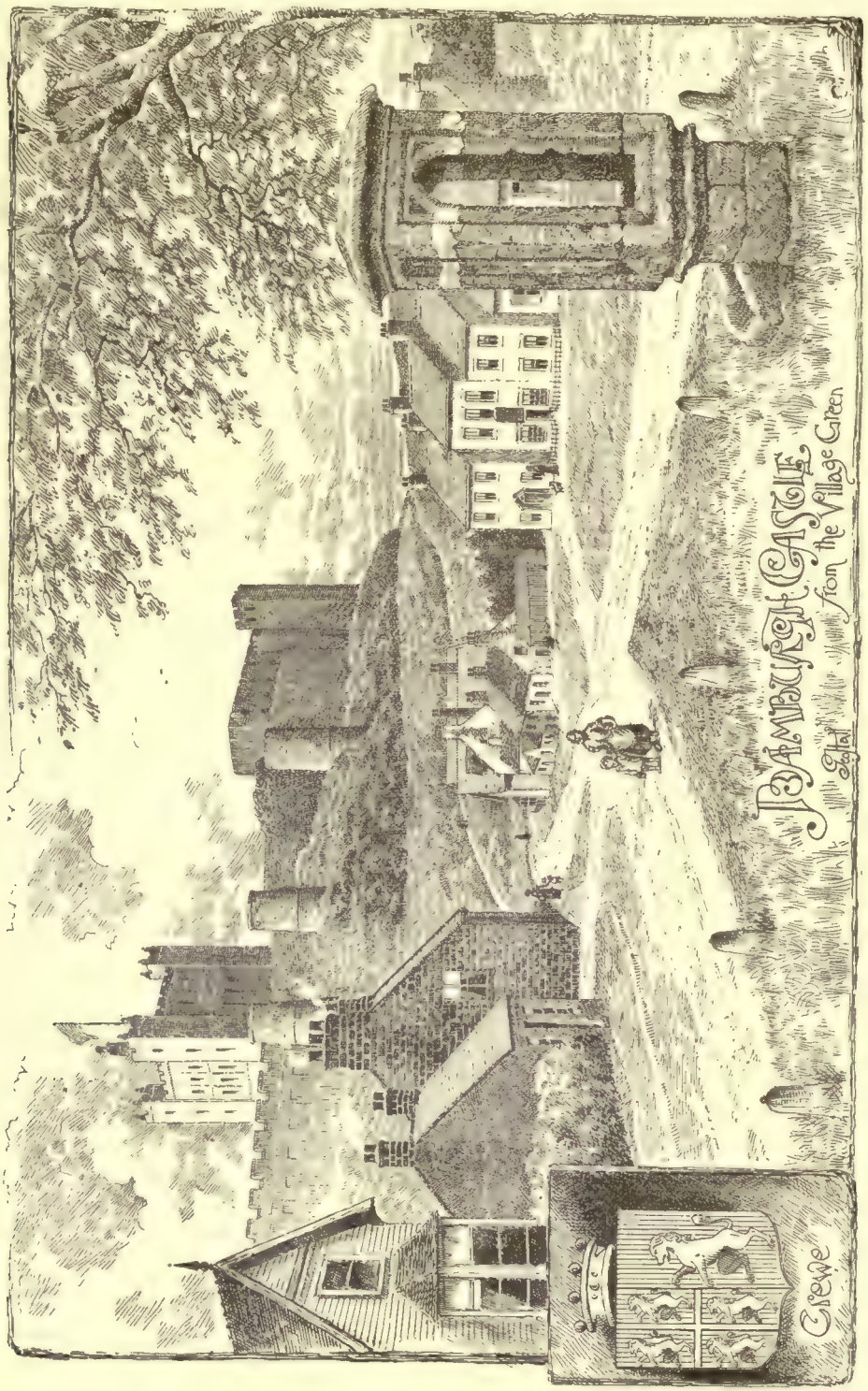
> The air is full of ballad notes
> Borne out of long ago.

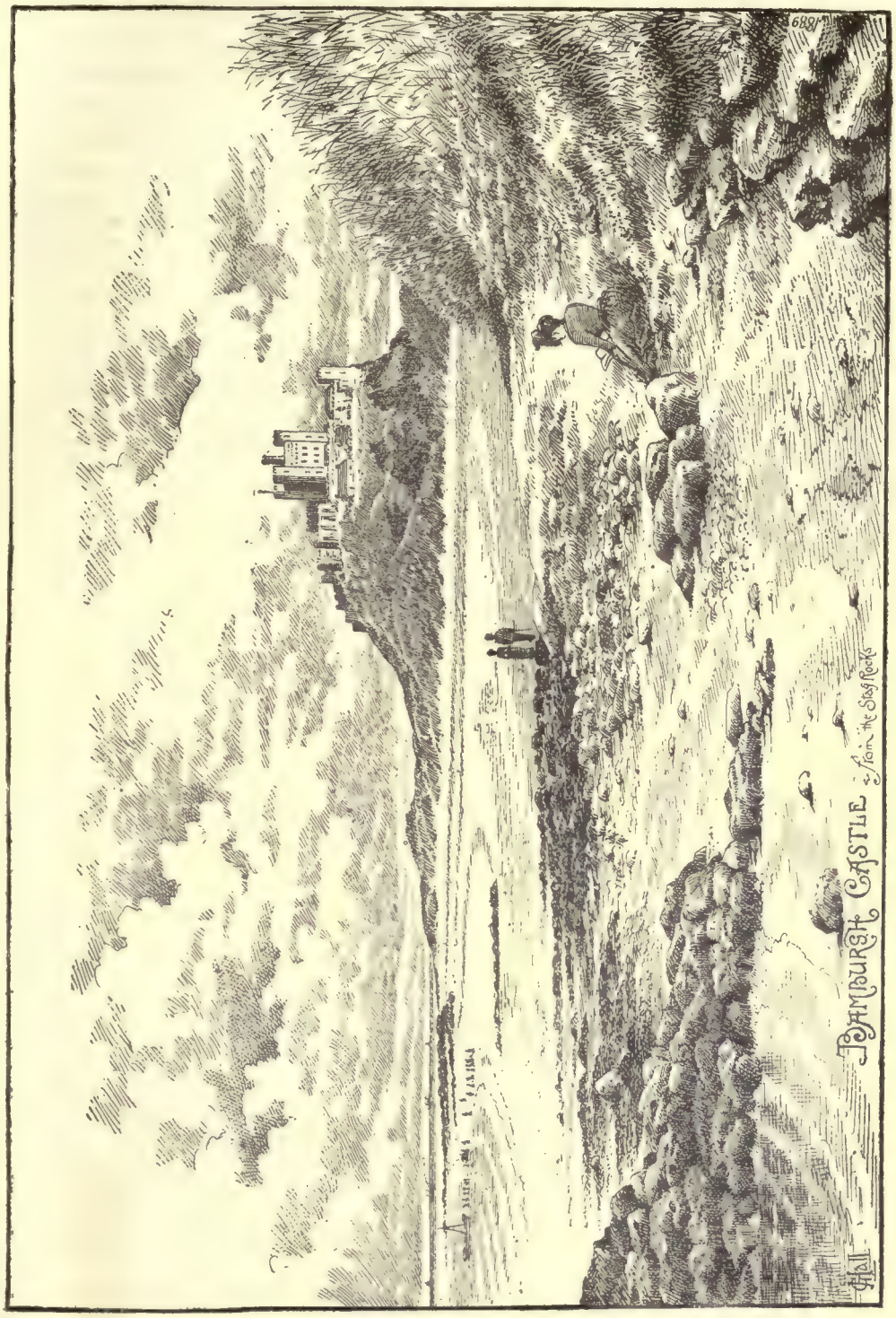
History enables us in the first place to look back to the year A.D. 547. Then Ida began to reign over the English, and "timbered Bebbanburh that was erst with hedge betyned and thereafter with wall." At this time, and perhaps previously, it was known to the Celts as "Dinguayrdi" or "Dinguoaroy." Its present name was not acquired until the reign of Ida's grandson Ethelfrith, who gave the place to his wife Bebba, and called it after her name. Bamburgh was twice besieged by Penda, the Mercian. So strong was the position, that his assaults were in vain. On the first occasion, being unable to take it by force, he attempted to burn down the city by setting fire to some planks, &c., at the base of the crag; but the flames were driven back by the wind into the camp of the Mercians, in answer, it is alleged, to the prayers of St. Aidan, who was then on the Farne.

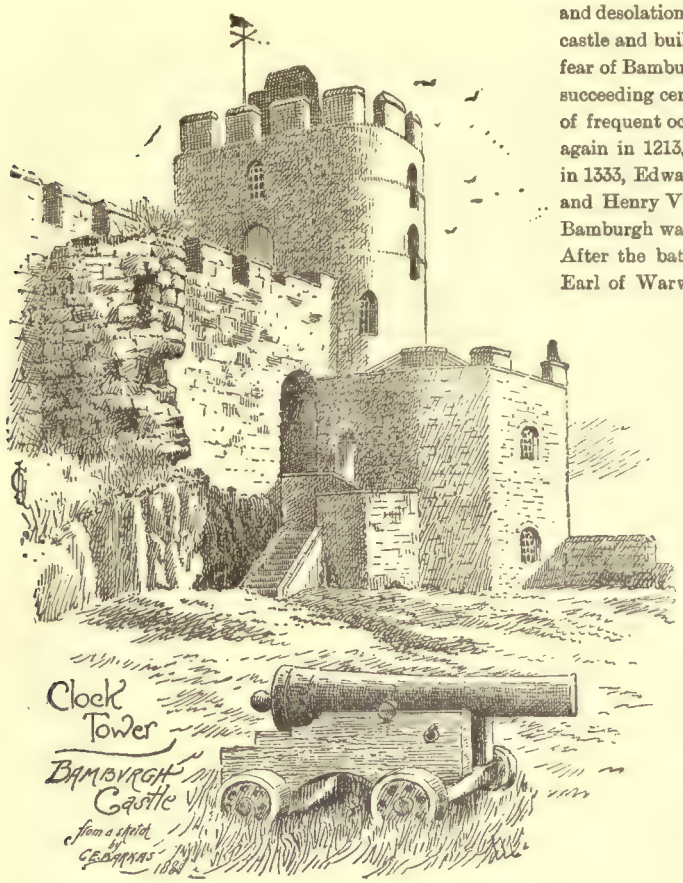
Bamburgh was attacked and taken by Athelstan in 926, its defender, King Aldred, seeking safety in flight. From being a royal city it became the seat of several powerful earls. In 993 it was sacked by the Danes. In 1095, William Rufus led an army against Bamburgh, to punish the defection of Robert de Mowbray, the third Norman Earl of Northumberland. The earl, receiving a secret message from the wardens of Newcastle, promising to throw open the gates if he appeared suddenly before it, made his way out of his stronghold with thirty followers and escaped by sea, but was eventually captured at Tynemouth. His wife, Matilda de Aquila, however, still holding out, the king, it is said, took the hapless earl to a spot in front of his castle, and threatened to put out his eyes if the stronghold were not immediately surrendered. A woman's choice between two such alternatives may safely be predicted. The countess threw open the gates, and the garrison capitulated. In the reign of Stephen, Bamburgh offered a successful resistance to David of Scotland, who, however, forced the outworks, and put to the sword a hundred of the defenders.

It would appear, from a passage in Reginald of Durham, that the greatness of Bamburgh in the 12th century was declining. "The city," he says, "renowned formerly for the magnificent splendour of her high estate, has in these latter days been burdened with tribute and been

Entrance to the Keep—Bamburgh Castle.


BAMBURGH CASTLE.
From the Village Green
Crewe


BAMBURGH CASTLE
from the Sea Rocks

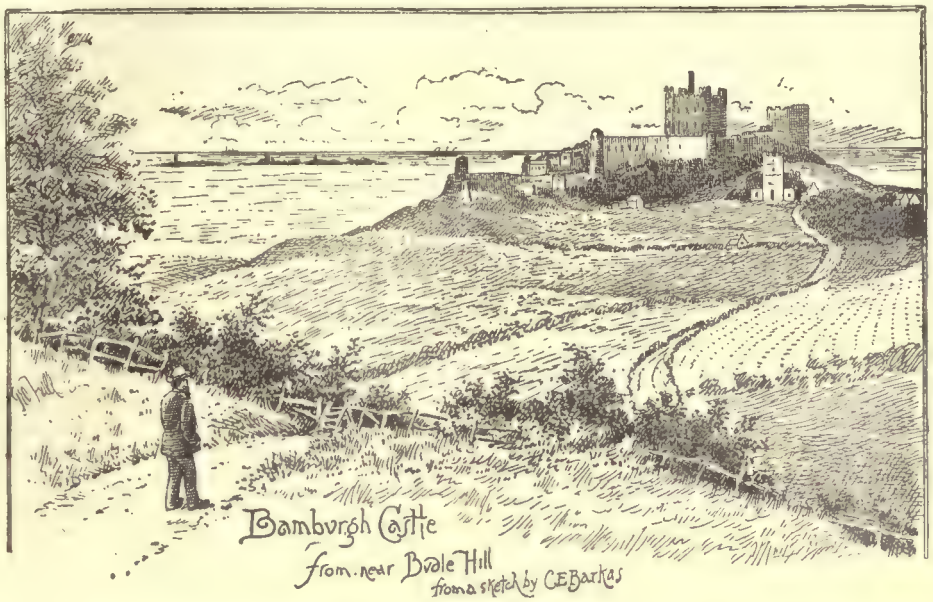


reduced to the condition of a handmaiden. She who was once the mistress of the cities of Britain, has exchanged the glories of her ancient sabbaths for shame and desolation." When, about 1164, Henry II. repaired the castle and built the great tower or keep, there was little fear of Bamburgh losing its fame or importance during the succeeding centuries of Border warfare. Royal visits were of frequent occurrence. King John was here in 1201 and again in 1213, Henry III. in 1221, Philippa of Hainault in 1333, Edward III. in 1356, Margaret of Anjou in 1462, and Henry VI. in 1463. During the Wars of the Roses, Bamburgh was held now by one party, now by the other. After the battle of Hexham, it was bombarded by the Earl of Warwick, and very much damaged. With this event the glory of Bamburgh may be said to have departed. The castle was allowed to fall into ruins, and it remained in this condition until the latter part of the 18th century, when Dr. Sharp, Archdeacon of Northumberland, and one of the Crewe Trustees, restored it at his own expense, thus making it available for the charities he was about to establish in connection with the Crewe Trust. The nature of these charities has been described in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 510.

Bamburgh is exceptionally rich in memorials of the past. These are the castle, the Church of St. Aidan, and the fragments of the monastery of the "Preaching Friars."

There is no more imposing mass of masonry in the North of England than the castle, and no situation more impressive than the pile of columnar basalt on which it is seated. The thick curtain wall with its towers and bastions runs along the very edge of the crag and seems to form an integral portion of the rock. Part of it belongs to the original work. The area of the rocky

platform is about three acres, and is divided into three wards. The entrance is at the south-east, though originally, it is believed, it was at the north-west corner, of the smaller round-headed windows and a mural gallery running round the upper storey. In a vault on the ground floor is a remarkable draw well 150 ft. deep, much



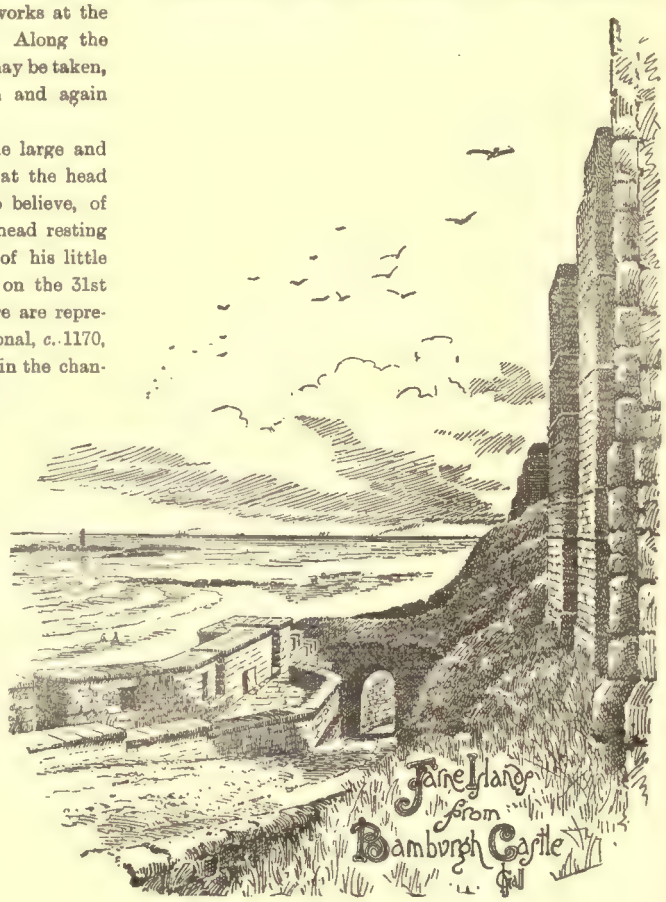
by what is now the postern. In the upper or southern ward stands the great rectangular keep 70 ft. high. Its ancient features are the fine base and doorway, some older than the castle, for Simeon, of Durham, a monk who wrote about A.D. 1129, in describing Bamburgh under date A.D. 774, says, "There is in the western side and in

the highest part of the city a fountain hollowed out in a marvellous fashion, and the water of which is sweet to drink and most limpid to the sight." Along the west side of the ward are the domestic buildings—the King's Hall, 65 ft. by 30 ft., the Great Kitchen, &c., ranged against the wall and overlooking the cliff. These principally form at present the Girls' School. In the south-east corner of the ward are the interesting remains of the Norman apsidal chapel of St. Oswald.

Our sketches would be incomplete without a view such as Scott had in his mind when he wrote of "King Ida's castle huge and square." Here we see it almost as it would be presented to the eyes of St. Hilda and her maids as the bark flew past before the breeze to Lindisfarne. But Bamburgh needs not the story of Marmion to lend interest to the grim-looking pile. Turner, it may be noted, made a drawing of Bamburgh Castle from the Stag Rocks, near the spot selected by our artist for the picture on page 169. The effect in the illustration is that of a lowering day in summer, the clouds gathering thickly over the Farne Islands, which are shown more distinctly in two other sketches on pages 171 and 172. In the middle distance is seen the lifeboat, which has just returned after taking part in the opening of the harbour works at the neighbouring port of North Sunderland. Along the beautiful sands many an interesting ramble may be taken, and the castle itself may be visited again and again without losing its charm.

After the castle, one naturally turns to the large and beautiful church of St. Aidan, which stands at the head of the village on a site, there is reason to believe, of the greatest historic interest. For here, his head resting against a buttress supporting the west wall of his little timber church, St. Aidan breathed his last on the 31st of August, 651. Three periods of architecture are represented in the present building—the Transitional, *c.* 1170, in the nave and transepts, the Early English in the chancel, and the Geometrical Decorated in the south aisle. The most striking part of the building is the chancel, which is of unusual length in proportion to its breadth, viz., 62 ft. by 21 ft. It is richly arcaded, eight of the delicate lancet arches on the south side, four on the north, and three on the east being pierced as windows. Most of these are filled with Flemish stained glass. The old ritual arrangements are very complete, consisting of sedilia, piscinæ, and aumbries. Other features of interest are—two low-side windows, a finely panelled hagioscope or squint, a low arched mural recess, with the effigy of a knight within it, and the deflexion of the chancel arch to the south supposed to represent the drooping position of Christ's head on the cross. Beneath the chancel is an Early English crypt of two chambers, with groined roof, probably the abode of a recluse. It is known as the Forster vaults, for here lie buried several members of that family, among whom are Ferdinando Forster, treacherously killed in a duel by Mr. John Fenwick, of Rock, near the White Cross, Newcastle; Thomas Forster, the general of the Jacobite forces in 1715; and Dorothea, his sister, the heroine of one of Mr. Walter Besant's most fascinating novels. The nave arcades consist of four arches, supported by circular pillars. The capitals are plain, with one exception, and this is richly carved. The Sharp Monument, by Chantrey, in the north aisle, is a fine example of that eminent sculptor's work.

In the churchyard lie the remains of Grace Darling. The effigy on her monument, by Mr. Raymond Smith, was renewed in 1885, the old one being placed in the north transept of the church. A little to the east of this cenotaph is the grave of Prideaux John Selby, whose magnificent illustrations of British ornithology are well known to most lovers of nature. The house occupied by the sexton, opposite to the churchyard—the last house on the left-hand side of the road leading to Belford—stands on



the site of the cottage in which Grace Darling was born, December 17th, 1815. A little further along the road near a farm called the "Bamburghfriars" are considerable remains of the monastery of the "Preaching Friars," including the north-west corner of the chancel of the church and the outline of the cloister garth. Incorporated with the farm buildings is also much ancient work.

A few of the people of Bamburgh still follow the calling of fishermen. At one time, up to a hundred years ago, there was a fishing village of some extent, it is said, between the castle moat and the site of the Lifeboat House.

Wherever we move at Bamburgh we are haunted by memories of the past. Even along the sea shore they throng in upon us. We see in imagination the wreck of the magnificent barge of the Bishop of St. Andrew's, the San Salvador, in 1472, and picture to ourselves the delight of the villagers as they plundered the cargo—rich merchandise from Flanders, for they were confirmed "wreckers" at this time, and even as late as 1559, when they treated other Scottish vessels in a similar way. We behold the strange sea-animal which was cast ashore here in 1544, so terrible to look at that "sundry took great fear and dreadour for the sicht of it a lang time after." We are onlookers as it were at the duel which was fought on the sands here between the rival candidates, Mr. Lambton and Colonel Beaumont, in the fierce election contest of 1826, and which happily ended without bloodshed. From the spell of historic Bamburgh there is no escaping, and under its influence we gaze at the rock-based castle and the picturesque seaside village beneath its walls.

W. W. TOMLINSON.

A Legend of Cotherston.

PENDRAGON CASTLE is the name given in "Rokeby" to Percymyre Castle (locally pronounced Passimer, or Passimore), a precipitous rock-face, about 200 feet high, standing out of the hillside, on the Durham bank of the Tees, about a mile from Cotherston. By riding over this crag, the last of the Fitzhughs, Lords of Romaldkirk, tradition says, met his fate. I subjoin a copy of a ballad on the subject, written years ago, by whom I know not.

JOHN H. CHIPCHASE, Pontefract.

***

In Cotherston Castle, ages since,
There lived a gallant knight,
Who, though to peaceful arts inclined,
Was dauntless in the fight.

The sun had risen gaily up
One fine September morn,
When he and a goodly company
Rode out, with sounding horn.

To hunt the deer in Marwood Chase,
They merrily coursed along,
While field and woodland echoed loud
With many a jovial song.

The dewdrops glistened on the grass
In every forest glade;
The dogs they leapt right joyfully,
The horses pranced and neighed.

Now soon the throng approached the Tees
And spied a cottage lone,
Wherein through many a season's change
Had lived an ancient crone.

Her husband years and years before
Had fallen in the fray,
When fighting by his chieftain's side,
In Paynim land away.

And she his widow ever since,
Protected by her lord
(The grandson of her husband's chief),
Had dwelt beside the ford.

Now as the cavalcade swept by,
Beside her door she stood,
And cried unto young Lord Fitzhugh,
"Oh! pass not yonder flood!

"For oh! last night I had a dream—
A fearful dream I trow—
I thought you lay beneath yon rock
The death sweat on your brow."

She pointed, as she spoke, across
The rapid, rippling stream
To Percymyre, that awful crag
Unsunned by one bright beam.

For the sun his smiles now brightly threw
On river and on tree,
But on that black and fearful crag
Not a single glance shed he.

"Stay, stay," she cried, "for if thou fall,
Who then will fill thy place?
For know'st thou not, my noble lord,
The last thou'rt of thy race?"

"Nay," laughing said the young man then,
"Wilt tell me, Elspeth, pray,
Are all thy dreams so surely true,
That thou shouldst bid me stay?"

"No, my lord, many dreams I've had
That never yet came true."
"Why, then, farewell!" he smiling said,
And down the pathway flew.

He crossed the ford, and urged his steed
Quick up the neighb'ring height,
And joined his friends just as the horn
Announced a deer in sight.

Away they bounded, every one—
The game was full in view;
And foremost in that glittering throng
Was seen the Lord Fitzhugh.

They hunted till the evening came
And then they turnéd back;
The stag had soon outstripped the dogs
And baffled all the pack.

But Lord Fitzhugh, where was he then?
He had followed fast the deer,
When all the field except himself
Were left far in the rear.

"Oh! to Barnard's Castle he's gone,"
Cried one, "to see the Earl,
And ere to-morrow's sun has risen
He'll meet us in the hall."

"Nay, by my faith," another said,
"'Tis not the Earl to see;
I'll wager my best hunting horse
'Tis one dearer far than he."

And they, thus jesting, crossed the ford
That morning they had passed,
And lingered not upon the road,
For night was falling fast.

Now, Lord Fitzhugh the deer had chased
Into a lonely vale;
He bridle drew and looked around,—
He was in Langleydale.

He turned his steed and climbed a hill;
The stag was out of sight,
The sun was sinking in the sky,
And soon it would be night.

But far away he could descry
Old Barnard's massy walls,
And, gazing, thought of that dear form
Within its lordly halls.

For ere another summer came—
Her consent he had won—
The Earl's fair daughter, Madeline,
Would reign in Cotherston.

Then as he pensive homeward went,
Near to the ford he drew,
'Twas nearly dark—but could it be?—
The deer swift past him flew!

Two faithful hounds, who'd followed well
Their master all the way,
Now bounded on in hot pursuit,
As though 'twas break of day.

But night had fallen, and near by
Yawned a chasm, dark and dread:
'Twas to the top of Percymyre
The deer so swiftly sped.

The young lord followed recklessly,
Forgetting danger near;
His every thought was fixed upon
The slaying of the deer.

But now the dogs stopped suddenly—
A flash, as though of fire,
Revealed unto the luckless youth
The brink of Percymyre.

And far below, in that dark dell,
Crept the river on its way,
Like some huge serpent coiling round
Its quiv'ring, ghastly prey.

Where are thy visions, Lord Fitzhugh,
Of happiness in store?
Thy fair young bride will weep in vain—
She'll never see thee more.

The owl will shriek a dismal dirge
Over thy bloody corse;
The raven light and feed upon
Thee and thy noble horse.

He checked his steed; but 'twas too late,
The tired beast reeled and fell,
Rolled on his rider, and they both
Went down that awful dell.

And then amid the dark, dim night,
Arose a fearful scream,
And horse and rider mangled lay—
Fulfilled was Elspeth's dream!

North-Country Ghost Stories.

NOTWITHSTANDING the manifest growth of popular enlightenment, there is still a vast amount of superstition in the North-Country. Almost every neighbourhood has its wise woman, to whom credulous fools resort to have their fortunes told, or for the recovery of lost goods, or to find out who are their enemies, and learn how to circumvent and punish them. The fairy people, it is true, now only linger in childish tradition; but ghosts are still not uncommen, as witness the scare at Chollerford in the early days of the present year, on account of the alleged apparition of a murdered pedlar at the house of the railway station-master.

An old farmer on the Borders, of the name of Bell, said to have been a monstrous glutton, who required to have a round of beef set by his bedside every night, used to come back after death, and ride up and down about his "onstead," even in daylight, if common report was to be believed. This was about eighty years ago. We had the particulars of the case from an honest woman, named Kirsty Weatherstone, who had been a servant at the place, and who had seen the apparition many and many a time, as, indeed, all the people thereabouts had. The old fellow was as fat and "ugsome," she said, as when alive, while he sat in what seemed to be his accustomed gig, drawn by what seemed to be his favourite black horse; but never a word did the ghost utter, whatever he might see—very different from Bell's habit when a denizen of the earth, for he had been an awfully profane man. The ghost's visits were so frequent, Kirsty added, that the people at last got familiarised with them, and would merely say, when they saw him riding his rounds, "There's the old thief again!"

Another Border farmer, named Dunlop, having quarrelled with his wife, kept her for years shut up in a room in his house, where no one was allowed to have access to her but a certain comely maid servant, who took in her meals and otherwise attended to her, and who, after the poor woman's death, married the widower. Common report ran to the effect that the unhappy prisoner was starved; but, however this may have been, her ghost certainly came back, unless the most knowing among the neighbours were under a gross delusion. One night a woman named Katy Winchester, whom we were well acquainted with in our youth, distinctly saw her standing, stock-still, at the farm-house end, when she was going home at a late hour to the village where she lived, she being an expert and well-employed midwife. Besides, Mr. Dunlop himself, after death had bereaved him of his second wife, was haunted by the ghost of his first, whom he used to see sitting opposite him at the parlour fireside, "mowing" at him like the foul fiend.

The keeper of a humble ale-house in a small Border town gave lodging, on the night before the annual fair of St. James, sometime in the first decade of the present century, to a South-Country traveller, who had heavy saddle-bags. The man was seen to go in, but was never seen to come out; and the ale-house keeper, who had been notoriously poor before, became afterwards "passing rich." Murder, said the neighbours, must be the explanation of the secret. And when the son of the alleged guilty publican rose to be a wealthy man, and lived in good style in a grand house, all the bells in it were said to begin a-ringing on each anniversary night of the traveller's mysterious disappearance, though the ghost never appeared in bodily shape. A clever bell-hanger suggested that it was the rats which did this ringing, as they crept through a hole in the wall where the wires from the different rooms converged; but if that were so, the thing was still more wonderful, it being quite incomprehensible how these nimble rodents should have known how to play the pranks they did on "the glorious Fifth of August," and on no other day of the year.

The author of "Rambles in Northumberland" tells his readers that, in passing a cottage, in which he remembered that an old woman had dwelt, who was suspected of having caused the death of one of her children, he inquired of a native of the village if he knew anything of

the circumstance, and received from him the following account:—

I knew the woman, who is now where the Lord pleases, very well. She was the wife of a "day-tale" man, and they had more small bairns than they could well provide for; and in harvest she used to go out a-shearing. One year, about the harvest time, she had a young bairn at the breast, which she thought was one too many; and that she might not be hindered of the shearing by staying at home with it, and that she might get rid of it altogether, she smothered it in the cradle. There was no public inquiry made, nor inquest held, but all her neighbours, especially the women folk, believed that the bairn was wilfully made away with, for she had the character of being a cold-hearted mother. She never did well, though she lived for nearly forty years afterwards. She fell into a low way, and was, at times, almost clean past herself. She was always at the worst about the time of the harvest moon; and would then often walk about the house, and sometimes go out and wander about the common, all night, moaning and greeting in a painful way. I have many a time seen her holding her head atween her hands, rocking herself backwards and forwards on a low chair, groaning and sighing, and every now and then giving an awful sort of shriek, which folken who knew her best said was her way when she fancied she heard the bairn cry out in the same way as it did when she was smooring it. About the harvest time, she often used to see the spirit of the innocent that she had put to death; and her neighbours often heard her talking to it, bidding it to be gone, and not to torment her longer with its cries. She is now dead, and in her grave, and has been many years; and whatever may be her punishment in the next world for taking away the life of a harmless bairn of her own flesh and blood, she certainly dreed a heavy penance in this.

The same gentleman relates another story, concerning a pedlar who, according to popular report, was murdered in a lone farm-house above Rothbury about eighty years before he wrote. The pedlar had the character of being possessed of a large sum of money, which he always carried about with him. In his regular visits to that part of the country, he had been accustomed to call at this house; and from the hour he was last observed to enter it he was never seen alive. The farmer's wife was the only person at home when the pedlar called; and tradition ascribed his murder to her. As he was sitting in the kitchen, with his back to the door, eating some food which she had set out, she came suddenly behind him, and felled him to the ground with a blow from a churn-staff. Then, after taking his purse out of his pocket, she threw him into a deep well in the yard. On her husband's return from the field, she informed him of what she had done; and the next day, when the servants were absent, husband and wife drew the body from the well and buried it. The writer goes on to say that, though the neighbours noticed that their worldly circumstances were much improved, and that they had much more money at command than formerly, yet they were never suspected of having murdered the pedlar. But their ill-got gain, as in all such cases, brought them no happiness. The husband, a few years afterwards, fell from his horse and broke his neck; and at times the widow was seized with fits of terror which appeared to deprive her of reason. She survived her husband several years, and on her death-bed communicated to a person who attended her the circumstances of the pedlar's murder and the cause of her terror. She confessed that frequently, when she entered the kitchen where the deed was done, she fancied that she saw the pedlar sitting at the table; and after she had removed to another house, he used sometimes to seat himself opposite to her, with his hair wet and hanging down over his face, as he appeared when she and her husband drew him from the well.

It is universally agreed among ghost-seers that, when the murderer changes his abode, the spectre of his victim shifts along with him. But when a perturbed spirit, "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," appears to a third party, it usually does so at or near the spot where the deed was committed, which becomes known as a haunted place.

Some half century since, a farmer named Wilson, who had been attending Stockton market, and left that town at a late hour, rather the worse for drink, to ride home to Middlesbrough, lost his way in the dark, and rode into the Tees, where he was drowned. His body was recovered soon after, but his hat, as was natural, had disappeared. His ghost was said to appear, causing terror to belated travellers. A Methodist local preacher, named John Orton, who had been at Middlesbrough, conducting divine service, was returning alone one night to Stockton, when, about the locality where the farmer was lost, he met a man without any hat, to whom he bade "Good night," but received no answer. It being near midnight and the place quite solitary, Orton wondered what the man could be doing at that untimely hour. He therefore turned round and followed him, to see, if possible, where he went, for he suspected, from his appearance, that he was upon no good errand. But after retracing a few steps, he lost sight of him all of a sudden, the man disappearing, or rather vanishing, into a bush on the left-hand side of the road; and when Orton went cautiously forward and peered into the bush, there was no living creature there or near about. When he reached home, and told his wife what he had seen, she instantly exclaimed, "Why, man, it's been aad Wilson!"

Orton's son-in-law, who told us this anecdote, gave us also the following account of a ghost which he himself once saw:—

One night, a few days after my father died, I was sitting in the back yard getting my pipe, when, all on a sudden, a great black dog, as large as an elephant, came and stood right before me, as motionless as a rock. I was suffering from the effects of drink at the time, and terribly out of sorts, with a head ready to split, and some feeling not unlike the horrors; but still I was in full possession of all my senses. So I determined to find out whether what I seemed to see really existed outside of me, or was within my own brain; and therefore I sat watching it for about five minutes. It stood motionless all the time my eye was steadily fixed on it. But at last, in order to satisfy myself, I moved my eye sideways, first to the left and then to the right, and finding that the dog moved either way, each time I tried the experiment, I was convinced that it existed only in my own disordered brain.

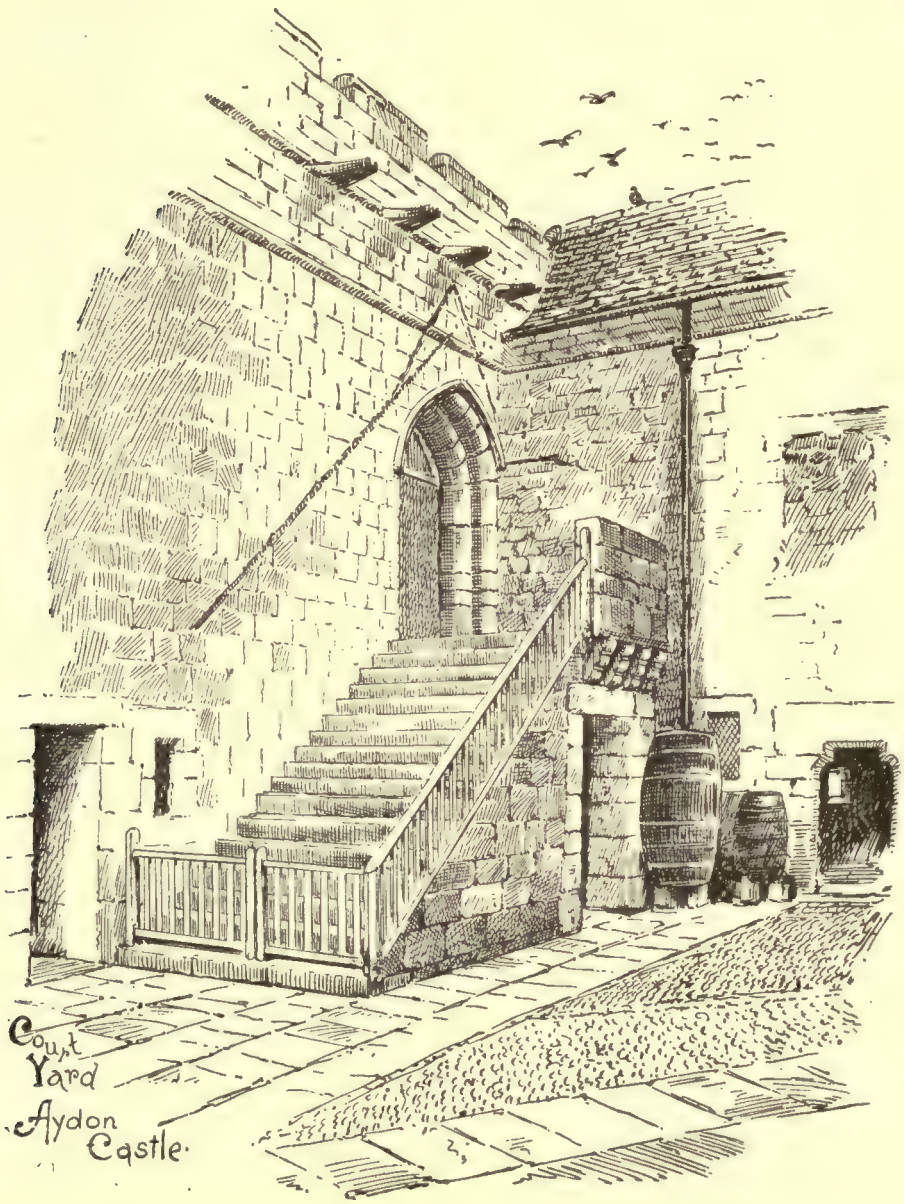
The late Mr. Christie, land surveyor, who was employed by the Duke of Buccleuch to survey and make a plan of the country hunted by his grace's foxhounds,

related to us a tale of a certain Northumbrian gentleman, who, it seems, had been guilty of a secret murder, and who was ever after haunted by the ghost of the murdered man, dressed in the costume he had worn when alive. This unwelcome visitor was in the habit of coming at all hours, without any formal announcement, just opening the room door and walking in. If the gentleman had returned his salute, it might have disclosed his secret, and so have led to disagreeable consequences. So, whenever the door opened, it was his habit to look round and put his finger to his eye, in such a way as to cause himself to see double if the entrant was composed of flesh and blood, while, if it was only his disembodied friend, materialised for the nonce, the vision remained single, and he took no notice.

W. B.

Aydon Castle.

AYDON CASTLE is situated about a mile and a half north-east from the town of Corbridge. For the first half mile we take the Matfen road, and then turn into a grassy high-banked lane on the left. This "lonnin," as it is



locally styled, presently degenerates into a field path. Sometimes ascending, sometimes descending, but most frequently the former, we proceed on our way. And, truly, it is a pleasant one. If we pause a moment to rest, and look back, we see an extensive, a varied, and a picturesque landscape spread out before us. We overlook one of the most beautiful parts of the valley of the lower Tyne. The fields on our left as we resume our way are known as Deadridge, whilst the hill on our right, crowned by a clump of trees, is called Gallow Hill, and has, in the past, no doubt, been all that the name suggests. By and by, we reach the brink of a wooded glen —a happy hunting ground for botanists and entomologists. Beneath us, the Cor, a tiny streamlet, babbles noisily on its way over its shelving bed of rock. A steep path leads us down to a pretty wooden bridge, and, after an equally sharp ascent on the other side, we are beneath the walls of Aydon Castle.

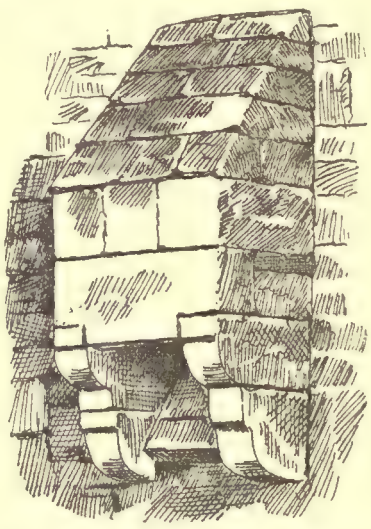
This ancient house is in many ways an interesting structure. It occupies a position, amongst the fortresses of Northumberland, midway between that of a great castle, such as Alnwick or Dunstanborough, and a small

tower or keep of the kind usually styled *peles*. The former were the residences of the great overlords: the latter were the homes of petty squires and yeomen. The castle was planned and arranged, not only for defence, but for the comfort of its occupants, and even possessed features which provided for their love of splendour and hospitality, and for such luxuries as were then known. It had its great hall, its minstrels' gallery, and its chapel. The pele, on the other hand, was contrived for defence alone. Comfort and luxury did not come within the reach of its proprietor. If provision were made for his safety, and for that of his family, his dependants, and his cattle, in a time of feud or warfare, he was abundantly satisfied. Aydon ranks, as I have said, between the great castle and the pele, and in this fact lies one of its great features of interest. But it has others. It is to a very large extent entire. Many parts, especially of the outer walls and subsidiary buildings, are more or less ruinous, but the house itself is practically perfect, and the plan and arrangements of every portion are perfectly clear. It is, also, almost entirely a building of our date. The plan originally laid down was the plan which was at once carried out and completed, and it is the plan which we see to-day.

The position occupied by the castle is a striking and a strong one. It stands in an angle of the high land formed by the course of the Cor. On three sides the ground descends almost precipitously down to the stream. In this angle the house itself is planted. The level land on the more accessible side is occupied by the outer court-yard, which has been strongly protected by encircling walls. A two-fold advantage results from this arrangement. The house occupies the least accessible and therefore the safest part of the plateau, and it also overlooks the charming scenery of the little vale of the Cor.

The castle may be ascribed to about the middle of the thirteenth century, or a little earlier. We have no record of its erection, and are left to determine its date by its architectural character alone. At the period just named, and for some time before, the manor of Aydon was in the possession of a family who took their name from the place. The castle was unquestionably built by some member of this family. In the reign of Edward the First, the heiress of the Aydons, Emma de Aydon, married Peter de Vallibus, or de Vaux, by whose heirs the manor and castle were held for several generations. In the year 1346, King David of Scotland and his army, in marching to Corbridge, laid siege to Aydon. The occupants surrendered, and were "allowed to depart with their lives." In 1415 the castle was in the hands of Robert Ramsay and Sir Ralph Grey. The Ramsays and the Carnabys held it until the time of Charles the First.

Such is a brief outline of the history of Aydon Castle. Its interest, however, is structural rather than historic. The plan is a very singular one, and, considering the size of the house itself, the area enclosed by the outer walls is very considerable. The whole castle, with its court-yards and gardens, covers about an acre. The plan has been compared to the letter H. Of course the letter H has many varying shapes, but it would be difficult to point to any one of these which in any degree resembles the plan of Aydon Castle. The plan is not one which it is easy to describe. The house itself consists principally of an oblong block, the length of which lies east and west. On the north side, at the west end, a long wing runs out. The angle between the main block and this wing is enclosed by a wall, and forms the inner court-yard. Then at the east end of the main block there is a second wing, parallel with the first one, but projecting to almost an equal distance on both the north and south sides. From this second wing a small third one runs out on the east side. The only entrance in the outer walls, which is unmistakably original, is a wide arch on the west side, leading into the outer court-yard. The wall in which this gateway exists runs in a direction which is diagonal to that of the main body of the house. It is also broken by a turret, about two-thirds of the distance from its south corner, the corbelled parapet of which still exists. Between the turret and the gateway there is the shaft of a garderobe, resting externally on corbels. This garderobe, as seen from the outer side, is shown in the accompanying engraving. At the extreme north end the wall ends in



a bastion-like projection, which is the outside of a small oblong apartment, entered from the court-yard, and having a barrel vaulted roof.

From this outer court-yard two inner yards are entered, both nearly square, though one contains nearly three times the area of the other. The smaller of these yards is the inner court already mentioned. The other is a large yard which covers the whole west front of the house. It

has clearly been occupied on its south side by buildings of some sort which are now destroyed. Their roof line may be distinctly seen on the west gable of the main block of the house. They were obviously of later date than the existing portions of the castle, and have been ascribed to Peter de Vallibus, the husband of Emma de Aydon. Their destruction leaves the house in its original proportions.

The wall of the inner court-yard is surmounted by a bold battlemented parapet, with rampart behind. The entrance to the rampart, now walled up, may be seen in the wall of the west wing. This inner court is entered by a bold, plain arch of excellent character. From this court-yard a doorway in the wall, on the east side, leads into yet another enclosure, which is now, and probably always has been, the garden.

Returning to the inner court-yard, our attention is first drawn to a broad flight of steps leading to a doorway on the first floor. This was originally the principal entrance to the house. The stairway was formerly covered by a roof of some kind, the water line of which is very obvious on the wall over the steps and doorway. The landing is protected by a parapet which rests on corbels. The doorway is a plain pointed arch of two chamfered orders, and is covered by a dripstone. It opens into a passage from which a door on our left leads into what we may regard with confidence as the great hall. It is not a very large apartment, measuring only about 30 feet by 24. It has a window on each side. Each of these consists of two lancets enclosed by a single arch. A ladder from this room leads to the roof, from which splendid views of the valley beneath and of the surrounding country may be obtained, and an excellent idea may be also formed of the general plan of the castle and its outworks. From the passage by which this room is entered two doorways lead into other and smaller apartments. In one of these we find one of the original fireplaces, on the stone mantel tree of which the coat of arms of the Carnabys has been rudely sculptured. In the same room there is a stone drain or sink in the wall, the spout of which may be seen outside. In another of these rooms we notice three lockers in the wall, whilst in the third we find the passage from which the ramparts of the court-yard wall were reached. These rooms were doubtless the kitchens and pantry.

The interior arrangements of the eastern part of the castle, which is now used as a residence, are complicated, and, partly at least, are modern also. Here, however, we find two of the original fireplaces. Of one of these the mantel tree is surmounted by a kind of hood, over which is a shelf, and beneath this a series of carved corbels, consisting of six heads, with a very large dog-tooth ornament in the centre.

Through a doorway close to the foot of the external stairs an apartment is entered in which we find another fireplace, the jambs of which are moulded shafts of excellent character. But the most noticeable feature about this fireplace is its chimney, which constitutes one of the most striking and singular features of the south front of the castle. It has, for about half its height, the ordinary buttress-like appearance of a projecting chimney. At about the level of the first floor, however, it assumes a semi-circular section, and so continues till it reaches the parapet, against which it terminates in a conical cap. Beneath the cap and between two moulded string courses are two slits, one on each side, for the escape of the smoke.

A door on the west side of the inner court leads into the stables, which are situated in the basement of the west wing. They are worthy of examination. Their roofs are of stone and are vaulted, and the mangers are also constructed of stone.

A most interesting feature of Aydon Castle is its series of two light windows. Though varying in detail, one general character distinguishes the whole of them. In each case two lancet lights are enclosed within a single

arch. In every instance in which the interior arrangements can be examined we find the holes in which iron stanchions were fixed and the rebates into which the shutters fitted. Then there are side seats, of the usual type, in the recesses. The central shaft which divides the lights is more or less decorated, and has moulded capital and base. In no case is the spandril space over the lights pierced, but in one instance it is ornamented with a sunk quatrefoil, and in another (shown in engraving) a quatrefoil within a circle is filled by a carved human head with beard.

A bold battlemented parapet runs round the whole

of the house, except the west wing. The water is carried from the gutters by a series of projecting stone spouts or gargoyles.

One of our illustrations is a view of part of the south front looking westward. A massive buttress, supporting the angle of the eastern wing, is seen in the foreground, whilst beyond we see the singular chimney shaft previously described, and beyond this again the spout of the kitchen sink. Our second large illustration shows part of the inner court-yard, with the stairway and entrance to the great hall, and on the right the door leading to the stables. This is sketched from a photograph by Mr. J. P. Gibson, of Hexham.

JACOB BEE.

John Wesley in Newcastle and the North.

THE Apostle and Founder of Methodism achieved his first great ministerial success among the colliers of Kingswood, near Bristol, and the remembrance of that remarkable "time of refreshing" begot in him a fervent desire to publish the glad tidings to the pitmen in the North. This desire was framed into a purpose at the instance of the Countess of Huntingdon. There had been a semi-methodistic movement, probably a sort of Moravianism, in Newcastle before Mr. Wesley set foot in the place or even turned his thoughts and projects towards the district at all. A man named John Hall appears to have been the agent of this little religious revival, and doubtless his followers were the persons who gave Mr. Wesley the hearty welcome he speaks of in his journal.

Night was falling as John Wesley first set foot in Newcastle. He had taken a lodging at an inn close to the Gateshead end of the Tyne Bridge. He was inexpressibly pained by the sights he saw and the sounds he heard as he wearily paced the lower streets of the town. "So much drunkenness," he says, "such cursing and swearing—even from the mouths of little children—do I never remember to have seen and heard before in so small a compass of time. Surely this place is ripe for Him who came to call sinners to repentance." On Sunday morning, 30th May, 1742, he betook himself to Sandgate, intending to preach. He was accompanied by John Taylor, at that time his travelling companion. Taking up as suitable a position as he could find, he with good John's help sang out lustily the well-known 100th Psalm. Then, as now, the locality so far resembled the *agora* of Athens that the men and women resorting there were prone to the indulgence of curiosity, especially at an idle time like Sunday morning. Three or four people stopped in their stroll and sidled to the spot where the two strange beings were holding church out of doors. As the singing went on, the number of listeners increased, until some four or five hundred might have been counted within sight and hearing. Mr. Wesley took for his text, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed." When he had finished his discourse, the people, who by that time numbered about fifteen hundred, stared at him as though they thought him mad, or were on the point of going mad themselves. The preacher, taking encouragement from their rapt demeanour, said, "If you desire to know who I am, my name is John Wesley. At five in the evening, with God's help, I design to preach here again."

Long before the appointed hour a vast multitude had gathered to hear what "this babbler" would say. Mr. Wesley's own account of his Sunday afternoon on the Sandhill is as follows:—"I never saw so large a number of people together, either at Moorfields or at Kennington Common. I knew it was not possible for the one half to hear, although my voice was then strong and clear, and though I stood so as to have them all in view as they were ranged on the side of the hill." After preaching, the poor people were ready to tread him under foot out of pure love and kindness. He reached his inn by a back way; the folks, however, were there before him, and begged him not to leave them.

It was on one of these occasions that the incident recorded by the Rev. Dr. Bruce is supposed to have taken place. Mr. Wesley spoke from one of the landings of an external staircase leading to the main floor of the Guildhall, Sandhill. "The preacher," says Dr. Bruce in his "Old Newcastle," "was assaulted by some riotous persons, when a fisherwoman, of the name of Bailes, rushed to his assistance. Putting one hand round his waist, she extended the other with clenched fist towards his assailants, and exclaimed, 'Now touch the little man if you dare.' Her appeal was irresistible, and the preacher proceeded in peace."

John Wesley stayed but a short while on his first visit; but his brother Charles came and organised "the wild, staring, loving" converts into a proper Methodist society. Charles puts on record that he had never more success than he had at Newcastle, and yet it was here notably that he began to exercise great caution and strict discipline, "distinguishing between merely animal emotions and the true work of God in the heart, and leading all to try themselves by the only infallible rule, their conformity to the Word of God." Mr. Wesley came again on the 13th November, 1742. On the 14th he preached at five in the morning, an arrangement which created quite a sensation in those days. Then he went to All Saints' Church (not the present building, but a very ancient one on the same site) at ten, where he was delighted to find a much greater number of communicants than he remembered seeing at any church except in London and Bristol. His

chief preaching place in Newcastle was the Keelmen's Hospital Square; later on he preached at the Castle Garth. The earliest meeting place for the society was in Lisle Street.

In November, 1742, Mr. Wesley commenced negotiations for a site in the northern part of Newcastle on which to erect a chapel, that should also serve as an orphan house, somewhat like the Georgian orphanages of Whitfield, or the Halle orphanage of Francke. "We could get no ground," he says, "for love or money. I like this well. It is a good sign. If the devil can hinder us, he shall." At length he got a piece of ground, or thought he had got it. In fact he got two pieces, one from Mr. Stephenson and one from Mr. Riddel. Mr. Stephenson, however, demurred and delayed until Mr. Wesley brought to bear upon the matter some of that straightforwardness which played so large a figure in his successful career. He gave the hesitating seller a piece of his mind as follows:—

Sir,—I am surprised. You give it under your hand, that you will put me in possession of a piece of ground specified in an article between us in fifteen days' time. Three months are passed and that article is not fulfilled. And now, you say, you cannot conceive what I mean by troubling you. I mean to have that article fulfilled. I think my meaning is very plain. I am, sir, your humble servant, JOHN WESLEY.

The project was received with various feelings by the public and even by the members in society—doubt as to its feasibleness predominating in most minds except Mr. Wesley's. It was to cost close upon £700! On the occasion of laying the foundation stone, 20th December, Mr. Welsey himself presided at the ceremony and preached in the evening of the same day. "Many," he writes, "were gathered from all parts so see it; but none scoffed or interrupted while we praised God and prayed that He would prosper the work of our hands upon us. Three or four times in the evening I was forced to break off preaching that we might pray and give thanks to God."

Here, at the Orphan House in Northumberland Street, the society had its head quarters for nearly 80 years, Brunswick Chapel not being erected till 1821. This Orphan House was the second place of worship built for the United Society, and the third used—the foundry in Moor Fields having been purchased, not specially built, for Wesley. The lower part was the chapel, over which were a band room and class room. On the next story were "prophet's lodgings" for ministers, while perched on the roof was the wooden fabric now in the gardens of Cleveland House, North Shields, and long known as "Mr. Wesley's study." The original design, indicated by the name of the house, was never carried out. Grace Murray, the first matron-evangelist of the Orphan House, was a few years after her appointment the object of a curious attachment on the part of Mr. Wesley. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 503.)

One of the places early visited by Mr. Wesley, and still earlier by his brother Charles, was Tanfield Lea. He was well received indeed, but appeared to make no impression on the hearts of his hearers. "So dead, senseless, and unaffected a congregation," he writes, "I have scarce ever seen, except at Whickham. Whether Gospel or law, or English or Greek, seemed all one to them." He left the gaping villagers, as he says, "very well satisfied with the preacher and with themselves"; but it rejoiced his heart to hear a few days later that the seed that had fallen into the heart of one John Brown was springing up in wild luxuriousness as a plant of grace. But John became crazy with his new-born religious ecstacy, and very speedily made his appearance in Newcastle on horseback, "hallooing and shouting, and driving all the people before him, saying God had told him he should be a king, and should tread all his enemies under his feet." Mr. Wesley dealt wisely and kindly with this crazy "captive to his bow and spear," sending him home to his work and bidding him pray for a lowly heart: which advice honest John laid to heart, and the consequence was that he became a noted lay preacher. He subsequently removed to the Lower Spen, and there by his "rough and strong, but artless words," many of his neighbours were convinced, so that when, in the following year, Mr. Wesley paid them a visit, he found the "field white unto the harvest."

It was in company with John Brown and Christopher Hopper that Wesley visited Prudhoe. Here he preached in 1757 at the side of Mr. Anthony Humble's house at five in the morning, breakfasting afterwards at Thomas Newton's, in what is still known as Prudhoe Hall Farm. It was on a piece of land given by Humble that the first chapel was built, Wesley himself staking out the ground, and Whitfield preaching the opening sermon. Amongst other places in which traditions of Wesley's visits survive may be mentioned Ryton, where he preached at the Cross in 1742; and Greenside, where in 1751 he had the largest congregation he ever saw in the North.

Charles Wesley visited Hexham at the instance of Mr. Wardroper, a Dissenting minister. Of this visit he says:—

I walked directly to the Market Place, and called sinners to repentance. A multitude of them stood staring at me, but all quiet. The Lord opened my mouth, and they drew nearer and nearer, stole off their hats, and listened; none offered to interrupt but one unfortunate squire, and he could get no one to second him. His servants and the constables hid themselves. One, at length, he found, whom he bid to go and take me down. The poor constable simply answered, "Sir, I cannot have the face to do it; for what harm does he do?" Several Papists attended; also the Church minister, who had refused me his pulpit with indignation. However, he came to hear with his own ears. I wish all who hang us first would, like him, try us afterwards. I walked back to Mr. Ord's through the people, who acknowledged "it is the truth, and none can speak against it." A constable followed, and told me "Sir Edward Blackett orders you to *disperse* the town, and not raise a disturbance here." I sent my respects to Sir Edward, and said if he would

give me leave I would wait upon him and satisfy him. He soon returned with an answer that Sir Edward would have nothing to say to me, but if I preached again, and raised a disturbance, he would put the law in execution against me. I answered that I was not conscious of breaking any law of God or man, but if I did I was ready to suffer the penalty; that as I had not given notice of preaching again at the Market Cross, I would not preach again at that place, nor cause a disturbance anywhere. I charged the constable, a trembling submissive soul, to assure his worship that I reverenced him for his office's sake. The only place I could get to preach in was a cock-pit, and I expected Satan would come and fight me on his own ground. Squire Roberts, the justice's son, laboured hard to raise a mob, for which I was to be answerable, but the very boys ran away from him when the poor Squire was urging them to go down to the cock-pit and cry "fire." I called in words then first heard in that place, "Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." God struck the hard rock, and the waters gushed out. Never have I seen people more desirous of knowing the truth at the first hearing.

A fortnight after, Charles is again at Hexham, preaching in the Market Place at the Cross. At four in the afternoon he attempts to preach in the cock-pit, but the territory of the enemy is claimed by his own servants. The butlers of Sir Edward Blackett, and of the magistrate, bring their cocks, and "set them a-fighting." "I gave them the ground," says Mr. Wesley, "and walked straight to the Cross, where we had four times as many as the other place could hold. Our enemies followed, and strove all the ways permitted them to annoy us. Neither their fire-works nor their water works could stop the progress of the Gospel. I lifted up my voice like a trumpet, and many had ears to hear."

Several of Charles Wesley's most spirited hymns are supposed to have been written during this sojourn in the North. That, for instance, numbered 40 in the Wesleyan Hymn Book, in which the triumphant progress of the Gospel is noted in glowing verse, he himself states to have been penned "after preaching to the Newcastle colliers.' The hymn was in all likelihood written on the occasion thus referred to in his journal :—"Sunday, November 30. I went into the streets of Newcastle, and called the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind, with that precious promise, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no way cast out.' They had no feeling of the sharp frost, while the love of Jesus warmed their hearts."

That John Wesley could sometimes relinquish the meekness of non-resistance, and like a wounded stag turn at bay against his enemies, is apparent from his method of dealing with one who constantly persecuted his followers in Newcastle and personally insulted himself. To this ill-behaved man he sent the following laconic epistle :—

Robert Young,

I expect to see you between this and Friday, and to hear from you that you are sensible of your fault. Otherwise, in pity to your soul, I shall be obliged to inform the magistrates of your assaulting me in the street.—I am your real friend, JOHN WESLEY.

"Within two or three hours," says the reprover, "Robert Young came and promised a quite different behaviour. So did this gentle reproof, if not save a soul from death, yet prevent a multitude of sins."

A remarkable story about Newcastle is told by Mr. Wesley in his diary towards the close of 1743. When he arrived there on Nov. 2, he found the town placarded with this announcement :—"For the benefit of Mr. Este. —By the Edinburgh Company of Comedians, on Friday, November 4, will be acted a Comedy, called 'The Conscious Lovers,' to which will be added a Farce, called 'Trick upon Trick, or Methodism Displayed.'" Here is Wesley's account of what happened :—

On Friday a vast multitude of spectators were assembled in the Moot Hall to see this. It was believed there could not be less than fifteen hundred people, some hundreds of whom sat on rows of seats built upon the stage. Soon after the comedians had begun the first act of the play, on a sudden all those seats fell down at once, the supporters of them breaking like a rotten stick. The people were thrown one upon another, about five foot forward, but not one of them hurt. After a short time, the rest of the spectators were quiet, and the actors went on. In the middle of the second act, all the shilling seats gave a crack, and sunk several inches down. A great noise and shrieking followed; and as many as could readily get to the door went out, and returned no more. Notwithstanding this, when the noise was over, the actors went on with the play. In the beginning of the third act the entire stage suddenly sunk about six inches: the players retired with great precipitation; yet in a while they began again. At the latter end of the third act, all the sixpenny seats, without any kind of notice, fell to the ground. There was now a cry on every side, it being supposed that many were crushed in pieces; but, upon inquiry, not a single person (such was the mercy of God!) was either killed or dangerously hurt. Two or three hundred remaining still in the hall, Mr. Este (who was to act the Methodist) came upon the stage and told them, for all this he was resolved the farce should be acted. While he was speaking, the stage sunk six inches more; on which he ran back in the utmost confusion, and the people as fast as they could out of the door, none staying to look behind him. Which is most surprising—that those players acted this farce the next week, or that some hundreds of people came again to see it?

Mr. Wesley visited the town twice, if not three times, in the year 1745. When news came that the Pretender was at Holyrood Castle, he hastened to Newcastle, and endeavoured to improve the popular commotion to the advancement of spiritual work. He offered to preach to the troops, but this apparently was not accepted. He did the next best thing he could by preaching as near the camp as he could get, and as often as he could. His own account of the state of matters is as follows :—

Wed., Sep. 18.—About five we came to Newcastle, in an acceptable time. We found the generality of the inhabitants in the utmost consternation, news being just arrived that, the morning before, at two o'clock, the Pretender had entered Edinburgh. A great concourse of people were with us in the evening, to whom I expounded the third chapter of Jonah, insisting particularly on that verse, "Who can tell, if God will return, and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, and we perish not?"

Thur., 19.—The Mayor (Mr. Ridley) summoned all the householders of the town to meet him at the Town Hall, and desired as many of them as were willing to set their hands to a paper, importing that they would, at the hazard of their goods and lives, defend the town against the common enemy. Fear and darkness were now on every side, but not on those who had seen the light of God's countenance. We rejoiced together in the evening with solemn joy, while God applied those words to many

hearts, "Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified."

Fri., 20.—The Mayor ordered the townsmen to be under arms, and to mount guard in their turns, over and above the guard of soldiers, a few companies of whom had been drawn into the town on the first alarm. Now, also, Pilgrim Street Gate was ordered to be walled up. Many began to be much concerned for us, because our house stood without the walls. Nay, but the Lord is a wall of fire unto all that trust in him. I had desired all our brethren to join us on this day in seeking God by fasting and prayer. About one, we met and poured out our souls before Him; and we believed He would send an answer of peace.

Sat., 21.—The same day the action was came the news of General Cope's defeat. Orders were now given for the doubling of the guard, and for walling up Pandon and Sallyport Gates.

Sun., 22.—The walls were mounted with cannon, and all things prepared for sustaining an assault. Meantime, our poor neighbours, on either hand, were busy in removing their goods. And most of the best houses in our street were left without either furniture or inhabitants. Those within the walls were almost equally busy in carrying away their money and goods; and more and more of the gentry every hour rode southward as fast as they could. At eight I preached at Gateshead, in a broad part of the street, near the Popish chapel, on the wisdom of God in governing the world. How do all things tend to the furtherance of the Gospel! I never saw before so well-behaved a congregation in any church at Newcastle, as was that at St. Andrew's this morning. The place appeared as indeed the house of God; and the sermon Mr. Ellison preached was strong and weighty, which he could scarce conclude for tears.

All this week the alarms from the North continued, and the storm seemed nearer every day. Many wondered we would still stay without the walls; others told us we must remove quickly; for if the cannon began to play from the top of the gates, they would beat all the house about our ears. This made me look how the cannons on the gates were planted; and I could not but adore the providence of God, for it was obvious, 1. They were all planted in such a manner, that no shot could touch our house. 2. The cannon on New Gate so secured us on one side, and those upon Pilgrim Street Gate on the other, that none could come near our house, either way, without being torn in pieces.

On Friday and Saturday many messengers of lies terrified the poor people of the town, as if the rebels were just coming to swallow them up. Upon this the guards were increased, and abundance of country gentlemen came in, with their servants, horses, and arms. Among those who came from the North was one whom the Mayor ordered to be apprehended, on suspicion of his being a spy. As soon as he was left alone he cut his own throat; but a surgeon, coming quickly, sewed up the wound, so that he lived to discover certain designs of the rebels, which were thereby effectually prevented.

Sun., 29.—Advice came that they were in full march southward, so that it was supposed they would reach Newcastle by Monday evening. At eight I called on a multitude of sinners in Gateshead, to seek the Lord while he might be found. Mr. Ellison preached another earnest sermon, and all the people seemed to bend before the Lord. In the afternoon I expounded part of the lesson for the day—Jacob wrestling with the angel. The congregation was so moved, that I began again and again, and knew not how to conclude. And we cried mightily to God to send his Majesty King George help from his holy place, and to spare a sinful land yet a little longer, if haply they might know the day of their visitation.

On Monday and Tuesday I visited some of the societies in the country, and on Wednesday, October 2, returned to Newcastle, where they were just informed that the rebels had left Edinburgh on Monday, and were swiftly marching toward them. But it appeared soon that this also was a false alarm, it being only a party which had moved southward, the main body still remaining in their camp, a mile or two from Edinburgh.

On Thursday and Friday I visited the rest of the country societies. On Saturday, a party of the rebels—about a thousand men—came within seventeen miles of Newcastle. This occasioned a fresh alarm in the town, and orders were given by the General that the soldiers should march against them on Monday morning. But these orders were countermanded.

Mr. Nixon (the gentleman who had, some days since, upon being apprehended, cut his own throat), being still unable to speak, wrote as well as he could, that the design of the Prince (as they called him) was to seize on Tynemouth Castle, which he knew was well provided both with cannon and ammunition, and thence to march to the hill on the east side of Newcastle, which entirely commands the town. And if this had been done he would have carried his point, and gained the town without a blow. The Mayor immediately sent to Tynemouth Castle, and lodged the cannon and ammunition in a safer place.

Wed. Oct. 9.—It being supposed that the danger was over for the present, I preached at four in Gateshead, at John Lyddel's, on "Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

There can be no doubt that Mr. Wesley conceived to the last a specially warm interest in the people of the North. He soon gathered a society of 800 members at Newcastle, and had planted settlements of the faith in many of the neighbouring villages. He seemed greatly taken with Pelton, and still more with Chowdene. Referring to his first visit to the latter place, he records in his journal, "I found we were got into the very Kingswood of the North. Twenty or thirty wild children ran round us as soon as we came, staring as in amaze. They could not properly be said to be either clothed or naked. One of the largest (a girl of about fifteen) had a piece of a ragged dirty blanket some way hanging about her, and a kind of cap on her head of the same cloth and colour."

Again, on Good Friday, 1743, he has this entry in his journal:—

I had a great desire to visit a little village called Placy (Plessey), about ten measured miles north of Newcastle. It is inhabited by colliers only, and such as had been always in the first rank for savage ignorance and wickedness of every kind. Their grand assembly used to be on the Lord's day, on which men, women, and children met together to dance, fight, curse and swear, and play at chuck-ball, span-farthing, or whatever came next to hand. I felt great compassion for these poor creatures, from the time I heard of them first; and the more, because all men seemed to despair of them. Between seven and eight I set out with John Heally, my guide. The north wind, being unusually high, drove the sleet in our face, which froze as it fell, and cased us over presently. When we came to Placy we could hardly stand. As soon as we were a little recovered, I went into the square, and declared Him who "was wounded for our transgressions" and "bruised for our iniquities." The poor sinners were quickly gathered together, and gave earnest heed to the things which were spoken. And so they did in the afternoon again, in spite of the wind and snow, when I besought them to receive Him for their King, to "repent and believe the Gospel."

In 1746 he was back again, preaching at his old spots in Newcastle, and also at the Spen, Biddick, Burnopfield, and hard-hearted Whickham, as well as gracious Plessey, "a pattern to all the societies in England." "No person," he says in his journal, "ever misses his classes. They have no jars among them, but with one mind and one heart provoke one another to love and good works." Sunderland was getting on too, and had a chapel. But

unfortunately for a season there was grief upon grief because the Sunderland boys could not be brought to see the sin of smuggling. Upon the whole, after a searching investigation into the real progress of the little societies round about in 1747, the oldest of them only five years old, he had every reason, he said, to rejoice over them. When at length compelled to tear himself away, he jots down in his diary, "I could gladly have spent six weeks more in these parts." One of his farewell sermons in Newcastle was attended by many of the most respectable people in the town, which led him to make the following entry in his journal:—"Surely God is working a new thing in the earth. Even to the rich is the Gospel preached."

In 1748, he spent several weeks at Morpeth, Alnwick, Berwick, Allandale Town, and other places round about. One Saturday he preached at Newlands at noon, at Tanfield Cross at 3 p.m., and at Newcastle in the evening. On another day, after he had preached three times at or near Stockton, and ridden fifty miles, some people from Yarm begged so hard for a sermon that he went there and preached for them, and then went on to Osmotherley, and preached there. Whitfield preached at Newcastle with great power in 1749, and Wesley generously acknowledged the value of his services. For many years—nine in succession—he visited Alnmouth, but was never sufficiently successful to form a society in that place. But his heart was refreshed by the signs of progress almost everywhere else. Even poor godless Whickham showed some fruits. Biddick, Plessey, and Sunderland were bright spots in 1752. In 1757, even Swalwell came in for a few drops of "the shower of blessing." Wesley spent part of June, 1759, in Newcastle, and what sort of a place it was in those days may be gathered from this entry in his journal, under date of Monday, 4th:—"Certainly, if I did not believe there was another world, I would spend all my summers here, as I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness. But I seek another country, and therefore am content to be a wanderer on earth."

The last time Mr. Wesley visited his flock in the North—he is reported to have paid no fewer than twenty-six visits—was in 1790. With intense and genuine affection he records in his diary:—"Here and at Kingswood, were I to do my own will, I would choose to spend the remainder of my days. But it cannot be. This is not my rest." He came by way of Hexham from Carlisle, "down the side of a fruitful mountain shaded with trees, and sloping down to a clear river, which ran between this one and another fruitful mountain well wooded and improved." Hexham had a newly-built chapel and "a loving people." He was asked to preach in Lamesley Church; but at the last moment the clergyman changed his mind. The service was held in the little Methodist Meeting-house. It was as hot as a stove, but neither high nor low seemed to mind it, for "God was there." Among the audience was Sir Henry Liddell, with his wife and numerous servants. "Having (on Wednesday, 9th June) despatched all the business I had to do here (Newcastle), in the evening I took a solemn leave of this lovely people, perhaps never to see them more in this life." The anticipation was verified. The venerable father of Methodism died in the year following his last visit to Newcastle—March 2, 1791.

The Bishop of Peterborough.

DR. MANDELL CREIGHTON, who has been appointed Bishop of Peterborough in succession to Dr. Magee, promoted to the Archbishopric of York, is a North-Countryman in every respect—by birth, by education, and by long residence. Dr. Creighton was born at Carlisle in 1843, was then educated at Durham Grammar School, and was afterwards appointed to the living of Embleton, in Northumberland. It was while residing there that he made much of the literary reputation he has acquired. Six or seven years ago, however, he accepted the professorship of

DR. MANDELL CREIGHTON.
(From photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, London.)

Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge. And now he has been promoted to the episcopal bench.

Although Dr. Creighton took high honours at Oxford in the classical school, he has devoted his maturer studies to the domain of history. The lectures he delivered on his favourite subject enjoyed a high reputation at Oxford when he was Fellow and Tutor of Merton twenty years ago, and his well-known "History of the Papacy during the period of the Reformation" is described as the best modern treatise on that fascinating time which Englishmen possess. The impartiality of judgment and breadth of view which mark this work earned for its author the compliment of a highly appreciative notice from Cardinal Manning. In 1884, two years after the appearance of its earlier volumes, Dr. Creighton was chosen to be the first Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge. Subsequently he rendered most substantial service to the study of history in this country by promoting the *English Historical Review*, which he has edited during the five years of its existence. Glasgow conferred upon him his first honorary degree in 1883, when he was made an LL.D. Two years later he received the degree of D.C.L. at Durham, and in 1886 he became an honorary LL.D. of Harvard.

Essentially a scholar, the new Bishop has nevertheless had considerable experience of the practical side of clerical life. Ordained deacon in 1870 and priest in 1873, he left Oxford in 1875 for Embleton. The late Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, appointed him Rural Dean of Alnwick in 1879, and three years later he was named an honorary canon of the new diocese of Newcastle, and examining chaplain to Bishop Wilberforce. In 1885 he was preferred by the Crown to a canon's stall at Worcester, and was transferred to the Windsor Chapter only a few weeks before his appointment to the Bishopric of Peterborough.

The Poet Close.

A REMARKABLE character in his day and generation was the so-called Poet Close; but he would, probably, never have had more than a local reputation had it not been for the successful efforts of certain persons in Westmoreland to obtain for him a pension from the Civil List.

Born at Gunnerside, Swaledale, Yorkshire, in 1816, John Close, at an early age, removed with his parents to Kirkby Stephen. Here he was brought up to the butchering business, but he aspired to something greater. At the age of fifteen he conceived the idea that nature had destined him to be a poet, and he forthwith set about, as best he could, to remedy his defective education. Had he, at this time, been encouraged in his praiseworthy endeavours, he might have developed into something more than a writer of rhyming advertisements. Fate, however, decreed otherwise. Close's besetting sin was vanity. Such stray bits of wisdom as he could pick up in a casual way seem to have constituted his literary stock in-trade.

In 1846 he established himself as a printer at Kirkby Stephen, and sent forth to his little world several volumes of verse and prose. Inasmuch as the contents of one of these was not a little scurrilous, he was involved in an action for libel, which, on being tried at Liverpool, resulted in a verdict against him for £300. This unfortunate affair did not, however, damp his ardour. In 1860 he published a series of biographical sketches under the title of "Great Men of Westmoreland." Then came the great disappointment of his life. After the publication of "Memorials of the Dead," a number of his friends got up the following petition to Lord Palmerston, and some five hundred signatures were appended to it:—

POET CLOSE.

We the undersigned noblemen, magistrates, and clergy, yeomen and others, of the several counties of Westmorland, Cumberland, Durham, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Bedfordshire, and in London, in consideration of the Literary Talents and Genius of Mr. John Close, a *Self-taught Poet*, commonly called the *Kirkby Stephen and Westmoreland Poet;* a Public Writer for the last thirty years, now near fifty years of age; author of "The Book of Chronicles" *(Legends and Antiquities of Westmoreland);* also "Memorials of the Dead," and divers other valuable and meritorious works; and now being very poor, through certain misfortunes and no extravagance of his own; with a wife and five small children; of good character, an *honest, hard-working,* sober man: of sound *religious principles,* and ORTHODOX IN HIS WRITINGS; warmly and humbly recommend the said Mr. John Close to the gracious NOTICE OF THE CROWN, that the name of said Mr. John Close (now dwelling in the town of Kirkby Stephen aforesaid, and County of Westmoreland) be placed on the Civil List for the next vacancy, for such a pension as it may please HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY to determine.

Owing to the exertions of Lord Lonsdale, a Civil List pension of £50 was granted to Close. The announcement fairly took the literary world by surprise, for nobody outside Westmoreland had heard of the poet or seen his poetry. The truth soon oozed out. There was no hiding the circumstance that Close was the author of the veriest doggerel. Some of his effusions were printed in the London papers; *Punch* especially made great fun of the business; and unsparing denunciations were directed against the Minister who had perpetrated the strange blunder. Lord Palmerston soon saw the mistake he had made. Indeed, he never attempted to defend the

proceeding in the House of Commons, where the subject was brought forward by Mr. Sterling, afterwards Sir William Sterling Maxwell. The ultimate result was that the pension was withdrawn, though the unfortunate poet was consoled with a gratuity of £100 out of the Royal Bounty.

A "brother poet" in Sunderland wrote to congratulate the Westmoreland bard on the receipt of £100 from the Queen: whereupon Close sent the following characteristic reply:—

I have certainly got £100 from the Queen—a mere *sop to keep me quiet*—a mere *flea-bite* to me when I had fairly and honestly won the pension. You little know all I have suffered by all this *Political trickery*. Bradbury, a Poet of whom the world has heard nothing,—he got £50 in 1858; and now, forsooth, he must have £20 more, because he is in favour with Lord Carlisle, and not a word is said; but I, who have fought a thousand Battles, must be coolly kicked aside, with a £100 to make up for near £600 I have lost by my Pen. Lord Palmerston nearly killed my wife by his *weather-cock* changes; but I—oh! I wish I could stand before the House of Commons, *I'd tell them my mind;* "Kill me,"—no, I scorn them all, *and will not die broken-hearted* to please the Court of Queen Victoria.

Furthermore, he lampooned his enemies, as he was pleased to call them, in a marvellous work entitled—"A Grand Pindaric Poem! London Critics, Penny-a-Liners, Scotch Curs, and English Asses: a Quid Pro Quo, in which Poet Close flogs the Floggers, pays his Debts, and shakes hands with all Good Men."

From this time until his death the poor poet posed as an injured man. He was generally to be found during the tourist season at Bowness, on Lake Windermere, where he fixed up a stall and vended his own books and pamphlets. The nobility and gentry of the district, out of compassion for his weaknesses, purchased his wares, and tourists were frequently induced to invest a few shillings in some of his productions, to be kept as literary curiosities. Thus he contrived to pick up a pleasant living in summer, while in winter he went back to Kirkby Stephen to follow his calling as a printer and bookseller.

Close, of course, had no claim whatever to the title of poet. He was not even a respectable versifier, and his prose was worse than his verses. Until a few weeks before he closed the 75 years of his life, he continued to write and print all kinds of sad rubbish. Death overtook him, after an illness of very short duration, at Kirkby Stephen, on February 15, 1891.

For nearly thirty years Mr. Close issued an annual Christmas Book. That for 1874 is before us. The first part is devoted to his own biography, and the remainder to doggerel and sketches. As a specimen of his muse, the following lines on the death of a local gentleman may be of interest:—

Another of the fine brave sons
Of Westmoreland is gone;
A true and noble-hearted man,
If ever there was one.
So free and gentle in his way,
All loved his hand to shake;
It was a hand both true and warm,
And one we loved to take.

Alas! no more his kindly voice
Will cheer our Muse to sing:
Or compliment us on our Poems—
In vain she'll stretch a wing:
His welcome—and the hearty grasp
He shook our feeble hand—
Made us admire the gallant youth,
The pride of Westmoreland.

Sleep on! sleep on! thou worthy son
Of this our Northern Land;
Full many weep when thou art gone
As o'er thy grave they stand.
In distant lands he fell asleep,
Far from his native home:
One of the good old stock is gone—
To this we all must come!

Ten years ago a polite reference to the poet was published in the "Gossip's Bowl" of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. This pleased the poor man so much that he sent the writer a rather handsome copy of his "Fifth Grand Christmas Book," with the following grateful inscription:—

A PRESENTATION COPY.

Presented to that (ever dear to me) gentleman who styles himself, in the admired and wondrous *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, "Robin Goodfellow," whose warm heart prompts him to *sympathise* with the *persecuted* and *too often broken-hearted*

POET CLOSE,

who has *three sons* very ill, and his *great hope and pride*, the famous *blue-coat boy*, now in *Garland's Asylum*—all explained in his next Christmas book, dedicated to *England's Queen!*

Nor did the poet's gratitude end here. The volume contained, besides the unique inscription just quoted, such a poem as Lord Palmerston must have read when he granted the bard a pension. It will be seen that Poet Close describes Robin and himself as "two droll birds of one feather," and proclaims a sympathetic alliance between "the genius great of Newcastle" and the "Bard of Westmoreland." The following gracious lines are cited here as a further sample of the poet's powers:—

"Love begets love," and thus it is
That we have got together:
In such a weary world as this—
Two droll birds of one feather—
"Extremes will meet," and this is true
We two to thus shake hand—
The *genius great of Newcastle*
And the *Bard of Westmoreland.*
Some lie on beds of roses soft and nice,
Others on benches awful hard;
And thus they squeeze thro' life at last,
A Poet's true (but poor) reward.
And such is life—with *Crowned Heads*
Have often corresponded,
And still I toil like a galley slave
On shore of life quite stranded.

THE POET CLOSE.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert's amusing poem "Ferdinando and Elvira; or, the Gentle Pieman," contains an allusion to Close. Elvira, it may be explained, has expressed a longing to know who wrote "those lovely cracker mottoes." Ferdinando exclaims:—

"Tell me, Henry Wadsworth, Alfred, Poet Close, or
Mister Tupper,

Do you write the bon-bon mottoes my Elvira pulls at supper?"
But Henry Wadsworth smiled, and said he had not had that honour;
And Alfred, too, disclaimed the words that told so much upon her.
"Mister Martin Tupper, Poet Close, I beg of you, inform us."
But my question seemed to throw them both into a rage enormous.
Mister Close expressed a wish that he could only get anigh to me;
And Mr. Martin Tupper sent the following reply to me:
"A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men dread a bandit"—
Which I know was very clever, but I didn't understand it.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A NEW NAME FOR HARRIERS.

A country-woman who visited Newcastle lately and saw a pack of harriers (young lads belonging to a running club) tearing through the city, told her husband when she returned home that she had seen "a lot of ballet lads runnin' roond the toon in thor stage dresses!"

"PUSHENER."

A woman met a friend in a railway carriage and the following dialogue ensued:—"Hoo are ye getting on with yor things for the chapel tea?" "Varry canny, hinny. We've aall the cakes ready, and the new cups and saucers will be coming the day." "Ma word, but ye're far mair pushener than we are!"

THE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL BETTING.

Two pitmen had an argument about the wisdom of betting. One held that it led to ruin, and ought to be avoided. "Had away," replied the other; "ye're bund te win in the end." "Hoo's that?" asked the other. "Wey," was the reply, "if ye loss the forst time, back agyen; and if ye loss the second time, wey, back anuthor. Ye cannot back wrong yens elwis!"

A JUDGE OF CHEESE.

A short while ago a committee of a local co-operative store met and discussed the different qualities of provisions. During the proceedings, one of the committee slipped downstairs and asked the counterman for a plate of cheese and a few biscuits. Suddenly he returned and observed to the counterman: "Wey, man, this is bad cheese. What's the price?" "Eightpence a pound," said the counterman. "What's this yen a pund, then?" asked the committee man, tasting another sample. "Sixpence," was the reply. "Sixpence! Wey, man, yor warst cheese is the best!"

THE PLOUGHMAN'S BRAINS.

A local farmer's daughter was somewhat annoyed by the attentions of her father's ploughman, and she asked her parent to put a stop to his advances. The farmer found that his man was in the habit of hanging about the farmhouse at night awaiting an opportunity to speak to the young woman, and he determined to give him a fright. So he loaded an old blunderbuss with cold porridge, and the next night awaited the appearance of the love-sick son of toil. That worthy put in his appearance about the usual time, and on seeing him the farmer fired his blunderbluss full in his face. The ploughman fell to the ground in a terrible plight, full of the belief that his last hour had come. The noise brought out the farm hands, who went and raised him up. "Are ye much hort, man?" was the excited question. "Aa divvent knaa," he exclaimed, as he wiped the porridge from his beard: "but heor's ma brains aall ower ma hands an' fyece!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. James Turnbull, of Hownam Grange, near Yetholm, a well-known Border farmer, died on the 9th of February.

Mr. Hudson Scott, head of the firm of Hudson Scott and Sons, lithographers and colour printers, Carlisle, and at one time publisher of the *Carlisle Examiner*, during the editorship of Mr. Washington Wilks, died on the 11th of January, at the age of 83 years.

On the 11th of February, the death was announced, in his 91st year, of Mr. Ralph Cowans, who for several years had had charge of the woods in the Warkworth district, and who had served successively under five Dukes of Northumberland.

On the 12th of February died Mr. John Field, of the Northumberland Street Post-Office, Newcastle, and for 24 years superintendent of the Haymarket.

Mr. Mark Douglas, who had held many important public positions in Sunderland, died in that town on the 14th of February, at the age of 76 years.

Also, on the 14th of February, at the age of 72, died Mr. James Eadie, of Blaydon, long prominently identified with educational, political, and co-operative movements in the district. The deceased was a relative of the late Dr. John Eadie, the eminent minister and professor in connection with the United Presbyterian Church in Scotland.

Mr. David Richmond, a somewhat remarkable and eccentric shoemaker, died at Darlington on the 15th of February. About half a century ago, he joined the Socialistic movement of Robert Owen, and lived in fraternity at Ham Common. After being there a short time, he went to the Shakers in America, where he introduced vegetarianism in some measure amongst them, though it was by no means universally followed. With his wife, who followed him in his wanderings, he lived some years amongst the Shakers, but ultimately left through some differences. He was afterwards engaged in other social movements in the States, and visited the Fourierite settlement in company with Mr. Horace Greeley. Twice, during his stay with the Shakers, he visited Great Britain in the peculiar garb of that community, and introduced spiritualism amongst the

Secularists at Keighley. Mr. Richmond also delivered lectures and attempted other propaganda at Darlington, in London, and in other quarters. He finally settled down in Darlington in 1862, and subsequently developed some very mystic views, which were not appreciated by Spiritualists generally, but which he enforced in pamphlets sent out from Darlington to the great rulers and leading men of Europe. He carried on the trade of a shoemaker, working himself in Darlington down to the time of his death. Mr. Richmond was 75 years of age.

Dr. George Seymour Dixon, long the oldest medical practitioner in Gateshead, where he had resided for fifty-two years, died on the 15th of February, his age being 81 years.

Mr. Richard Willan, solicitor, of the firm of Willan and Yeoman, died suddenly at Darlington, on the 16th of February.

On the same day was announced the death, in his 64th year, of Mr. Joseph Stanley Mitford, for many years permanent-way inspector for the North-Eastern Railway Company.

Mr. John Close, popularly known to visitors to the English Lake District as "Poet Close," died on the 16th of February, in his 75th year. (See page 185.)

On the 18th of February, at the age of 80, Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Andrew Tinwell, for many years master of the Trinity House School, Newcastle, and granddaughter of William Tinwell, the author of "Tinwell's Arithmetic," died at Sunderland.

Mr. Robert Gillender, one of the leaders in the famous nine hours' movement in Newcastle, died at Whickham, on the 16th of February. The deceased was secretary to the Swalwell Co-operative Society, and for the past 14 years he had been school attendance officer for the Whickham School Board.

On the 18th of February, Mr. Thomas Middleton, who a few days previously had met with a serious accident, died at his residence, Burnham-in-Crouch, Essex. The deceased gentleman, for many years, held a responsible position under Mr. Walter Scott, contractor, Newcastle, for whom he superintended the construction of the Hartlepool new docks. Mr. Middleton was 72 years of age.

As the result of an accident, Mr. Henry Belk, Town Clerk of Hartlepool, died on the 20th of February. He was the seventh son of the late and brother of the present Recorder (Mr. J. Belk), and had held the office of Town Clerk since 1882. Mr. Belk was only 35 years of age.

Mr. Alderman Foggitt, of Darlington, died very suddenly, from an attack of apoplexy, on the 21st of February. He had been a member of the Town Council since the incorporation of the borough, and in 1878 he occupied the position of Mayor. The deceased gentleman was a leading member of the Wesleyan body, and was 77 years of age.

On the same day, at the age of 75, died Mr. Robert Calvert, auctioneer, of Bishop Auckland, who formerly conducted a successful printing business at Sunderland, where he befriended the eminent artist, Mr. John Wilson Ewbank, R.A.S.

Mr. John Middleton, of Dockwray Square, North Shields, merchant and broker, and prominently identified with several large commercial enterprises in the North, also died on the 21st of February.

Mr. Edward Sinclair, formerly a mining engineer in Borneo, but latterly living in retirement at North Shields, where he was recognised as an authority on literature and art, died on the 22nd of February.

Following upon an accident by the fall of his horse on the 20th, Mr. Alderman George Davidson, of Gateshead, died suddenly while proceeding to church from his house at Dunston Hill, on the 22nd of February. For many years he had been a member of the Town Council of that borough; and in 1886-87, and again in 1887-88, he filled the office of Mayor. Mr. Davidson was an enterprising and successful man of business; his most important undertaking being the glass-works at Teams, which he established in 1868. The deceased alderman was 68 years of age.

ALDERMAN DAVIDSON.

On the 24th of February, Mr. William Dickinson, an alderman of the Newcastle City Council, and head of the firm of William Dickinson and Co., merchants, Sandhill, died rather suddenly at his residence, Benton House, Long Benton. In addition to his position as a member of the Council, with which he had been connected for many years, the deceased gentleman, who was 70 years of age, had a seat, as representative of the due-payers, on the Tyne Commission, and he was also a Justice of the Peace for the borough. Mr. Dickinson was especially conversant with shipping and other commercial questions; and some years ago he succeeded in obtaining the appointment of a special committee of the Newcastle Council to consider the project of a canal from the Tyne to the Solway.

ALDERMAN DICKINSON.

Mr. Cuthbert Harrison, merchant tailor, Grey Street, one of the oldest tradesmen in Newcastle, died on the 2nd of March at the advanced age of 83 years.

On the same day the death occurred of Mr. Thomas Williams, of Consett, vice-president of the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration for the North of England Manufactured Iron and Steel Trades. Mr. Williams was 42 years of age.

On the 5th of March, the death was announced of Mr. William Usher, of Gateshead, who was 74 years of age, and had been close upon fifty years in the employment of the North-Eastern Railway Company as an engine-driver.

Mr. Thomas H. Hodgson, Clerk of the Peace for the county of Cumberland, an office which he had held for upwards of fifty years, died on the 5th of March.

On the 5th of March, the Rev. Robert Forrester Proudfoot, B.A., died at Fogo Manse, Berwickshire, of which parish, in connection with the Church of Scotland, he had been minister for forty-eight years. The deceased gentleman, who was in the 74th year of his age, received the early portion of his education at the Grange School, Sunderland, an interesting sketch of which he contributed to the *Weekly Chronicle* some years ago, among his contemporaries having been the late Mr. Tom Taylor, editor of *Punch*. During the pastorate of the Rev. G. C. Watt, M.A., now of Edinkillie, Scotland, Mr. Proudfoot frequently officiated in the Caledonian Church, Argyle Street, Newcastle, and his visits were always regarded with much favour by the members and friends of that congregation.

REV. R. F. PROUDFOOT, B.A.

Captain Theodore Williams, chairman of the Norham and Islandshires Bench of Northumberland county justices, died at Heatherslaw House, Cornhill-on-Tweed, on the 7th of March, at the age of 70 years. The deceased gentleman was formerly connected with the 10th Hussars, and the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms.

Mr. James Horsley, who for upwards of thirty years was in the employment of Mr. Andrew Reid, of Printing House Buildings, Newcastle, as manager and editor of "Reid's Railway Guide," died on the 8th of March. The deceased, who was a native of Alnwick, but had early removed to Newcastle with his parents, was the author of several songs in the Tyneside dialect, and a frequent contributor to local journals.

MR. JAMES HORSLEY.

On the 9th of March, Mr. W. Rowntree, a member of the Local Board, and otherwise prominently associated with public affairs, died at his residence, North View, Bishop Auckland, at the age of 55 years.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

FEBRUARY.

10.—John Gowland, master stoneman, aged 56, and another workman named John Dick, aged 29, were burned to death by an explosion of gas in the workings of the Beamish Second Pit.

11.—There was launched from the shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Elswick, Newcastle, the Indian torpedo gunboat Assaye.

—Mr. G. T. France tendered his resignation as a member and chairman of the Gateshead School Board.

—A severe gale prevailed over Newcastle and district.

—What was supposed to be a pocket of natural gas was struck at a depth of 760 feet, during some drilling operations on the Tees Salt Company's royalty, Haverton Hill, near Stockton.

—Mr. Charles Fenwick, M.P., and Mr. John Wilson, M.P., were examined before the Royal Commission on Mining Royalties. On the following day, Mr. Ralph Young, representing the Northumberland Miners' Association, and Mr. W. H. Patterson, the Durham Miners' Association, gave evidence.

12.—A meeting in furtherance of the formation of a recreation ground and baths club for Jesmond was held under the presidency of Sir C. M. Palmer, M.P.

—A dividend of 4½ per cent. was declared at the annual meeting of the Byker Bridge Company.

—Mr. Andrew Leslie, of Coxlodge Hall, near Newcastle, and formerly shipbuilder at Hebburn, intimated his desire to defray the cost of erecting a hospital for Hebburn, estimated at £2,500.

—A policeman, named Tough, died from the effects of injuries received whilst driving into the arched entrance to the Westgate Fire Brigade Depot, Newcastle.

13.—Mr. E. A. Maund, F.R.G.S., delivered a lecture at the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Geographical Society, on "Our New Colony of Zambesia." Mr. Maund had accompanied the Embassy sent by the Chief Lobengula to her Majesty the Queen. The lecture was illustrated by limelight views, and proved extremely interesting.

MR. E. A. MAUND.

—It was announced that Mr. Councillor Gray, of Durham, had received, by subscription, the sum of £11 14s. 6d. for the purpose of raising a tombstone at Gibraltar over the grave of the late Mr. Alexander Blyth, secretary to the Northumberland and Durham Miners' Permanent Relief Fund, who had died there on the 12th of December, 1885.

14.—Mr. Charles Fenwick, M.P., was among the members of a Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the effect of coal dust in originating or extending explosions in mines.

15.—Mr. C. R. C. Steytler was the Sunday lecturer at the Tyne Theatre, his subject being "Edison's Latest and Most Perfected Phonograph."

—It was officially intimated that the Rev. Canon Creighton, LL.D., D.C.L., formerly vicar of Embleton, in Northumberland, had been appointed Bishop of Peterborough.

16.—Mr. William Cairns Wicks, surgeon and physician, West Parade, Newcastle, who had previously been in a desponding state of mind, committed suicide by taking hydrocyanic acid.

—The paint stores at Messrs. Edwards and Sons' repairing dock, Dotwick Street, North Shields, were destroyed by fire.

—The Sunderland Town Council resolved to apply to the Board of Trade for a provisional order under the Electric Lighting Acts.

17.—A cordial reception was accorded to the Hon. J. B. Patterson, statesman and ex-Minister of Victoria, Australia, who is a native of Alnwick, on his arrival in Newcastle. On the following evening, he was entertained by a number of leading citizens to a complimentary banquet in the Continental Restaurant, Grainger Street, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by the Mayor (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis), and the vice-chair by the Mayor of Gateshead (Mr. Alderman Silas Kent). On the following day, Mr. Patterson arrived at Alnwick, and was met and cordially received by the leading tradesmen of the town and members of the Local Board.

THE HON. J. B. PATTERSON.

—A commencement was made with the disposal by auction, at the Academy of Arts, Blackett Street, Newcastle, of the extensive and valuable library of the late Mr. William Brockie, journalist and author, of Sunderland. The books related generally to topography, genealogy, and philology, the Border counties and towns of England and Scotland; and there were rare tracts and other publications bearing upon the counties of Northumberland and Durham, and the towns of Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields. For many of the works there was keen competition, and good prices were realised. One of the most eagerly contested books was Mr. White's "Battle of Otterburn," which was eventually knocked down at 32s.; and Mr. Brockie's own "Folks of Shields" brought 29s. The privately-printed books of the late Mr. James Clephan also sold well, as did Mr. Welford's "Newcastle and Gateshead." On the second day Mr. Brockie's cuttings of contributions to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, 23 volumes, went for £3; while his "Annals of the Northern Counties" from A.D. 50 to 1850, in nine volumes, brought £3 10s. The third and last day's sale was devoted to works of general literature.

—Master Jean Gerardy, a remarkable young 'celloist, gave a performance in the Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle.

—The marriage of Mr. W. B. Beaumont, M.P. for the Tyneside Division of Northumberland, to Edith Althea, widow of Major-General Sir George Pomeroy Pomeroy-Colley, K.C.S.I., and daughter of Major-General Meade Hamilton, C.B., took place in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge.

18.—It was made known that, as the result of a ballot which had taken place, the miners employed at the Londonderry collieries, in the county of Durham, to the number of 1,064, had voted in favour of a strike in support of their fellow-workmen at Silksworth, and 233 against. On the following day, after having been postponed several times, in the hope of a settlement, the eviction of the miners at Silksworth Colliery was commenced. With the exception of one day and, of course, the intervention of Sunday, the evictions were continued *de die in diem* until the 27th, when the first batch of magisterial warrants had been executed. On two of the days, the proceedings were of a very exciting and disorderly description. The strike at Silksworth had its foundation in the demand of the miners that the deputies should become members of the Miners' Union.

—It was intimated that, under his will, the late Mr. H. B. Brady, had left £1,000, free of duty, to the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to be applied to the foundation of a college museum to assist in the teaching of natural history science, or in such other way as the Council might deem desirable for the furtherance of the study of natural history in the said college.

19.—Mrs. Mary Wilson, wife of Mr. John Wilson, deputy-overman at South Hetton Colliery, was run over and killed by a passing train on the railway near South Hetton.

—Newcastle and Northumberland Assizes were opened, the judges being Mr. Justice Mathew and Mr. Justice Smith. The chief criminal case was a charge against George Walls, aged 30, labourer, of having wilfully murdered Dennis O'Neil, dealer in waste paper, in Low Friar Street, on the 27th of November last. The jury found him guilty of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude. In the Civil Court, the jury awarded £1,000 to Elizabeth Holmes, a married woman residing in North Shields, as damages for injuries sustained in the railway accident at Ryhope, in May, 1890. On the 23rd, a little girl named Harrison obtained a verdict for £600 damages in consequence of injuries received at Blaydon Railway Station.

20.—Sir William Gray, of Hartlepool, was elected president of the Chamber of Shipping in London.

—It was announced that a large bed of coal had been found near the village of Satley.

21.—For the second time, Mr. Arthur Brogden and his Swiss Choir gave a musical treat, in the Town Hall, Newcastle, to the members of the Dicky Bird Society connected with the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. In addition to the vast assemblage of little people, numbering 3,000, who completely filled the area of the hall, and nearly all of whom wore the familiar yellow badge of the society, there was a large attendance of adults. A suitable address, inculcating lessons of kindness and benevolence, was delivered by the Vicar of Newcastle, the Rev. Canon Lloyd. At the close of an excellent entertainment, votes of thanks were, on the motion of Mr. Alderman John Lucas, seconded by Mr. Councillor Goolden, enthusiastically awarded to the Vicar, Mr. Brogden, and the choir. Three lusty cheers were, at the call of Mr. Alderman McDermott, given for Uncle Toby.

—The last performance of the pantomime, "Jack in the Beanstalk," was given at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. The final representation of the pantomime, "Dick Whittington and his Cat," at the Theatre Royal, took place on the 28th.

22.—The Sunday lecturer at the Tyne Theatre was Mr. Willmott Dixon, LL.B., and his subject was "Our Empire of the Sea, and How we have Kept it."

24.—The *London Gazette* contained a notice that a petition had been presented to her Majesty in Council, by the inhabitant householders of South Stockton, praying that the township of Thornaby might be constituted a municipal borough by the name of Thornaby-on-Tees.

—A woman named Jane Robinson was found dead, with her skull fractured, in a lodging house in the lower part of Gateshead, and a man named Walter M'Arthur was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in her death. There being no evidence against him, however, he was ultimately discharged.

25.—It was announced that the famous Thornton Brass, after having been renovated and cleaned at the works of Messrs. Abbot and Co., Gateshead, at the expense of Mr. Lawrence W. Adamson, managing director of that establishment, had been replaced in the vestry of All Saints' Church, Newcastle.

—Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. launched from their Elswick shipyard the new British cruiser Spartan, the christening ceremony being performed by Lady Ridley.

—M. Felix Volkhovsky, an escaped Siberian exile, and editor of *Free Russia*, gave the first of two lectures in the Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, his subject being "Life in Russian Prisons as a Political Suspect." A second lecture was delivered in the same place, on the 27th, the title being "Life in Siberia and my Escape to Freedom." There was a large attendance on each occasion.

26.—Durham Spring Assizes were opened, and there were only eleven prisoners for trial.

27.—In the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle, a lecture was delivered under the auspices of the Tyneside Geographical Society by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, on "The Partition of Africa."

28.—It was announced that, during the week, the whole of the charitable legacies left by the late Mr. John Fleming, solicitor, amounting to £66,500, had been paid by the executors, through Mr. J. G. Youll, solicitor, to the various institutions, free of legacy duty.

MARCH.

1.—Mrs. Annie Besant delivered a lecture in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, her subject being "The Inevitableness of Socialism."

2.—In the Banqueting Hall of the Old Castle, Newcastle, a number of well-known local gentlemen were entertained to dinner by the High Sheriff of Northumberland, Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates, to celebrate the commencement of the preparation of a new history of Northumberland. The High Sheriff himself presided, and the old hall presented an exceedingly picturesque and quaint appearance. In addition to the chairman, the speakers were—the Rev. A. O. Medd, Rector of Rothbury; the Rev. Canon Franklin, Newcastle; Mr. Owen Wallis, Old Ridley; Mr. Wheeler, commissioner to the Duke of Northumberland; Dr. Bruce, Newcastle; Mr. Robert Blair, South Shields; Dr. Murray, Newcastle; Mr. Watson Askew-Robertson, Pallinsburn; Dr. T. Hodgkin, Newcastle; and Mr. C. B. P. Bosanquet.

— A series of central services for Newcastle and Gateshead, in commemoration of the centenary of the death of John Wesley, was held in Brunswick Place Chapel, Newcastle. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Joseph Bush, ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference. On the following day, a circuit convention and reunion took place in Clarence Street Chapel, Shieldfield, under the presidency of the Rev. Francis Hewitt. The proceedings in both cases were very interesting and successful.

3.—A complimentary banquet was given in the Continental Restaurant, Grainger Street, Newcastle, to Colonel A. S. Palmer, chairman of the Gateshead Board of Guardians, in commemoration of the opening of the Gateshead New Workhouse. In the course of the evening a handsome illuminated address was presented to Colonel Palmer.

— Canon Dunn, Newcastle; Canon Taylor-Smith, Wolsingham; and Canon Greene, South Shields, recently appointed by the Pope, were installed at St. Mary's Cathedral, Clayton Street, Newcastle, in the room of the late Canons Curry (Carlisle), Kearney (The Brooms), and Dr. Wilkinson, whose elevation to the Bishopric created the third vacancy.

4.—Mr. William Temple, builder, was unanimously elected an alderman of the Newcastle City Council in the room of the late Mr. Alderman Dickinson. Mr. Temple has been a member of the Corporation since the 4th of December, 1877. He was then elected one of the representatives of Jesmond Ward, on the elevation of Colonel Potter to the position of alderman. He was the author of the redistribution scheme which came into operation a few years ago, and the ward which, under the new arrangement, was assigned to him was that of Heaton. Our portrait is taken from a photograph by Mr. James Bacon, Northumberland Street, Newcastle. On the same day, Mr. W. H. Dunn was elected an alderman of the Gateshead Town Council, in succession to the late Mr. Alderman Davidson. On the following day, Mr. T. T. Sedgwick was elected an alderman of Darlington Town Council, in place of the late Mr. Alderman Foggitt.

ALDERMAN TEMPLE.

— By a practically unanimous vote, the Newcastle Council decided not to entertain a scheme submitted by Mr. Farquhar Laing for the conversion of the City Markets into a Public Hall and Art Gallery.

— Mr. Herbert W. Bell, solicitor, of Hartlepool and

West Hartlepool, was appointed Town Clerk of Hartlepool, at a salary of £200 per annum.

5.—The seventh annual meeting of the Bishop of Newcastle's Fund was held, under the presidency of Earl Percy. From a statement made by the Bishop, it appeared that there had been raised altogether a sum of £80,000, out of which there had been provided twenty-eight new clergymen, nine new churches, and three new mission rooms. The fund, it was announced, would be continued till the end of 1893.

6.—A deputation from the Corporation of Darlington waited upon Mr. Ritchie at the Local Government Board, in reference to the polluted state of the river Tees.

7.—At the Sunderland Petty Sessions, Superintendents Isaac Burrell and James Oliver were summoned on charges of assault preferred by Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P. The proceedings arose out of a visit paid by Mr. Storey to "Candy Hall" in connection with the Silksworth evictions on the 20th ult. The case against Superintendent Burrell, which was taken first, was dismissed, on which the prosecution withdrew the charge against Superintendent Oliver.

— The dispute at the Silksworth Colliery culminated in a general strike of all the collieries belonging to Lord Londonderry in the county of Durham. The county magistrates at Sunderland renewed evictions warrants in 155 cases, execution to be stayed for 21 days.

— As the outcome of a recent reunion, there was formed in Birmingham an association under the title of the Birmingham and Midland Tyneside Club, its objects being to bring Tynesiders in touch with each other for social intercourse, and to give a welcome to any prominent Tynesider who might visit the Midlands. Mr. Councillor Thos. Barclay, a native of Felling, was elected president; Mr. W. D. Welford, Mr. J. W. Oliver, and Mr. G. H. Haswell, vice-presidents; and Mr. J. Pattison and Mr. W. F. Clark, hon. secretaries.

—On the evening of this, and during nearly the whole of the following day, a very severe snowstorm prevailed in Newcastle and throughout the North of England. The snow measured nearly two feet deep. A number of telephone wires between Newcastle and Gateshead were damaged, and the tramcar traffic in the former town was suspended for a considerable time. The storm was the most violent that had been experienced in the district since March, 1886.

—It was stated that Messrs. T. and R. Nicholson, solicitors, Morpeth, had become the purchasers of all the buildings and land connected with Morpeth Gaol, except the Court House and Police Station, with a view to the laying out of the ground in sites for detached and semi-detached villas, by Messrs. Oliver and Leeson, architects, Newcastle.

8.—In the Tyne Theatre, the last of the lectures for the session in connection with the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society was given by Max O'Rell, whose subject was "Some Platform Reminiscences."

—Fires, attended with a considerable amount of destruction, broke out in the shop of Mr. Joseph Minnikin, confectioner and provision dealer, Raby Street, Byker, and on the premises of Messrs. J. Imeson and Sons, boot and shoe manufacturers, Clayton Street, Newcastle.

9.—Lord Morpeth, eldest son of the Earl of Carlisle, addressed a crowded meeting of the Morpeth Temperance Society in the Town Hall of that borough, under the presidency of the Rector, the Rev. H. J. Bulkeley, M.A.

General Occurrences.

FEBRUARY.

14.—News received that the Government forces in Chili had been defeated by the insurgents.

16.—A motion by Mr. John Morley in the House of Commons, censuring the Government for their harsh administration of the law in Ireland, was defeated by a large majority.

—A sum of £11,000 in bank notes was stolen from a clerk, whilst in the National Provincial Bank of England, Bishopsgate Street, London.

14.—An unfortunate woman named Frances Coles, aged 25, was found with her throat cut in Chambers Street, London, and from the nature of her injuries it was surmised that she had fallen a victim to the miscreant known to the police as "Jack the Ripper." A man named Sadler was arrested and charged with the crime. Owing to the want of evidence, however, he was discharged.

17.—At a political meeting held at Toronto, Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, announced that he took the full responsibility of charging Sir Richard Cartwright with a deliberate conspiracy to annex Canada to the United States. The reading of a document, showing that negotiations were in progress with that object by the Canadian Liberal party, produced a profound sensation throughout the Dominion.

19.—News was received of the Capture of Tokar by Egyptian troops. About 700 of the followers of Osman Digna were slain.

23.—Five men, who had been entombed in the Jeansville mine, Pennsylvania, U.S., for nineteen days were rescued in an exhausted state.

21.—A terrible explosion occurred at Springhill Mines, Halifax, Canada, about one hundred men being killed.

MARCH.

1.—The centenary of John Wesley was observed by his followers throughout the country.

2.—Great loss of life and much damage to property was reported from Yuma, Arizona, U.S., owing to heavy floods.

4.—Wholesale massacres were reported from Madagascar by a chief named Ramiakatra at Nossi Bé.

5.—The result of the Parliamentary elections in Canada showed that the Conservative Ministry had a majority of 33.

7.—Death of John Walsh, Fenian agitator, who was suspected of being concerned in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

9.—A severe snowstorm was experienced in the Southern, South-Eastern, and South-Western Counties. Many shipping casualties were reported off the South Coast. Mail trains were snowed up for several hours, the train service generally being much disorganised. Passengers in some case were detained all night in the trains. In South Wales 20,000 workmen were thrown idle by reason of the storm.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. V.—No. 51. MAY, 1891. PRICE 6D.

Blythe Hurst, Blacksmith and Clergyman.

THE learned blacksmith who afterwards became Vicar of Collierly, near Lanchester, was born at Winlaton on the 6th of July, 1801. His father, a smith, maintained and educated his family much in the same manner as most of the better class of skilled workmen did at that time. The son was brought up under religious influences, his father being a very regular attendant at a Dissenters' meeting-house in the village. At the age of four, young Hurst was put to school, but at seven—the usual age for boys to be set to work at Winlaton in those days—he left school, and was sent to make small nails at the smith's shop, in order to add to the income of the family. He attended, however, the Sunday school established by the late Archdeacon Thorp, and here he improved considerably his previously imperfect knowledge of reading, &c. He continued at this school until he was fifteen years of age. During that period, he pursued the art of drawing, in which he made much progress, and in the meantime he had commenced to learn the business of patten-ring maker, Winlaton then being famous for the manufacture of these articles, and producing more than half of the whole number made in England.

About this period, Mr. Hurst says of himself :—"I was severely afflicted, which led me to think seriously about religion, and to surrender my heart to God. As to my previous character, it was strictly moral, my mind always being impressed with a sense of the importance of religion, and I was free from many of these vices to which youth is generally addicted." With these impressions he became a member of a dissenting body—the Wesleyan Methodists, we believe, and zealously prosecuted the task of self-education. In this way he exercised himself, after work hours, in composition from English grammar, afterwards directing his mind to the study of languages, for which he evinced a peculiar adaptability. From the part which he

The Rev. Blythe Hurst.

had taken in religious matters, he was induced to become a local preacher, and his ministrations were attended with a fair amount of success. He was rather shy, retiring in disposition, kept very little company, and devoted every minute of his leisure hours to mental improvement.

Shortly after attaining the age of manhood, he married a daughter of Mr. James Hurst, an enterprising manufacturer of chain cables and patten-rings, with other descriptions of iron work, and the young man found employment under his father-in-law, to whom, beyond the identity of name and the matrimonial tie, he was in no way related. Blythe Hurst prosecuted his private studies with an increased vigour in the new position in which he was placed, and in the course of a few years he had, by dint of perseverance, acquired a thorough knowledge of French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic. With very limited means, and a family of several daughters growing up, for whose maintenance it was incumbent on him to provide, he still contrived to purchase the necessarily expensive books requisite for the purpose of self-culture. While at work, he used to write upon his "flame stone" (a stone suspended before the smith's fire to protect the eyes of the workmen) the conjugations of the verbs of the languages he was studying, and in the evenings he wrote out his exercises. He thus led a blameless life, respected by his neighbours, and regarded with a considerable degree of admiration by his immediate friends and connections on account of his uncommon abilities.

Neither his work nor his studies prevented him from preaching regularly every Sunday, and taking his full share in all the religious meetings of the denomination with which he was connected. Subsequently he became a member of the New Connexion Methodists, and was considered one of the most effective local preachers of that body; but, after a time, he separated himself from it also, not so much because of any disagreement he had with its doctrines or church government, as because of an unhappy personal feud which had sprung up in the Connexion at Winlaton, and which induced him and others to become members of the Church of England.

It will be remembered that great exertions were made about the year 1840 by Robert Owen and his followers to spread a knowledge of their doctrines among the people. Mr. Alexander Campbell, one of Mr. Owen's leading disciples, visited Winlaton for the purpose of expounding his views on the new social system of his chief. A great deal of discussion was engendered in the village as to the truth or falsehood of the new doctrines; and some of Mr. Hurst's friends, knowing his extensive acquaintance with theological topics, pressed him to engage in a controversy with, or to deliver lectures in reply to, the Socialist lecturer. This Mr. Hurst declined to do, alleging as his reason for refusing that the principles of truth are seldom, if ever, advanced by angry debates. He, however, combated Mr. Campbell's arguments in a pamphlet entitled "Christianity no Priestcraft," in which he vigorously defended the doctrines of Christ from the attacks made upon them by some of Mr. Owen's followers. The Rev. Henry Wardell, the Rector of Winlaton, perceiving evidences of learning and ability in the pamphlet, sent a copy of it to the Rev. Dr. Maltby, Bishop of Durham, informing him that it was the production of a labouring man who worked for his daily bread as a common blacksmith. His lordship soon replied, expressing the great satisfaction with which he had perused the pamphlet, remarking that, "although it might be written by a common man, it was the production of no common mind," and asking Mr. Wardell to furnish him with some further particulars of the author's life. These were not mere words of "honeyed comfort." The bishop next wrote to Mr. Douglas, then rector of Whickham, instructing him to see Mr. Hurst, and to ascertain his ability to make a ready application of his acquirements. Mr. Douglas, on paying a visit to the literary blacksmith, found him at work at the anvil. Dr. Maltby subsequently wrote to the Rev. Dr. Davies, rector of Gateshead, who, after he had examined Mr. Hurst in various languages, reported most favourably of the result to his diocesan. Then the bishop corresponded direct with the working student, advising him as to his course of reading, recommending to his attention the most suitable books, and enclosing the means of following out his suggestions. Mr. Collinson, a former rector of Gateshead, father of Captain Collinson, the Arctic navigator, also took an active interest in Mr. Hurst, whom he invited to his house, and showed him many kindnesses. Some time afterwards, Dr. Maltby, having occasion to visit Newcastle, had an interview with Mr. Hurst, and made arrangements for his ordination.

When the date fixed for that ceremony was at hand, Mr. Hurst received a letter from Auckland Castle, intimating that apartments had there been provided for his accommodation. On the 9th July, 1842, the "learned blacksmith" proceeded to Auckland, where he was most hospitably received. Having passed the necessary examinations with great credit, he was in due course ordained a clergyman of the Church of England. Here the interest evinced in Mr. Hurst's progress by Bishop Maltby did not stop; for, through the patronage of his lordship, Mr. Hurst was appointed curate of Garrigill, near Alston. On leaving his native village to enter upon the duties of that office, he was presented with a pocket communion service and a purse of gold, as a token of the great respect and esteem in which he was held by his friends and acquaintances, the interesting event taking place at the residence of Mr. Alderman Laycock. The gift was feelingly acknowledged by the reverend recipient, who, in the course of his address, said—"I am taught to look upon this act of Christian benevolence as a Providential supply. In illustration of this point, I shall advert to one particular circumstance which I shall never forget. When the Bishop of Durham kindly consented to admit me as a candidate for holy orders, I, with a family, was thrown upon my resources for support. We lived upon the little we had earned with care. A short time before the ordination, I was told

that our 'barrel of meal was nearly wasted,' and our 'cruse of oil' nearly run out. I said, in reply, that if the ministerial office was not worth a sacrifice, it was worth nothing, and that God, in His providence, would send us a supply, if needed. Soon after this, He put it into the heart of a gentleman (who I suppose is present) to show me the kindness which I have experienced from your hands this day. It is an act which shall ever live in the records of my grateful remembrance."

Mr. Hurst was subsequently appointed to the living at Slaley, near Hexham, and in the year 1854 he was promoted to the vicarage of Collierly, which he held with much acceptance up to the time of his death, in June, 1882, at the age of 81.

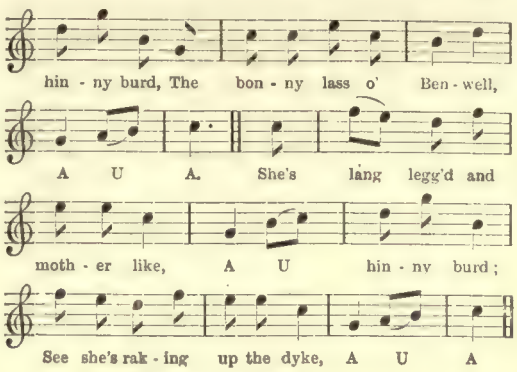
Mr. Hurst delivered several lecture in the Church of England Institute and in the Blaydon Literary Institute on Semitic Inscriptions and on Egyptian Hieroglyphics, displaying the possession of great information upon those abstruse and difficult questions. The career of the remarkable man, on whom, in recognition of his great attainments, the degree of Ph.D. was conferred, forcibly recalls that of Elihu Burritt, another learned blacksmith. Owing to his varied and extensive learning, he occupied a deservedly high position among his clerical brethren. Mr. Hurst's preaching was of a very high order, and his sermons were remarkable for that chastened eloquence which is so characteristic of the most thoughtful of the clergymen of the Church of England.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

A U HINNY BURD.

HERE is one of the best and most varied examples now known to exist of what may be called topographical songs, that is, rhymes or short snatches of verse applicable to places or natural objects, &c.—relics of the untaught literature of the country, and to be found in all parts of the United Kingdom, but rarely united to music. The localities named in this song are all well known places in Newcastle and the neighbourhood, and the characteristics of some of them are very happily hit off. It will be found, however, that the march of civilization has deprived some places of the characteristics attributed to them. Our copy of "A U Hinny Burd," both melody and verse, is collated from the singing of an old friend, and the late Mr. John Bell's manuscript music book, together with his "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," 1816.



It's O but aw ken well
A U hinny burd,
The bonny lass o' Benwell
A U A.
She's lang legg'd and mother like,
A U hinny burd;
See, she's raking up the dyke,
A U A.

The Quayside for sailors,
A U hinny burd,
The Castle Garth for tailors,
A U A.
The Gateshead Hills for millers,
A U hinny burd,
The North Shore for keelers,
A U A.

There's Sandgate for auld rags,
And Gallowgate for trolly bags;
There's Denton and Kenton,
And canny Lang Benton.

There's Tynemouth and Cullercoats,
And North Shields for sculler boats;
There's Westoe lies iv a neuk,
And South Shields the place for seut.

There's Harton and Holywell,
And bonny Seaton Delaval,
Hartley Pans for sailors,
And Bedlington for nailors.

The Massacre of Amboyna, 1623.

By the Late James Clephan.

ONE SAMUEL COULSON, whose name would probably never have been known to us, but that it happened to him to have his lot cast in Amboyna, one of the Molucca or Spice Islands, was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne about three hundred years ago. In the summer of 1622, he got the appointment of chief English factor of Hitto, a mountainous peninsula. Within a year of his attainment of the post, he was cast into prison by the Governor of the Dutch colony, and died by the executioner.

A volume of the Calendar of State Papers (Colonial), issued in 1878, is occupied with the "East Indies: 1622-1623." It thus embraces the time of the "Amboyna

Massacre," in which ten English factors at the settlement were put to death on a charge of conspiracy to expel the Dutch from the island; with also nine Japanese and a subject of Portugal. This memorable tragedy of the reign of King James the First sent a thrill of horror and indignation through England, and excited an especial interest in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, of which town, as we have said, the second sufferer in importance, Samuel Coulson, was a native.

Early in 1623, when Coulson had occupied for several months the place rendered vacant by the death of Samuel Foxcroft, came the arrests, examinations, tortures, and executions, arising out of a supposed conspiracy to overthrow the Dutch; and not until the summer of 1624, in that age of slow communication by sea and land, did the news reach England. In the month of July, the Governor of the East India Company and his colleagues were sending to the English Ambassador at the Hague, Sir Dudley Carleton, "a narrative of the bloody proceedings," a duplicate of which being read before the Privy Council in England on the 12th, "sundry of the greatest shed tears." The narrative relates how, about the 11th of February, a Japanese soldier of the Dutch, walking in the night upon the wall of the castle of Amboyna, came to the sentinel, a Hollander, and asked him some questions touching its strength. Being apprehended on suspicion of treason, he was put to the torture; and others of his race were examined, with also the Portuguese guardian of the slaves under the Dutch. During these proceedings, there was one Abel Price, a "chirurgion" of the English, imprisoned in the castle, for offering in his drunkenness to set a Dutchman's house on fire. "This fellow the Dutch took, and showed him some of the Japoneses whom they had first most grievously tortured, and told him they had confessed the English to have been of their confederacy for the taking of the castle, and that if he would not confess the same, they would use him even as they had done these Japoneses, and worse also. Having given him the torture, they soon made him confess whatever they asked him." Captain Towerson—(sent in the ship Globe, in 1621, "to be agent in Amboyna, with Emanuel Thompson as assistant for language and accounts")—was with other Englishmen summoned before the Governor, and informed that they must remain prisoners until further trial. On the same day order was made to apprehend the English at the other factories in the island, viz., Hitto and Larica. Three from the one, two from the other, were brought to the castle of Amboyna; and three other apprehensions were subsequently made.

In the course of these arrests there were examinations of prisoners with torture. Several prisoners were dealt with on Sunday, the 16th of February (Old Style) in the hall of the castle, among them Robert Browne and Edward Collins. "Next was Samuel Coulson brought in, being newly arrived from Hitto, and was the same day brought to the torture, who, for fear of the pain wherewith he saw Collins come out, in such case that his eyes were almost blown out of his head with the torment of water, chose rather to confess all that they asked him, and so was quickly dismissed, coming and weeping and lamenting and protesting his innocency. Then was John Clarke, that came with Coulson from Hitto, fetcht in, and a little after was heard by the rest that were without in the hall to cry out amain. They tortured him with water and with fire by the space of two hours. The manner of his torture (as also of Johnson's and Thompson's) was as followeth:—First, they hoisted him up by the hands with a cord upon a large door, where they made him fast upon two staples of iron fixed on both sides at the top of the door posts, hauling his hands the one from the other as wide as they could stretch. Being thus made fast, his feet hung some two feet from the ground

which also they stretcht asunder so far as they would reach, and so made them fast under the door trees on each side. Then they bound about his neck and face a cloth so close that little or no water could go by. That done, they poured water softly upon his head until the cloth was full up to the mouth and nostrils, and somewhat higher, so that he could not draw breath, but he must withal suck in the water. When he had drunk his body full, then began his pain, for then the water, being still continued to be poured softly, forced all his inward parts, came out at his nose, ears, and eyes, and often as it were stifling and choking him, at length took away his breath, and brought him to a swounde or fainting. Then

they took him down quickly, and made him vomit up the water. Being a little recovered, they triced him up again, and poured in water as before, eftsoons taking him down, as he seemed to be stifled. In this manner they handled him three or four several times with water till his body was swollen twice or thrice as big as before, his cheeks like great bladders, and his eyes staring and strutting out beyond his forehead; yet all this he bore without confessing anything, insomuch that the Fiscal and the tormentors reviled him, saying he was a devil and no man, or surely was a witch, at least had some charm about him, or was enchanted, that he could bear so much. Therefore, they cut off his hair very short, as supposing he had some witchcraft hidden therein. Afterwards they hoisted him up again as before, and then burnt him with lighted candles in the bottom of his feet until the fat dropped out the candles; yet then applied they fresh lights unto him. They burnt him also under the elbows, and in the palms of his hands, likewise under the armpits until his inwards might evidently be seen.* At last, when they saw he could of himself make no handsome confession, then they led him along with questions of particular circumstances by themselves framed. Being thus wearied and overcome by the torment, he answered yea to whatsoever they asked, whereby they drew from him a body of a confession to this effect, to wit, that Captain Towerson had, upon New Year's Day last before, sworn all the English at Amboyna to be secret and assistant to a plot that he had projected, with the help of the Japoneses, to surprise the castle, and to put the Governor and the rest of the Dutch to death."

Towerson was afterwards called in for examination, and shown what others had confessed of him. Having deeply protested his innocency, "Samuel Coulson was brought to confront him, who, being told that unless he would now make good his former confession against Gabriel Towerson, he should go to the torture, coldly re-affirmed the same, and so was sent away."

When Coulson was afterwards required to set his hand to his confession, "he asked the Fiscal upon whose head he thought the sin would lie, whether upon his that was constrained to confess that was false, or upon the constrainers. The Fiscal, after a little pause upon this question, went in to the Governor, then in another room, but anon returning told Coulson he must subscribe it, which he did, yet withal made this protestation :—Well (quoth he), you make me to accuse myself and others of that which is as false as God is true; for God is my witness, I am as innocent as the child new born."

On the 26th of February, the prisoners, with the exception of Captain Towerson and Emanuel Thompson, were assembled in the great hall of the castle, to be prepared for death by the ministers. After supper, Samuel Coulson and Edward Collins were brought from the rest into the room where Thompson lay. The Fiscal told them it was the Governor's mercy to save one of them three; and it being indifferent to him which was the man, it was his pleasure they should draw lots for it; which they did, and the free lot fell to Edward Collins. Coulson was taken back to the hall, whither came the Dutch ministers. The English prayed that they might receive the sacrament as a sort of forgiveness for their sins, and withal thereby to confirm their last profession of their innocency. But this would by no means be granted; whereupon Coulson said thus unto the ministers :—"You manifest unto us the danger of dissimulation in this case; but tell us, if we suffer guiltless, being also otherwise true believers in Christ Jesus, what shall be our reward?" The preacher answered, "By how much the clearer you are, so much the more glorious shall be your resurrection." With that word, Coulson started up, embraced the preacher, and gave him his purse, with such money as he had in it, saying, Dominé, God bless you! Tell the Governor I freely forgive him; and I entreat you to exhort him to repent him of the bloody tragedy wrought upon us poor innocent souls." Here all the rest of the English signified their consent of this speech.

The ten English, "with nine Japoneses and a Portugal," were marched to the place of execution on the morrow. "Samuel Coulson had conceived a prayer in writing, in the end whereof he protested his innocency. Which prayer he read to his fellows the night before, and now also devoutly pronounced the same: then threw away the paper, which the Governor caused to be brought to him, and kept it." Then were the doomed prisoners put to death by strike of sword, ten of whom were English :—Captain Gabriel Towerson, the agent of the English at Amboyna, Samuel Coulson, factor at Hitto, Emanuel Thompson, assistant at Amboyna, Tymothy Johnson, assistant there also, John Wetherall, factor at Cambello, John Clarke, assistant at Hitto, William Griggs, factor at Larica, John Fardo, steward of the house at Amboyna, Abel Price, chirurgion, and Robert Browne, tailor. (The story is told at large in the folio Collection of Voyages and Travels made by John Harris, D.D., F.R.S., and published in 1744, with an engraved illustration of their sufferings and death.)

Sir Dudley Carleton, on the 1st November, 1624, sent from the Hague to Secretary Sir Edward Conway the Remonstrance of the Dutch East India Company, in justification of the process against the English at Amboyna; and with it was a deposition of Laurens Mareschalk, who had served there as chief merchant, and as one of the judges. Herein he has this reference to Coulson :—"That a little before his death Towerson wrote a letter to Samuel Coulson, which is still in the hands of the Governor of Amboyna, Herman Speult, that Coulson was

* Our drawing of the tortures inflicted in Amboyna is copied from an engraving in the "Cabinet of Curiosities."

the sole cause of Towerson having first consented to the plot to make himself master of the castle, notwithstanding which he now forgave Coulson."

The East India Company enclosed to Sir Dudley, on the 20th of November, "a provisional answer to the attestation of Laurence Mareschalk, and to the rest of the fifteen new arguments alleged in justification of the process against the English at Amboyna." We copy a sentence concerning Coulson, viz.:—"That the confessions of Thompson are forgeries of Mareschalk; for, if Thompson had spoken as reported, it would have been in the acts" (of the Council of Amboyna); "and the like may be said of all the rest of the matters concerning Towerson, especially of the letter of Towerson to Coulson, an authentic copy of which might have done great service, and would not have been omitted in the acts."

Further on in the volume, under date December 6, 1624, there are "Court Minutes of the East India Company." Mr. Deputy and others had that morning attended Secretary Conway, who declared that the King, graciously tendering the prosperity of the Company, was pleased, for the better accomplishment of the intended design upon the Dutch East India Company, to enlarge his sea forces by addition of merchant ships and Newcastle ships to the ships royal then at sea, "which might be able to attempt, second, and make good the action, if any resistance should happen." "The King had given intimation of this preparation, and the reason thereof, to the King of Spain and other foreign States, that they may not apprehend it to be intended against them, and that, therefore, the King's honour was every way engaged by force to take reparation of the insolence of the Dutch at Amboyna, if otherwise it were not forthwith given."

There was no reprisal, however; nor any reparation. The reign of king James was now running out; it ended on the 27th of March; "and though," says the editor of the State paper (Mr. Noel Sainsbury of the Record Office), in his Preface, "efforts were made by his successors from time to time to see justice done, which were renewed again and again during the Interregnum, and even in Charles II.'s reign, whenever any treaty between England and the Provinces was in question, so the matter rested."

Returning to the "Narration," we are told in the course of it that "in the waste leaves of a book wherein were bound together the Common Prayers, the Psalms, and the Catechism," Coulson had made several entries. On one page he wrote:—"March the 5th, *stilo novo* [new style], being Sunday aboard the Rotterdam, lying in irons. Understand that I, Samuel Coulson, late factor of Hitto, was apprehended for suspicion of conspiracy, and for anything I know must die for it. Wherefore, having no better means to make my innocency known, have writ this in this book, hoping some good Englishman will see it. I do here upon my salvation, as I hope by His death and passion to have redemption for my sins, that I am clear of all such conspiracy, neither do I know any Englishman guilty, nor other creature in the world. All this is true, God bless me.—Samuel Coulson."

The name of the writer occurs among the State Papers as Colson, Collson, Colston, and Coulson. We give it, all through, as it appears in his signature. On the first page of the Catechism he makes the following note:—"In another leaf you shall understand more which I have writ in this book.—Sa. Coulson. Being in the beginning of the Psalms."

"The Japoneses," he says on the leaf referred to, "were taken with some villany, and brought to examination. Being most tyrannously tortured, were asked if the English had any hand in their plot, which torture made them say yea. Then was Mr. Thompson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Collins, and John Clarke brought to examination, and were burned under the arms, the armpits, the hands, and soles of the feet, with another most miserable torture, to drink water. Some of them almost tortured to death, and were forced to confess that which they never knew, by reason of the torment, which flesh and blood is not able to endure. Then were the rest of the Englishmen called one by one, amongst which I was one, being wished to confess or else I must go to torment. Withall called Mr. Johnson, who was before tormented, to witness against me, or else he should be tormented again, which rather than he would endure, he said what they would have he would speak. Then must I confess that I never knew or else go to torment; which rather than I would suffer I did confess that which (as I shall be saved before God Almighty) is not true, being forced for fear of torment. Then did they make us witness against Captain Towerson, and at last made Captain Towerson confess, all being for fear of most cruel torment, for which we must die. As I mean and hope to have pardon for my sins, I know no more than the child unborn of the business. Written with my own hand the 5th of March, *stilo novo*.—Sa. Coulson."

On one more blank space, the prisoner records the place of his birth:—"I was born in New Castle upon Tyne, where I desire this book may come, that my friends may know my innocency. Sa. Coulson."

The volume, thus freighted with a testimony of a dying man, he delivered to one that served the Hollanders, who sewed it up in his bed, and afterwards, at his opportunity, delivered it up to Mr. Richard Welden, the English agent at Banda, who, hiring a Dutch pinnace, had passed to Amboyna. Thence "he took the poor remnant of the English along with him in the said hired pinnace for Jaccatra [Batavia], whither the Governor had sent John Beaumound and Edward Collins before, as men condemned, and left to the mercy of the General."

John Graham Lough, Sculptor.

The live air that waves the lilies waves the slender jet of water,
Like a holy thought sent feebly up from soul of fasting saint:
Whereby lies a marble Silence, sleeping (Lough, the sculptor, wrought her),
So asleep she is forgetting to say Hush!—a fancy quaint.
Mark how heavy white her eyelids! not a dream between them lingers;
And the left hand's index droppeth from the lips upon the cheek:
While the right hand—with the symbol-rose held slack within the fingers—
Has fallen backward in the basin—yet this Silence will not speak!

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*: "*Lady Geraldine's Courtship.*"

John Graham Lough

TRAVELLERS who drive from Shotley Bridge to Edmondbyers, or traverse the road from Allansford to Riding Mill, will pass, at the junction of these two thoroughfares, the curious old hall of Black Hedley, and its dependent hamlet of Greenhead. In this pleasant and fertile spot, far removed from the busy haunts of men, was born, nearly a hundred years ago, the one man whom, in the long list of eminent English sculptors, Northumberland can claim as her own. John Graham Lough first saw the light of day at this place, in January, 1798.

Many biographies of Mr. Lough have been written. In most of them, the privations of his childhood, the struggles of his youth, and the achievements of his prime, are described in minute detail and with graphic force. But, so far as a vigorous hunt through accessible books enables one to judge, none of his biographers has explained the means by which this son of a husbandman, born in an out-of-the-way hamlet, taken from school, with but a scanty education, to help in the homestead and the fields, acquired a taste for art, and for a most difficult branch of art—that of sculpture. The explanation may now be given.

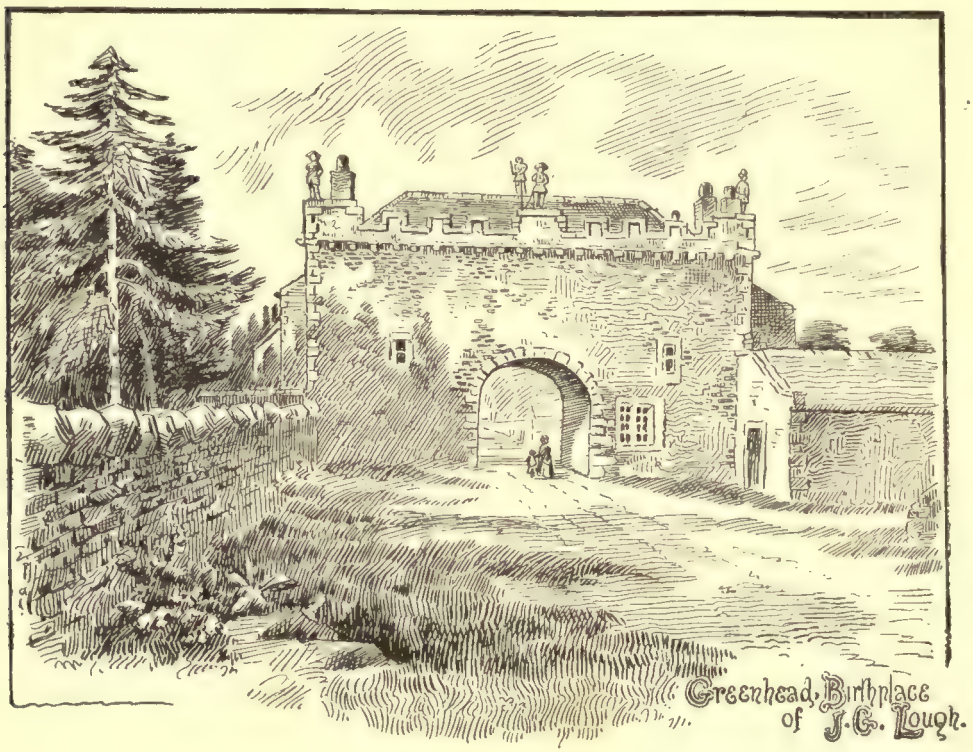
Black Hedley was, for many generations, the property of a branch of the ancient local family of Hopper. About the middle of last century, a member of this family, imbued with military ideas—an old soldier, perhaps—took it into his head to make his home emblematical of the two burning questions of his time, war and peace. With crude visions of a barbican floating in his brain, he built at the Greenhead end of the avenue leading to the hall, a roofed and embattled archway, upon which he planted wooden cannon, and seven military figures. There was a figure at each corner, one over the centre of the arch, front and back, and a seventh crowning the apex of the roof. Having in this strange manner exhibited his martial propensities, and bidden defiance to foes without, he manifested his peaceful proclivities, and proclaimed a welcome to friends within, by erecting at the hall figures of a gentler aspect and more inviting character. Upon a dovecote attached to the mansion he placed two shepherds in Highland costume; one of them with a crook in his hand, accompanied by a couple of dogs, the other without a crook, and enjoying the companionship of only one dog: while upon a wall behind the front roof he set three busts. These curious sculptures (they are still *in situ*, though the cannons are gone) were among the first things which greeted the eye of John Graham Lough when he became conscious of surrounding objects; they were the companions of his infancy; they excited the admiration of his boyhood; and no doubt they inspired him with a desire to emulate the gifted being who made them. And thus it happened that the little farmer's boy became a great sculptor.

With clay from the ditches of Greenhead the young artist pursued his studies. "Clay dollies" came from his hands of all shapes and sizes, but mostly rough models of soldiers, like the warriors on the archway, or fighting men of some kind. In his father's cottage, as he told Haydon, the painter, in after years, was an old copy of Pope's Homer; he and a brother fell to modelling representations of the contending armies described in it—he fashioning the Greeks, and his brother the Trojans. An odd volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," containing an account of the Coliseum, came in his way. He persuaded his brother to sit up with him all night, and by daybreak the two lads had constructed a model of the Coliseum in the family kitchen, and filled it with fighting gladiators. One day, a Shotley Bridge schoolmaster, walking in the neighbourhood, found young Lough building up a figure with clay, in the midst of a group

of youngsters, one of whom stood naked before him. He called at the cottage of the boy's parents, and told Mrs. Lough what he had seen. "Oh!" said the matter-of-fact mother, "aa'se warrant it's just oor cull lad making clay dollies!" "Cull lad" as they deemed him, neither mother nor father put any obstacle in his way. They allowed his "clay dollies" to fill the cottage, and overflow into the garden. The great squire of Minsteracres, kind-hearted George Silvertop, riding past one evening, on his return from fox-hunting, saw Lough's little plot strewed all over with legs and arms and broken heads. Curious to know the meaning of it all, he alighted, entered the cottage, found it similarly decorated, and received from the complaisant mother the necessary explanation. His interest aroused by the proofs of genius which he saw in these rude models, Mr. Silvertop invited the boy to Minsteracres, showed him his works of art, described to him the wonders which, as a far travelled man, he had seen in various countries of Europe, and gave him sound advice and encouragement.

The visit to Minsteracres was a decisive step in young Lough's upward progress, followed, as it was, by his apprenticeship to a builder in the hamlet of Shotley Field. Here he acquired dexterity in the art of stone cutting, and by the time that his apprenticeship expired he felt himself qualified to undertake commissions on his own account. His first independent effort as a stone cutter is still to be seen in the churchyard of Muggleswick—to which village his parents during his apprenticeship had removed. It is a representation of an angel's head, with hanging drapery, on a gravestone, "In memory of Jane, daughter of John and Ann Mayor." A more pretentious undertaking, completed soon afterwards, is shown in the church of Allendale Town, described by Mackenzie, in his "History of Northumberland," as "a large freestone monument to the memory of Mrs. Ann Stephenson, &c., remarkably well executed by John Lough, an ingenious young man, of Low Muggleswick."

While the Allendale monument was in progress, in the autumn of 1823, the library of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society was rising from its foundations. Mr. Lough, then approaching his twenty-sixth year, came to Newcastle, and obtained employment upon the new building. Before it was completed, he felt himself strong enough to venture upon the hazardous step of proceeding to the metropolis, and there maintaining himself while he mastered the sculptor's art. He left the Tyne in one of the old sailing traders, and in due course arrived in the great world of London, friendless and alone. It is said that the skipper of the vessel was so much interested by Lough's enthusiasm and pluck that he



Greenhead, Birthplace of J. G. Lough.

refused the stipulated guinea for passage money, allowed the traveller to sleep on board while the vessel discharged her cargo, and promised to bring him back to "canny aad Newcastle" when he should have grown tired of the vain pursuit of fortune in town. For a time it seemed probable that the prediction involved in the old skipper's offer might be fulfilled. Lough took a modest lodging in Burleigh Street, Strand, studied the Elgin marbles, worked and waited, but the road to success and the way to fortune remained for some time closed to him. At the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1826, he exhibited, with some smaller subject, a bas-relief of "The Death of Turnus," slain in single combat by Æneas. Nothing came of it. Still undaunted, he set his hand to a much loftier conception—a colossal statue of Milo the athlete caught in the oak and devoured by the wild beasts of the wood. There is a story told of this remarkable undertaking which, if not true, deserves to be. Lough's studio, it is said, was too low, and he broke through the ceiling to obtain the necessary height for his figure. The landlord, annoyed at the liberties taken with his property, consulted Brougham, afterwards the famous Lord Chancellor, who thought the incident so remarkable that he went to inspect the place himself. Amazed at the wonderful sight that met his eyes, he went into society and spread the story. Society ran to see the phenomenon, were enchanted, enraptured, and set the artist at full speed on the highway to fame and honour.

Haydon, in his "Autobiography," tells the story of Lough's sudden accession to fame, with his usual enthusiasm and exaggeration :—

1827—*May 18.*—From me Lord Egremont went to young Lough, the sculptor, who has just burst out, and has produced a great effect. His Milo is really the most extraordinary thing, considering all the circumstances, in modern sculpture. It is another proof of the efficacy of inherent genius.

May 24.—I went down [to Lough's studio], and was perfectly astonished. The feet and hands are not equal to the rest, but the body, head, thighs, legs, and whole expression and action, are grand beyond description. It is the most extraordinary effort since the Greeks,—with no exception—not of Michel Angelo, Bernini, or Canova. To see such a splendid effort of innate power built up in an obscure first floor (No. 11, Burleigh Street, over a green grocer's shop), without the aid of education, foreign travel, patronage, money, or even food, is only another instance of the natural power which no aid or instruction can supply the want of. Lough never ate meat for three months; and then Peter Coxe, who deserves to be named, found him; he was tearing up his shirts to make wet rags for his figure to keep the clay moist, and on the point of pulling it down. Lough will be a great man. He has all the consciousness of genius, with great modesty.

June 8.—Interested for Lough and his exhibition, whom I hope in God I have rescued from a set of harpies, who wanted to make him a tool. Cockerell got him a

room. I have set him on the right road, and his own energy will do the rest. His is the only high and sound genius I have ever known.

June 9.—Lough passed the evening with me. He declared solemnly to me that he had not ate meat for three months, and began the fourth. He said every day at dinner-time he felt the want, and used to lie down till it passed. He felt weak—at last faint—giddy continually, and latterly began to perceive he thought sillily, and was growing idiotic. He had only one bushel and a half of coals the whole winter, and used to lie down by the side of his clay model of this immortal figure, damp as it was, and shiver for hours, till he fell asleep. He is a most extraordinary being—one of those creatures who come in a thousand years.

June 10.—Lough's private day. It was a brilliant one. I wrote to Mrs. Siddons, and begged her to come. She came, and I conducted her into the room. She was highly delighted. The Duke of Wellington entered before Mrs. Siddons and I had gone. The duke felt great admiration indeed, and, going to the books opened, wrote, with his own illustrious right hand, an order for Milo and Samson. One of Lough's patrons came over and shook his grace by the hand, and thanked him. The Duke said "He should go abroad," in his loud, distinct, and military voice. Silvertop hesitated. The duke, surprised at his view not being acceded to, half-blushed and said, "Not to stay, but to see—eh—the—eh—great works, as others have done." To conclude, the day was, I know, a brilliant one. I saw it would be, and first advised this step. Such attendant circumstances can never concur again in the execution of any future work of the same man. I, therefore, told Lough, "Be prompt and decisive; get a friend to do, I will direct, and promise you a harvest." He did so. Lord Egremont approved. A friend got all the tickets ready; I marked the Court Guide; his servant took them round; Cockerell and Bigge secured his room, and God be thanked! we have placed this mighty genius on the road to prosperity. If his health keep strong, which I pray God it may, he will be the greatest sculptor since Phidias.

By the following spring Lough had completed other figures, and in March he opened a second exhibition with Milo, Samson, Musidora, and Somnus and Iris. A little handbook to this exhibition, signed by "Buonarroti," described these creations of Lough's genius in terms scarcely less eulogistic than those employed the year before by Haydon. Somnus was praised for its bold form and proportion; Iris for its contour, flexibility of skin, and rich expression of the flesh; Musidera for its luxuriance of form, dignified air, and engaging expression of countenance; Samson, though sketchy, and open to criticism, as exhibiting a faculty of invention beyond anything extant in British art, &c. Society again flocked to the show, and the artist received unstinted praise and unending compliment. Commissions, however, came but slowly. Lough informed Haydon, ten days after the exhibition opened, that he had not received a single order for his Musidora—that "pure, virginal, shrinking, chaste, delightful creature," as Haydon described the figure. "My God!" continued Haydon, "to hear on the private day people saying 'Very promising young man,' at works before which Michael Angelo would have bowed. 'Why does he not do busts?' Why does not the State give him sufficient employment to prevent the necessity?"

Mindful of his Tyneside friends, Mr. Lough sent down to Newcastle, in October, 1828, a cast of his Milo, to be placed (where it still stands) in the library of the Literary and Philosophical Institution—the building at which he had worked as a journeyman mason but four years before. It was a thoughtful act, highly appreciated throughout the North Country, where the wonderful achievements of the young man from Muggleswick had been the talk not only of the "nobility, gentry, and clergy," but of every farmer, cottager, and artisan. For many a day after, although frowned upon by some of the more puritanical members of the institution, who wanted a figure with more clothing upon its limbs, the statue of Milo at the Lit. and Phil.—"dyun by yan o' wor canny lads, aall oot o' his aan heed"—was one of the "lions" of Newcastle.

Within the compass of a sketch like this it is not

possible to follow Mr. Lough through the details of a prolonged and brilliant career. He married in 1832 Mary, second daughter of the Rev. Henry North, and sister to the wives of Sir James Paget, surgeon, and Mr. Twining, the London banker. With her, in 1834, he did the "Grand Tour" of all artists—a pilgrimage to Italy. There he remained four years, studying the works of the great sculptors of old, but relying, as in his youth, upon his own intellectual resources, and disdaining the aid of guide or master. Upon his return to England, the influence of his Italian studies became apparent in "Boy giving Water to a Dolphin," "A Roman Fruit Girl," "A Bacchanalian Revel," and similar groups, exhibited at the Royal Academy between 1839 and 1844.

In the last-named year he showed at Westminster Hall Exhibition one of the most effective and affecting productions of his prolific fancy—a group called "The Mourners." Among monumental statues which issued from his studio at this time were the figure of her Majesty, which stands in the Royal Exchange, London; the companion statue of Prince Albert, which adorns the great room at Lloyd's; a recumbent figure of Southey for Crosthwaite Church, Keswick; and a life size statue of the Marquis of Hastings, erected over the hero's grave at Malta. To the Great Exhibition of 1851 he sent a colossal group, now at the Free Library, Newcastle, "Satan subdued by the Archangel Michael," a work that is considered by competent judges to be one of the finest, if not the finest, production of his chisel; together with "Duncan's Fighting Horses," and several figures from a Shakspearian series that he executed for his life-long patron, the late Sir Matthew White Ridley. Time and space do not permit even an enumeration of his further triumphs. No North-Countryman needs to be told of the great things which Lough accomplished. In marble or bronze, in stone or plaster, all his principal works are with us in the North from day to day, and from year to year—a joy for ever. Facing the *Chronicle* Office in Newcastle stands his monument of George Stephenson; at Tynemouth, overlooking the harbour-mouth, rises his statue of Lord Collingwood. In the castles of Alnwick and Ravensworth, the halls of Blagdon and Howick, on the staircase of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and in various parts of the Free Library of Newcastle, are brilliant examples of his genius in the finished marble; while at Elswick Hall, in the western park of the town, are exhibited, the gift of his widow, full-sized plaster models of nearly every work to which he set his hand—classical and ideal, statuesque and monumental.

Mr. Lough died in London, April 8, 1876; his widow died December 29, 1888. The issue of their union was two daughters, the elder of whom married Rudolph Scully, Esq.; the younger was united to General Sir George Bouchier, K.C.B.

The Legend of St. Oswald.

DURING the greater part of the Heptarchy period, war was almost continual between the Northumbrians and Mercians. Long after the conversion of the former to Christianity, the latter continued to be Pagans. The votaries of Odin and Christ mutually abhorred each other. In the matter of ferocity there was little to choose between them. Whichever got the upper hand ravaged, burned, and slew, without stint or stay. But the Pagan Mercians, either having had no historians to write eulogies and apologies for them, or having had their annals destroyed, still lie under the stigma of having been utter barbarians, while the more fortunate Northumbrians, privileged to have their Christian piety and Maccabean courage recorded with the pen of a ready writer, even that of the Venerable Bede, the father of English history, are presented to posterity as burning and shining lights in an otherwise dark and dismal period. It is true that, even as in the Roman Empire, and in Constantine the Great's own family, there was a Julian the Apostate, so in the line of Anglo-Northumbrian princes, there were two or three who apostatised from the true faith; but then, as Bede tells us, it was agreed with the unanimous consent of all that the names and memory of these apostates should be entirely erased from the catalogue of the Christian kings, and no date be ascribed to their reign.

Of all the kings of the Northumbrians, Oswald, "a man beloved by God," was "the most Christian." It was his fate, however, to be killed in a great battle "by the same Pagan nation and Pagan king of the Mercians who had slain his predecessor, Ædwin." The last words he uttered when he fell were—"Lord, have mercy on the souls of my people!" The locality where the battle was fought is a disputed point. Some think it must have been a place called Mackerfield, in the parish of Winwick St. Oswald, near Warrington, in South Lancashire, the scene of an obstinately contested battle in 1648 between Oliver Cromwell and the Scots, when the North Britons were defeated with terrible slaughter. Others think there are stronger arguments in favour of Oswaldstre, now Oswestry, that is, Oswald's Town, in Shropshire. A little westward from the town is Oswald's Well, a small basin under an arch in the recess of a stone wall, with a crowned head of Oswald, near the spot where that monarch is supposed to have fallen. A chapel formerly stood near it, dedicated to the royal saint, whence the town is ecclesiastically known as Oswestry St. Oswald. Tradition has it that the members of his body were severally affixed, by the victorious Penda, to three crosses, in derision of the Holy Trinity and the crucifixion of Christ. The original Saxon name of the place is said to have been Maserfeld, otherwise Maeresfeld, the etymology of the former word leading us to infer that it was the spot on which a great international fair was held, from "massere," "mangere," or "manegere," a monger, merchant, or tradesman, and that of the latter, that it was a field where the mares were kept separate from the stallions. But these things are of little consequence.

The esteem in which Oswald had been held by the monks led to his canonisation. The scene of his death, presumed to be Oswestry, became hallowed. Miraculous virtues were ascribed to his relics, and a monastery was soon afterwards raised to his memory, named Whitminster.

"Infirm men and cattle," says Bede, "are healed to this day in the place where Oswald was killed by the Pagans, fighting for his country." Many, he tells us,

took up the very dust from the spot where his body fell to the ground, and, putting it into water, "did much good with it to their friends who were sick." To such an extent was this practice carried, that a hole was at length formed there, "as deep as the height of a man." The historian relates two cases of miraculous cure which he heard from his ancestors. We shall let him tell the first story in his own words :—

It happened, not long after the illustrious King's death, that a man was travelling on horseback near that place, when his horse on a sudden began to tire, to stand stock-still, hang down his head, and foam at the mouth, and, at length, as the pain increased, he fell to the ground : the rider dismounted, and throwing some straw under him, waited to see whether the beast would recover, or he should have to leave him dead. At length, after much rolling about in extreme anguish, the horse happened to come to the very place where the illustrious King died. Immediately the pain ceased, the beast gave over his mad struggles, and, as is usual with tired horses, turned gently from side to side, and then, starting up, perfectly recovered, began to graze on the green herbage. This the man observing, being an ingenious person, he concluded there must be some wonderful sanctity in the place where the horse had been healed ; and left a mark there [that he might know the spot again]. After which he again mounted his horse, and repaired to the inn where he intended to stop. On his arrival he found there a girl, niece to the landlord, who had long languished under the palsy ; and when the friends of the family, in his presence, lamented the girl's bitter calamity, he gave them an account of the place where his horse had been cured. In short, she was put into a cart and carried and laid down at the place. Being placed there, she slept awhile, and when she waked found herself healed of her bodily infirmity. Upon which she called for water, washed her face, arranged her hair, covered her head with a linen cloth, and returned home on foot, in good health, with those who had brought her.

The second case is that of a Welshman, who, happening to travel past the battle-field, observed one particular spot of ground greener and more beautiful than any other, whence he judiciously concluded that some person of more holiness than any other in the contending armies had been killed there. He therefore took along with him some of the dust he could scrape together, tying it up in a linen cloth, supposing it would some time or other be of use in curing sick people. Then, proceeding on his journey, he came at evening to a certain village, and entered a house where the inmates were feasting at supper. They hospitably invited him to partake. He accepted the invitation and hung up the cloth in which he had brought the earth on a post against the wall. They feasted long and drank hard, with a great fire in the middle of the room. Some of the sparks flew up and set fire to the roof, which was of wattles covered with thatch, whereupon the guests ran out in a fright, and the house was burned down. "Only that post on which the dust hung remained entire and untouched by the flames" —a miracle which was "made known and reported far and wide," and led many to visit the spot which had been hallowed by Oswald's blood, "where they received health to themselves and their friends."

Oswald's pious niece, Osthryda, who had married Ædilred, King of the Mercians, a convert to Christianity, determined to have the venerable bones of her uncle deposited in a noble monastery in the province of Lindissi, now Lindsay, called Beardeneu, and now Bardney. When the relics arrived there, they were left in the open air all night, owing to some scruples on the part of the monks, only a large tent being spread over the waggon in which they were. But during that whole night a pillar of light, stretching from the waggon up to heaven, was seen by almost all the inhabitants of the province. So in the morning the monks were only too glad to receive the precious deposit into their church. They hung over the shrine in which they were placed the banner of the sainted monarch, made of gold and purple ; they poured out the water in which they had washed the bones in a corner of the sacristy ; and "from that time the very earth that received that holy water had the effect of a salutary grace in expelling devils from the bodies of persons possessed."

A certain venerable abbess, named Ædilhild, who was still living when Bede wrote, having paid a visit to Bardsey monastery, and having been told of the wonderful works wrought there by means of the relics, begged that she might be allowed to carry away some of the "healthful dust." And her request, as she was a person of great consideration, having been granted, she got a little casket full, and returned home with it. Shortly afterwards, a guest came to the monastery she presided over, "who was wont often in the night to be on a sudden grievously tormented with an unclean spirit."

This man, being hospitably entertained, and having gone to bed after supper, was in a sudden seized by the devil, and began to cry out, to gnash his teeth, to foam at the mouth, and to distort his limbs by different movements. None being able to hold or bind him, the servant ran, and, knocking at the door, acquainted the abbess. She, opening the monastery door, went out herself with one of the nuns to the place of the men, and, calling on the priest, desired he would come with her to the sufferer. Being come hither, and seeing many more present, who had not been able, though they endeavoured it, to hold the tormented person and prevent his convulsive motions, the priest used exorcisms, and did all he could to assuage the madness of the unfortunate man ; but, though he took much pains, neither could he prevail. When no hope appeared of easing the madman, the abbess suddenly bethought herself of the said dust, and immediately ordered her servant to go and fetch her the small casket in which it was. As soon as she came with what she had been sent for into the porch of the house, in the inner part whereof the possessed person was tormented, he became suddenly silent, and laid down his head, as if he had been falling asleep, stretching out all his limbs to rest. All present were silent and watchful, and stood attentive to see the end of the affair. After some time, the man that had been tormented sat up, and, fetching a deep sigh, said, "Now I am like a sound man, for I am restored to my mental senses." They earnestly inquired how that came to pass, and he answered, "As soon as that virgin drew near the porch of this house, with the casket she was carrying, all the evil spirits that vexed me departed, and, having left me, were no more to be seen." Then the abbess gave him a little of that dust, and, the priest having prayed, he had a very quiet night ; nor did he, from that time forward, suffer the least nocturnal fear or disturbance from the old enemy.

A certain little boy in the same monastery, who had been long troubled with a severe fever, was advised to go

into the church, get close to Oswald's tomb, and stay there quiet, not stirring from the place, till the time that the fit was to go off should have elapsed. He did so, and not only, we are told, "the disease durst not affect him as he sat by the saint's tomb, but in its fear it fled so absolutely that it durst not touch him either on the second or third day, or ever after." Bede's informant, who testified to the truth of the story, knew the boy.

The fame of St. Oswald was not confined to Britain; but, "spreading the rays of his healing brightness even far beyond the sea," it reached also to Germany and Ireland. St. Wilbrord, the Apostle of the Frisians, who was a native of Northumbria, and the first archbishop of Utrecht, used to relate many wonderful cures that had been effected within his own experience by the relics of that most revered king. While yet only a priest, Wilbrord had led a pilgrim's life in Ireland, "for love of the eternal country"; and there, "at the time of the mortality," that is to say, a great pestilence, which occurred in the year 665, the infection reached a certain scholar of the Scottish race, "a man indeed learned in worldly literature, but in no way solicitous or studious of his own eternal salvation." This man, seeing his death near at hand, began to fear and tremble, lest as soon as he was dead he should be hurried away to hell for his sins. He sent for Wilbrord, who was in the neighbourhood, confessed his sins to him with great contrition, and expressed his resolution, if the divine mercy should grant him a new term of life, to correct his vicious habits, and totally to reform his mind and whole course of life in obedience to the divine will. He went on to say:—"We have heard, and the report is universal, that there was in your nation a king, of wonderful sanctity, called Oswald, the excellency of whose faith and virtue is become renowned even after his death by the working of miracles. I beseech you, if you have any relics of his in your custody, that you will bring the same to me; in case the Lord shall be pleased, through his merits, to have mercy on me." Wilbrord answered—"I have indeed some of the stake on which his head was set up by the Pagans, when he was killed; and, if you believe, with a sincere heart, the divine goodness may, through the merit of so great a man, both grant you a longer term of life here, and render you worthy of admittance into eternal life." He answered immediately that he had entire faith therein. Then Wilbrord blessed some water, and put into it a chip of the aforesaid oak, and gave it to the sick man to drink. He presently found ease, and recovering of his sickness, lived a long time after; and, "being entirely converted to God in heart and actions, wherever he came, he spoke of the goodness of his merciful Creator, and the honour of his faithful servant Oswald."

St. Wilbrord, we may here observe, was not uniformly successful in his proselytising work, even though he did possess a piece of the stake on which St. Oswald's head had been fixed by the Pagans. For we are told that, on one notable occasion, when he had, with the assistance of the missionary Wulfrason, brought the stubborn Pagan King of the Frisians, Reedbod, so close to the point of conversion that he had come to the holy font and put one foot in the water, the half-hearted monarch started the question whether there were a greater number of Frieslanders in heaven or in hell; and on being incautiously told that all the unbaptised kings and nobles who had preceded him were in the latter place, he withdrew his foot, saying he would prefer going to the place where he would meet his ancestors to that which might only happen to be peopled by some of his descendants.

During the Danish invasion, St. Oswald's bones were carried from Bardsey to Gloucester, then (A.D. 910) the capital of Mercia and the residence of "the indomitable King of the Angles, Eadward." His head was placed in the same coffin with the body of St. Cuthbert, and was found when the tomb of that saint in Durham Cathedral was examined in 1827. In the ancient sculptures of the patron saint of Durham, he is generally represented as carrying St. Oswald's head in his hand.

It is perhaps worth mentioning that Anglican hagiologists boast of a second St. Oswald, who flourished in the tenth century, in the reign of King Edgar. Originally Bishop of Worcester, and eventually Archbishop of York, he formed one of an ecclesiastical triumvirate, the other members of which were the still more celebrated St. Dunstan and Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, who, backed by royal authority, were the chief agents in forcing a new character upon the conventual establishments then existing. Chapters were converted into monasteries wherever practicable; and this process of so converting them became known as "Oswald's Law."

The Gipsies of the Border.

IV.

THE DUNBAR FALLS.

THE Falls, merchants and shipowners at Dunbar, were descended from the Faas of Yetholm. This family gave Dunbar provosts and baillies, and ruled the political interests of the town for many years. One of them, Captain James Fall, represented the Jedburgh district of burghs in Parliament from 1734 to 1741. The house had agencies in the chief Baltic and Mediterranean ports, and bore so high a character that several of the best families in Scotland sent their sons to it to be initiated into the mysteries of commerce. The Falls were connected by marriage with the Anstruthers of Elie, the Footies of Balgonie, and other gentle Scotch families, and their blood ran, it is said, in the veins of Thomas Coutts, banker, the grandfather, on the mother's side, of the Baroness Burdett Coutts. The celebrated Jenny Faa (afterwards Lady Anstruther) is described in Dr. Alexander Carlyle's

autobiography as a coquette and a beauty, lively and clever. A Captain Fall, supposed to be one of the family, visited Dunbar in an American ship of war during the time of Paul Jones. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 545.) There is a well-known Scottish song, entitled, "Johnny Faa, the Gipsy Laddie." It concerns a Sir John Faa, who carried off a Countess of Cassilis in the seventeenth century, under very singular circumstances.

LADY CASSILIS AND SIR JOHN FAA.

The following, taken from Whitelaw's "Book of Scottish Ballads," gives an account of the adventure just mentioned :—

John, the sixth Earl of Cassilis, a stern Covenanter, of whom it is recorded by Bishop Burnet that he never would permit his language to be understood but in its direct sense, married Lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, a man of great ability, who had risen from the Scottish bar to a peerage. The match seems to have been dictated by policy. Lord Haddington was anxious to connect himself with the old nobility, while Lord Cassilis was just as anxious to be allied to his father-in-law's rich estates. It is therefore not very likely that Lady Sean herself had much say in the matter. On the contrary, report says she was in love with a young knight, Sir John Faa of Dunbar, who had probably seen her at her father's seat of Tynningham, which is near that town.

When several years had passed, and three children were born to Lord and Lady Cassilis, this love led to a dreadful catastrophe. Sir John Faa, seizing his opportunity while the earl was absent attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, presented himself at Cassilis Castle in the disguise of a gipsy, and accompanied by a band of these outcasts. In the words of the ballad, "They cuist the glaumourye ower her" : but love would be the only magic used on this occasion, and so powerful was its spell that the countess eloped with her lover. The earl returned soon after their departure, and, learning what had happened, at once started in pursuit.

Accompanied by a band which put resistance out of the question, he overtook them, and captured the whole party at a ford over the Doon, still called the "Gipsies' Steps," a few miles from the castle. He brought them all back to Cassilis, and hanged all the gipsies, including the hapless Sir John, upon the "Dule Tree," a splendid plane, which was his gallows in ordinary, as the name testifies. As for the countess, whose indiscretion occasioned all this waste of human life, she was taken by her husband to a window and compelled to survey the dreadful scene—to see one after another of the fifteen gallant men put to death, and at last to witness the dying agonies of him who had been so dear to her. The particular room in the castle where the unhappy lady endured this torture is still called the "countess's room." After undergoing a short confinement in that apartment, the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted up for her reception by the addition of a fine projecting staircase upon which were carved heads representing those of her lover and his band. In this house Lady Cassilis was confined for the rest of her life—the earl in the meantime marrying again. One of her daughters, Lady Margaret, was afterwards married to the celebrated Gilbert Burnet.

THE BALLAD OF "JOHNNIE FAA."

Subjoined is a copy of the celebrated ballad relating to the elopement :—

The gipsies cam' to our gude lord's yett,
And O but they sang sweetly ;
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete
That doun cam' our fair lady.

And she cam' tripping doun the stair,
And all her maids before her ;
As sune as they saw her weel-faured face,
They cuist the glaumourye ower her.

"O come with me," says Johnnie Faa,
"O come with me, my dearie,
For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

Then she gied them the gude wheit breid,
And they ga'e her the ginger ;
But she gied them a far better thing,
The gowd ring off her finger.

"Ga'e, tak fra me this gay mantil,
And bring to me a pladie,
For, if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gipsy laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
Wi' my gude lord beside me ;
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me."

"Come to your bed," says Johnnie Faa,
"Come to your bed, my dearie ;
For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

"I'll go to bed to my Johnnie Faa,
I'll go to bed to my dearie ;
For I vow and I swear, by the fan in my hand,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me."

And when our lord cam' hame at e'en,
And speired for his fair lady ;
The tane she cried, and the other replied,
"She's awa wi' the gipsy laddie."

"Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
Gae saddle and mak' him ready ;
Before that I eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair lady !"

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Although we were nae bonnie ;
And we were a' put doun for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

THE NORTHUMBRIAN FAWS.

In a Newcastle paper for the 27th July, 1754, an advertisement appeared, offering a reward for the apprehending of John Fall and Margaret, his wife, William Fall and Jane, otherwise Ann, his wife, &c., commonly called or known by the names of "Fawes," &c. Four years previously, one James Macfidam, *alias* Macfarlane, belonging to a gang of Faws, who had, for a long time, infested the neighbourhood, was hanged at Durham for stripping a boy of all his clothes except his breeches and shoes, on Whickham Common. Seventeen of the gang, including two named Fall, were transported to South Carolina for seven years, at the Northumberland Quarter Sessions in the spring of 1752. These felons had infested the county for years, and were incessantly shop-breaking and plundering. Fourteen were advertised as having returned from the plantations within two years, and were again lurking about the district. One of them—Richard Clark—was afterwards hanged at York. Seven more of the gang, who had long been a terror to Rothbury and its neighbourhood, were apprehended in July, 1752, and lodged in Morpeth gaol. In the burial register of Jarrow Church, under date Jan. 19, 1756, occurs this entry :—"Francis Heron, King of the Faws."

MEG MERRILEES.

Those who wish to know about Jean Gordon, the prototype of that singular character, Meg Merrilees, will find

copious information in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 202.

THE BLYTHE ROMANCE.

In the year 1890 a celebrated law suit, known as the Blythe Will Case, was tried at San Francisco, U.S. Many of the persons who claimed an interest in the estate of the testator, one Thomas Henry Blythe, a millionaire, hailed from the Borders, being the descendants of a queen of the gipsies who resided at Yetholm. Owing, however, to circumstances which are detailed below, all of them failed to participate in the great fortune of the deceased :—

The testator, Thomas Henry Blythe, went to California in the pioneer days of 1849. It is presumed that his original object was to seek his fortune in the gold fields. He, however, followed his own trade, that of a hawker and pedlar, and made a little money, some of which he lent on the security of freehold estate in San Francisco, which estate afterwards came into his possession, the owner thereof being unable to repay the loan. This was the commencement of Blythe's fortune. At first he was somewhat embarrassed with the acquisition of property, regarding it as a somewhat unsafe investment of his capital. But San Francisco began to expand, and eventually Blythe had no cause to regret his enterprise. He increased his possessions so much that it was said at the time of his death that the greater part of San Francisco was built upon his land. He also owned an estate in Mexico, the total amount of his fortune exceeding a million sterling.

Blythe, who was unmarried, died, it was supposed, without making a will, and his relatives put in claims to his estate; but a will in favour of an illegitimate daughter turned up somewhat curiously, and this girl brought suit against all the other claimants for Blythe's money.

The claimants were numerous. The Blythes originally belonged to Fife in Scotland. One Charles Blythe, the husband of Elizabeth Winter, had a son named David, who married Elizabeth Clarke. Their son, Charles Blythe, was a pedlar, and in the course of his peregrinations he met a woman named Esther Faa, who became his wife. Esther was queen of the tribe of gipsies that were settled at Yetholm. (See p. 164.) The couple lived happily together, and had many children. Their eldest son was called Charles, being the third of that name. In the course of time he married, and had a son named Adam, who lived at Glasgow, and followed the trade of a weaver in the winter, but during summer led a wandering life. Adam married one Betty Savage in an Episcopal church at Glasgow, and his son was Thomas Henry Blythe, the San Francisco millionaire.

After Blythe had "made his pile," he appears to have determined to visit the scenes of his youth. About the time of the American Civil War, we find him touring in Europe. In 1873, whilst at Birmingham, he met David Blythe, a member of the Yetholm tribe, and, in a casual conversation, he asked after Adam Blythe. David replied that that person was a marriage connexion. "Then," said the millionaire, "let me tell you that you and I are relatives." In the same year he visited the queen of the gipsies, Esther Faa, at Yetholm.

Without discussing any points of the millionaire's morality, it may be explained how he met the mother of the daughter previously mentioned. Blythe was walking along Westbourne Grove, London, in 1873, when his eye alighted upon a pretty young woman. Completely fascinated, he made it his business to become acquainted with her. Her name was Julia Perry, and she was about twenty years of age. What were the conditions of this irregular match we know not, but it is asserted that Julia Perry gave birth to a daughter, who was called Flora, or Florence. Blythe never saw his child, but he gave the mother his name and address, and maintained correspondence with the family until his death, which took place on April 4, 1883, at 27, Geary Street, San Francisco.

Blythe's will would never have been heard of had it not been that one of the millionaire's mistresses (for he appeared to have had several), a certain Miss Dickerson, who claimed to be his wife by contract, but who was non-suited by the Supreme Court, declared that a will by Blythe, in favour of Florence, had been left in her apartments. Of course, after the decision of the judge, further concealment was useless on Miss Dickerson's part, and she atoned somewhat for her remissness by sending the original will to Florence's legal advisers. This young lady, then of some sixteen summers, claimed to be heiress to Blythe's money, and, after a trial extending over twelve months, the court decided in her favour.

GIPSY COOKERY.

The gipsies made use of neither pot, pan, spit, nor oven in cooking fowls, which formed great part of their fare. They twisted a strong rope of straw, which they wound very tightly round the bird, just as it was killed, with the feathers on, and its entrails untouched. Sometimes they plastered it over with wrought clay, which served much the same purpose. It was then covered with hot wood or peat ashes, and a slow fire was kept up around and about it till it was sufficiently done. When taken out it was stripped of its hull and shell, which, if of baked clay, was broken by a blow with a hammer, and to which the feathers and down adhered of themselves. It was thus found to present a fine clean appearance, and was, when the entrails had been taken out, ready to be served up on a wood platter as a dainty dish. Butcher meat is cooked in much the same fashion, but rags are used as a wrapper instead of straw, and the clay outside prevents the juice or gravy from running out.

MARRIAGES AND DIVORCES.

The gipsies preferred early marriages, few of them remaining single after they were twenty years old. The nuptial ceremony was a singular one, which we cannot take it upon us to describe here, either as we find it in books or as we have heard it from eye-witnesses. Such as it was, it was held inviolable. Nothing put a gipsy into such a rage as to impute incontinency to his wife. One almost equally extraordinary ceremony was that of divorce. Simson says an essential part of it was the sacrifice of a horse, over whose dead carcase the hapless pair separated, and that for ever. Divorced women could not marry again; divorced men might and did.

THE GIPSY CANT.

The gipsies all over Europe, continental or insular, have, it is well known, a language of their own, though they also understand and speak that of the country and district in which they live. The basis of the gipsy tongue is Hindustani, half of the words being obviously of Indian origin. Several Persian words also occur in it, and a few German and Italian. Others are Sclavonian, others again Turkish, gathered up and corrupted in the course of the migrations of the tribes. Several words can be traced to Sanscrit roots that have never been admitted into the Hindustani. There are, in the British dialect, a few Gaelic terms, also Welsh. And not the least characteristic part of that dialect consists of cant words, such as *blinker* for window, *muffler* for cat, &c. Several gipsy

words have been admitted into the dialect spoken by the Lowlanders of North Britain. Thus *randie*, a word signifying a bold, scolding woman, is derived from the Gipsy *raunie*, the chief of a tribe of viragoes. It is the Hindustani *ranee*, gentlewoman, lady, princess, queen, cognate with the French *reine*, the Latin *regina*, and the Gaelic *righinn*, meaning the same thing. Close to Smailholm, in Roxburghshire, there is a road called the Randie Road, from its having been the way to a common on which the gipsies used to camp. The Scotch *sorn*, to live at free quarters by force, to be a masterful beggar, to rob coolly and systematically, is the gipsy *choar*, the Hindustani *chorna*, to steal. The gipsy word for the Evil One, the Devil, *Ruffie*, is in Lowland Scotch *Rauf*, the black man who carries off naughty children. It is the Sanscrit *Raphas*, the Destroyer, from the root *raph*, *riph*, snatch, seize, destroy. Many other instances might be given.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE GIPSIES.

The Rev. Adam Davidson, parish minister of Yetholm, wrote as follows in 1876:—"I have always pleasure in saying to my correspondents that the gipsies are greatly improved in condition and habits within the last fifteen or twenty years. I know them now for fourteen years, and can see a great change for the better. Two causes may be assigned for this: The first distinctly is, having them educated. For a generation or two little progress could be seen among them. The old required to die off, and a new and an educated generation had to arise before the good could be actually proved. Perhaps in my time the change has made itself more felt; but the cause was at work long before. Instead of the usual careless, thoughtless life of hawkers—wandering from place to place—they all now stay at home and are engaged in farm labour, except the *heads* of only three families. These are old people, used through life to the wanderers' habits, and continue still as they did in youth. The remarkable sight is, however, that not one of the younger members of their families will join them. These old people travel alone, their children working where they can. Without exception, so far as I know, all the young can read and write, and take much pride in fine clothes and cleanliness. Last year two brothers married daughters of farm labourers in the district. The gipsy husbands both signed the marriage schedule—both their wives signed with a mark. It is a common thing now-a-days for them to intermarry with those not of their own race. The second cause of their reform was the county magistrates making it illegal to camp by road sides and light fires at night. The effect of this was to drive them to lodging houses, where they had to pay for quarters, and this they grudged much. After striving against the order for a time, they found that all they could gain would not keep them, when they paid lodgings. So by degrees they took narrower circuits, and came to their own homes at night. But this again crowded the district, and in despair the young and strong took to harder work, and gave up the travelling to the elder people. Both these causes wrought for good—the one helping the other."

The Pitman.*

SIT roond the fire o' winter neets an' think,
The while ye toast yor shins afore the lowe,
Whe gov yor harth that warm an' cosy blink?
Whe's tired byens hez myed yor fireside glow?

Ne cumfort ritched yor Brussel-cuvor'd floor,
But hard, hard wark has myed *his* joy the syem,
An' Grief may weep within yor knocker'd door,
While laughter fills the pitman's humble hyem.

He nivvor bubbles for a shillin' lost,
Tho' hard he toils an eight-hoors' shift a day;
He laughs an' tells ye what his daftness cost
The neet he stopped an' skyull'd away the pay.

An' i' the tap-room at the Jinglin' Gate,
He tells his marra, ower his pint o' yell,
Hoo things gat smashed up iv an aaful state
The day they shifted up te Pelton Fell.

* The illustrations are by Ralph Hedley.

He's warked at Seggersen an' Windy Nyuk,
At Nicky-Nack an' Dudley an' the Syke;
He's warked hard kyevils wi' the warst o' luck,
An' been oot yen an' twenty weeks on strike.

He's warked as debbity an' been nigh lost,—
Haaf barried under sum greet faall o' styen,
But, man, he nivvor stops te coont the cost,—
He's hed his heed brok an' his collor-byen.

An' aall the bairns hed meezels iv a week,
An' Nanny at the time wiz put te bed,
An' *he* wiz oot o' wark an' dorsent squeak,
An', hinny, bliss us! what a time he hed.

Hoo weel he minds the freaks ov younger days,
Hoo mony a match wiz settled efter wark,
An' hoo he wun the crack men's loodest praise
The day he bool'd ower Geordy Waakor's mark.

For varry few ov aall the colliery cheps
Cud fling a bool as clivvor as *he* flung'd,
An' nyen cud dance wi' *him* the fancy steps,
An' nyen cud swing a buckstick as *he* swung'd.

An' quoits,—man, Bobby Tait might haad his gob,
Caz *he* cud lick aad Bobby clean away;
Man, hoo he stuck the gators roond the hob,
An' jowked the flattest ringers off the clay!

He hed a greyhoond yence cud best the North;
Man, hoo he doated on the bonny beast!
A smarter greyhoond nivvor trod the orth,
But she wiz stown away yen Howten Feast.

His banty, like a tarrier, elwis fit,—
The beggor waddent leave the waak for yen;
His hens (black-Spanish) wor the best te sit,
Thor eggs wad jawp an' var-ny crack a styen.

He elwis kept his pigeons when a lad;—
Wad flite the colliery for a croon or twe,
An' lots he copt;—what clivvor sprees he had,
To see the skemmies tiv his duckit flee!

An' noo he's just as whick as onny lop,
Altho' he's gettin' on for sixty-fower,

An' ov a pay-neet, when he gets a drop,
Man, he cud tell ye things wad myek ye glower.

Sit roond yor fire this winter neet an' think,
The while ye toast yor shins afore the lowe,
'Twas Geordy gov yor harth that cozy blink,
His weary byens hez myed yor fireside glow.

JOHN ROWELL WALLER.

"January Searle."

UNDER this *nom de plume* George Searle Phillips was well known in the North of England some forty years ago. Mr. Phillips then represented the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes. It was about that period that he resided for a short time in Newcastle. People who yet remember him speak of Mr Phillips as a highly accomplished and genial man. Not only was he an admirable lecturer, but he could sing so good a song and tell so good a story in private life that his company was much in demand. Poor Phillips, after residing for some time in America, showed symptoms of insanity, was confined for several years in a lunatic asylum, and eventually died on the 7th of February, 1889. A brief account of his career was printed in the *Monthly Chronicle* for the following March, page 140. Mr. Joseph Hall, of Leeds, however, has just contributed to the *Yorkshire County Magazine* a more extended biography. It is from this article, with a few corrections of our own, that we take the main portion of the present narrative.

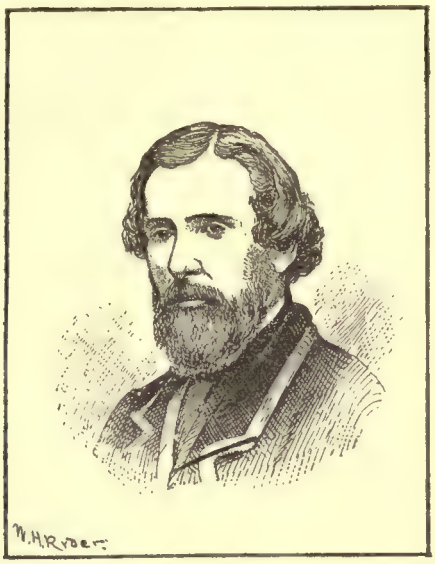
George Searle Phillips was born at Peterborough, Northamptonshire, in January, 1816, and took the degree of B.A. at Trinity College, Cambridge. Visiting America, he wrote and reported for several New York papers. When he returned to England, he edited, in 1845, the *Leeds Times*, and the succeeding year received the appointment of Secretary to the Mechanics' Institution, Huddersfield. During the years 1846-9, he, along with Dr. Lees, edited the *Truth-Seeker*. In 1853 he was appointed to the position of lecturer to the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes and Literary Institutes. Mr. Phillips was on terms of close intimacy at this time with Ebenezer Elliott, "The Corn Law Rhymer," John Bright, Richard Cobden, Edward Baines, the Rev. Cooper Abbes of Cleadon, and most of the naturalists and *literati* of the North of England.

Among his published works may be mentioned "The Life, Character, and Genius of Ebenezer Elliott," 1850; "Country Sketch Book of Pastoral Scenes," 1851;

"Memoirs of William Wordsworth," "Life at Home and Abroad," "Sherwood Forest," and "The Gipsies of the Dane's Dyke." He was author, also, of "Walks Round Huddersfield," "Guide to Peterborough," and "The History of Pel Verjuice, the Wanderer."

Besides being a contributor to the *Newcastle Chronicle* and the *Northern Tribune* during the time he resided in Newcastle in 1854 and 1855, he delivered a series of lectures in connection with the Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutes. One of his peculiarities at that time was to take with him on the lecturing platform a big black dog to which he had given the grotesque name of "Satan."

Domestic difficulties threw a gloom over the genial but moody author's pathway. His unfortunate partner was placed in the lunatic asylum at Wakefield, where, wrongly or rightly, she was confined for several years, until she



was finally discharged—a privilege she rendered disagreeably memorable, so far as her husband was concerned, by publishing a remarkable book, in which her experiences in the madhouse were graphically described.

About 1860 he returned to America, and shortly afterwards, when Mr. Charles A. Dana connected himself with the *Chicago Tribune*, Mr. Phillips became his literary editor and book reviewer. When Mr. Dana severed his connection with the Chicago newspaper, Phillips accompanied him to New York, and for some little time occupied the position of literary editor of the *New York Sun*. Afterwards his work was intermittent and promiscuous, such as writing for papers and magazines. He likewise wrote books and stories for Pinkerton, the detective. Mr. Phillips's last unfortunate literary association was with Woodhull and Claflin's *Revolution*—Mrs. Victoria Woodhull of "free love" fame—and the last poetical production of his once facile pen was a poetic rhapsody, a column in length, entitled "Love's Philosophy." This wild, irregular lay bore sad testimony to the fact that the once brilliant powers of the man had vanished.

The following is extracted from an account of a visit to Morristown Asylum, in New Jersey, by a gentleman connected with the *New York Telegram*:—

In the corridor the object of the visit was seen awaiting the visitor, who, cordially grasping the coldish, purple hand, and glancing keenly at the bright, dark brown eyes, the scorched or weather-beaten face, and the wretched ill-fitting garb, asked—

"How is January Searle?"

"First rate; I'm all right," he answers, with too willing alacrity and a vacant smile.

Respecting events immediately preceding his judicial confinement he professed to have a "poor recollection." It was in vain that incidents like the death of Dickens, in June, 1870, were recalled.

His book on Ebenezer Elliott was referred to, and the names of several of his former friends in Northumberland and Durham were introduced. On these topics his memory was almost perfect. He spoke of the scenery around Marsden Rock and of the Allan family with enthusiasm, particularly recalling Lizzie's exploits with the rifle, and the hours he used to spend with her shooting at pennies and glass bottles.

When placed in the asylum, he was suffering from partial dementia, which the medical board rightly declared to be incurable. At first the unfortunate patient would contribute by song and address to the regular entertainments held weekly in the chapel; for he possessed a magnificent baritone voice, which was heard to best advantage in some of the standard English songs fashionable half a century ago. Gradually, however, he grew more surly and unsociable; his moods were no longer songful; and latterly his mind became almost completely overclouded. The end came, as we have said, in February, 1889.

For the portrait which accompanies this article, copied from a photograph in the possession of Dr. F. R. Lees, we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. J. Horsfall Turner, editor of the *Yorkshire County Magazine*.

The Knaresdale Hall Ghost.

KNARESDALE Hall, about four and a half miles south-west from Haltwhistle, anciently the seat and manor of the Pratts, has the reputation of being haunted. The story runs that, at some indefinitely remote era, the laird of Knaresdale, a more than middle-aged man, not over "well faur'd," that is to say, not an Adonis, but of a very covetous disposition and somewhat churlish temper, married, against her inclination, but with the consent of her parents, a lady of great wealth and beauty, several years his junior. The natural consequence followed—

Between husband and wife,
A cat and dog life.

Now it fell out, after a time, that things seemed to go on more smoothly, the young wife giving her old lord and master less visible cause for dissatisfaction than

it had been her wont to do even during the honeymoon, when at almost every meal she had taken occasion to show her marked dislike to him. The laird imagined probably that she had exhausted her stock of petulance. But the truth was that the marked change was owing to no alteration in his spouse's feelings towards himself, but to the growth of an attachment between her and the laird's nephew, a strapping young fellow, just out of his teens, who, together with a sister, a year or two younger, were under their uncle's guardianship, and formed part of the family at the hall. The illicit intercourse they carried on tended to reconcile the lady to her situation. But one day when the fond pair were in secret dalliance, they were surprised by the laird's niece, who, horror-struck at what she saw, ran away and hid herself in her own room, where she gave vent to a flood of bitter tears. Terrified at the idea of getting her brother turned out of doors, however, and possibly afraid of even a worse catastrophe, she resolved that she would say nothing whatever about the matter to her uncle or anyone else, but take the first opportunity of remonstrating with her infatuated brother.

But the guilty pair could have no assurance that the young lady would act such a prudent part; and so, fearful of exposure, they determined to put her out of the way. How they accomplished this, William Pattison, of Tow Law, Wolsingham, related in Richardson's "Local Historian's Table Book," in November, 1845:—

It was a night fitting for the deed. Amid the thick and moonless gloom the storm raged wildly on the distant fells, and, careering over the thick woods, came at last to the old hall. Gathering strength and fed by mighty speats of rain, it fell on the aged walls and sturdy roof, and the house was filled with hideous noises. At the height of the storm the laird was aroused by his wife, who directed his attention to the fearful din caused by an open door in the rear of the house, and desired him to despatch his niece to attempt to close it. The poor girl, wrapped in a cloak, left her apartment to perform the mission. Shivering with cold and pelted with the pitiless rain, she traversed the dreary passage, and was about to close the door, when her brother, who was on the watch by an old pond whose volume had been materially increased by the rain, suddenly seized and plunged her into its murky depths. The old man, anxious for the safety of his niece, and alarmed at the length of her stay, left his bed in search of her; but she was nowhere to be seen. On returning, his wife persuaded him that she must have entered the house during his absence, and retired unseen; and the laird, unsuspicious of foul play, was obliged to rest satisfied. So, returning again to rest, he strove to recruit himself in sleep. Before long he was again awoke by the howling of one of his dogs, and, starting up in agony, he beheld his niece standing by the kitchen fire, wringing the water from her long hair. Her uncle spoke, but at the sound of his voice her apparition vanished.

"If all tales be true," as conscientious old story-telling crones used to say, "this one is no lie." How much of truth there really is in it we cannot take it upon us to determine. Suffice it to say that it is a local tradition of immemorial age. What became of the guilty brother, the murderer of his sister, nobody seems to have heard. As for the lady who had been the prime agent, she fell deadly sick of a brain fever, became delirious, and in her incoherent ravings, babbled about her unfortunate niece in such a way as to direct suspicion to the cause of the girl's disappearance. The pond was dragged and the body found; but nobody, of course, could tell how the calamity had occurred. And so the coroner's jury, if such an institution then existed in South Tynedale, must have returned an open verdict—"Found drowned." The laird's faithless spouse died raving mad. The murdered niece's ghost, it is said, was afterwards seen to glide from the back door of the hall to the fatal pond on the anniversary night of the catastrophe. More than this, if we may believe what used to be told, some unseen agency always used to burst that door wide open, however strongly it might have been barred, on the annual return of the eventful night. It was not given, indeed, to everybody about the place to hear it clashing upon its rusty hinges, though those who did generally found before long, by sad experience, that the unhallowed sound boded them no good. But the ghost has now for many years been effectually laid, while the door that once behaved so abominably has either been blocked up or has learned better manners.

The Author of "Auld Robin Gray."

ALTHOUGH "Robin Gray" has long been a household word, little is known of the writer of that touching lyric, and some account of Lady Anne Lindsay and her family (not only in connection with the song, but as representatives of a poetic time, when Laird and Lady came into more direct and kindly contact with the humble cotters around them than their successors do now in this more cultured and less sympathetic age) may prove of interest to North-Country folk on either side of the Border. James, fifth Earl of Balcarres, found himself, at sixty years of age, chief of his clan, last of his race, inheritor of an ancient title, a barren estate, and an old library of books. Born during the waning years of the stormy seventeenth century, he commenced life as a naval officer in the service of the established Government; his family, however, were all devoted adherents of the ill-fated Stuarts; so wearying of the sea, and unsettled by political intelligence from home, he, a young man of twenty-five, left the navy, returned to Scotland, and actively engaged with his father, as a leader in the Rebellion of 1715. After the collapse of that rising he entered the army, went through several campaigns and fought brilliantly and bravely at Dettingen and Fontenoy. His distinguished services in those battles were recognised by the commander-in-chief, and his name was sent in to George II. as that of a valiant officer deserving a higher rank. The King, unfortunately, remem-

bered against him that he had drawn his sword in the Stuart cause, and further promotion was refused. Disappointed and mortified at finding advancement impossible, even after a lapse of thirty years, to a rebel of "The Fifteen," he quitted his thankless servitude and returned to his home at Balcarres, his books, his farming, and his country neighbours, no very exciting society or occupation for the accomplished soldier and travelled man of the world.

He did not remain long in this retirement; his broken health and thwarted ambition soon rendered his lonely hearth unbearable; he felt that man was not made to live alone, and emerging from his solitude went to drink the waters of Moffat, a health resort about fifty miles distant. Here the deaf and battered old veteran fell headlong in love with Miss Dalrymple, and, with all the ardour and enthusiasm of twenty asked the young and beautiful girl to become his wife. Miss Dalrymple refused him, respectfully, but frankly and finally. Lord Balcarres fell sick, sick unto death, and making, as he supposed, a last disposition of his property, left the obdurate fair one the half of his possessions. On hearing this the lady, in an outburst of gratitude, promised to be his wife should he recover. This he did speedily; the marriage took place, and the apparently ill-assorted union turned out a most happy one. The earl was a man of distinguished manners and address, kind-hearted, honourable and courtly, while the bride had not only the charm of youth, but "an approved merit, with all the ornaments of beauty." Under her control her husband's grim old castle again became the cheerful residence of a domestic circle, and it was there in December, 1750, that Lady Anne Lindsay first saw the light. Her birth, though a joy to her parents, was a source of disappointment to many, as the Jacobites earnestly looked for the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy which foretold that the first child of the last descendant of the house of Balcarres was to restore the family of Stuart to its royal inheritance. The partisans of the Pretender were, therefore, sadly disconcerted when they found that instead of the wished-for boy the countess had presented her lord with a daughter. A numerous family followed in succeeding years, to the great delight of Earl James, who was excessively proud of his brave band of eight boys and three girls, and would even stop abusing Queen Elizabeth to say to his guests "Look at those fine fellows and charming princesses! The Mahomedans reckoned planting of trees and of children the two highest claims to Paradise: if so, have not I a right to expect a place there for my good works at seventy-seven?"

Lady Balcarres was a strict disciplinarian, and ruled her house and family with a firm but just hand. Sometimes, when the breaking of cups or the tearing of clothes was too vigorously chastised, the earl would exclaim, "Odsfish, madam! you will break the spirits of my young troops." It was not the custom of the century (1700) to treat children wih gentleness, but though the countess sharply chastised her little ones with her own white hand if their weekly progress in learning was not satisfactory, yet she did not neglect her other duties; every reasonable attention was paid to their health, and they all learnt from their mother's conversation and practice those general rules of truth, equity, and honour by which their future lives were governed. Of all the children Lady Anne was the most difficult to punish. The faults she committed were not atrocious enough to deserve a whipping, and, if ordered to have bread and water for dinner, she took it so contentedly that it seemed no punishment. Nay! she was even heard one day to beg the servant to give her a piece of oaten cake for a change. On one occasion the children, complaining of hard laws and little play, and judging that their daily tasks were harder than those imposed on the children of Israel by the Egyptians, determined to leave home and seek some other place where they would be more kindly treated. Accordingly, they set out on their journey, but their progress was slow, as they had to carry a little brother who was too young to walk. Before they had gone far their flight was discovered by Robin Gray, the old shepherd, who at once gave information that "all the young gentlemen and all the young ladies and all the dogs are run away." A messenger was despatched, the miscreants brought back, and carried before their mother, who declared that whipping was too good for them, and administered to each a dose of rhubarb to teach them to stay at home in future!

In spite of lessons and many whippings, "all for their good," the children led a merry life; out of school hours they were absolutely free from control of tutor or governess, and galloped down in squadrons to the farmyard to visit the fat oxen, feed the pigeons, play on the swing, or in fine weather wade in the burn. Curious figures Lady Anne and her sister must have presented half way up the legs in water, attired in yellow and silver frocks, made out of an old wedding gown of their grandmother's, the material, which had been enough for one, eked out with blue gauze. Certainly Pharaoh's daughter, when she pulled Moses out of the bulrushes, could not have appeared more gorgeous than the two little girls when they jumped into the stream with their silver trains tucked up behind them. The childhood of Lady Anne was passed amid romantic surroundings, for

"Fair Balcarres' sunward sloping farms"

commanded an extensive prospect of lake, sea and beach, the great Bass Rock rising immediately

opposite the house, lending a distinctive and interesting feature to the view. It was a sort of creed in the family that it was impossible for any one who lived in this beautiful spot to wish to be anywhere else, and Anne in after years always looked back with pleasure to her joyous life in the old seagirt mansion, with its neglected gardens, ruined fountains, and broken-nosed statues—a noble place, but too large for the impoverished state of the earl's finances.

As the youthful party grew up, frequent visits were paid to Edinburgh, and Anne passed much of her time at the house of her grandmother, Lady Dalrymple, where she was early introduced into society, and became acquainted with Hume, Johnson, Boswell, Monboddo, and other strangers of distinction. This careless, peaceful period passed only too rapidly. Lord Balcarres died when his daughter Anne was barely seventeen. For a considerable period, she had been his almost constant companion, and unconsciously imbibed much of his chivalrous character and picturesque manner of thought. After his death the feeling that much depended on her as the eldest of so large a family roused her abilities and called out every latent talent within her: she had not learnt much from her governess, a fantastic, romantic little woman, whom the Countess had discovered weeping and painting butterflies in the garret of a house where she lodged in Edinburgh. Amused with the variety of uncultivated talents she discovered in this curious girl, who claimed to be descended from an old Highland chief, she carried her back to Balcarres, placing her at first in a subordinate position. Finding on further acquaintance that her protege, in spite of all her vapours and vauntings, was worthy of trust, she committed to her charge the persons, morals, manners, and education of her daughters. Education was not then the order of the day: few women knew any language but their own, a little arithmetic and a knowledge of cookery being deemed sufficient. But Lady Anne and her sister were not to be so easily satisfied. A stream of genius ran sparkling through their characters; they possessed application, read and studied together, and soon developed into clever, graceful, witty women, full of life and animation.

Lady Margaret married early, and it was during the depression caused by the loss of her favourite sister that Anne, then in her twenty-first year, wrote the perfect and unapproachable ballad which has conferred on her name such a pleasant immortality. Moved to the heart by the strange sense of change which comes into a family when the home circle is broken by the first marriage, and wanting words for an old Scotch air, which had been familiar to her since infancy, she shut herself up in her own little closet, with her pen in her hand and a few envelopes of old letters to scribble on, and unburdened her heart while wedding to the plaintive notes of the old melody a womanly and touching picture of virtuous distress. Calling to her little sister, who was the only person near her, "I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and have given her Auld Robin Gray for a sweetheart; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in four lines, poor thing! Help me to one, I pray." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted and the song completed. So great was the dread Lady Anne then had of being suspected of writing anything, that she never acknowledged the authorship, and no one out of her own family would ever have thought of it being her composition had not Lady Jane Scott said one evening at Dalkeith, "You sing that song in a way that makes me sure it is your own writing. I will betray you unless you give me a copy." After this it got out into the world, was sung everywhere, had a romance composed from it, was the subject of a play, an opera and a pantomime, and engaged the attention of the Antiquarian Society. Thus for fifty years, while all admired the song, few or none could agree as to its ancient or modern origin, and it became almost a party question as to whether it was an old ballad, composed probably by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a mere pastoral of the day and no curiosity at all. It was not till 1823 that Lady Anne, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, who had already quoted one of the verses in the "Pirate," gave a full account of the "origin, birth, life, death and confession, will and testament, of Auld Robin Gray," with an assurance that the author of "Waverley" was the first person, except her immediate relatives, to whom she had acknowledged her authorship. Such was the history of the first part of this ever popular song, as told by the author two years before her death. As to the second part it was composed many years after the first to please her dear old mother, who often said, "Anne! I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended." The continuation was written, but, like all continuations, was inferior. It could not be otherwise, as a severe critic (Ritson) says "the elegant and accomplished authoress has in this beautiful production, to all the tenderness and simplicity for which Scottish song has been so much celebrated, united a delicacy of expression which it never before attained. We may, therefore, conclude that this species of composition, which has been carried to the utmost perfection, must either cease or degenerate."

After the death of her sister's first husband, Lady Anne took up her abode with her in London,

where, owing to the popularity of the hostesses, their house became the meeting place of many eminent characters, both literary and political. Amongst other distinguished and familiar guests may be mentioned Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Dundas, and the Prince of Wales. The attachment of the Prince only ended with his life. Years after, when George IV., remembering this old friendship, he sent for Lady Anne to come and see him as he was very ill. "Sister Anne" (the appellation he usually gave her), he wrote, "I wished to see you, to tell you I love you. I wish you to accept this gold chain for my sake, I may perhaps never see you again." Many anecdotes are related of her social successes. She possessed a charm of manner and a power of pleasing rarely if ever equalled, combined with a facility for drawing forth the talents, feelings, and accomplishments of those with whom she associated. She could make the dullest speak, the shyest feel happy, and that without any apparent effort. To add to her other attractions, her store of anecdotes was as endless as amusing.

Lady Anne had many offers from men in high positions, but remained single till 1793, when she married Mr. Barnard, a wealthy and accomplished gentleman, several years younger than herself. On his appointment as Colonial Secretary she accompanied him to the Cape of Good Hope, where she remained till after the Peace of Amiens, when the Cape was given back to the Dutch. During her residence abroad she kept a journal, and described in a graphic and lively manner all she saw. This journal with the drawings and sketches of the scenes described is still preserved among the family manuscripts. Mr. Barnard did not long survive his return to England, and after her widowhood Lady Anne resided almost continually in London, making occasional visits to Scotland and solacing her declining years with gathering together and compiling memoirs and anecdotes of her forefathers. This was a sacred duty in her eyes, as her father had expressed a wish that one of his children should continue the family history which he had commenced. It was one of his maxims "that the person who neglects to leave some trace of his mind behind him, according to his capacity, fails not only in his duty to society but in gratitude to the author of his being, and may be said to have lived in vain." Lady Anne retained to the last the ready wit and proverbial cheerfulness of the "light Lindsays." Living peacefully, usefully, thankfully, and rationally, she passed the last hours of her life surrounded by loving friends and relatives, leaving behind a more enduring monument than sculptured marble in "Auld Robin Gray."

M. S. Hardcastle.

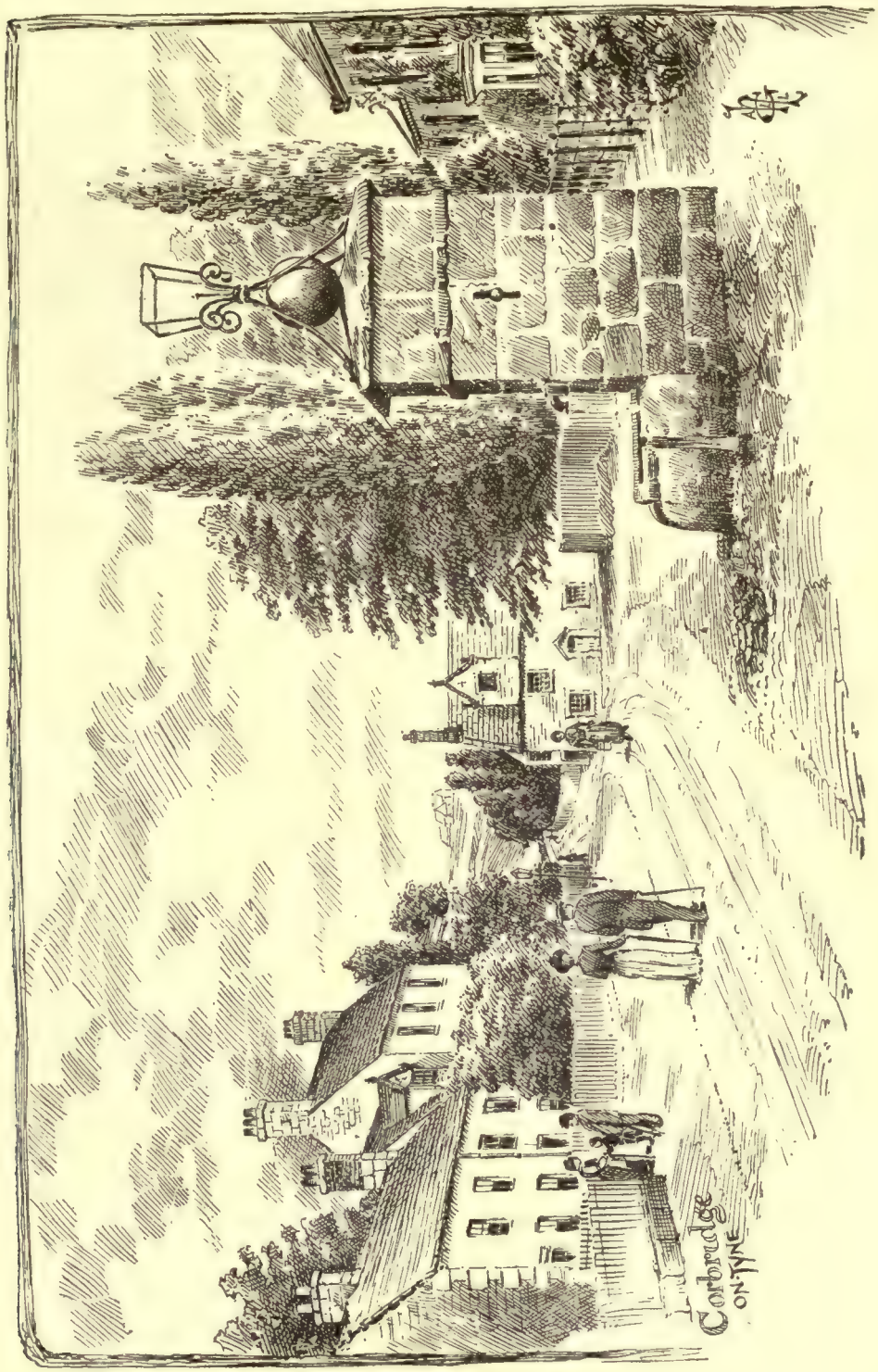
Corbridge-on-Tyne.

CORBRIDGE, which is now a quiet country village, ranked at one time as a town of considerable importance. It is a place of remote antiquity. In the times of the all-conquering Romans, Corstopitum (for that was the name of the place in those days) was one the largest stations in the North of England. The camp was situated about half

a mile west of the modern town, and covered an area of about twenty-two acres. Here, from time to time, many valuable evidences of Roman occupation have been discovered, The walls and other buildings of the station afforded a ready quarry to the founders of the mediæval town, and this fact accounts for the almost total disappearance of the camp itself. It also accounts for the discovery, when old buildings in the village have been removed, of several Roman altars and other memorials of the former presence of that people.

The site of the Roman station adjoins one of the great Roman military roads—the famous Watling Street. This road crossed the Tyne by a bridge of several arches. Till a little over fifty years ago, very considerable remains of the piers and abutments of the bridge remained; and even now, when the water in the river is low, the foundations of the piers can be distinctly seen. The masonry is said to be of the most massive character, the facing stones being very large, and carefully fitted and clamped together. From the fact that the Watling Street, as it approaches the Tyne from the south, bends considerably to the westward, evidently for the purpose of coming up to the walls of the Roman station, it has been held that the site of that camp had been previously occupied by a British settlement or stronghold.

I have already mentioned that many memorials of Roman occupation have been found at Corbridge. Amongst these are several altars, two of which have inscriptions in Greek, one dedicated to Astarte, and the other to the Tyrian Hercules. Then, in the year 1735, a very beautiful and valuable silver dish, weighing 148 ounces, and adorned with a group of mythological deities and other devices which have not yet been satisfactorily explained, was found here. This is the celebrated Corbridge Lanx. It was discovered by the little daughter of an artizan whilst playing on the river bank, and was sold by her father to a Newcastle silversmith, but was recovered by the then Duke of Somerset, as treasure trove found within his manor of Corbridge. It is now the property of the Duke of Northumberland. Another Roman


Corbridge
on Tyne

silver vessel was found at Corbridge, but most unfortunately it has not been preserved. Its great point of interest was that it bore what is usually known as the Christian monogram—that is, the blended Greek letters *chi* and *rho*—six times upon its rim. It thus formed one of our few evidences of the introduction of the Christian faith amongst the Roman colonists in Britain.

In the middle ages, Corbridge was a place of considerable commercial importance. It was made a borough by King John. It had its markets, its fairs, its common seal, and even its mint, and it returned burgesses to Parliament. We gain some idea of the departed importance of Corbridge when we learn that, besides its present church, it had at one time three others. One of these was dedicated to St. Helen, and stood in a field now known as Hall Walls, on the north side of the village. Some portions of the walls existed within living memory, and to it one of the streets, Sintlins Lane (that is, St. Helen's Lane), owes its name. Another of the destroyed churches was dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, and stood a little west of the Hill Bank farm-house. The third of these churches was dedicated to the Holy Trinity. It stood on the east side of the Roman station. Some of the stones with which it was built, including portions of the tracery of a window, are inserted into modern walls, and may still be found; and a garden which adjoins its site still bears the name of Trinity.

To the existing church, dedicated to St. Andrew, only a few sentences can here be devoted: first of all, because space would fail me to deal worthily, even in the briefest manner possible, with this interesting and venerable edifice; and, in the second place, because a whole article ought to be given to the subject. I may here, however, mention that parts of the present building date back to pre-Conquest times. These ancient

portions are the tower, and parts of the walls of the nave over the arcades. As early as 786, a monastery existed at Corbridge, wherein, in that year, as we are told by Symeon of Durham, Aldulf (Bishop of Lincoln) was consecrated by Eanbald (Archbishop of York) and Bishops Tilberht (of Lindisfarne) and Hygbald (of Hexham). It is by no means improbable that the monastery which is mentioned by Symeon was connected in some way with the church of which, as we have seen, portions of the highest interest have come down to our own day. One part at least, however, even of the earliest church, must rank as a reconstruction. This is the tower-arch, which, there can be no question, is a Roman arch, carried away from the neighbouring station by the Saxon builders, and re-erected stone for stone. In Norman times a south aisle and a new chancel were added to the then already ancient church. At various times in the thirteenth century the church was almost entirely rebuilt, so that now it presents the general appearance of an edifice of that period.

One of our illustrations is a view of the pele which stands on the south side of the churchyard. It is a very interesting example of the smaller fortified Northumbrian residences of the Edwardian period, and is generally said to have been the abode of the ancient priests of Corbridge, but I have never met with any evidence to justify the statement. The pele is entered by a pointed

doorway on the ground floor. The apartment which occupies this floor is barrel vaulted. A stairway in the thickness of the wall leads to the first floor. At the head of this stairway is a recess and a sink. A second flight of steps, at the foot of which is a garderobe recess, leads to the upper storey. The walls are surmounted by a machicolated parapet and corbelled corner turrets. The window slits or loops are few. One of these, on the west side, throws light on a shelf, which has been described as a "stone book-rest, where early vicars of Corbridge must have meditated in the dim religious light of the period."

There is a second pele at the east end of the village. Scarcely anything is known of its history. It is said to have belonged to George Gibson, of Stonecroft, who forfeited it for the part he took in the Rebellion of 1715. The one apartment of the ground floor has again a barrel vault, and in the thickness of the wall is a newel staircase. The walls are surmounted by a plain parapet. Built into the wall of the front is a fragment of a Roman memorial tablet, addressed to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

The Angel Inn is a substantial and picturesque building, as will be seen from the accompanying sketch, and is of considerable age, though probably it is not so old as the fine sun-dial over the door, which dial has perhaps been taken from an older structure. A curiosity in the

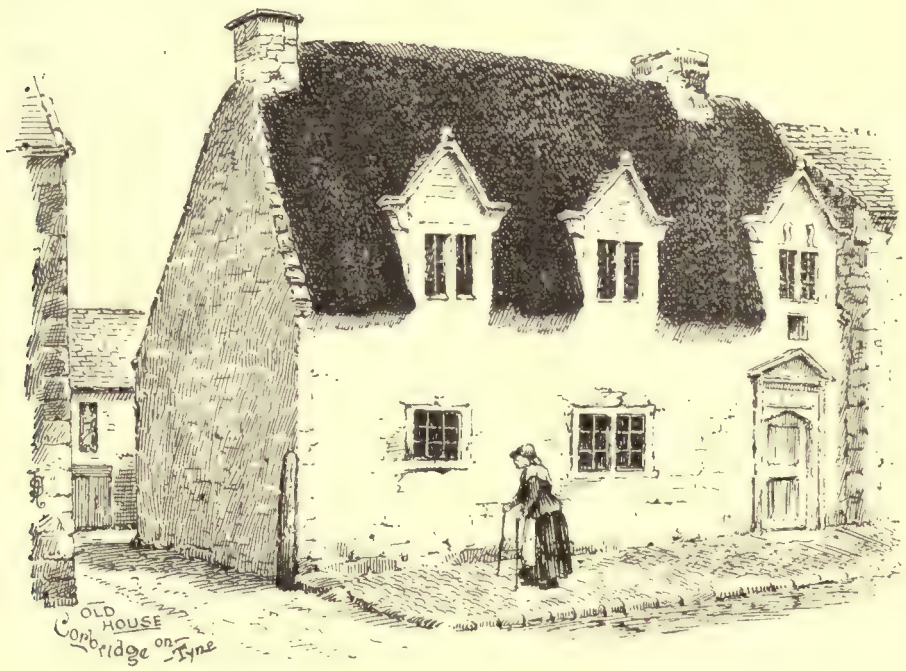
Figure, built in wall, of Wheat Sheaf, Corbridge.

The Angel Inn at Corbridge

front exterior of the inn is the insertion of a carving of the arms of Newcastle in the wall, these being accompanied by a couple of masonic symbols. How the arms of Newcastle came to be put up in so conspicuous a position in Corbridge it is hard to tell, unless the house were built by a company of Newcastle masons, who left this sign to tell of their handiwork. Then there is the Wheat Sheaf, which, like the Angel, is a most respectable hostelry. In the stable yard of the Wheat Sheaf there exist two curious stones apparently of great age and exceeding antiquarian value. The chief of these is a stone figure, like that of the goddess Ceres, about three feet high or under. To the right of the Wheat Sheaf is a picturesque thatch-roofed seventeenth century house, of which the accompanying illustration will give a very good idea, bearing the two dates 1698 and 1670—one over the doorway, and the other over the gabled window above the door.

The derivation of the names by which what we now call Corbridge has at various periods of its history been known is not one of the questions which have passed beyond the limits of controversy. It is certain, however, that the earliest of recorded names, Corstopitum, is partly derived from the proximity of the little streamlet which runs into the Tyne near the Roman station—the Cor—and it is equally clear that the present name is in some measure due to the existence of a *bridge*. How long the Roman bridge was maintained after the departure of the imperial legions, we do not know. A bridge was built on the site of the present one in 1235, in which year Simon de Dilston granted liberty to the burgesses of Corbridge to erect the head of a bridge on his land at Dilston. The present bridge, though dating only from the year 1674, is a picturesque structure, and gains some measure of respect and dignity in our estimation by virtue of the fact that it is the only bridge on the Tyne which withstood the assaulting flood of 1771.

The village of Corbridge is one in which a few hours may be spent with pleasure and advantage. It possesses many objects of interest. Besides its ancient church, its two venerable pele towers, and its brave old bridge, it has many quaint, old-fashioned houses, some of which form delightfully picturesque groups. And when from the "town" itself we turn to the surrounding country, who could fail to be charmed? There the lover of nature finds everything in which his heart rejoices. Waving cornfields, bright peaceful expanses of pasture land, rolling woods, spread over a gently undulating landscape, dotted here and there with farmsteads and red-roofed cottages, gladden the eye in every direction. Round about Corbridge there are grass-grown high-banked lanes, there are secluded dells, there are clear streams which the burn trout has not yet forsaken. There are great orchards, the sight whereof almost re-awakens our school-boy instincts. There are old-fashioned, well-kept gardens from which Flora, in her genuinely English attire, has not been driven out to make room for an array of new-fashioned exotics; but above all there is the old, old Tyne, not here a deep and mighty stream in which great ships may anchor, but a clear and usually a quiet and well-behaved river,

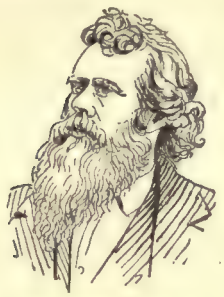


here rippling gently over shingly shallows, there eddying across the deeper pools. Corbridge is a place in which to spend a bright and peaceful summer's day. Nay, it is a place wherein to spend a bright and peaceful life.

JACOB BEE.

A Sunderland Poet.

WILLIAM ALLAN, of Sunderland, who unites in so remarkable a degree the opposite faculties of the mechanical genius and the poet, was born at Dundee on November 29th, 1837. The son of an engineer, he adopted his father's calling as his own profession, and subsequent results have abundantly justified the wisdom of his early choice. Mr. Allan's career has been laborious, eventful, and—in at least some of its phases—exciting. In his youth he served as an engineer in the Royal Navy, and afterwards passed through a succession of adventurous experiences as chief engineer of a blockade-runner during the American Civil War, which culminated in his being taken prisoner by the Federal cruisers. Liberated on parole, he returned home, and in 1866 entered the service of the North-Eastern Marine Engineering Company at Sunderland. Two years later, he was entrusted with the management of this undertaking, which, under his control, became an important and successful enterprise. In 1887 Mr. Allan commenced business on his own account at the Scotia Engine Works, where he is now a considerable employer of labour, and it is gratifying to add that he enjoys in an enviable degree the confidence and esteem of the workers from whose ranks he has made his way to the front. Mr. Allan's poems are the product of his leisure hours. Although a son of the land which is regarded as the "meet nurse for a poetic child," he never gave any sign of the poetic instinct within him until he had been long settled on this side of the Border, and his literary career dates only from 1871. But during the score of years that have since elapsed, Mr. Allan's muse has been wonderfully prolific, volume after volume having been issued from the press in quick succession, whilst countless poems have been given to the public through the columns of newspapers and the pages of magazines. The complete list of his books comprises "Rough Castings," "Hame Spun Lilts,' "Heather Bells," "Ian Vor," "Rose and Thistle," "A Life Pursuit" (printed for private circulation only), "After Toil Songs," "Lays of Leisure," "Northern Lights," and "A Book of Songs." Besides these, Mr. Allan has also published a couple of works on technical subjects connected with his own profession. From the latest of his poetical volumes we extract the following specimen, entitled "Amang the Green Hills of the Border":—



MR. WILLIAM ALLAN.

I love them! I love them! oh! grandly they rise,
Their swellin' crests kissin' the bonnie blue skies;
Tho' far frae their beauty, my heart ever lies
Amang the green hills o' the Border.

The vales and the dales in their bosoms are fair,
Wi' crystal streams singin' o' love or despair,
An' wee cosy cots a' like bowers are there,—
Amang the green hills o' the Border.

When gloamin' creeps ower them wi' saft-fa'in' shades,
Then leal-heartit shepherds in bonnets an' plaids
Gang wooin' the blithe, lauchin', rosy-cheeked maids
Amang the green hills o' the Border.

The glory o' story an' sang is their fame.
Oh! whaur is the lan' that sic glory can claim?
An' whaur are sic folk as ye see hae their hame
Amang the green hills o' the Border?

The Hallgarth Tragedy.

ABOUT half-way between Sherburn and Pittington, on the road leading from Durham to Easington Lane, is the hamlet of Hallgarth, so named because situated within the ancient garth, croft, or park of a now ruined but once splendid hall, built by Hugh Whitfield, the last prior and first dean of Durham. There is a corn-mill in the township, supplied with water from a burn which comes down through Elemore Hall grounds, joins the Pitting brook a little below, and falls into the Wear at Old Durham. The mill, in the year 1831, was tenanted by a person of the name of Oliver, in whose service was a lad of nineteen, named Thomas Clarke, and a young woman, about the same age, named Mary Ann Westropp, otherwise Westhorpe.

On the morning of the 14th of August, which was Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver went from home, leaving the house in the care of the two servants, who were seen together during the afternoon by some of the people in the village, by whom Clarke was heard to say, in reply to an answer which the girl gave him, that he thought her very saucy, but he would be straight with her before night. About six o'clock the same evening Clarke alarmed the neighbourhood, stating that six men, whom he believed to be Irishmen, had entered the house, commenced plundering it, and killed the girl and nearly killed himself. When the people hastened to the mill, they found the young woman's body behind the kitchen door, with a contused wound on the forehead, her ear cut through, and an incision across her throat dividing the carotid artery. On examining the premises, twenty-

two sovereigns and about fifteen pounds in silver, belonging to Mr. Oliver, were discovered to have been stolen. The drawers in which they had been deposited had been broken open by means of a piece of metal which had been whitewashed, which was found near them, and which fitted exactly the marks in the drawers. Clarke's room had been recently whitewashed, and this piece of metal had been lying in it. The money abstracted was some time afterwards found in one of the drawers; another account says in a purse concealed among some standing corn in an adjoining field. Clarke declared that his account of the affair was quite true; that the men who entered the house had attacked him with the poker; and that he had escaped with difficulty to call for assistance; but those who saw him immediately after the alarm was given declared that they could not discover any marks of violence about him. Besides, his own box, which was in the next room to that from which the money had been taken, was found to be untouched. Everything therefore seemed to point to the fact that Clarke was the actual murderer, particularly as no men such as he described had been seen by anybody else that day. He was accordingly taken into custody, and committed for trial at the ensuing spring assizes at Durham.

The trial commenced on the 25th of February, 1831, before Mr. Justice Littledale; and such was the excitement in the city and neighbourhood, that no sooner were the doors opened, which was before eight o'clock in the morning, than the court-room was filled almost to suffocation. Clarke, who had all along protested his entire innocence, pleaded "Not guilty." The examination of the witnesses occupied the whole of the day, not having been concluded till nearly ten o'clock at night. The Court adjourned till nine o'clock on the following morning, when Mr. Justice Littledale proceeded to sum up the evidence, which he did with great minuteness and impartiality. At a quarter-past twelve o'clock the jury retired, and, after an absence of twenty-five minutes, returned with a verdict of "Guilty." The Judge then passed sentence in the usual terms, ordering the prisoner to be executed on the following Monday, the 28th of February.

On the Monday morning, an immense concourse of people, from all parts of the surrounding country, assembled in front of the County Courts at Durham to witness the execution. When the culprit mounted to the drop, he addressed the assembled multitude in the following words:—"Gentlemen, I am innocent! I am going to suffer for another man's crime!" The cap was immediately drawn over his face; the drop fell; and this world closed upon him for ever. After the body had been suspended for nearly an hour, it was taken down, and conveyed in a shell to the Durham Infirmary for dissection.

Clarke's trial and execution were commemorated in a doggerel ballad, printed by Mr. Francis Humble, at the *Durham Adertiser* office, upon a foolscap broadside, with a heavy black border. A woodcut in the centre, also within a black border, gave a view of the scene of the murder. The title was printed in red ink. The "Tragedy" consisted of thirty-four stanzas, whereof Sykes, in his "Local Records," quotes the following six:—

Eighteen hundred three times ten,
August the eighth that day—
Let not that Sunday and that year
From memory pass away.
At Hallgarth Mill near Pittington,
Was done a murder foul,
The female weak—the murd'rer strong—
No pity for her soul.
Her skull was broke, her throat was cut,
Her struggle soon was o'er;
And down she fell, and fetched a sigh,
And welter'd in her gore.
Her fellow servant, Thomas Clarke,
To Sherburn slowly sped,
And told a tale that strangers six
Had done the dreadful deed.
Now, woe betide thee, Thomas Clarke!
For this thy coward lie;
A youth like thee for girl like her
Would fight till he did die.
"They've killed the lass," it was his tale,
"And nearly have killed me";
But when upon him folks did look,
No bruises could they see.

The Amphitrite.

FAMOUS in the shipping annals of the Tyne is the ship which bears this name. The Amphitrite was built in 1776, for Mr. Peter Dale, of North Shields, the great-grandfather of Mr. Alderman J. B. Dale, of South Shields; but whether her builder was Mr. Laslie, of St. Peter's, or Mr. Headlam, of Gateshead, grandfather of the late Dr. Headlam, of Newcastle, is not definitely known. After having been navigated by the owner and his son, Mr. Shalot Dale, she was sold in the early part of the present century to Mr. Joseph Elder, of North Shields, and on the decease of his son she passed into the hands of Mr. Laing, of North Shields, who in turn sold her to Mr. Davison, butcher, of the same town. Some time about 1870 the Amphitrite foundered on the Herd Sand, when she was put up for sale, and was purchased by Mr. James Young, J.P., of South Shields, owner of another celebrated vessel, the Brotherly Love.

As Robert Gilchrist's famous local song helped to give the old ship her reputation, it is here appended:—

Fra Team Gut to Whitley, wi' coal black and broon,
For the Amphitrite loaded, the keel had come doon;
But the bullies ower neet had their gobs see oft wet
That the nyem o' the ship yen an' a' did forget.

To find out the nyem, now each worried his chops,
And claw'd at his hips fit to murder the lops—

When the Skipper, whe hunger, was always most bright,
Swore the pawhogger luggish was called Empty Kite.

Fra the point round the Girt, a' the time sailin' slow,
Each bully kept bawling, "The Empty Kite, ho!"
But their blairin' was vain, for nee Empty Kite there,
Tho' they blair'd till their kites were byeth empty an' sair.

A' slaverin', the Skipper ca'd Geordy and Jim,
For to gan to Newcassel and ax the reet nyem;
The youngest he thowt myest to blame in this bore,
So Pee Dee and his marrow were seun pack'd ashore.

Up Shields Road as they trudged i' their meyst worn-out soles,
Oft cursin' the Empty Kite, Skipper, and coals;
At the sign of the Coach they beyth ca'd it befel,
To mourn their hard case and to swattle some yell.

Here a buck at a sirloin hard eatin' was seen,
Which he said i' the air myed his appetite keen;
"Appetite!" cried the bullies—like maislins they stared,
Wyde gyepin' wi' wonder, till "Crikes!" Jemmy blair'd.

"The Appetite, Geordy! smash dis thou hear that?
The very outlandish cull nyem we forgat,
Bliss the dandy! for had he not tell'd up the nyem,
To Newcassel we'd wander beyth weary and lyem!"

To Shields back they canter'd, and seun frae the keel
Roar'd, "The Appetite, ho!" neuf to frighten the de'il.
Thus they fund oot the ship, cast the coals iv a swet,
Still praising the dandy that day they had met.

Then into the huddock, weel tir'd, they all gat,
And of Empty Kite, Appetite, lang they did chat,
When the Skipper discover'd, mair wise than a king,
Tho' not the syem word, they were much the syem thing.

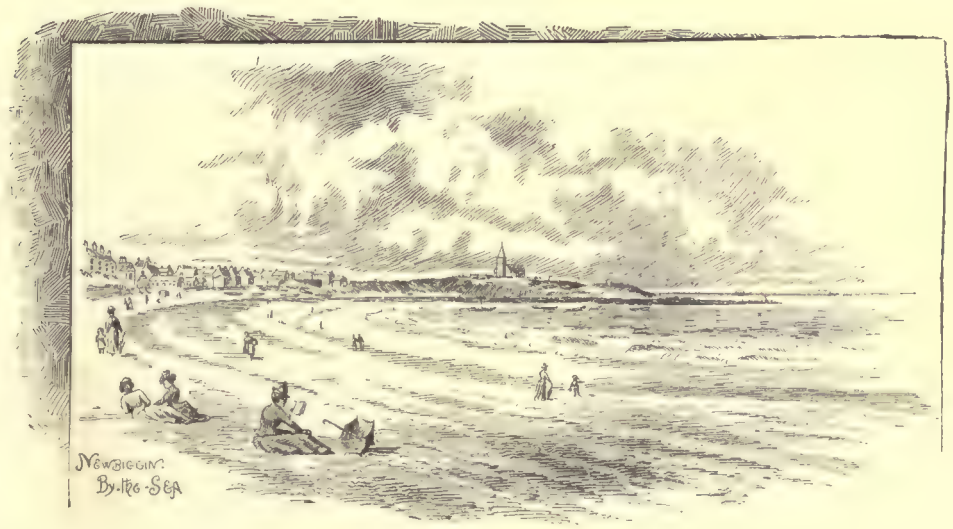
The Brotherly Love, mentioned above, has repeatedly been stated to be the vessel on board of which Captain Cook, the famous navigator, served his apprenticeship. But this is a mistake. It was in the Free Love, of Whitby, which belonged to Mr. John Walker, that Captain Cook made his first practical acquaintance with the sea. Some of the younger branches of the Walker family settled on the Tyne, and Walker Place, in North Shields, it has been said, is called after them.

ERNEST WELLS.

Newbiggin-by-the-Sea.

WITHIN recent years the fishing village of Newbiggin-by-the-Sea has become a popular watering place. Novocastrians who sigh for a breath of fresh air have frequent opportunities of satisfying their desires, for the North-Eastern Railway Company runs cheap excursion trains to Newbiggin about once a week during the holiday season—a boon that is highly appreciated. Inasmuch as there is little of interest beyond the old church to attract attention, all visitors invariably hasten to the sea beach, from which point the venerable edifice is seen to advantage, standing as it does upon the bold headland, known as Newbiggin Point. To sailors and fishermen it is a most useful landmark, for the spire is a prominent object both from the sea and from a long line of coast.

The church was at one time larger than at present, the side aisles having been destroyed. In the arcades of the north and south walls may be seen a number of grotesque corbel heads. Archæologists may find interest in the fact that the east window is one of the rare examples in this part of the country of five lancets grouped into a window



without tracery. Amongst the epitaphs on the tombstones in the graveyard is the following :—

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Newbiggin would appear to have formerly been a place of some importance, for it is recorded that in 1352 an indulgence of forty days was granted to any person who assisted in keeping in repair a pier on the north side of the harbour, while in the reign of Edward II. "Newbyggyng" was required to furnish a ship for naval purposes.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

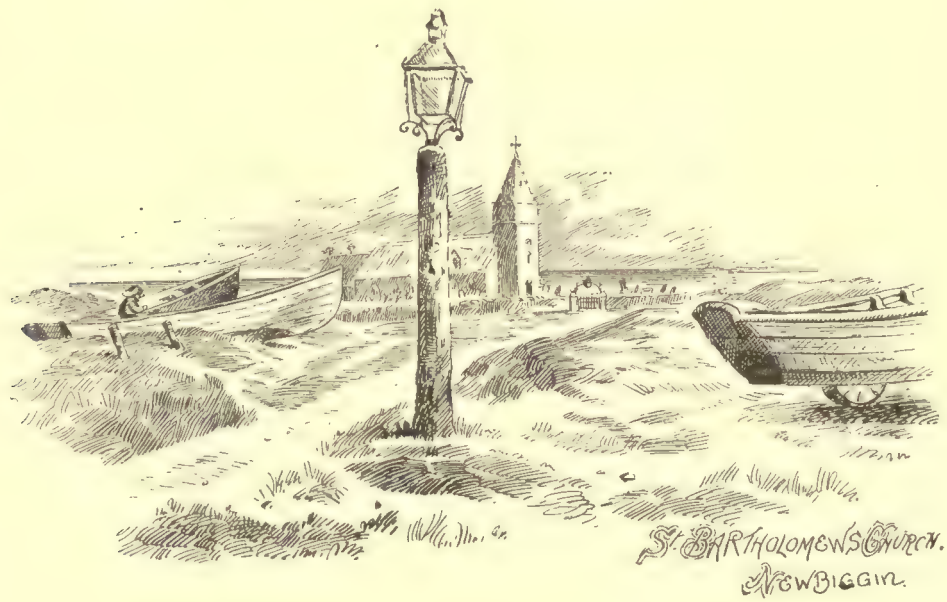
By Richard Welford.

John and Benjamin Green,

ARCHITECTS.

THE fame of Richard Grainger, who found his native town of Newcastle meanly built of red brick, and reconstructed it, or the greater part of it, of enduring stone, seems to have absorbed into itself all the credit and honour of the enterprise. Architects who assisted the famous builder in designing his work, and artists who helped him to beautify it, are seldom recognised in the story of his achievements. Yet no fact is more certain than this—and the reiteration of it takes nothing from the merits of his undertakings—that Mr. Grainger's genius manifested itself in finance and construction rather than in drawing and design. His was the lofty conception of gigantic improvements; to others he very wisely entrusted the work of adaptation and adornment. How much the stately edifices of Grey Street, Grainger Street, and Market Street owe to the artistic taste of Mr. John Dobson has been described in a filial tribute from the pen of his daughter. Miss Dobson's modest vindication of her father's right to share in the honour of reconstructing Newcastle came as a surprise to those who knew no name in connection with that gigantic undertaking but the great name of Grainger. To them and to others it will be news to learn that two of the most conspicuous objects in the finest of the fine streets which Mr. Grainger erected were the creation of two local architects who, fifty years ago, enjoyed a reputation second only to that of Mr. Dobson. The Theatre Royal, whose lofty portico overshadows the footway in Grey Street, and the towering monument which crowns the northern end of that noble thoroughfare, owe their elegant proportions to the skill of John and Benjamin Green.

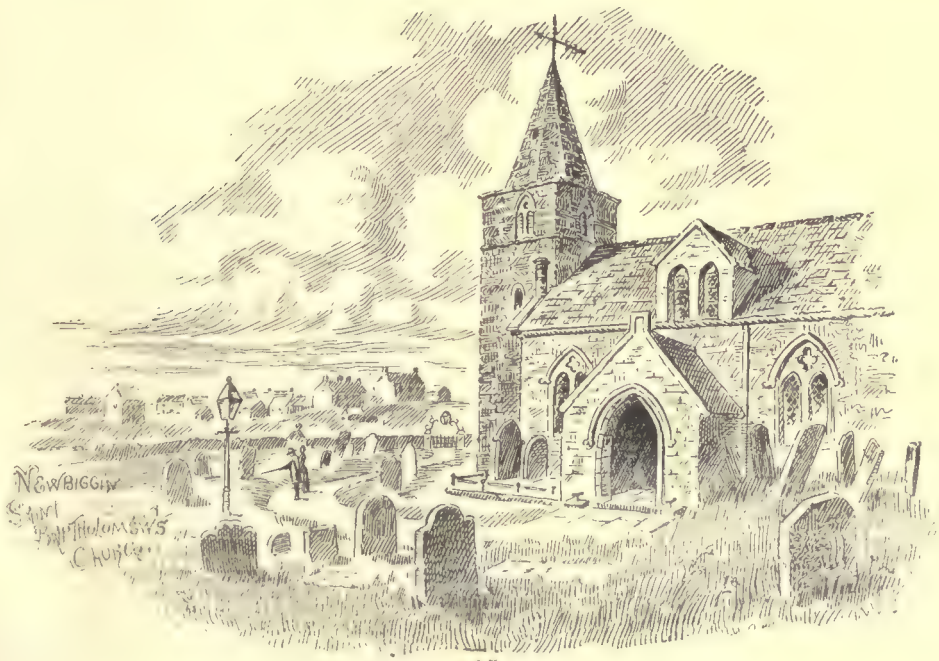
John Green was born on the 20th June, 1787, at Newton Fell House, an isolated habitation lying north-west of the village of Nafferton. In that sequestered locality his father carried on a respectable business as a contractor, builder, carpenter, and agricultural implement maker. At some local school, and perhaps under one of the famous village pedagogues to whose tuition half the best men of the county not so long ago owed their success in life, he received a sound, practical education. When he approached man's estate, he began to study architec-



ture, and this proved to be so useful to his father's interests that, soon after he came of age, he was admitted to be a partner. With the talent and energy which he threw into the affairs of the firm, business increased until Nafferton became too small to hold it, and the workshops were removed to Corbridge.

After a time, proficiency in architecture and engineering encouraged Mr. John Green to attempt higher things. He left Corbridge about the year 1820, and established himself in Newcastle as an architect and civil engineer. Under his superintendence, in 1821, the building of Cresswell House, from designs by Shaw, was begun. The following year he commenced the erection of the building in Westgate Street that has been ever since the home of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society. His next imporant work was the projection of a bridge over the Tyne—that elegant structure which, still serving its original purpose, is known as Scotswood Suspension Bridge. Besides a church at Usworth, the foundation stone of which was laid in June, 1831, he designed, and the same year successfully carried out, the construction of a chain bridge over the Tees at Whorlton, about three miles below Barnard Castle. Next he erected a stone bridge across the same river at Blackwell Ford, and after assisting Mr. Dobson to secure the foundation of St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, he constructed (1834-35) the bridge over the North Tyne at Bellingham. About this time his son Benjamin, who had been specially trained for the profession by the elder Pugin, came into the business. It becomes difficult thenceforward to distinguish the work of the father from that of the son. Chapels-of-ease at Dissington and Sugley, in the parish of Newburn, erected in 1836, were in all probability designed by Benjamin Green. Newcastle Theatre Royal was certainly his conception. The beautiful column, crowned by Baily's statue of Earl Grey, which the firm erected at the head of Grey Street, was probably his also. To the same source may, with equal likelihood, be assigned the Corn Exchange in the Cloth Market, Newcastle, begun in 1838, and removed in 1854 to make way for the present Town Hall.

But the achievement which gave the firm its chief reputation was undoubtedly the work of John Green. He it was who invented that new style of building wooden bridges for railway transit across still waters and over deep valleys which our forefathers in the "thirties" and "forties" considered to be the highest combination of strength and economy known in railway engineering. Those who attended Section G at the British Association meetings in Newcastle, on Saturday, August 25, 1838 (the day after Earl Grey's statue had been raised to the height of its column), heard Benjamin Green, on his father's behalf, describe these timber viaducts, and had the opportunity, with the rest of the assembled savants, of seeing the system exemplified in the bridges that were destined, to carry for many years the North Shields Railway across the Ouseburn and the Dene at Willington. In the Exhibition of Mechanical Inventions which the British Association gathered together during this, its first, visit to Newcastle, no more attractive objects were shown than



the models of the Messrs. Green. There was one of a Suspension Bridge which John Green proposed to erect across the mouth of the Tyne, with a span 1,000 feet at a height of 110 feet above high water level; another of the Scotswood structure as at first projected; a third showing the construction of the Ouseburn and Willington Viaducts; with others representing the Grey Monument, the Corn Exchange, a church, a Gothic cross, and the monument to the memory of Mr. John Bruce in Westgate Cemetery. The models of the viaducts were the theme of universal praise. For a description of these timber bridges, Mr. Benjamin Green received, in 1841, the Telford medal of the Institution of Civil Engineers. Sketches of them, painted in water colours by T. M. Richardson, and reproduced in lithography, may still be seen among the mural surroundings of elderly Novocastrians, and in the portfolios of local collectors.

During the next few years, railway extension was the principal occupation of architects and engineers in the North of England, and the Messrs. Green obtained a goodly share of the work. They drew the plans from which the church of Tynemouth, and St. Hilda's at Middlesbrough, were erected, but most of their skill was displayed upon that great main line which, creeping northward, gradually linked "Scotia's darling seat" to the world's metropolis. John Green designed some of the bridges over which the railroad ran; his son planned booking-offices and houses for stationmasters. It is said that all the stations between Newcastle and Berwick were erected from Benjamin Green's drawings. Fine, handsome buildings some of them were; more like the villas raised by retired tradesmen than residences for railway officers.

For several years John Green held an appointment as architect for farms, &c., for the Duke of Northumberland, upon whose estates he erected many good and substantial houses. He published, among other designs, a plan for a college in Newcastle (a castellated building of two storeys, forming three sides of a parallelogram, with a piazza running the entire length of the inner court), and was the author of one of the schemes by which it was sought to connect the higher levels of Newcastle and Gateshead. Benjamin Green, as became a disciple of Pugin, threw the glamour of art over his conceptions. While the father's style was plain, severe, and economical, the son's was ornamental, florid, and costly. Two well-known examples of their work will illustrate this difference of treatment—John Green's monument to the memory of the Earl of Durham erected on Pensher Hill (see *Monthly Chronicle*, ii., 400) and Benjamin Green's Church of the Virgin Mary Hospital in Ryehill, Newcastle. With these two specimens of the modern work of the Messrs. Green—for an enumeration of all the public buildings they erected would be tedious—this narrative may be brought to a close. John Green died in Newcastle on the 30th September, 1852; Benjamin expired at Dinsdale Retreat on the 24th November, 1858.

Richard Gilpin,

PHYSICIAN AND DIVINE.

From the district of Kendal, in Cumberland, sprang a race of Gilpins whose genius at various periods of our history irradiated the religious and social life of Great Britain, and shed its influence among English-speaking communities far away. Two members of the family, Bernard Gilpin, of Houghton-le-Spring, and Richard Gilpin, his grand-nephew, may fairly be claimed as belonging to our own side of the island. For, although born in the "Gilpin Land" about Kendal, both these

two eminent men lived the most part of their time, wrought the greater portion of their public work, and achieved the highest phases of their renown, in the counties of Northumberland and Durham. Placed by circumstances, the one on the south and the other on the north side of the dividing river, with a hundred years of conflict and of change separating their lives, there was between them a remarkable identity of temperament and a striking similarity in modes of action. Both of them were leaders of men at widely differing periods of social disruption, yet each in his sphere shook off his early environments, led the forward movement, and placed himself in the van of progress and reform. Bernard Gilpin, educated in the ancient faith of Christendom, chose the "new learning" of the Reformation, and, refusing a bishopric, became the world-famed "Apostle of the North." Richard Gilpin, trained in the Reformed religion, went out from the church of his family, and declining, like his great-uncle, to wear a mitre, became the apostle of Northern Nonconformity.

Richard Gilpin, son of Isaac Gilpin, of Strickland

Ketel, a homestead on the road from Kendal to the Windermere Ferry, was baptised on the 23rd October, 1625. Little is known of his early days. It has been ascertained that he was designed for the profession of medicine, but that, feeling a stronger inclination towards divinity, he laid aside his medical studies and determined to become a preacher. In the "Life of Ambrose Barnes" it is stated that he received his education in Scotland. Another authority places him at Queen's College, Oxford, "where he took the degree of M.D." The Rev. A. B. Grosart, in an admirable memoir prefixed to a reprint of one of Gilpin's books, surmises that he may have been trained at the famous school which his ancestor founded at Houghton-le-Spring. But, wheresoever he obtained his education, he is found in 1653, when 28 years of age, installed as the parish clergyman of Greystoke, in his native county—preferment to which he had probably been appointed by the Parliamentary Commissioners for sequestered livings.

Shortly after his settlement at Greystoke, Richard Gilpin married, and, as family cares increased upon him, he purchased from the Musgraves the old fortalice and estate near Carlisle known as Scaleby Castle. In the comparative privacy of Greystoke and Scaleby he laboured as a faithful minister, keeping a watchful eye upon the great movements of his time, yet living in charity with all men. Evidence of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-clergymen is to be found in the "Agreement of the Associated Ministers and Churches of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland" which, at their special request, emanated from his pen in 1656. Testimony of the respect entertained for him by the higher authorities is seen in the Patent by which, a year later, Lord Protector Cromwell nominated him a "Visitor" of the College proposed to be founded and endowed out of the Church lands of the see of Durham. Proof of his own large-hearted tolerance appears in a sermon which he preached in 1658 before the Associated Ministers at Keswick. and, by their unanimous desire, published.

The struggles of the Presbyterian party after the Restoration are matters of general knowledge. Prelacy, as the Puritans termed the episcopal form of Church government, triumphed, and the Act of Uniformity came into operation. Gilpin, moderate and tolerant, could not approve of an Act so rigorous and unreasonable. Unable to subscribe to it, he resigned his living and retired to his house at Scaleby. King and Council tried to win him back, and tried in vain. They offered him a bishopric—the see of Carlisle; he refused the bribe, and determined to remain a Nonconformist. A younger brother, Allen Gilpin, who had served his apprenticeship with a well-known local merchant, Phineas Allen, was at this time living in Newcastle, where Nonconformity, gathering strength through persecution, needed more preachers. Hither, therefore, from his seclusion at Scaleby, came the famous minister of Greystoke to take pastoral charge of a Nonconformist congregation. "Mr. Gilpin," writes the anonymous author of the Life of Ambrose Barnes, "living retired in the West, succeeded him [Samuel Hammond, D.D.] at Newcastle, where, by the encouragement his ministry met with from the liberality of the people, and his emoluments by the practice of physick, he raised a considerable estate. He went to Holland, and took the degree of Dr. of Physic at Leyden. The purchase of the lordship of Scaleby had put him into debt, but he now cleared it off; and Mr. Barnes went with him to Sir Richard Musgrave, and got the conveyances finisht. When the Five Mile Act came out [in 1665], Dr. Gilpin lodged at Mr. Barnes his house for more security. When his goods were distrained upon, Mr. Barnes, to prevent their being squandred away, replevyed them. These good offices contracted a friendship between them. They placed out their eldest sons at the Inns of Court together. And when there was a design to banish the Doctor from Newcastle, Mr. Barnes, by persuading the magistrates of his great usefulness in the town, by his skill in physick, procured him quietness to the end of King Charles his reign."

Before this happy consummation was attained, Mr. Gilpin and his co-religionists suffered much persecution. Bishop Cosin busied himself greatly with their proceedings, writing to the king and council about their meetings, and sending to the archdeacon and clergy reproachful letters upon the lukewarmness of the municipal authorities in dealing with them. In December, 1668, the Vicar of Newcastle. Thomas Naylor, received one of these episcopal missives, desiring him to impress upon Ralph Jenison, the Mayor, Sir Francis Anderson, and Sir James Clavering (whose sister was married to Gilpin's co-pastor, William Durant), the duty of suppressing their assemblies. A similar message, enclosing one from the king, was sent to the Mayor and aldermen direct, who replied that if offenders had not been punished it was for want of evidence, and suggesting that his lordship's informers should have taken the trouble to give them, the authorities, the information first. Whereupon, the bishop fired up, telling the Mayor and aldermen that these meetings were notorious; one of them, held in the Barber Surgeons' Hall, upon All Saints' Day, November 1, being "voiced and made known to all the town and country about"; while at another, upon the 25th November, held in one of the ringleaders' houses, "they appointed and kept a fast, with preaching and praying, which they held out from eight of clock in the morning till four in the evening, the work being held forth by their four chief leaders and abettors, Mr. Gilpine, Mr. Durant, Mr. Leaver, and Mr. Pringle. Of all which surely you had or might have had knowledge." The magistrates still remaining inactive, other means were tried. During the following summer occurred that oft-quoted scene in which Cuthbert Nicholson, cordwainer,

being on the look-out one quiet Sabbath morning in July, "about five or six of the clock, did see a great nomber of people goe inn to the howse of Mr. Richard Gilpyn, minister in the White Freers, and afterward he went to parson Jno. Shaw [of St. John's] and acquainted him with the premisses. Whereupon the said Mr. Shaw, togeither with the churchwardens, constables, and serjeants-att-mace, by the comaund of Mr. Maior, did repaire to the said Richard Gilpin's howse. And when they came there, all the dores were shutt and made fast. And after the dores were broken open he did see these severall persons come out, viz., Robert Johnson, merchant, Dr. Tunstall [the town's physician], William Hutchinson, George Headlam, and diverse other persons to the nomber of fortie." Whereupon, again, the watchful cordwainer laid an information against "Mr. Richard Gilping, Mr. William Deurant, Mr. John Pringle, and Mr. Henry Lever, preachers," and fifty-five others, including five past sheriffs, four ex-mayors, and an alderman or two.

More peaceful times for Dr. Gilpin and his followers were coming, were at hand. In 1672, Charles II. issued his famous declaration of indulgence. Under shelter of this declaration Dr. Gilpin obtained a license to preach in his dwelling house, and shortly afterwards he occurs as pastor of a congregation, assembling in a newly built place of worship which stood on the north side of the roadway, outside the Close Gate.

Dr. Gilpin's activities closed only with his life. On the 4th of February, 1700, suffering from feverish indisposition, he preached from 2 Cor. v., 2, but his weakness was manifest to the congregation, and he was conducted home. In ten days came the end. "Dr. Gilpin, that eminent man of God," wrote his friend at Stockton, the Rev. Thomas Thompson, "died much lamented by all, on (Tuesday) February 13, 1699-1700, about 8 o'clock in the morning." He was buried at All Saints', Newcastle, on Friday, the 16th, the parish register briefly describing him as "Richard Gilpin, Doctor of Physick."

In addition to the "Agreement" and the "Sermon" printed while he was rector of Greystoke, Dr. Gilpin issued a book of 216 small quarto pages, entitled,

Dœmonologia Sacra, or a Treatise of Satan's Temptations. In Three Parts. London: Printed by J. D. for Richard Randel and Peter Maplisden, Booksellers in Newcastle-upon-Tine. 1677. [Reprinted by Mr. Grosart, with Memoir and Portrait, in 1867.]

Edward Glynn,

THE LITERARY ATTORNEY.

A gentleman who could stay with us only long enough to make us know how much we lost by his leaving us.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Towards the close of last century, James Glynn, son of a Morpeth freeholder, came to Newcastle and commenced business as an ironfounder and engineer. Down in the valley of the Ouseburn, on the east side of Ouse Street, with a long frontage to the streamlet, he set up his factory, and there, in course of time, being an intelligent and enterprising man, he brought together a large and profitable connection. For a while he lived in Hanover Square, but as his undertakings at the eastern extremity of the town multiplied, he found it desirable to change his residence. Soon after the present century came in he removed to St. Ann's Row, at the far end of the New (or Shields) Road. St. Ann's Row at that time was rather a pleasant place to live in. Behind it were gardens and meadows; in front, deep down below, ran the river; while over and beyond was an uninterrupted view of cornfields and pastures, bounded by the picturesque acclivities of Heworth and Sheriff Hill. At No. 1, St. Ann's Row, in the year 1817, Edward Glynn, youngest son of the ironfounder, was born.

James Glynn's elder boys had been educated at Mr.

John Bruce's newly-opened academy in Percy Street, and thither, at the proper age, Edward also was sent to be equipped for the battle of life. When he was nine years old he lost his father—killed by a fall from his horse. Two of his elder brothers carried on the father's business, and it was determined that he should be trained to a different profession. In 1834 he was articled to Messrs. John and Matthew Clayton, to learn the theory and practice of the law. Under the personal superintendence of Mr. John Clayton, then, as for many years before and after, Town Clerk of Newcastle, he served out his indentures, and having spent, according to custom, a year or two in a London office, and passed his examinations, he was admitted, in 1839, an attorney. Shortly afterwards an opportunity of beginning life on his own account presented itself at Hexham. In that quaint and quiet town he started business, taking for his partner Mr. Thomas

Johnson, son of the steward of the Beaumont estates. It was not a prosperous venture. Hexham was too well provided with lawyers, and the firm soon discovered that they had embarked upon a barren enterprise. After two or three years' unsuccessful endeavour, the partnership was dissolved and Mr. Glynn returned to Newcastle. Six years before his own admission, his friend Mr. C. U. Laws, son of Mr. William Laws, of Prudhoe Castle, one of the Duke of Northumberland's Commissioners, had been entered on the rolls, had opened an office in Collingwood Street, and had commenced practice as a solicitor and bailiff of the manor of Tynemouth. With him Mr. Glynn joined hands, and, removing to Grey Street, created the firm of Laws and Glynn. The union thus established proved to be a most prosperous one. Before long the firm became as well known in Newcastle as the clock of Reid's shop, over which their offices were situated.

In his student days Mr. Glynn had been attentive and industrious. Although fond of society, and inclined to conviviality, he had kept those tendencies in due subjection. While he read hard for the law, he read harder still for self-culture. Without neglecting the classics, he made himself acquainted with the best works of the best authors, French as well as English, in fiction, poetry, and the drama. Thus, being blessed with a retentive memory, he was able to relieve the graver duties of his profession by recreative excursions into literature. For some years his gifts in these directions were held in check—known to his intimate friends, but rarely displayed. The dignity of his profession held him in thrall; he could not be induced to make public use of his diversified abilities. It was not until the establishment of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, in May, 1858, that he was prevailed upon to indulge with freedom in the delights of journalism. He had written occasional articles for the weekly issue, but with reluctance and at long intervals. Once the Rubicon had been crossed, however, there was no turning back with him. He wrote editorial articles for the *Daily Chronicle* early in its career, and from that time forward his pen was seldom idle. Nothing came amiss to him—politics, science, the drama, art, trade, industry; he could write, and write well, upon them all; while in the by-paths of political squib and social caricature he was, locally at least, unique and inimitable. How many of his best things are hidden in the early files of the *Daily Chronicle* can never now be known.

Three of Mr. Glynn's productions were separately published with his name attached. He had gathered together a number of the waifs and strays of the streets, furnished them with brushes, blacking, and uniform, and under the superintendence of Detective Elliott, now Chief-Constable of Gateshead, organised them into a brigade. For the benefit of these boys was published, in the same year that the *Daily Chronicle* started—

Sketches of Oldminster. The "Chares" of Newcastle and their Inhabitants. By Edward Glynn, Honorary Secretary of the Shoeblack Brigade. Newcastle: M. and M. W. Lambert, Grey Street. 1858. 56 pp.

Another pamphlet was written to assist a movement for removing the deaf and dumb from hampered quarters in the town to the breezy expanse of the Moor—a movement that, through the munificence of Sir William Armstrong, was eventually successful. It was entitled—

Silence. A Visit to the Northern Counties Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. A Contribution to the Building Fund. By Edward Glynn. Newcastle: M. and M. W. Lambert, 42-50, Grey Street. 1859. 12 pp.

At the date of this last-named pamphlet a Press Club had been started in Newcastle. The editors, managers, and reporters of the Newcastle papers formed themselves into a little mutual admiration society, which utilized Saturday afternoons in summer for roaming expeditions to Marsden, Bywell, Hartford Bridge, and other places of resort, and in the winter assembled for the reading of papers, the interchange of ideas, and the enjoyment of social intercourse. Of that faithful brotherhood Mr. Glynn was an acceptable member. He possessed a wealth of anecdote which time could not impoverish; his skill as a *raconteur* was only excelled by his musical talent. At one of the meetings he read a paper—"Mems. of a Mourning Mercer"—which was to have been printed for private circulation, but, so far as can be remembered, remains concealed in the columns of the local press. Shortly afterwards the club itself went into mourning. A local editor read a paper upon "Capital Punishment," and the members never ventured to meet again.

For the Drama Mr. Glynn had a love which amounted to passion. From first performances, in London or Newcastle, he was rarely absent, and he was a most regular attender for some years on the Friday evenings at the Newcastle Theatre Royal. He wrote, or adapted from the French, two or three plays of merit. One of them was acted under Mr. Davis's management in Newcastle. Another, his own composition entirely, and written in French, was accepted by the management of the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris, on the eve of an insurrection which gave the Parisians something else to think and talk about.

It was by his influence that, at the end of 1859, after weeks of discussion and criticism, the amateur dramatic representation of "Much Ado About Nothing," for the benefit of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum Building Fund, took place in the Town Hall. He rehearsed the part of Dogberry, but at the last moment was taken unwell, and resigned his place to another. For this performance he wrote a prologue—one of his best efforts—in which he enumerated local men of mark, or some of them, in happily chosen phrase, thus:—

Let us not think, as ancient names decay
Our race of worthies all have passed away.
New Collingwoods shall lead our sons to war,
Stowells and Eldons sway th' admiring bar;
And future Stephensons, from sire to son,
Shall run their course, as those before have run;

Some future bard, in future times aspire
To take up Akenside's neglected lyre.
The strains of music Shield from nature drew
(I mean the ancient Shield and not the new,*
Though he will have his turn); in future age
Find in this spot a rival on the stage.
Bewick on wood or metal once more trace
With skilful burin all our feathered race;
Loftus explore the halls, sublime idea!
Of buried Babylon or old Chaldea;
And Gateshead hospitality bestow,
In days to come upon a new Defoe.
Let us not wait the honours time shall give,
But show our worthies honour while they live.
If with a master's pencil, bold and free,
Carmichael still pourtrays the restless sea;
If Richardson draws Nature's beauties forth,
In search of Nature Hancock braves the North;
If other Richardsons the furnace ply
For secrets yet undreamed in alchemy,
And other Hancocks shadow forth the strife
Of tropic birds with art that mimics life;
If pondering o'er the sea an Alder dwells,
Finds worlds in spray, and harmony in shells;
If Dobson's genius rears the massive pile,
And Armstrong's guns protect our sea-girt isle—
To all their due.

At this class of literary work Mr. Glynn was an adept. It was easy to him, he delighted in it, and no one in the North of England could do it better. The prologue spoken by Miss Desborough at the opening of the Tyne Theatre, September 23, 1867, was his; so also was the long poetical address delivered by the lessee, Mr. George Stanley, May 9, 1868, at the close of the first season of that popular place of amusement.

Next to love of the play and devotion to literature, Mr. Glynn cultivated a taste for music. Indeed, music may claim to have been his first love. He assisted in 1848 to establish the Newcastle Philharmonic Society, and was an active member of its committee of management. In 1851, upon the retirement of Mr. Francis Taylor, Jun., he took upon himself the added labour of the honorary secretaryship, and so continued till the society was merged into some other organisation whose name has been forgotten.

Although Mr. Glynn could not be persuaded to enter the governing body of his native town, he took considerable interest in municipal matters. Thus, after the great explosion of October, 1854, had reduced great part of the river-side property in Newcastle and Gateshead to ruins, he started the question of providing the town with a fire brigade. For a time he laboured in vain; the authorities would not listen. But a series of fires that occurred in 1857, 1858, and 1859, strengthened his advocacy, and in October of the last-named year, a town's meeting, convinced by his arguments, appointed a committee to carry out his proposals. In the end his persistency triumphed, and he lived to see in Newcastle efficient means provided of coping with destructive conflagration, and of minimising incendiary disaster.

As an advocate Mr. Glynn was clear, concise, and logical. He did not often appear in court, but when he did so his speeches, lit up by poetic quotation, relieved by gentle raillery, and spiced with subtle sarcasm, were something to be remembered. He was the defender of young Vicomte de Maricourt, arraigned for presenting a pistol to the head of a local editor who had insulted the French Consul, his father. No one who heard it can forget that brilliant defence, and its suggestive conclusion:—

I take the liberty to direct your attention to a precedent which I think you might without the least impropriety follow, or which may, at any rate, serve to guide you in your judgment. You will find it in that invaluable digest, the "Ingoldsby Legends," for which the learned world is indebted to the late Mr. Barham. It is the celebrated case of Mrs. Winifred Price killed by an unlucky "lick," given her by her husband, whom she had provoked by her pungent taunts to "shy" his stick at her.

Then came up Mr. Ap Thomas, the coroner.
With his jury to sit, some dozen or more on her.
The jury retired, and sat on the body,
And after discussing the case in gin toddy,
They returned to the room at eleven at night
A unanimous verdict of—"Sarved her right."

In politics Mr. Glynn was a Liberal, but for party warfare he had no taste. Social reforms lay nearest to his heart, and he was more at home among shoeblacks, Ragged School boys, Wellesley lads, and dwellers in the slums, than with politicians in the Lecture Room or demonstrators in the streets. He was the first solicitor in Newcastle who adopted what was called in 1858-9 "the beard movement." Many and ominous were the warnings of the shavelings against this innovation upon old established practice, but he laughed them down, and allowed his hair to appear where Nature intended it to grow. With admirable mimicry he was accustomed to describe the astonishment of his clean-scraped London agent when first he presented himself in the Metropolis with his hirsute adornments thick upon him. The old lawyer eyed him from top to toe, put on his glasses and looked him over again, and then, resuming his seat, remarked "Humph! I hope you'll find that sort of thing pay in Newcastle."

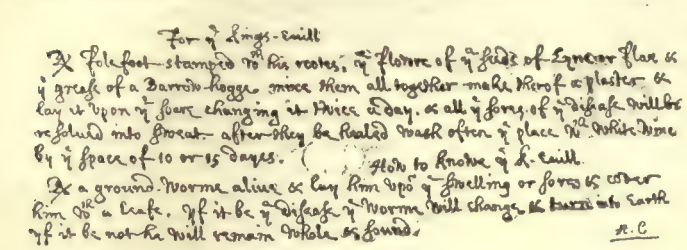
Shortly prior to his death, Mr. Glynn read a paper before the Newcastle and Gateshead Articled Clerks' Society, of which he was a vice-president, on "Other Knowledge required by an Attorney, besides a Knowledge of Law." It was published by the society, and forms the last of the three pamphlets to which he appended his name. The paper was read on the 30th of March, 1871, and on the 25th of October in that year he died at the age of fifty-four.

* The late Henry Shield, wine merchant, who took the part of Benedick.

Ye Apothecarie: His Booke.

A QUAINT manuscript volume of apothecaries' lore and household recipes was discovered by Mr. George Weddell some years ago amongst the papers belonging to the old firm of Gilpin and Company, chemists, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle. Careful examination, in which some of the curators of the British Museum kindly assisted, showed that the manuscript dated from the period of "Quene Elizabeth," addi-

tions having been made from time to time, in various handwritings, up to the middle of last century. To many



For ye kings-evill

Ye Fole-foot stamped to his roote, ye flowre of ye fluddock of Lyncar flax & ye greese of a Barrow-hegge mixe them all together make therof a plaster & lay it upon ye sore changing it twice a day. & all ye sorye of ye disease will be sucked into ye salve after they be healed wash often ye place wt white wine by ye space of 10 or 15 dayes.

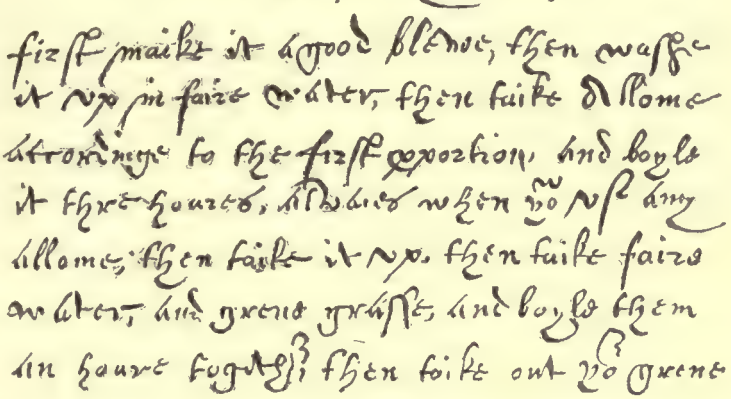
How to knowe ye K. evill.

Ye a ground Worme alive & lay him upō ye swelling or sore & other him wt a leafe. If it be ye disease ye Worme will change & turne into earth yf it be not he will remain whole as found.

M. C

noble and ancient families in the North of England its interest is enhanced by the names appended to the recipes. In a section of the book, written during the first half of the 17th century, occur the names of ye Lady Widdrington, ye Lady Selbye, ye Lady Fairfax, and a number of others. There is also evidence of its having been used during that period in the family of Lord Fairfax, and several of the handwritings have been identified as belonging to members of that historic house.

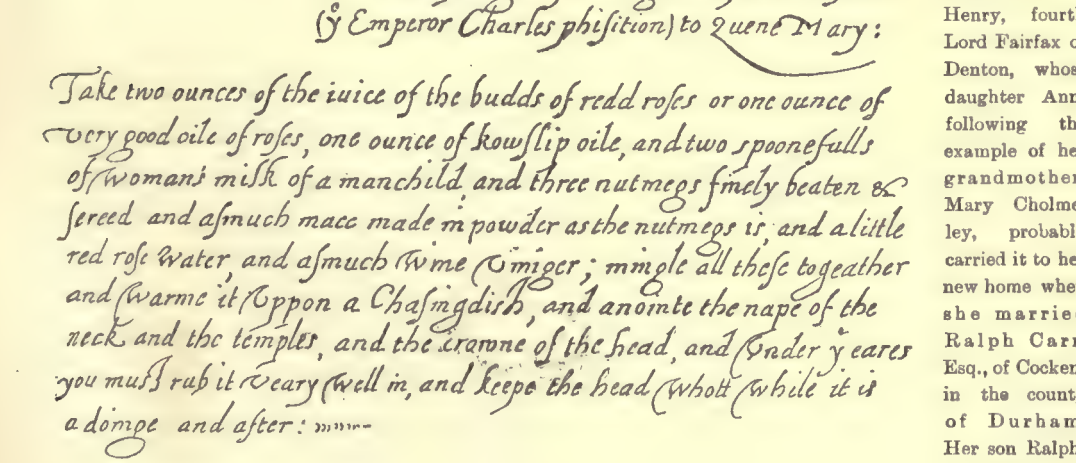
The remedies employed bear evidence of the curious superstitions with which, in old days, family medicine was permeated. They also seem to indicate that, in addition to their acknowledged high courage and powerful imaginations, our English forefathers must have been remarkable for strong digestion, to bear the gruesome "brothes, poulders, and dyett drinckes" of the ancient apothecary. "Half a peck of earth-wormes," the "lunges of a fox," the "harte of a toade," are remedies which would shake the nerves of the modern invalid. Besides the purely medical bearing of the work, there is a portion devoted to such house hold matters as "To makes cruddes and creame," "A note howe to die blewe out of white," "To make uskabaughe," and there is also "A note of Mrs. Barbara, her lessons on ye Virginalle," which included compositions by Mr. Bird, organist to Queen Elizabeth, and by Dr. Bull, the reputed composer of our National Anthem.



How to dy a fleure gruene

fizst maike it a good blewe, then wasse it wp in faire water, then faike a lome stroninge to the fizsst exposition, and boyle it three houres, adding when ye se any allome, then faike it wp. then faike faire water, and gruene grasse, and boyle them in houre fogatt; then faike out ye gruene

Mr. Weddell supplies the following particulars respecting the ownership of the volume:—"The book seems to have passed into the possession of Henry, fourth Lord Fairfax of Denton, whose daughter Ann, following the example of her grandmother, Mary Cholmeley, probably carried it to her new home when she married Ralph Carr, Esq., of Cocken, in the county of Durham. Her son Ralph, who was born



For the swymmo in ye head given by mr Vesalius (ye Emperor Charles phisition) to Quene Mary:

Take two ounces of the iuice of the budds of redd roses or one ounce of very good oile of roses, one ounce of kowslip oile, and two spoonefulls of womans milk of a manchild and three nutmegs finely beaten & sereed and asmuch mace made in powder as the nutmegs is, and a little red rose water, and asmuch wine Viniger; mingle all these togeather and warme it vppon a Chasingdish, and anointe the nape of the neck and the temples, and the crowne of the head, and vnder ye eares you must rub it veary well in, and keepe the head whott while it is a doinge and after: &c.

in 1694, and married to Margaret Paxton in 1721, does not seem to have valued the book so highly as did the Fairfaxes, because either he or his son Ralph presented it as a gift to his neighbour Robert Green, of Cocken, whom as yet I have been unable to trace. The Carrs were connected by marriage with the Hodgsons of Hebborne, and the Davisons of North Biddick, they in turn, as well as the Hedworths, being related to the families of Bellasis and Penniman of previous generations, who were kinsfolk of the Fairfaxes. These neighbours round about Cocken, although historically less prominent than the Fairfax group of the previous century, are highly interesting to the North Country from their intimate relationship to its notable families, the Delavals of Seaton, the Lambtons of Lambton, the Liddells of Ravensworth, the Hedworth-Williamsons of Monkwearmouth and Whitburn, the Ellisons, the Fenwicks, the Forsters, and many more almost equally illustrious."

The manuscript has been reproduced in fac-simile by Messrs. Mawson, Swan, and Morgan, publishers, Newcastle, by whose courtesy we are enabled to give the accompanying specimens of the text.

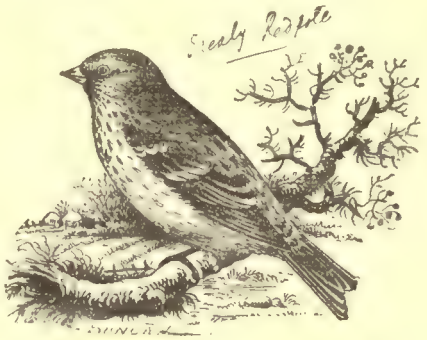
Three Members of the Linnet Family.

PREVIOUS pages of the *Monthly Chronicle* have contained descriptions of the two commoner members of the Linnet family—the brown linnet and the lesser redpole. We now deal with the remaining members of the family that are so far known to have been found in Northumberland nd Durham.

The Arctic redpole (*Linaria canescens*) is, according to

the late Mr. Hancock, a casual visitant to the Northern Counties. A specimen of this species was knocked down with a clod of earth, on the sea banks, near Whitburn, Durham, on April 24, 1855. It was seen flying about for some days previous to its capture. The plumage of the adult bird in winter is very beautiful, being of a pale grey or mealy appearance all over. The margins of the feathers are a clear white; the rump and under parts are also white, with a few obscure streaks of pale brown on the flanks. The front of the head is of a dull crimson, but there is no red elsewhere.

The mealy redpole (*Linota linaria*—Linn.) is a resident in the North of England, and frequents wooded localities in the neighbourhood of plantations. Mr. J. W. Fawcett states that it nests, or has nested, in the county of Durham. It is a circumpolar bird, breeding at or near the limit of forest-growth, and possibly in some of the alpine districts of Central Europe. In



winter it is found in various places throughout the whole of Central and Southern Europe. The bird winters in South Canada and the northern portion of the United States. In summer the crown of the male is a glossy red; nape, back, and scapulars, dark brown, margined in some places with whitish; rump much whiter, washed with pink and streaked with brown; greater and middle wing coverts tipped with whitish; tail feathers dusky, narrowly margined with whitish; chin black, breast rosy pink, streaked with black and white; rest of under parts whitish; flanks streaked with brown; legs and feet brown; irides brown. The bird is about five inches in length.

The mountain linnet (*Fringilla montium*—Bewick; *Linota montium*—Yarrell), like the common linnet, is a resident in the Northern Counties. Mr. Hancock remarks: "It is not uncommon, breeding on the heather in the wild, uncultivated parts of both counties. I found a nest, with young, in July, 1866, at Cragside, Coquetdale; and Mr. Thomas Thompson took a nest with eggs, at Haltwhistle, in 1869." This bird is smaller than the common linnet, of more sober plumage, and is not so well known. As its name implies, it has to be sought on wild heathery moors or mountains, where it almost invariably breeds. It is also known as the twite (from its ordinary note), yellow bellied linnet, and heather lintie. Its flight is rapid and undulated, and it wheels over the fields previous to alighting, uttering a soft twitter at intervals.

When disturbed it betakes itself to tall trees or to distant fields. Its food consists of the seeds of various wild plants and grasses. The male is about 5¼ inches in length; head, on the sides, light reddish brown; forehead, crown, neck on the back, and nape, brown of two shades, the middle part of the feather being darker than the rest; chin and throat, light reddish yellow brown, streaked on the sides with dark brown; below, dull brownish white; back, brown, the middle part of the feathers being darker than the rest, the lower part crimson or purple red in summer. The wings, which expand to a width of nearly nine inches, are brownish black. The tail, which is long and well

forked, is brownish black, with narrow, yellowish brown external edges, white at the base, and broader light brown or greyish white inner margins; upper tail coverts brown, the middle of the feathers darker than the edges; under tail coverts, dull brownish white, some of them with a dark central mark.

Notes and Commentaries.

SAND DESKS.

Mr. Robert Blair, F.S.A., contributes an interesting note on this subject to the *Antiquary*. Barrington School, Bishop Auckland, was, he says, founded in 1810. The following curious items in connection with it are gleaned from an old account of William Ramshaw, a well-known joiner, builder, and auctioneer of the time, a native of Bishop Auckland, and the father of Lady Armstrong:—

To Sand Bords with desk 13s. each	1	6	0
To 2 Rowlers for leveling Sand	0	2	0
To 2 Rowlers with Handles	0	3	0
To Levelling old Sand Bord and putting new edges on	0	6	6
To a new Sand Bord 11 ft. long with 3 Desks	1	2	0
To painting Desks	0	3	6
To a Rouler with handle of oak	0	2	0
To a Rouler with handle grooved at end	0	1	6

These items, continues Mr. Blair, refer to writing in sand formerly in vogue, now an obsolete practice, said to have been derived from the Hindoos. The use of it in the Barrington School was for the first teaching of letters. The lowest class, the sixth, was called the sand-class. The children stood before a long desk, called the sand-table, about 12 feet long and 10 inches wide, with a small rim on each side. On this table was put some sand, which, by the application of a "rowler" of a peculiar form, was reduced to an even surface, with three lines in it to direct the height of the letters. A card with letter A was placed before the child, and the finger was directed by the teacher to make the letter in the sand, and so on from letter to letter, until the end of the alphabet was reached.

ECHO, Newcastle.

THE LOUGH FAMILY.

Being a native of the village of Greenhead, and intimately acquainted with the Lough family, I wish to add a few items to the biography of the sculptor, which appears in the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 199.

William Lough, the sculptor's father, was a blacksmith and farrier at Greenhead, who, when John was quite a child, entered upon the farm of Low Muggleswick. His wife, the sculptor's mother, a tall, fine-looking woman, was a native of Allendale Town. Her maiden name was Clemitson, and she had a nephew, whom I knew very well as an itinerant minister in the Primitive Methodist body.

When old Mr. Lough went to Muggleswick, he left the smithy in charge of his son Clemitson, or "Clem," as we called him. "Clem" was a man of fine physique, and acquired great skill in farriery. He eventually succeeded to the business, and helped John to maintain his father and mother in comfort at Blanchland, where they died about forty years ago. "Clem" remained at Greenhead till 1846, when he removed to the adjoining hamlet of Carterway-Heads, and died there in February, 1876—a couple of months before his more celebrated brother.

Besides Clemitson and John, there were two sons of the family—Thomas and William. Thomas was the brother who helped the sculptor with his clay dollies. It used to be said that he was the better modeller of the two. Certainly he could draw wonderful figures on the floor with cinders from under the grate. I have in my possession some rough sketches of his upon paper, which he made less than twenty years ago, when he had become a sort of vagrant, for, although he was a fairly good blacksmith, he never could be induced to settle down to anything. He composed various pieces of poetry, some of which were published, and could play moderately well upon the fiddle, which he held between his knees, using the bow with his left hand. Thomas died in Lanchester Workhouse somewhere about twelve years ago. The the other brother, William, held a responsible position for about fifty years at Murton Colliery, under the South Hetton Coal Company, and died (about the same time as poor Tom), either at Seaham Harbour or

South Hetton, I am not sure which. He left a son who, I believe, is still employed in the London office of the company.

The Mr. Hopper who built the porch, or gateway, at Greenhead was a retired naval captain. Why he had the figures dressed as Highlanders instead of as sailors, I never was able to understand; but so it was.

Greenhead is, without doubt, a quiet and out-of-the-way place to-day. But when I was a lad it was much less so. Being on the main road from Scotland to the South, it was a favourite rendezvous for the dealers and drovers who accompanied the great droves of cattle and sheep that were sent from the North to Southern markets. There was a good inn at Greenhead, plenty of grass land, and Lough's smithy, where they could have their cattle shod if necessary; for, strange as it may appear to the present day reader, cattle often wore shoes like horses at that time. At this kind of work, "Clem" Lough was an adept. I have known him to be sent for from long distance to shoe cattle, and have heard of his accompanying droves as far south as York for the same purpose. Before the advent of railways, Greenhead was a sort of centre for a wide district, and was kept in close touch with the outside world.

A. Richardson, Guisborough, Yorkshire.

"I'M BROWN."

Newspaper readers who have perused the accounts of the experimental trial of the London and Paris telephone, which was formally opened on the 31st of March, may have noticed that the word "Brown" cropped up rather frequently as the name of an experimenter at the Paris end of the cable. Its owner is Mr. William Brown, who was for many years in the Newcastle telegraph office. Mr. Brown was placed in charge of the telephone exchange on its establishment in Newcastle in 1882. Subsequently he was transferred to the staff of Mr. W. H. Preece, the electrician to the Post Office, by whom he was sent to Paris to assist in the experiments there.

X., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

S. BOVERICK, WATCHMAKER.

The following advertisement is taken from an "Historical Register of Remarkable Events," by John Sykes, bookseller, Johnson's Head, Newcastle, printed in 1824:—

August 31, 1765.

S. Boverick, Watchmaker,

In the Groat Market, Newcastle, begs leave to acquint the curious in the Medal Way, That he has discovered a perticular neat Manner of taking the Impressions off from all sorts of Medals; the Matter of which they are made being far more durable than any yet made use of. He sells them either in a Collection in Frames, or singly gilt, or plain white: or if any Person chuses a perticular Colour, by given Time, may be accommodated. A speciman may be seen of both gilt and plain at the above Place. N.B.—His Collection of Miniature Curiosities, made by himself, consisting of a Chaise, weighing but one Dram, drawn by a Flea; a Chain, Flea, Padlock, and Key, weighing but one third of a grain; Furniture of a Dining Room in a Cherry Stone: Landeau and Six, drawn by a Flea; Scissors, &c. &c. &c. is shewn at the above shop at the usual Time and Price.

F. Fawcus, Alnwick.

THE CITY OF DURHAM.

In an ancient Saxon poem, the city of Durham is described as follows:—

This city is celebrated
In the whole empire of the Britons.
The road to it is steep:
It is surrounded with rocks
And with curious plants.
The Wear flows round it,
The river of rapid waves;
And there live in it
Fishes of various kinds
Mingling with the floods.
And there grow
Great forests;
There live in the recesses
Wild animals of many sorts;
In the deep valleys
Deer innumerable.
There is in this City
Also well known to men
The venerable St. Cuthbert;
And the head of the chaste king
Oswald, the lion of the Angli;
And Aidan, the Bishop;
Ædbert and Ædfrid,
The noble associates.
There is in it also
Æthelwold, the Bishop;
And the celebrated writer Bede,
And the Abbot Boisil,
By whom the chaste Cudberth
Was in his youth gratis instructed;
Who also well received the instruction.
There rest with these saints
In the inner part of the Minster
Relicks innumerable,
Which perform many miracles,
As the Chronicles tell us,
And (which) await with them
The judgment of the Lord.

Ano. Inno, Heaton.

"WATERLOO WETHERAL."

Haughton-le-Skerne, a little country village about a mile from Darlington, was the residence of an old soldier who went by the name of "Waterloo Wetheral." Wetheral was present in the field on the memorable 18th of June, 1815. Many were the stories he told my companions and me as we quitted school and assisted him to "knap diamonds," he being, although he had a pension from the army, a stonebreaker and roadman.

I can still picture to myself his rough and haggled face and broken nose as he grasped his hammer, and showed us how he slaughtered the long-moustachioed Frenchmen; but, whatever his animosity towards the French may have been, and however rough and uninviting his outward appearance was, I can only say that he had a gentle heart and a forbearing spirit, for many were the pranks we played upon him. Let them be ever so unpleasant to himself, he always received us with the same good humour nightly. About thirty years ago he

was taken, I think, to Chelsea Hospital, where he soon afterwards died at a ripe age.

The following note occurs in Fordyce's "History of Durham," published in 1857:—"Weatheral, one of the Waterloo heroes mentioned by Haydon the painter in his autobiography, is still living, and is employed in working on the road which passes through Haughton-le-Skerne. A recent writer says:—'He has eighteen holes in his jacket, corresponding to the eighteen wounds in his chest. His head and neck are cut to pieces, and he has holes and cuts by sword, spear, and ball all over his body. His nose was cut off and held by a "tag of skin," and as he lay on the field bleeding, and unable to move, holding his nose up by his hand, he called to one of the 42nd, who was hurrying past, to get a bit of rag to put up his nose. The 42nd man found a piece of rag and bound it round his head. The unfortunate feature adhered. As the burly figure of the brave soldier stands before you, no one would suppose for one moment that his body is patched up, healed and stitched as it is all over; for his hearty laugh, his fire and enthusiasm in describing the deeds of Waterloo, are as fresh, youthful, and vigorous as when detailing to Wilkie, Haydon, and Scott the feats of June 18th, 1815.'"

THOMAS WILKINSON, Houghton-le-Spring.

"JESSAMOND MILL."

Having in my possession a few numbers of the "Ladies' Own Memorandum Book," which was published in Newcastle, and printed by S. Hodgson, and is now probably very rare, I have copied the following from the year 1772:—

To sing of some nymph and her cot
Each bard will oft flourish his quill;
I'm glad it has fall'n to my lot
To celebrate Jessamond Mill.

When Spring hither winds her career
Our trees and our hedges to fill,
Vast oceans of verdure appear,
To charm you at Jessamond Mill.

To plant every rural delight
Here Nature has lavish'd her skill;—
There fragrant breezes unite
And wanton round Jessamond Mill.

When Silence each evening here dwells,
The birds in their coverts are still,
No music in sweetness excels
The clacking of Jessamond Mill.

Reclin'd by the verge of the stream,
Or stretch'd on the side of the hill,
I'm never in want of a theme
Whilst peering at Jessamond Mill.

Sure Venus some plot has design'd,
Or why is my heart never still
Whenever it pops in my mind
To wander near Jessamond Mill?

My object, ye swains, you will guess,
If ever in love you had skill;
And, faith, I will frankly confess
'Tis Jenny at Jessamond Mill.

The writer hides his identity under the *nom de plume* of "Primrose," Newcastle. The verses have little literary merit, but they are certainly a curiosity, and show that then, as now, Jesmond Mill was a favourable subject for the poet's pen. GEORGE J. BELL, South Gosforth.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A REMARKABLE VILLAGE.

Whilst walking along a strange country lane, a gentleman came in contact with a pit lad, and accosted him thus:—"Is there any village hereabouts, my fine fellow?" "Thor is, sor," responded the lad, "aboot half a mile farthor alang the road." "And what might be the name of the village?" the gentleman further asked. "Aa divvent ken that, mistor; but thoo cannot varry weel misteck it, for thor's oney yen hoose!"

A STORY OF A PIG.

A village not a hundred miles from Bellingham is blessed with a very zealous policeman, who on one occasion wished to find out the owners of some pigs that were occasionally allowed to stretch their legs on the village green. Meeting a youngster, he commenced: "D'ye keep a pig?" "Yes," was the reply. "Aa want to see't," says Robert. "Come on then," said the youngster, and, leading the way into the house, he pointed to the ceiling, saying, "Thor's yen half, and t'other yen's eaten!"

A REASON FOR VOTING.

Some years ago, when Mr. Alderman Temple first appealed to the municipal electors of Newcastle, a friend of his asked a boilersmith, noted for his predilection for dogs, for whom he was going to vote. "Wey," was the unhesitating reply, "aa's gannin' te plump for Temple." "Well, if it is no offence, you might tell me why you are voting for him." "Oh, aa'll tell ye, reet eneuf. Ye see," said the boilersmith, pointing to his canine companion, "Mr. Temple's dog an' ma dog's brothor and sistor!"

COLOUR BLINDNESS.

A well-known Northern professor (so says a writer in the *Globe*) is very fond of relating the following incident, the truth of which he asserts solemnly:—He had been lecturing one evening upon colour blindness, and at the conclusion of his remarks a pitman, who had evidently not grasped his lucid explanations, came to him and asked if he would solve the mystery. "Certainly," said the professor. "What is this culor blindness, then?" asked Geordie. "Well," replied the learned gentleman, holding up a piece of red coloured glass, "supposing that when you looked at this you imagined it was green, that would be an instance." "That's culor blindness, de ye say?" replied Geordie, with a look of disgust. "If ye ax'd me, aa wad caall it d——d ignorance!"

IN CELESTIAL REGIONS.

An old gentleman, who resides in a Tyneside village, one night stayed rather long at the ale-house, with the result that when he ventured into the open air about eleven o'clock he found things considerably mixed. It was not far to his domicile, but it was necessary to cross a single-plank bridge over a stream. The night was clear and the moon shone brightly. His progress was not

marked by incident until he reached the plank. When attempting to move along the plank, he fell across it, but did not touch the water. At this moment his daughter, who had been on the look-out for her parent, and was standing at the cottage door, shouted:—"Whor are ye, fethor? Aa cannot see ye onnywheres." "Aa divvent knaa, aa divvent knaa," exclaimed the old man, gazing into the stream and seeing the lunar reflection, "but aa's somewhere above the moon!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. George N. Cairns, an old Customs officer, died on March 10th at Berwick-on-Tweed, of which he had been constituted a freeman thirty-six years ago.

On the 13th of March, the death was announced, as having taken place at Crystal Brook, near Adelaide, South Australia, on the 22nd of January, of Dr. John Taylor Parkinson, a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a son of the late Mr. Parkinson, chemist, in that city. The deceased, after practising the medical profession for eight years at Brotton-in-Cleveland, emigrated to Australia.

As an example of longevity in the Alston district, the death was recorded on the 11th of March of Mrs. Phillis Teasdale at Foreshields Grains, in her 98th year.

Mr. John Beckwith, considered to be a member of one of the oldest families in the district, died at Consett on the 11th of March, at the age of 71 years.

On the 14th of March, Mr. Thomas Pallister Dods, land agent and valuer, died suddenly at his residence, Eilan's Gate, Hexham. The deceased gentleman, who was the son of a former Presbyterian minister at Belford, and a brother of the Rev. Professor Marcus Dods, of Edinburgh, was a distinguished agriculturist, and was prominently identified with several local public bodies. Mr. Dods was 68 years of age.

On the 15th of March, Mr. George Garry Taylor-Smith, J.P., died at his residence, Colpike Hall, Lanchester, in the 57th year of his age. He evinced a deep interest in agricultural pursuits, and assisted in all philanthropic movements in the district. The deceased gentleman was a member of one of the most distinguished Catholic families in the county of Durham, one of his brothers being the newly invested Canon Taylor-Smith, formerly of Tow Law, and now of Wolsingham.

Mr. Gerrard Robinson, one of the best wood-carvers the North of England has ever produced, died at the age of 57 on March 18, in Pine Street, Newcastle. The son of Robert Robinson, a blacksmith in the employment of a firm of coach-builders in Newcastle, he was apprenticed to the late Mr. Tweedy, of the same town. While in that gentleman's service, he superintended the carving of the Shakspeare and Robinson Crusoe Sideboards that were shown at the Great Exhibition of 1862. Indeed, it has been stated that "all the great character carvings which were produced at Mr. Tweedy's, including the famous scenes from 'Tam o' Shanter,' were mainly his ideas and the result of his work." Mr. Robinson left Mr. Tweedy in 1872, set to work on his own account, and produced the Chevy Chase Sideboard. Not meeting with the encouragement he deserved in Newcastle, he removed to London, where he started business in Duke Street, and where he had for one of his pupils Mr. Seymour Lucas, the well-known Associate of the Royal Academy. Returning to Newcastle, he was commissioned by Earl Manvers to execute a magnificent mantel-piece for Thoresby Hall, representing scenes in Sherwood Forest, cut out of timber grown in the forest itself. Many other elaborate and masterly carvings were produced by Mr. Robinson—notably "The Boar Hunt," "The Scissors Grinder," "The Derby Day Sideboard," besides a large number of handsome lecterns that now adorn churches in various parts of England.

Mr. James Sutherland, formerly quartermaster of the 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, who had seen a service of nearly forty years, died at Alnwick.

Mr. John Peel, a well-known horse dealer, died at his residence, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, on the 22nd of March, at the age of 53 years.

On the 21st of March, the death was reported of Richard Stamp, of Widdrington, a somewhat eccentric character, who was for many years a successful farmer. He had reached the advanced age of 93 years.

On the same day the death was announced of Mr. Alderman Dresser, of Darlington, at the age of nearly 84 years.

The death occurred, on the 22nd of March, of Mr. Alexander Allen, one of the oldest and most respected inhabitants of South Shields. He was one of the promoters of the Swimming Club in that town, and held the position of honorary swimming master until old age compelled him to retire. Mr. Allen was in his 85th year.

On the 24th of March, Mr. Edward Tomsett, master painter, died at his residence, Salem Street, Sunderland, aged 72. The deceased left a wife and three daughters, one of the latter being Madame Tomsett, the well-known soprano vocalist, of Newcastle.

The death was announced on the 24th of March, of Mr. Lionel Winship, of Benton West Farm, Northumberland, a descendant of an old North-Country family.

On the same day was reported the death, at his residence, Boldon, of Mr. R. H. Potts, J.P., at one time a well-known builder of wooden ships at Sunderland. The deceased gentleman was 70 years of age.

Mr. John James Hunter, the Northern representative of a large sugar business, and a son of the late Mr. George Hunter, a town councillor of Newcastle, died at Tynemouth on the 25th of March.

On the 27th of March, the death was announced of Mr. Thomas Crawhall, an old and respected inhabitant of Stanhope, and a representative of an ancient local family. He was 75 years of age.

An intimation appeared on the 28th of March of the death, at the age of 63, of Mr. A. K. Davison Moffatt, of Beanley, a well-known Northumbrian agriculturist, and a descendant of a family who had farmed in the county of Northumberland for centuries.

On the 30th of March, Mr. George Morson, a gentleman largely interested in the coal, coke, and iron trades of the county of Durham, died at Castle View, Bishop Middleham, at the age of 75 years.

Mr. Frederick Ravenscroft, formerly manager for Messrs. Maling and Co., potters, Newcastle, died at Hanley, Staffordshire, on the 31st of March.

On the 1st of April, the Rev. Robert Hopper Williamson, M.A., a grandson of Robert Hopper Williamson, who was for many years Recorder of Newcastle, died at Whickham, aged 78.

On the same day, the death occurred, somewhat sud-

denly, of Mr. William Coor Parker, of Darlington, who was for a long period the manager of Messrs. Henry Pease and Co.'s woollen mills. He was a very active man in connection with the advancement of education, and for some time he was chairman of the School Board. The deceased gentleman was 68 years of age.

Mr. John Dawson, who for twenty-five years had been connected with the commercial department of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and who had taken considerable interest in the co-operative and other social movements, died after a short illness on the 3rd of April, aged 50.

On the 4th of April, Mr. John Marley, C.E., long known as one of the leading mining engineers in the county of Durham, died at Darlington. The deceased, who was 68 years old, was with the late Mr. John Vaughan when the latter first discovered ironstone near Eston.

Mr. Ralph Sanderson, contractor and builder, and a member of the Durham Town Council, died on the 5th of April.

On the 6th of April, the sudden death was announced, at the age of 66, of Mr. David Gallon Pinkney, one of the largest owners of steam shipping in the port of Sunderland.

Mr. Richard Charles Symonds, a gentleman well known in Quayside commercial circles, and a prominent Freemason, died suddenly at his residence in Grosvenor Road, Newcastle, on the 6th of April. The deceased, who was 48 years of age, was one of the chief supporters of the Newcastle Bowling Green.

Mr. William Milburn, postmaster of the village of Greenside, died on the 7th of April.

On the 8th of April, Mr. Jonathan Hodgson, master of the Stanhope Union Workhouse, died suddenly at the age of 64 years.

On the same day, Mr. John Tweddell died at Blyth, of the Local Board connected with which town he was a member. The deceased was brought up as an architect, but having had a fortune left him, he did not follow his calling.

The death was announced, on the 9th of April, of Mr. John Rutherford, Monkwearmouth, at the ripe age of 90 years. The deceased was believed to be the oldest ship captain residing in the town.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MARCH.

11.—The Rev. A. F. Riley was elected chairman, and the Rev. W. Moore Ede vice-chairman, of the Gateshead School Board. Mr. Charles Richardson was at the same time chosen a member of the Board in succession to Mr. G. T. France, resigned.

—A woman named Dorothy Sinclair stabbed her husband, Thomas Sinclair, at Coldside Farm, near Morpeth, inflicting such injuries that he died almost instantaneously. The couple, who were farm-servants, were reported to have lived on good terms; and the woman was in a state of great distress after the occurrence. On being taken into custody, she stated that, after they had returned from a hiring market, her husband was making game of her, when, seizing a table-knife, she threatened to stab him if he did not desist, never intending, however, to do him any harm. The deceased was 50 years of age, and his wife six years younger. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder, and the woman was committed for trial on the same charge by the magistrates.

12.—Mr. Henry Noel Mallan, inspector of fisheries, held an inquiry at the Moot Hall, Newcastle, in reference to a by-law made by the Local Fisheries Committee, prohibiting fishing by trawlers in the Northumberland sea fisheries district.

13.—Sergeant McQueen, of the Tynemouth borough police, was examining a gun at the window of his house, when it exploded, and a boy named Thomas Hewett, eight years old, received a shot in the back of his head. The lad died from the effects of the wound on the following day, and McQueen was taken into custody on the charge of having caused his death. The coroner's jury, however, found that the occurrence was purely accidental, and the magistrates being of the same opinion, the sergeant was eventually discharged.

—It was announced that the will of the late Mr. Thomas Richardson, M.P. for the Hartlepools, had been proved, the amount of the personalty being £290,000.

—A successful conversazione was held in the Natural History Museum, Newcastle, under the auspices of the associated artistic, literary, and scientific clubs and societies of the city.

14.—It was reported that the curious isolated mass of rock on the shore at East Hartlepool, popularly known as "The Elephant Rock," had suffered greatly from the late storm. It was severely shaken by the violence of the waves, and part of it had fallen. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, page 526.)

—A Miners' Hall, erected at a cost of £1,400, and the gift of the owners to the men, was opened at New Brancepeth Colliery.

15.—A strong south-easterly gale, accompanied by heavy rain, prevailed in Newcastle and off the mouth of the Tyne. In the evening, the schooner Ploughboy, of Shoreham, ran ashore at South Shields, but the crew were rescued by the Life Brigade. On the same day, the brig Union, of Christiania, stranded near Alnmouth, the crew, in this instance, being saved by the rocket apparatus.

17.—There being no cases for trial at the South Shields Police Court, Mr. W. R. Smith, the magistrate in attendance, was presented with a pair of white kid gloves.

—The enthronement of Dr. Magee as Archbishop of York took place in York Minster. The Bishops of Derry, Wakefield, and Newcastle took part in the service. The ceremony was performed by the Dean of York in the presence of about 600 clergymen.

—Mr. James Coltman, grocer, was elected, after a contest, member for Heaton Ward in the Newcastle City Council, the vacancy having been created by the elevation of Mr. William Temple to the bench of aldermen.

—St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Newcastle by a meeting and concert in the Town Hall, under the presidency of Mr. Bernard McAnulty. The principal speaker was Dr. Tanner, M.P.

18.—The Earl of Ravensworth presided at the annual meeting of the Institute of Naval Architects in London.

19.—Colonel John A. Cowen, of Blaydon Burn, was elected a member of the River Tyne Improvement Com-

mission, as representative of the traders, in the room of the late Mr. William Dickinson.

—An exhibition of pictures was opened in the Oddfellows' Hall, Saville Street, North Shields, under the auspices of the Tynemouth Fine Arts Association.

—At St. Charles's Catholic Schools, Tudhoe, the Very Rev. Joseph Watson was presented with an illuminated address and a purse of gold, in honour of his elevation to the Provostship of the diocese.

—A handsome illuminated address was presented to Mr. Alderman Thomas Richardson by the members of the class of which he had been leader for twenty years in connection with the Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle.

20.—The long-continued strike at Silksworth Colliery was brought to an end, the men having, by a majority of 288 to 143, resolved to return to work on the masters undertaking that no influence should be brought to bear on the deputies to remain outside the association of the men. Work was fully resumed on the 31st of March.

21.—The fourteenth annual dinner of the Hotspur Club, an association of North-Countrymen resident in the metropolis, was held in the London Tavern, Fenchurch Street, London. There were nearly a hundred gentlemen in attendance, and the chair was occupied by Mr. G. J. Haggis.

—A fire, which proved to be very destructive, broke out in the shop 81, Ormonde Street, Jarrow, occupied by Messrs. Wardle and Cochrane, clothiers.

—The last of the series of People's Concerts for the season was given in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

22.—John Smart, a boy about 15 years of age, was accidentally shot dead by another lad, named Hedley, at Seaton Lodge Farm, near Seaton Sluice. The two youths had been using the gun, which was the cause of the occurrence, for the purpose of scaring rooks from the farm.

—Special services were held in Bath Lane Church, Newcastle, on the occasion of the first anniversary of the death of Dr. Rutherford; and during the day a number of floral offerings were placed upon the late pastor's grave in Elswick Cemetery.

23.—Mr. John Morley, M.P., was elected president of the Newcastle Liberal Club.

24.—A meeting was held in the Guildhall, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis) in furtherance of the objects of the Royal Alfred Institution for Sailors. An influential local committee was appointed.

—Mr. C. B. Hodgson, brother of the late Clerk of the Peace for Cumberland, was elected to the offices of Clerk of the Peace, Clerk to the County Council, and Clerk to the Standing Joint Committee.

25.—Messrs. Palmer and Company launched from their shipyard at Howdon the cruiser Rainbow, built to the order of her Majesty's Government. The christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. C. B. McLaren, of London.

26.—It was announced that, on the nomination of the Technical Education Committee of the Northumberland County Council, Dr. William Somerville, lecturer on forestry in Edinburgh University, had been appointed Professor of Agriculture and Forestry in connection with the Durham College of Science in Newcastle. A few days afterwards, on the recommendation of the Council of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders, Mr. R. L. Weighton, M.A., was chosen as first professor in the department of Mechanical and Marine Engineering and Naval Architecture, which had also been established in connection with the College. Mr. Weighton is a graduate of Edinburgh University, and had latterly been employed as chief-draughtsman at Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co.'s Works, St. Peter's, Newcastle.

—At a special meeting of the Berwick Town Council, a gold chain and medallion, together with a wand decoration, were handed in trust to the Corporation for the use of the present and future Sheriffs of Berwick, who had hitherto had no insignia of office.

—Mr. T. P. Marshall was elected a member of the Gateshead Town Council, in the room of Mr. Dunn, promoted to the rank of alderman.

27.—Good Friday, which occurred to-day, was, according to custom, observed as a general holiday, but the weather was very cold and windy, detracting from the pleasure of outdoor recreation. The weather was also very disagreeable on Easter Monday (30th).

—A new Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, erected at a cost of nearly £2,800, was opened at Amble.

29.—Three stained glass windows, provided by Lord Northbourne in memory of his wife, were unveiled in the chancel of Christ Church, Jarrow.

—The Rev. J. Page Hopps, a well-known Unitarian minister, of Leicester, preached anniversary sermons in the Church of the Divine Unity, Newcastle. On the following evening he was present and spoke at the annual soiree of the congregation.

30.—The annual conference of the School Attendance Officers' National Association was held in Newcastle. The morning proceedings were presided over by Mr. Usher, of Liverpool, and those in the afternoon by the Rev. W. Moore Ede, Rector of Gateshead. The details of a superannuation scheme were discussed and adopted.

—Mr. Arthur Pease presided over the annual conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the North-Eastern district. The members afterwards proceeded to Auckland Castle, where they partook of luncheon at the invitation of the Bishop of Durham.

31.—A stained glass window was about this time completed for the Parish Church of Alston, as a memorial of the late Rev. E. L. Bowman, who was for upwards of fourteen years vicar of the parish.

—The Hon. J. B. Patterson, late Postmaster-General for Victoria, was entertained at a banquet given in his honour at the White Swan Hotel, Alnwick, his native town.

—Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., as English president, inaugurated the proceedings connected with an international congress of miners at Paris.

APRIL.

1.—The foundation stone of a new Masonic Hall was laid at Wallsend by Sir M. W. Ridley, M.P.

—A representative meeting of the showmen who had been located in the city over the Easter holidays, was held in Newcastle under the presidency of Mr. Alderman W. D. Stephens. Speeches were delivered antagonistic to what was known as the Movable Dwellings Bill, and a resolution protesting against its provisions was adopted.

—There were unveiled in St. Luke's Chapel, Royal Infirmary, Newcastle, three stained glass windows, the gift of Mr. John Hall, J.P., Newcastle.

2.—At a wedding which took place at Whitburn Parish

Church, a curious and very ancient custom was observed. What were described as "hot pots" were brought by several of the residents of the village, and, as the party were leaving the church, the bride and bridegroom were invited to taste the liquid contained in them. The mixture consisted of various ingredients, and looked and tasted something like brewers' yeast. The villagers claimed that the custom prevailed only in Whitburn, and that it was so ancient that the origin of it could not be traced.

—Mr. Alderman Boyd was presented with his portrait, painted by Mr. C. Burlinson, in the Town Hall, Durham.

3.—The men employed at the various works connected with the Cleveland iron trade received a fortnight's notice of a reduction to the extent of 12½ per cent. in their wages. The matter was, however, subsequently arranged by the adoption of a sliding scale.

—The seventeenth annual meeting of the Newcastle Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held in the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle. The Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis) presided. The various speakers, among whom was, as usual, Colonel Coulson, were warm in their praise of the Dicky Bird Society of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and of the good work in the inculcation of kindness being done by Uncle Toby.

—An adjourned meeting of the Governors of the Wellesley Training Ship was held in Newcastle, to take into consideration proposed new rules for that institution. The Mayor of Newcastle presided. It was resolved that the management of the vessel should be vested in a committee consisting of not more than twelve governors. On rule 15, which treated of the religious instruction the boys should receive, Mr. James Hall moved an amendment to the effect that the day should be begun and ended with simple family worship, and that the religious instruction should be given from the Holy Scripture. It also provided against any boy being required to learn the catechism or tenets of any persuasion other than that to which he was stated to belong. The amendment was carried by a large majority.

4.—A quarryman named William Fraser, 61 years of age, committed suicide under most extraordinary circumstances in one of the workmen's cottages near Addycombe, Rothbury. Taking one of the ordinary dynamite cartridges used in his every-day vocation, he placed it in an opening in his soft felt hat, applied a light to the fuse, and calmly stood awaiting the dread result. The man, when discovered, was quite dead, the body being in a shockingly mutilated condition.

5.—The tenth decennial census was taken in Newcastle and district, in common with every other part of the United Kingdom, the papers being collected on the following day.

—A stained glass window was unveiled and dedicated in Tanfield Parish Church, to the memory of the late Mr. Robert Clark, of Lintz Green House.

6.—Mr. N. G. Clayton laid the foundation stone of new schools and parochial buildings in connection with the parish of St. Nicholas', Newcastle, on the site of the old family town house of the Cooksons, of Whitehill, in Hanover Square.

7.—A new Seamen's Bethel and Reading Room was opened in the old offices of the Sailors' Union, High Street, Sunderland.

—Mr. J. C. Stevenson, M.P., addressed his constituents at South Shields, and received a vote of confidence.

—An inquest was held in reference to the death of John Jackson, aged 63, one of the overseers of Thornley, who had been found dead in a water-gup between that place and Haswell, on the 5th. The poor man had lost his way, and died from exposure.

8.—A small screw steamer, named the Black Watch, arrived in the Tyne, with a cargo of coal from Cardiff. The explanation was that the war vessel 25 de Mayo, which has been built on the Tyne for the Argentine Republic, required Welsh coal for her bunkers.

10.—It was announced that Messrs. Sissons and Winter, the accountants appointed by the churchwardens of St. Mary's Church, Gateshead, to go through the books and other documents of that ancient structure, had found the first register of births, deaths, and marriages connected with the church. It went back to exactly 600 years ago. The records were in a good state of preservation.

—A Life of Admiral Lord Collingwood, by Mr. W. Clark Russell, with illustrations by Mr. F. Brangwyn, was published by Messrs. Methuen and Co., 18, Bury Street, London.

—Mr. T. Burt, M.P., Northumberland Miners' Association; Mr. David Dale, ironmaster; and Mr. Edward Trow, secretary of the North of England Iron and Steel Trades Board of Conciliation, were among the gentlemen appointed members of a Royal Commission on Labour.

General Occurrences.

MARCH.

10.—An extraordinary sensation was caused throughout the country by the report of the forcible capture of his wife by a gentleman named Jackson at Clitheroe. The couple had been married a year or two before, but had parted on their wedding day. After visiting Australia, the husband returned to England, though Mrs. Jackson refused to meet him. An order from the High Court of Justice for the restitution of conjugal rights was obtained, but she declined to comply with the order. Mr. Jackson, then, with the help of some friends, captured the lady as she was leaving church, conveyed her to a house at Blackburn, and there kept her a prisoner, although repeated attempts were made by her relatives to effect a rescue. On the 19th, after hearing arguments in support of a rule *nisi* for a writ of *habeas corpus* directing Mr. Jackson to produce his wife before the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and Lord Justice Fry, the Court directed Mr. Jackson to set his wife at liberty. Mrs. Jackson, who was present, thereupon left the court.

—The Irish National Confederation was inaugurated by the followers of Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P.

12.—A French peasant named Sylvain Dornon, a native of Arcachon, commenced a journey on stilts from Paris to Moscow. He had previously walked on stilts from his native place to Paris.

13.—Severe snowstorms prevailed in the South, South-East, and South-West of England, accompanied by violent gales. The casualities to shipping were very serious, many persons being drowned or frozen to death. Railways were blocked and numerous trains were embedded in the snow in Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall, the passengers in several cases suffering great hardships.

13.—On the acquittal of a number of Italians, who were members of a secret society called the Mafia, and were charged with the murder of Mr. D. Hennessy, chief of the police of New Orleans, U.S., a mob of citizens stormed the prison and slaughtered nine of the prisoners. This affair led to diplomatic complications, and the Italian Ambassador to the United States presented his letters of recall.

15.—Death of Dr. Windthorst, German statesmen.

17.—Prince Napolean (Jerome Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte), second son of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the first Napoleon, died in Rome, aged 69. The deceased gentleman was not an entire stranger to the North of England. While on tour round the British Islands in 1856, he paid a short visit to Newcastle. On the 18th of June in that year, he arrived off the Tyne in his yacht, the Reine Hortense, at an early hour, and, disembarking with his suite, proceeded to Newcastle by the earliest train. After breakfasting at the Queen's Head Inn, the visitors departed for Seghill Colliery, where, having clothed themselves in the customary dresses used in the mine, they were taken down the shaft and conducted into the workings. The party afterwards visited Hartley and Seaton Sluice, and then returned to Tynemouth, whence, under a royal salute from the Castle guns, they took their departure in the afternoon.

—The British steamer Utopia, with 813 Italian emigrants on board, bound from Naples to New York, collided with the English warship Anson, which was anchored near Gibraltar, and sank in five minutes. Of the passengers and emigrants, only 292 were saved out of 830.

20.—The Lord Chancellor delivered judgment in an appeal against the decision of the Westmoreland magistrates by Miss Susannah Sharp, owner of the Low Bridge Inn, Kentmere, owing to their refusal to renew the license to that house to sell strong drink. The High Court upheld the opinion of the court below. The case was known as Sharp *v.* Wakefield. The pronouncement established the doctrine that magistrates have power to refuse licenses at their discretion.

—An election for a parliamentary representative took place at Aston Manor, Birmingham, with the following result:—Captain Grice Hutchinson (C.), 5,310; Mr. Phipson Beale, Q.C. (G. L.) 2,332; Conservative majority, 2,978.

27.—M. Baltcheff, Bulgarian Minister of Finance, was assassinated in the streets of Sofia. It was supposed that he had been killed in mistake for M. Stambuloff, the Premier of Bulgaria.

—During the hearing of the trial of several persons for rioting at Tipperary, the court-house at Cork, in which the proceedings were being conducted, caught fire and was destroyed. The court adjourned, and the jury finally acquitted the prisoners.

30.—News was received that a British force numbering about 500 men had been defeated at Manipur, on the borders of India, several Europeans being massacred, including Mr. Quinton, chief commissioner of Assam.

31.—Death of Earl Granville, late Foreign Secretary, aged 77.

—An international congress of miners was opened in Paris. Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., delivered the inaugural address.

APRIL.

2.—Eleven men on strike were killed, and twenty-seven wounded, during an attack upon the works of the Frick Coke Company, Morewood, Pennsylvania, U.S.

—Ten men were killed by a colliery explosion at the Gladderhill mine, Chesterton, Staffordshire.

3.—A coroner's jury at Warboys, Huntingdonshire, returned the following verdict on the death of a young man who had assaulted a woman and then destroyed himself:—"Committed suicide at the instigation of the devil."

5.—The census was taken throughout the United Kingdom. The collection of the papers took place on the 6th.

7.—Death of Mr. Phineas Taylor Barnum, the famous American showman, aged 81.

9.—News was received that the Manipuris had been defeated with heavy loss by the British forces.

Natural History Records.

The following rare birds have been observed during the past month:—

A lesser grebe and a spotted woodpecker seen near Easingwold, Yorkshire.

Female pheasant with male's dress reported by Mr. J. Jackson, of the Natural History Museum, Newcastle.

A large number of hooded crows seen at Hebburn, Durham.

A pied pheasant captured near Lambton, Durham.

A ringed guillemot, now in the Natural History Museum, Newcastle, captured off Tynemouth.

A white-necked blackbird seen near Reedsmouth.

A red-necked grebe taken at Mill Hill Farm, near Dinnington, Northumberland.

A pied blackbird, a red-breasted merganser, and a great spotted woodpecker seen near Wylam, Northumberland.

Pied wagtails observed on several occasions near Newcastle.

Two cream-coloured larks seen at Tynemouth.

Pintail and shoveller ducks on sale in Newcastle.

Black-headed gulls seen on the Tyne in their summer dress on March 10.

Scaup ducks and a red-breasted merganser visited the lake at the Marine Park, South Shields.

A blackbird's nest containing five eggs was found at Middle Ord, near Berwick, on March 3.

Printed by Walter Scott, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. V.—No. 52. JUNE, 1891. PRICE 6D.

Ednam and the Poet of "The Seasons."

EDNAM is only a small village in Roxburghshire, but it has acquired world-wide fame. To many it is known only as the birth-place of the author of "The Seasons," and that is no mean honour. The village, however, is famous for its age, not that the houses which now form the habitations of its little community bear upon them "the hoar antiquity of eld," but no place can be traced further back by written documentary evidence.

The charter room at Durham contains the deed of King Edgar (1096-1107), granting to Thorlongus ("Thor the Long," so named on account of his stature), a Danish colonist from the North of England, a portion of the territory of Ednam which he had been instrumental in reclaiming from the condition of a desert (as it is designated in the deed) and had helped to people. Thorlongus also built a church on his property in honour of the good St. Cuthbert, and this church he afterwards made over to the monks of Durham. To this gift he attached certain conditions, stating that it was made for the good of the souls of the king who granted him the territory and of several of his kin, for the redemption of "my dearest brother Lefwin, and for the weal of myself, both my body and my soul." Thorlongus seemed to have had an eye to a safe and enduring bargain when he made this gift. The document thus concludes:—"And if any one by force or fraud presume to take away this my gift from the saint aforesaid, and the monks his servants, may God Almighty take away from him the life of the heavenly kingdom, and may he suffer everlasting pains with the devil and his angels! Amen." Thorlongus was regarded as a rather forceful and redoubtable personage before he "went over to the majority"; but he must have become a quiet spirit after that event happened, for it is long since all monkish rights and titles to the church at Ednam were set at naught, and there is no record of his ever having disturbed by a visit from the spirit land the heretical usurpers of his gift. They go about their daily business without the least dread of his dire denunciations.

The village is named Ednaham in the deed of gift, but is more strictly Edenham, from the small, but sweet and troutful, river Eden intersecting the parish. The neighbourhood must have been greatly the better for the vigorous and improving hand of Thorlongus, as any place must be which is transformed from a waste to a fruitful and healthful condition, where man and beast may find subsistence. During the feuds between England and Scotland, Ednam frequently suffered at the hands of English invaders both in the way of destruction by burning and by the impoverishment consequent on the food carried off. It has been the scene of much agricultural improvement since that time, and the parish is now noted for its fertility and beauty. Well nigh a century and a half ago it was the scene of the operations of an agricultural pioneer, William Dawson by name, who is reputed to have been the first to sow turnips in drills, thereby making them a practicable and profitable crop, for otherwise they would hardly have been worth cultivating.

Ednam, which belongs to the Earl of Dudley, owes much of its modern fame to the fact that Thomson the poet was born there. It was this circumstance that brought William Howitt to the spot when he was visiting the "Remarkable Places" which he afterwards described in his interesting volumes under that

title. Howitt was, however, somewhat unfortunate in his visit. He did not meet the right kind of people of whom to make his inquiries. Besides, his visit was paid on the Sunday, and the preaching of the parish minister was not to his taste, which was for the time perhaps a little soured by the disappointing character of his inquiries regarding Thomson. While about the place he made up to the village blacksmith, who was a bit of a character in his way, and not destitute of a sprinkling of waggishness in his composition. The smithy was his by inheritance, and it is now occupied by the second generation from him. He had no great knowledge of poets and poetry, and it was hardly the right kind of introduction for a nameless stranger from the other side of the Border to go on the Sunday on the somewhat idle errand of asking questions on altogether secular subjects. The testy blacksmith, therefore, pretended to have less knowledge than he really possessed, and this gave the rather credulous William excuse for chiding and censuring him in his book on account of his ignorance and dulness. Had William Howitt met him over a "cheerer," after working hours on a week day, he would have left Ednam in a happier mood, and with a better filled note-book.

There are other names known to fame besides that of Thomson of which Ednam can boast. The village gave another gifted son of song to the world in the person of the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, most widely and familiarly known for the hymns which he composed, and which are now found in the hymnology of all the Churches. Lyte was, however, of English parentage, and was removed from the place while still a youth. Another son of Ednam, who lived and died there, was William Wight, crippled from his youth, but having a power of song which made many of his pieces welcomed on all hands in his lifetime. They are still preserved in a modest volume, which is not known, however, beyond the district. Then, for a good many years the village had a schoolmaster, Mr. John G. Smith—still alive in New Zealand—who kept pouring into the local press pieces "grave and gay, lively and severe," the best of which were collected into a volume, and will not soon go into oblivion in the district. There is reason to believe that James Cook, the famous circumnavigator, had a connection with the village through his father having been born and living there till manhood, afterwards migrating to Yorkshire. Ednam is but a small spot of earth, the parish being only about four miles square; but it must be admitted that it has contributed its fair share of the celebrities whose names are inscribed on the world's roll of honour, or remembered amongst local notabilities.

Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," was born in the village on the 11th September, 1700, his father being parish minister there at the time. Some have contended that he was born at a place called Wideopen, not far from Yetholm, where his mother (whose maiden name was Trotter, not Hume, as many biographies of the poet have it) had friends and property, but the claim is not well supported. His father having been appointed to a better living at Southdean, near Jedburgh, James Thomson was removed thither when he was an infant about ten or twelve weeks old. While of tender years, he came under the notice of the Rev. Robert Riccalton, minister of the parish of Hobkirk, and himself addicted to paying court to the Muses. This gentleman, whose parish adjoined that of Thomson, senior, made young Thomson something of a foster-son, superintending his education and directing his studies, no doubt also training his eye to detect the beauties of nature, and inciting him to cultivate his descriptive and imaginative powers. When the parish school had carried the youth as far as possible, he was transferred to the Grammar School of Jedburgh, but the distance would allow him to feel the home-ties of Hobkirk manse from Saturday till Monday. Then came his transference in 1715 to the University of Edinburgh, his purpose being to "take orders" in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and thus to follow his father's footsteps. In 1718, while still a student, he lost his father in rather a singular manner. The supernatural in those days was rather more of a common belief than in ours, for not a few dreaded the intervention of evil spirits in their every-day affairs. A place named Wolfelee, not far from the reverend gentleman's dwelling, was reputed to be the haunt of a ghost, and the elder Thomson resolved to make an attempt to exorcise it from the scene of its escapades. While in the act of prayer, he was suddenly struck on the head by a ball of fire, and instantly fell down, stunned and insensible! He was carried home and revived a little, attributing the blow during this time to diabolic interference. But the shock proved too much for his recuperative powers, and he sank under it—an event which deeply impressed itself on the mind of his student son. James got the length of writing sermons, and delivered one or two before his professor and fellow-students by way of "trial," as other aspirants to the pulpit are required to do. The criticism of his preceptor, indulgent and good-natured in its way, proved severe and unpalatable, in dealing with the performance in some respects, though it does not follow that it was unjust. The exercise which had come under the professor's displeasure was on one of the Psalms which descant on the power and majesty of God, and Thomson had treated his subject in a strain so poetical and high-pitched, as a youth of his temperament and caste of mind would be prone to do, that it would have gone over the heads of any rustic audience in a country church. Not only did the professor point out this mistake, but there is a tradition that the budding cleric's fellow-students were not so sedate and respectful during the delivery of his oration as they ought to have been, and that gentle ripples of laughter saluted his ears. The consequence was that young Thomson took into his head the

relinquishment of the clerical profession, and wooed the Muse.

His friend Riccalton may have had some share in this result. The scene around Hobkirk Manse in the winter season would often be of a most impressive kind, and when the tempest raged, the snow wrapped hill and valley in its folds, and the frost king held stern sway and made strange silence by day and night, the imagination which had the poetic element to direct and quicken it would seek for fit expression. It is understood to have been so with Riccalton, who had composed a poem descriptive of one of the snow-storms which often raged in those parts. This is held to have been so filled with inspiration and suggestion to Thomson that he took for his theme the characteristics and beauties of winter. He himself owns his indebtedness in this way to Riccalton; and though it may be that he commenced and completed the undertaking there and then, it does not follow that the composition was the poem as it finally left his hands. He was given to write, obliterate, and re-write. Before proceeding to London, it was his custom, every New Year's Day, to burn all his poetical productions of the previous year, and the version of "Winter," as we now have it, differs considerably from that which formed the first edition in print, so much was he given to alter, while most of his alterations were improvements. It became known to a few of his friends that his poetical gifts were above the average, and his shorter pieces, and perhaps portions of his "Winter," were handed about among those likely to appreciate them or be able to form a fair estimate of their quality.

On the strength of a rather slender encouragement or invitation of a female relative, Thomson set out for London with a light purse, uncertain prospects, hopes and fears struggling for the mastery, and a great poem not yet known to fame or accepted by a publisher! He was destined to experience the distressful and depressing influences of hope deferred. He was able to make acquaintanceship with several individuals of standing and experience, through whom he soon widened his round of friends among the patrons and pursuers of literature in the great metropolis. But poverty haunted his footsteps, and so stern did fortune become that he hardly knew he had shoes on his feet. In the course of time he was appointed tutor to the eldest son of Lord Binning. This was in 1725. Still the want of money was pinchingly felt; but Thomson's indolent disposition needed a spur, and this scarcity of current coin drove him to the task of putting "Winter" into such a finished condition as to be fit for publication. An early friend of his, David Mallet, who was private tutor to the Duke of Montrose and his brother, helped him with criticism and revision, and then to find a publisher, and in 1726 it was given to the world; but all that he got for the copyright was the sum of three guineas, or about three-farthings a line! It was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, who seems, if he at first read it, not to have been able to appraise its merits; but, on reading in the newspapers a poetical encomium on the genius of the author, he sent Thomson twenty guineas. Its reception was at first chill as the season it described, but after a while a thaw seemed to set in. It was spoken of and praised by three persons of influence, and it was soon its fate to be the success of the year, the theme of encomium on every unprejudiced lip, and admired by all who could appreciate work of genius, as well as by many who only did so because it was the correct thing to do at the time. Three editions appeared in the year of publication, and the change to its author was great, for his acquaintanceship was sought on all hands, and especially by persons of rank and fashion. Yet it did not become to him a mine of wealth, for what would now earn a guinea a line would then be counted well paid with sixpence—mayhap a penny!

Thomson shortly after became teacher in an academy, but still applied himself when in the mood to poetical composition. The fruit of this labour was that "Summer" appeared in 1727 and "Spring" in 1728. These were received with welcome, and added to the reputation of their author. In 1730 "Autumn" first saw the light in a quarto volume, which contained the other three seasons, the whole being crowned by that noble hymn which one of his critics characterizes as the "essence of their beauty collected in a cloud of fragrance, and, by the breath of devotion, directed upwards to heaven." That hymn deserves to be ever had in remembrance, and wherever it is known Thomson's powers as a poet will never be reckoned mean or mediocre. Thus:—

> These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
> Are but the varied God. The rolling year
> Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
> Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
> Wide flash the fields; the softening air is balm;
> Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
> And every sense and every heart is joy.
> Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
> With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
> Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
> And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
> And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
> By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
> Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
> And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
> In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
> Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
> Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
> Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
> And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Should fate command me to the farthest verge
> Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
> Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
> Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
> Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
> Since God is ever present, ever felt,
> In the void waste as in the city full;
> And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
> When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
> And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
> I cheerful will obey; there with new powers
> Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
> Where universal love not smiles around,

Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

In 1729 Thomson appeared as a dramatist. His mental force was not of the dramatic order, and though the production was not destitute of merit, it was not destined to be much of a success, but was rather the victim of the success of ridicule. It bore the title of "Sophonisba," and one line read:

Oh, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, oh!

which was at once thus paraphrased and turned into mocking and laughter—

Oh, Jimmy Thomson! Jimmy Thomson, oh!

In later reprints the author did not allow the unfortunate line to stand, but the damage had been done, and the mischievous parody has achieved a fame wider far than the drama itself.

Next year the poet made a tour of the Continent as companion of the eldest son of Lord Chancellor Talbot—an event which yielded him exceeding happiness. He saw much, though he never seemed to have his eyes more than half open, and he came home many times wiser than most would have done who flitted from place to place and gallery to gallery in a constant buzz of excitement. During his travels he had been meditating upon a great poem on "Liberty," and the first part appeared in 1734, the second and third in 1735, and the fourth and fifth in the following year. This poem is in many parts quite worthy of the genius of Thomson, yet his phlegmatic temperament failed to rise to the stir and trumpet calls of hosts in battle array, and the attempt to bear aloft the "flaunting flag of liberty" failed to answer to the public requirements and tastes, and accordingly it has never taken the place it deserves.

About this time he obtained the post of Secretary of Briefs, which carried a salary sufficient for his wants, and which he held till the death of Lord Chancellor Talbot (to whom he was indebted for it) in 1737. He does not appear to have been of a saving disposition, for not long after this source of income ceased he was arrested for debt, and was only redeemed from what was called the "spunging house" by the intervention of Quin the actor. In 1738, "Agamemnon," and in the following year, "Edward and Eleonora," two dramatic pieces, were the products of his pen. The former was produced on the boards; but it was coldly received, greatly to the mortification of the author, who sat first in a state of extreme suspense and then in deep chagrin at its want of success; while the latter was not accepted by any theatrical manager on account of the political elements which he had introduced into it. At the request of the Prince of Wales of his day, the poet, in 1740, wrote a masque entitled "Alfred," but it was not acted till three years afterwards. The piece itself is now deep in the land of forgetfulness; but it contained "Rule, Britannia," which will never be forgotten. One comfort came to him about this time—the conferring upon him of a pension of £100 a-year by Prince Frederick; and then he won the friendship of Lord Lyttelton, whose patronage he enjoyed till the end of his life. Through that nobleman he obtained the surveyorship of the Leeward Islands—an office which brought next to no duties, but yielded the comfortable salary of £300 a-year. In 1745 he produced the drama of "Tancred and Sigismunda," which was not one of his successes; but in 1748 was issued his "Castle of Indolence," in which he seems to have had a congenial theme. It was at once successful, and has ever held a conspicuous place among his works. The tragedy of "Coriolanus" followed next, and it seems a pity that he had laboured so much at this kind of work, in which he met with so much dissappointment, and by which he was destined to be so little known. His gifts lay in the quieter and purer region of imagination, and the fresh and healthy fields of nature. The complexities of life, the passions and plots of men, were not within the range of his powers and knowledge, and it is not a matter of regret or misfortune that Thomson's fame rests rather upon his descriptions and interpretations of the moods and mysteries of the seasons than upon the power of exhibiting the hollowness of the human heart.

Thomson died early, only reaching his 47th year. One night he walked hastily homewards from London (he was then residing at Richmond), taking a boat on the Thames towards the end of the journey. The night air caused a chill, which resulted in fever. This was so far overcome, and recovery promised to be complete; but, the patient venturing out too soon, a relapse came on, and he died on August 27th, 1748. His remains were interred in Richmond churchyard, and there his grave is often visited by those who admire his genius. His merits received national recognition, a monument being erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, at which shrine of the mighties his name is often pronounced with reverence and his works recalled with a feeling of admiration and homage.

"The Seasons" and "The Castle of Indolence" have been often re-published, sometimes in sumptuous volumes with high-class illustrations, these productions of Thomson's pen ranking as British classics; but the author himself does not receive the prominence in the biographical and critical attentions of writers and publishers to which many men not more eminent, though perhaps more romantic or eccentric in their lives and opinions, have been promoted. The void thus existing may yet be discovered, and Thomson may find a place in some "Eminent Writers" series, where he will be no unworthy company among those thus already honoured.

The house in which Thomson was born still stands,

though it is now dishonoured by being converted into an out-house. His birth ought to have taken place in the Manse; but it was undergoing repair at the time, and the minister and his establishment were accommodated in the best house near at hand, believed to be that of his parents at the time. Subsequently the dwelling became the parish school, but it has been on "the down grade" since it was vacated by that institution. It deserved a better fate and a kindlier care, for Thomson saw the seasons of the year as no other ever saw them before, and he opened the eyes of succeeding generations to see all their grandeur and meaning as he did, thereby making myriads his debtor.

The poet's memory was kept green in the district by an annual dinner held at Ednam, and attended by men of the finest taste, education, and position in the district; but these meetings were discontinued after 1819, the last being held in September of that year. It was for one of these dinners that Burns, who had been invited to be present, sent his poem on Thomson, when his bust was crowned with laurel. The Earl of Buchan, who had been the moving spirit at some of these meetings, had conveyed the hint to Burns that an ode appropriate to the occasion would be acceptable, and the poet, with some show of diffidence, produced the subjoined :—

While virgin Spring by Eden's flood
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between ;

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats by Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade ;

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed ;

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or, sweeping, wild, a waste of snows ;

So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won :
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

It was at one of these meetings that the idea was first publicly thrown out that a monument in honour of the author of "The Seasons" should be erected in the parish of his birth, and not long afterwards the idea was realized. Accordingly, upon the highest piece of ground in Ednam parish, not far from the road thither from Kelso, there stands an obelisk to the memory of Thomson, 52 feet in height. It bears upon its western front the simple inscription :—"Erected to the memory of James Thomson, author of The Seasons. Born at Ednam, 11th September, A.D. 1700." Though not greatly admired as a work of art, it is seen from many surrounding points of vantage, and serves to show to present as it will to future generations that this poet at least was honoured among his own people.

THOMAS TWEED.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

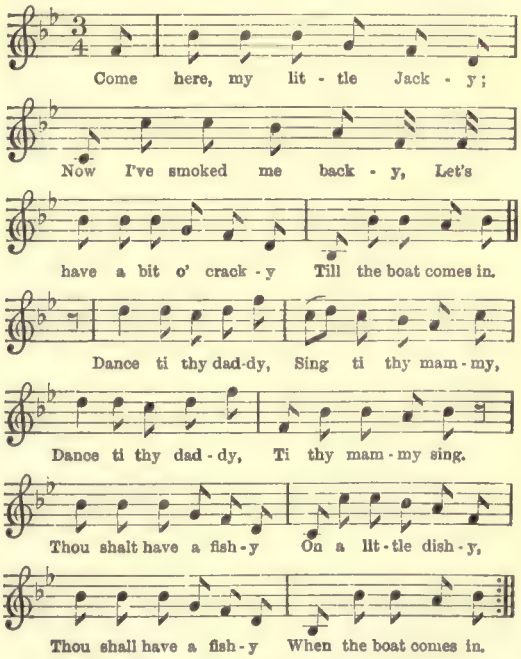
By John Stokoe.

DANCE TI THY DADDY.

THE air and refrain of this carol are of much greater antiquity than the song itself, which was written about the year 1820 by William Watson, who also wrote "Thumping Luck to Yon Toon," "Newcassel Races," and many other Tyneside songs popular in their day.

Watson was a shoemaker to business, and, like many of the trade, an active politician. At election times his pen was always ready to do service for his party by writing election songs, political squibs, &c. Some of his songs appeared in Marshall's collection of Newcastle songs published in 1827, and his later pieces in Fordyce's collection, published in 1842. It is, of course, not possible to commend the effusion now given on the ground of either good taste or poetical excellence.

The tune has been claimed for both sides of the Border, but the evidence of publication is clearly on the Scottish side, although the form and phrasing of the melody favours English modes. It has long ago been relegated, like many other beautiful airs, to the limbo of the nursery.


Come here, my lit - tle Jack - y ;
Now I've smoked me back - y, Let's
have a bit o' crack - y Till the boat comes in.
Dance ti thy dad-dy, Sing ti thy mam - my,
Dance ti thy dad - dy, Ti thy mam - my sing.
Thou shalt have a fish - y On a lit - tle dish - y,
Thou shall have a fish - y When the boat comes in.

Come here, my little Jacky ;
Now I've smoked my backy,

Let's have a bit o' cracky
Till the boat comes in.

Dance ti thy daddy, sing ti thy mammy,
Dance ti thy daddy, ti thy mammy sing;
Thou shalt hev a fishy, on a little dishy,
Thou shalt hev a fishy when the boat comes in.

Here's thy mother hummin'
Like a canny woman,
Yonder comes thi father
Drunk—he cannot stand.

Dance ti thy daddy, sing ti thy mammy,
Dance ti thy daddy, ti thy mammy sing;
Thou shalt hev a fishy, on a little dishy,
Thou shalt hev a haddock when the boat comes in.

Our Tommy's always fuddling,
He's so fond of ale,
But he's kind to me,
I hope he'll never fail.

Dance ti thy daddy, sing ti thy mammy,
Dance ti thy daddy, ti thy mammy sing;
Thou shalt hev a fishy, on a little dishy,
Thou shalt hev a codling when the boat comes in.

I like a drop mysel',
When I can get it sly,
And thou, my bonnie bairn,
Will lik't as weel as I.

Dance ti thy daddy, sing ti thy mammy,
Dance ti thy daddy, ti thy mammy sing;
Thou shalt hev a fishy, on a little dishy,
Thou shalt hev a mack'rel when the boat comes in.

May we get a drop
Oft as we stand in need;
And weel may the keel row
That brings the bairns their breed.

Dance ti thy daddy, sing ti thy mammy,
Dance ti thy daddy, ti thy mammy sing;
Thou shalt hev a fishy, on a little dishy,
Thou shalt hev a salmon when the boat comes in.

A Border Heroine.

AN important change took place in the character and condition of the inhabitants of the counties on both sides the Tweed after the crowns of England and Scotland were united. Instead of living in a constant state of petty warfare, they laid aside their coats of mail, hung up their spears, and became a quiet, pastoral, and religious people, thankful for a repose which had never been enjoyed by their forefathers. The devotional and moral feelings of the Borderers, under these circumstances, became strongly marked, and it would almost seem as if the wives and maidens of that particular period developed a spirit of heroism, a purity of mind, and a strength of purpose never before observed. Quiet and unobtrusive, they neither sought nor wished for fame or notoriety, and and it is only by searching the by-ways of history that we are enabled to discover little streamlets of information and quaint and curious stories relating to these noble spirits of the past.

Such a woman was Lady Grisel Baillie, the eldest daughter of Sir Patrick Hume. Born at Polworth, in Berwickshire, in the troublous times of Charles II., she, by reason of her wisdom, courage, tenderness, devotion to duty, and cheerful self-sacrifice, deserves to be considered a fitting type of a class called into existence by the singular circumstances of their surroundings. Apart from her moral qualities, she has another claim on our regard. In spite of, or perhaps in consequence of, the hardships and adventures of her early life, she developed strong poetic genius, and was the earliest of that gifted band of Border ladies who have so largely contributed to Scotland's lyric fame. Her father, a gentleman of note among the persecuted Presbyterians, was a man of considerable ability and restless energy, actively engaged in the great struggle for civil and religious liberty which then convulsed the kingdom. His daughter was consequently brought up amongst persons whose constant topics of conversation were persecutions and wars and rumours of wars, and whose most heartfelt wish was the downfall of Popery and the triumph of the Covenanters.

After the battle of Bothwellhaugh, Baillie of Jerviswood an intimate friend and neighbour of Sir Patrick Hume, was taken prisoner, conveyed to Edinburgh, and imprisoned in the Tolbooth. It then became a matter of importance to communicate with him. Great difficulty was experienced in obtaining a suitable messenger, and in this emergency Grisel, at the age of thirteen, made her first appearance on the historic scene; for, failing to secure any other reliable emissary, it was, after some hesitation, decided to send her with a letter, as so youthful a messenger was not very likely to be suspected of conveying any treasonable correspondence. The undertaking was one full of danger; the country swarmed with soldiers ready to arrest and search anyone unprovided with a pass; the journey was a long one, and the whole fifty odd miles had to be traversed on horseback. Partly on account of the bad roads, and partly for the purpose of evading observation, the way was lengthened by the many detours she had to make, and the quick-witted girl, ever on the alert, was put to many straits to avoid the searchers. On one occasion, when sore beset, she took refuge with a tribe of gipsies, to one of whom she had previously shown some kindness. They treated her in a friendly manner, concealed her and her horse in their tents during the night, and conducted her the next morning, by little known paths, to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

After many escapes and alarms, Grisel at the close of the third day reached her destination, but even then must have experienced considerable difficulty in accomplishing the object of her journey, which was to gain admission to the prison unsuspected, slip the letter of advice and information into Baillie's hand unseen, and bring back what intelligence she could. Difficult as the task was, she managed to do it; how is not exactly known, but tradition tells us that she played about the neighbourhood of the Tolbooth, formed the acquaintance of the turnkey's children, and, seizing an opportunity when the sentry

was changed, slipped into the prison and delivered her precious missive.

She succeeded so well that a second time she was sent on the perilous expeditiou. A second time she was successful, and one can imagine the stout-hearted girl, too innocent for fear, loyally carrying out her father's instructions, proud and flattered that she was the one chosen to convey words of comfort and consolation to the honoured patriot and martyr.

A long imprisonment was followed by a hasty trial. Jerviswood was condemned, and by a final touch of cruelty executed in the presence of his son. After his death, the Covenanters were more severely persecuted than before, and it was thought necessary for Sir Patrick Hume to go into hiding. His own house was not safe, parties in search of him coming continually to Redbraes Castle, to the terror of all the inmates. No other place of concealment being available, he took refuge in the family vault under the church at Polworth, whither Grisel trudged every night by a lonely road, more afraid of meeting the King's Dragoons than of encountering the shadowy inhabitants of the other world, whom her imagination conjured up as she stumbled over the graves in the darkness.

At this juncture Lady Hume, a delicate woman, greatly engrossed with the care of her numerous family, was perfectly useless. The servants, like those of other suspected persons, were so often and so strictly examined that they lived in a constant state of fear, so could not be trusted; and Grisel had no one on whom she could rely, except a carpenter who lived near. With his assistance a bed and clothes were conveyed to the burial place, which was about a mile from the castle. Everything else needful for her father's safety she did alone, unaided. Each evening she went by herself, generally about midnight, to the dismal hiding-place, carrying provisions and other things needful, and remained, cheering her parent and talking to him, as long as she dared, for she was obliged to be home before the household awoke.

There was often a difficulty in procuring food without rousing the suspicions of the servants. The only way it could be done was by stealing from her own plate, and her appetite at this time grew very large. Her father was fond of sheep's head, and one day, when the children were at dinner, she conveyed the greater part of one to her lap. Her brother, afterwards Lord Marchmont, looked up with astonishment, and said, "Mother, will ye speak to Grisel? While we have been supping our broth, she has eaten up the whole sheep's head."

After many tedious weeks spent in this gloomy abode, Sir Patrick determined to attempt to escape. Grisel accordingly altered his clothing, dressed him up like a small farmer, and sent him away with a trusty grieve who was understood by the servants to be taking a horse to Morpeth fair. In a few weeks he reached Holland safely; but, as soon as it was known he had left the kingdom, the Government took possession of his estates.

In this extremity Grisel arranged business matters at home, went with her mother and the children to London, solicited an allowance for the family, and with difficulty obtained a grant of £150 a year. It was then resolved to join Sir Patrick at Utrecht, and here, once more united, they passed their time of exile happily and contentedly among the friendly Dutch while King James blundered on to his own undoing in London.

During this momentous time it is pleasant tc see what a bright and cheerful life these so-called stern Calvinists led, notwithstanding their poverty. Their only extravagance was a good house, for which they paid the fourth part of their income. They could not afford to keep a servant, except a little girl to wash the dishes: so Grisel, as usual, took up the heaviest part of the burden. She went to market, took the corn to be ground at the neighbouring mill, as was the custom of the place, cooked the dinner, cleaned the house, mended the linen, got up early in the morning to light her father's study fire, dressed the children, and took them to his room, where he taught them everything that was fit for their age; and when she could find time she gladly took a lesson in French or Dutch herself. Her father and mother were fond of music, and managed to buy for little money a small harpsichord, which was a great amusement to them. But Grisel, though she loved to play on it as well as the others, was forced to drudge, and many jokes used to pass between the sisters about their different occupations.

A book of songs she wrote at this time was treasured for many years by one of her descendants. Several of the verses are interrupted half written, others broken off in the middle of a sentence; but the ballad on which her poetic fame must depend was then intact. Those who expect to find pretty sentiments and polished language in "Were nae my Heart licht, I wad Dee," will probably be disappointed, for the words and ideas are homely; but it is original and characteristic of the fine free spirit of the rustic poetry of Scotland, while its simple story and artless imagery will always render it a popular favourite.

Sir Patrick Hume, though his income was small, extended a generous hospitality to other banished folk, and a frequent guest at his table was the son of his old friend Jerviswood, who had also forfeited his estates and been driven into exile. It is said that Grisel had seen George Baillie at the time of her romantic journey to visit his father in prison. Be that as it may, when thrown together in Holland, they grew greatly attached to each other, and it became an understood matter they should marry when better and more prosperous days arrived. After a time, young Patrick Hume and Baillie got commissions in the Guards of the Prince of Orange, and Grisel showed the greatest care and anxiety that both brother and lover should be attired in a manner befitting

their station. They wore little point cravats and cuffs in those days, and many a night did she sit up to dress their laces in order that they might appear as gentlefolks should.

At last came a happy change. William and Mary were declared king and queen in place of the bigot James; Sir Patrick had his estates restored, and was created a peer; while Lady Grisel was nominated maid-of-honour to the princess. This appointment she declined, having always her union with George Baillie in view. She was married two years after the Revolution. Her husband rose to high office, being made Chancellor of Scotland and King's High Commissioner, the greatest office in the kingdom.

From this time Lady Grisel's life was ideally perfect Her duty and affection as a wife and mother were only paralleled by her devotion as a daughter. She and her husband passed nearly fifty years of married life together without one jar or misunderstanding, feeling to the last the same ardent affection which had characterised their first days of wedded bliss. Lady Grisel was blessed with a numerous offspring, and her children rose up and called her blessed.

To her daughter, Lady Murray, we owe the following loving description of this brave, true-hearted woman towards the close of her life:—"She was middle-sized, well-made, clever (that is, active) in her person, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes most uncommon, ... and to the last had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheek, that could be seen in one of fifteen." Time did not lessen the energy of Lady Grisel Baillie's character. Clothed in strength and honour, she lived to an age greatly exceeding the allotted span; and at last, beloved and venerated by all, she peacefully passed to her eternal rest in 1746. This brief sketch may be fitly concluded with a sentence from the inscription engraved on her tomb at Meller Mains, which tells us, with greater truth than is common in epitaphs, that she was a "pattern to her sex and an honour to her country."

M. S. HARDCASTLE.

New Post Office Buildings in Newcastle.

THE increase of the population of Newcastle during the last ten years has necessitated considerable changes in the Newcastle Post Office. In 1881, when Mr. Thomas Hunter, the present postmaster, came to Newcastle, the accommodation was insufficient to meet the public demand, and steps were then taken to induce the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand to enlarge the Newcastle office. The matter received prompt attention; but, in view of the adoption of the Parcels Post, action was postponed. When, however, the Parcels Post was established in 1883, it was found absolutely necessary to proceed with the enlargement of the Newcastle Post Office, and the extensions have taken the ferm of a handsome building in Westgate

New Post Office Buildings, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Road, the exterior portion of which is shown in the accompanying drawing.

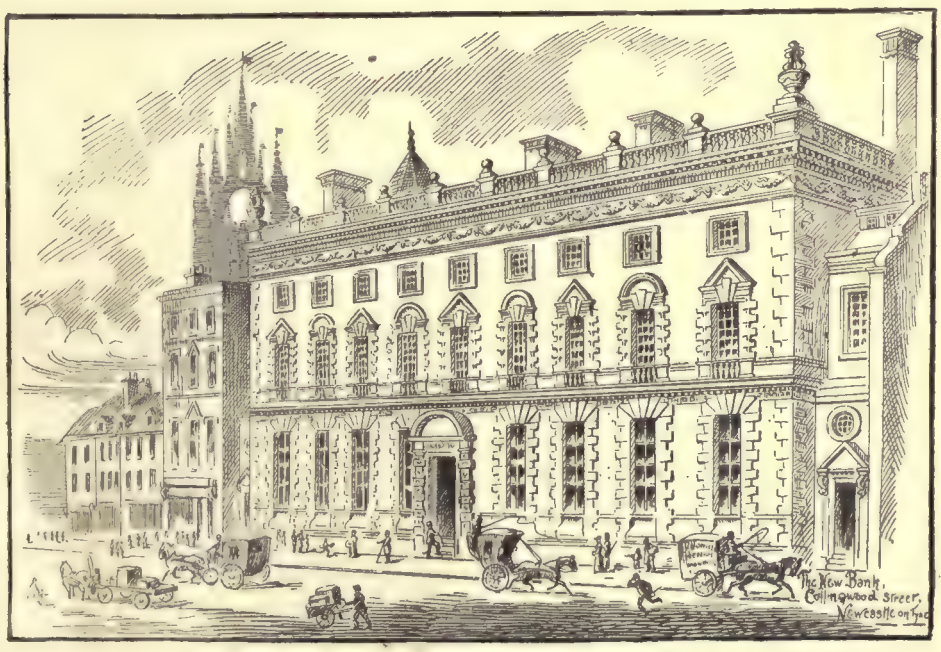
The necessity for a large extension of the premises will be obvious when it is mentioned that in 1881 the staff employed at the Newcastle Post Office was 360, all told; whereas at the end of 1890 the staff was 738. The number of letters dealt with in 1880 in one week was about 646,362; the number dealt with in one week in 1890 was 1,104,607. The number of telegrams dealt with in 1880 was 1,530,868; in 1890, the number was 3,383,697. No Parcels Post business was transacted in Newcastle in 1880, for the reason that this branch of the service had not been established; but in 1890 no fewer than 1,105,413 parcels were dealt with at the Newcastle Post Office. In 1880 there were no telephone transactions; at the present time the telephone transactions average about 6,000 in one day. In 1880, 12 suburban offices were all that could be found in Newcastle; in 1890 the number was 32. In 1880 there were six telegraph offices; in 1890 there were sixteen. The number of pillar boxes in 1880 was 70; in 1890 there were 189.

The additions in Westgate Road are really the back part of the Newcastle Post Office; the main entrance will be, as hitherto, opposite St. Nicholas' Cathedral. Nine of the windows on the ground floor represent the width of the sorting office, and five windows on the first floor show the width of the instrument room. The other windows represent private rooms, lavatories, &c. On the next floor the telegraphic engineer and his staff are accommodated, and the rooms at the top of the building are for the returned letter officials, porters, &c. Some 90 women are employed at the Newcastle Post Office; but the extensions are so designed that the males and females are completely separated, and the young women are under the charge of a lady superintendent. The cooking rooms in both departments are fitted up with all modern appliances, and nothing has been left undone that would minister to the comfort of the officials and their subordinates.

New Banking Premises in Newcastle.

AN important change has recently taken place in the aspect of Collingwood Street, Newcastle. The famous Turf Hotel has entirely disappeared, and its site is now occupied by a building which, besides forming an agreeable addition to the architectural features of the city, will, ere long, be a centre of commercial activity, having been erected as a banking-house for the well-known firm of Messrs. Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence, and Co.

The new bank is in the Italian style of architecture, with a frontage of about 100 feet, and a height of 53 or 54 feet. As the street is of no great width, and the building faces north, it was decided that the design must be broad and simple in its general lines, and not encumbered with elaborate detail. The wings are lower than the main block, and are thrown slightly back, so as to allow the main cornices to be returned at the ends, and this arrangement materially enhances the general effect of the building. The principal entrance is



in the centre, through a door case of dark red granite. All the rest of the front, except the plinth, which is also granite, is of Gunnerton freestone. There are large square windows on the ground floor with rusticated quoins, and above a string course of nine windows on the first floor with architraves and pedimented heads. The windows of the second floor are plain rectangular openings with architraves. Above there is a large cornice with swags of flowers in the frieze. A parapet with vases at the angles finishes the front. The building has been erected by Mr. Walter Scott, from designs by Mr. Robert J. Johnson, F.S.A., of Newcastle and York.

A few notes on the history of the banking firm of Messrs. Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence, and Company, may not be out of place here and now. The occasion for its establishment was the failure of the Northumberland and Durham District Bank on the 11th November, 1857, an event which will long be remembered in the North of England, and which left a void in the banking accommodation of Newcastle. For a short time it appeared as if this void would be filled up by the establishment of a private bank under the style of Hawks, Grey, Priestman, and Co., all the parties in which were shareholders in the old concern. But when the report of the liquidators was presented, showing that a heavy call would be made on each of the shareholders, it became impossible for Hawks, Grey, and Co. to carry on their business. Under these circumstances, the late Mr. Jonathan Priestman (who was one of the partners in the temporarily formed firm) recommended the formation of an entirely new bank, and opened communications with Messrs. Hodgkin and Pease on the subject. Mr. Thomas Hodgkin was the son of Mr. John Hodgkin, a well-known barrister of Lincoln's Inn, London, and Mr. John William Pease is now the only surviving son of the late Mr. John Beaumont Pease, of Darlington. The preliminary arrangements occupied a considerable time, and the consequence was that the new bank was not opened until March 14, 1859. The partners were Mr. Thomas Hodgkin; Mr. William Edward Barnett, who was connected with the firm of Barnett, Hoares, and Co., bankers, London; Mr. John William Pease, of Pendower; and Mr. Robert Spence, of North Shields, who had been for a considerable time manager of the Union Bank, Newcastle.

Messrs. Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence, and Co. commenced business in the premises at the corner of St. Nicholas' Square and Mosley Street, which are now occupied by Franklin and Co., booksellers. In 1862, they took the premises at present occupied by them in the Town Hall Buildings on lease from the Corporation of Newcastle, which premises, it may be explained, had been built for a bank, and had for a short time been occupied by the before-mentioned firm of Hawks, Grey, Priestman, and Company.

The principal changes in the firm of Messrs. Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence, and Co. have been these:—Mr. W. E. Barnett died, after a very short illness, from scarlet fever, in March, 1869. His place was filled by Mr. Robert Gurney Hoare, son of the late Mr. John Gurney Hoare, who was at the time senior partner of the firm of Messrs. Barnett, Hoares, and Co. Mr. Robert Spence died in August, 1890, leaving a son, Mr. Charles James Spence, who has been for many years a partner in the firm. Mr. Howard Pease, son of Mr. John William Pease, joined the firm in 1888.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Joseph Glynn, F.R.S.,

ENGINEER AND AUTHOR.

JOSEPH GLYNN, one of the elder sons of James Glynn, ironfounder and engineer, and brother of Edward Glynn, was born in Hanover Square, Newcastle, on the 6th of February, 1799. Being a precocious child, and exhibiting at a very early age an unusual taste for mechanics, his father determined to give him a superior education, and with that object in view placed him under the care of Mr. John Bruce. He was one of the first pupils to enter the far-famed Percy Street Academy at its opening in Midsummer, 1806, and he left it about the time that George Stephenson took his son Robert there. When his school days were over, young Glynn went into the Ouseburn factory as assistant to his father, and acquired a knowledge of the theory and practice of mechanical engineering that qualified him, when he arrived at man's estate, to undertake important operations on his own account. Assisted by two young mechanics, Peter (afterwards Sir Peter) Fairbairn and William Hawthorn, he executed, in 1820, his first engineering work—the erection of a steam engine for the Earl of Carlisle to pump the water out of Talkin Colliery, near Brampton. In the following year he designed and carried out the works required for lighting the town of Berwick with gas, and prepared plans for a similar undertaking at Aberdeen. Shortly afterwards he accepted the appointment of engineer to the Butterley Iron Company, in Derbyshire, and left Newcastle.

During his early days at Butterley, the railway fever raged, and Mr. Glynn's services as an engineer were in frequent requisition. From his association with the Stephensons and their experiments at Newcastle, he had become interested in railway enterprise, and an ardent supporter of its extension throughout the kingdom. Promoters engaged him as a witness on behalf of their pro-

jects while undergoing the ordeal of Parliamentary Committees; directors and administrators consulted him as to extensions, routes, expenditure, and the infinite details of management. He gave evidence to the Royal Commissioners on the Use of Iron in Railway Structures, and reported upon the Overland Route to India, and the competing scheme of the Euphrates Valley line. When it was proposed to unite the railway from York to Darlington, known as the Great North of England line, with the section that extended from Darlington to Newcastle, he was one of the committee appointed to negotiate the purchase and effect the amalgamation. In like manner, when a committee was elected to investigate the affairs of the Eastern Counties, now the Great Eastern, line, he was appointed secretary to the investigators, and subsequently, when a satisfactory adjustment had been completed, he became deputy-chairman of the Eastern Counties Board.

Mr. Glynn died in London on his sixty-fourth birthday, February 6, 1863.

Sir Leonard Greenwell,

A DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, two brothers Greenwell, descendants of the ancient Durham family of that name, married sisters, co-heiresses of William Aubone, a Newcastle alderman. One of the brothers, John Greenwell, settled in Newcastle as a merchant; the other, Robert Greenwell, lived upon his maternal estate at Kibblesworth. William Greenwell, son of Robert, came, like his father, to Newcastle for a wife, and found one in the person of Mary, daughter of Joshua Twizell. A son of this union, Joshua Greenwell, of Newcastle, marrying the heiress of the Rev. Thomas Robinson, rector of Wycliffe, had among other issue two sons. One of them, Robinson Robert, became the head of a large commercial firm in Newcastle, and at his death in Ridley Place, November 1, 1840, aged 63, was consul for Hanover, and vice-consul for Denmark. The other son became a distinguished soldier, known to a past generation as Major-General Sir Leonard Greenwell, K.C.B., K.C.H., aide-de-camp to George IV.

Sir Leonard was born at Kibblesworth, in 1781, and passed his boyhood at the Royal Free Grammar School in Newcastle, under the head mastership of the Rev. Edward Moises. He entered the army on the 7th of August, 1801, as an ensign in the 45th Foot, and remained with that regiment throughout his career. Very early in life he was employed in active service. He accompanied the expedition to South America, and was present at the attack upon Buenos Ayres in 1806, and again in 1807, where he was severely wounded. In most of the battles of the Peninsular war he served with distinction, and, it is said, received wounds in almost every part of his body. He commanded his regiment during Massena's retreat from the lines at Fuentes d'Onor; at the siege of Badajos, he was the first officer to scale the walls; at Orthes, he commanded the light troops of the 3rd Division, under Sir Thomas Picton, and bore himself throughout with great gallantry and determination.

For his services during the Peninsular campaign he received a medal and two clasps, was appointed aide-de-camp to the king, created a Knight Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order and of the Military Order of the Bath, and rewarded with a grant out of the distinguished service fund. In recognition of his bravery at Badajos the king authorized him to add to the family arms (or, two bars azure, between three ducal coronets gules) a representation of Badajos, with a jacket of the 45th floating from one of the towers. Retiring on half pay in 1827, he obtained, four years later, the appointment of Commandant at Chatham, an office which he held till 1837. He died unmarried in London on the 11th November, 1844, aged 63, and his body being brought to Newcastle was interred among his kindred within the walls of St. Nicholas', where a handsome mural monument records his achievements.

Thomas Michael Greenhow,

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE.

Towards the close of last century, Edward Martin Greenhow, a native of Stirling, who had served as an army surgeon under General Elliott during the protracted siege of Gibraltar, established himself as a general practitioner on the north side of the harbour of Tyne. With the reputation which attached to all the brave men who for years had held the key to the Mediterranean against the combined fleets of France and Spain, Mr. Greenhow worked his way to a lucrative practice. Married at Tynemouth in 1786, he became the father of sons who afterwards distinguished themselves in various departments of public usefulness—Conrad H. Greenhow, shipbroker, who took a leading part in the discussions which preceded the repeal of the Navigation Laws; Edward Henry, who followed his father's profession at North Shields; and Thomas Michael, who became a prominent surgeon, and an active public man in Newcastle.

Thomas Michael Greenhow was born at North Shields on the 5th of July, 1792. Brought up as a boy in his father's surgery, he was sent to Edinburgh University, where he passed his examinations and obtained his diploma. Obtaining, shortly afterwards (November 5, 1814) the membership of the Royal College of Surgeons, he entered the army as assistant surgeon; but life among soldiers not being to his taste, he returned to the North, after a couple of years' service, and commenced practice on his own account in Newcastle. His first professional appointment in the town was that of surgeon to the Lying-in Hospital in Rosemary Lane. About the same time he received the appointment of co-surgeon to an affiliated organization, the Charity for Poor Married

Women Lying-in at their own Houses. In 1822 he joined Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Fife in the establishment of an Infirmary for Diseases of the Eye.

At the time when the Eye Infirmary was opened there were discussions in the town respecting the proper method of remunerating medical men for their professional services. General practitioners, compounding their own medicines, charged heavy prices for their drugs and little or nothing for attendance. The practice was condemned as hurtful alike to doctor and to patient. Mr. Greenhow ventured into print on the subject. In a pamphlet which he issued in 1824, he argued that the system had a tendency to degrade medical men in the eyes of the public into mere traders in medicine, anxious to dispose of the largest possible quantity, and he pro-

T.M. Greenhow, M.D.

posed that they should charge a fair and moderate fee for attendance and receive for medicine only a bare remuneration, or else send the patient with a prescription to a competent apothecary. The year following he went to press with a work of a more pretentious character—a treatise on vaccination (then becoming fashionable) as a security against small-pox.

Being now thoroughly established in Newcastle, he found time to interest himself in other matters than those which pertained exclusively to his profession. The education of the young was one of the subjects which attracted him at this time, and it continued to interest him to the end of his days. At a town's meeting held in the Guildhall on the 25th of February, 1825, under the presidency of Henry Cramlington, the Mayor, it was resolved to establish infant schools in Newcastle, and when sufficient funds were obtained, schools were opened in the Wesleyan Orphan House in Northumberland Street, the Sallyport Chapel in Causey Bank, and a house in the Castle Garth. Of this excellent movement, Mr. Greenhow and Mr. Jonathan Priestman were co-secretaries.

Towards the close of 1827, No. 1 of the fine range of mansions known as Eldon Square was completed, and Mr. Greenhow removed into it, retaining his surgery in Blackett Street, adjoining. When, in the winter of 1831-32, an outbreak of cholera occurred, he laboured with great assiduity among the worst slums of Newcastle, and, as soon as it was over, published a book of 162 pages on the subject. His exertions during that dreadful visitation procured for him, the year after, a coveted distinction—one of the four honorary surgeonships of the Infirmary of Newcastle. In the spring of 1834, he helped to establish the "Newcastle Medical and Surgical Society," the objects of which were to form a library of professional works, and to hold meetings from time to time for the reading of papers and the discussion of subjects connected with the profession. Of this useful institution he was elected secretary and treasurer.

During the agitation which preceded the Municipal Reform Bill of 1835, Mr. Greenhow was an occasional speaker on the side of the Reformers. When the bill had become law, the voters in North St. Andrew's Ward put him forward as a candidate for election to the new Town Council. Although not successful on that occasion, yet, in the following year, upon the occurrence of a vacancy in South St. Andrew's, he was returned at the head of the poll. His stay in the Council was but brief. In June, 1839, the magistrates nominated him for the office of surgeon to the gaol, the Council, by 23 votes to 17, confirmed the nomination, and his seat in the Council Chamber became vacant.

While a member of the Council, Mr. Greenhow had not curtailed his interest in other public matters, nor neglected his professional duties. He assisted, in 1837, to establish the "North of England Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts," and became, with the late Alderman Lockey Harle as his coadjutor, hon. secretary of the organisation. During the visit of the British Association to Newcastle in 1838, he read a couple of papers in the medical section—one "On the Beneficial Action of Mercury rapidly introduced in certain cases of Neuralgia," and the other "On a New Sling Fracture Bed." The following year he promoted the series of entertainments long remembered in Newcastle as the "Saturday Evening Concerts and Lectures." His contributions to the series were two lectures—the first, delivered July 13, 1839, on "Education," and the second, read January 18, 1840, on "Slavery." The subject of the first lecture seems never to have been absent from his mind. In season and out of season, he urged the necessity of providing collegiate education for the youth of the rapidly increasing in-

dustrial community of which Newcastle was the centre and the capital. Through the press, in a pamphlet (published in 1831), by discussions at the Literary and Philosophical Society, and through the medium of a town's meeting, held in the Guildhall, he had endeavoured to rouse his fellow-townsmen to a due sense of the benefits of scientific training. Such was his zeal in this direction that the writer of the "Supplement to the Corporation Annual for 1836" satirically described him as being "most strenuous in his endeavours to have the Council better versed in Old English by the establishment of an University in the Darn Crook." But, like many other enthusiastic educational reformers, Mr. Greenhow found himself far in advance of his time. His idea was that Newcastle possessed the nucleus of a collegiate institution in its Grammar School, Literary and Philosophical Society, Natural History Society, School of Design, Fine Arts Society, and School of Medicine, and that out of these materials might be moulded "an Academy of Science and Literature of incalculable value." Newcastle people listened and applauded, formed themselves into committees, and passed resolutions, but they did not provide the funds necessary to bring the scheme into operation. It was not until about the period of the first great Exhibition that Mr. Greenhow, after twenty years' unwearied advocacy, saw his projects realised, and the "Newcastle College of Practical Science" started, on a modest scale, in Barber Surgeon's Hall, Rye Hill.

Mr. Greenhow's surgical career was exceptionally brilliant. He frequently practised major operations, and was eminently successful in conducting them to a happy issue. It is upon record that in August, 1848, he performed the operation of complete excision of the oscalcis, for caries of the bone, and "at that time he was unaware that the late Mr. Hancock had performed the same operation two months previously, so that the credit of its invention belonged to him equally with Mr. Hancock." He acquired a considerable reputation in ophthalmic cases from his long connection with the Eye Infirmary, and displayed remarkable inventive skill in designing instruments and adapting surgical appliances to modern requirements.

In the early days of sanitary reform he was an energetic and watchful leader of the movement. His warnings after the cholera visitation of 1832 were unheeded, but he abated none of his zeal in the cause. In 1852, he foretold that the United Kingdom would again be visited by the pestilence. Addressing himself to the Mayor of Newcastle, he called attention to the unpreparedness of the town to resist such a visitation—a warning which the dreadful mortality of the succeeding year too truly verified and vindicated.* The Royal College of Surgeons, recognising his special abilities, elected him to an original Fellowship in 1843, and in 1855 the University of Durham conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Medicine. He retired from practice in 1860, and left Newcastle to live in the neighbourhood of Leeds, where he died on the 25th of October, 1881.

Dr. Greenhow married, in 1820, Elizabeth, elder sister of Harriet Martineau, the authoress, and granddaughter of Mr. Rankin, of Newcastle, sugar refiner in the Close. With his celebrated sister-in-law the doctor continued on terms of affectionate intimacy for many years. She was a frequent guest at his house, and it was to be near him that, when stricken by illness in 1839, shortly after her visit to the British Association in Newcastle, she took the lodgings at Tynemouth in which, confined for five years a helpless invalid, she wrote her "Life in a Sick Room." (See *Monthly Chronicle*, i., 416.) Into the estrangement that followed it is unnecessary to enter here. Miss Martineau, writing her "Autobiography" many years afterwards, refers to it in the following regretful terms:—"Her home at Newcastle [Mrs. Greenhow's], with all possible kindness from her hospitable husband and herself, was always at our command, without hindrance or difficulty, until my recovery from a hopeless illness in 1844 by Mesmerism proved too much for the natural prejudice of a surgeon and a surgeon's wife, and caused by the help, or the ill offices, of another relation, a family breach as absurd as it was lamentable." Mrs. Greenhow died on the 10th February, 1850.

Among other issue Dr. Greenhow left a son—William Thomas Greenhow, B.A. and LL.B., Recorder of Berwick, County Court Judge of Leeds and Wakefield, a member of Convocation, London University, and author of "A Manual of Shipping Law"; born Feb. 6, 1831; married, May 20, 1857, Marion, eldest daughter of Charles Martineau, Esq., of Tulse Hill.

William Gray,

AUTHOR OF THE "CHOROGRAPHIA."

Ten years ago it would not have been easy to write a biographical sketch of the first historian of Newcastle, for local history afforded but slender clue to his identity. From a signature attached to an annotated edition of his book, owned by the late Lady Northbourne, it was known that the initials "W. G.," by which he modestly concealed his authorship, indicated William Gray. From the fact that the volume had been in the possession of her ladyship's ancestors, the Ellisons of Hebburn, for many generations, it was suspected that he might have been connected by ties of business or relationship with that ancient local family. From evidence afforded by the book itself it was believed that he was a native of the town, and that he had been engaged in some commercial enterprise which the outbreak of civil war had frustrated. And that was all. Bourne, the next historian of Newcastle, knew nothing, or, if he did, he wrote nothing, about his predecessor. Brand dismissed him in a couple of lines. Subsequent historians quoted him and passed him by. Neither Sir Cuthbert Sharp, who made local

registers a special study, nor the two Richardsons, whose voluminous collections of local genealogy form a chaotic mass in the archives of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, were able to identify him. So he rested, named, but unknown, till the year 1884, when the Registry of Wills at Durham—that vast treasure house of the dead—yielded up the secret of his life. A copy of a will made in 1656 by one William Gray, of Newcastle, was discovered there, and, upon examination, it proved to be that of the historian. Further investigation enabled local antiquaries to collect together details of his birth and parentage, family connections, business relationships, and final ending, and to embody them in papers contributed to the eleventh volume of the "Archæologia Æliana." Since then it has been easy to write about the earliest historian of Newcastle.

William Gray was the first-born child of a marriage which, on the 9th of December, 1600, was solemnized in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, between Cuthbert Gray, merchant adventurer, son of John Gray, draper, and Elizabeth, daughter of Alderman William Huntley. In the church where his parents had been united, on the 21st of September, 1601, he was baptized, his sponsors being "Mr. Willm. Huntley, marchant and Alderman; Willm. Gray, draper; and the wife of Robert Ellison, marchant, or in her place Margaret Gray, Widow, being grandmother."

Cuthbert Gray, the father, carried on his business of a merchant in the Side, and, like other mercantile adventurers of the period, dealt in an infinite variety of commodities. The household books of Lord William Howard ("Belted Will" of history) show that he supplied the family of that nobleman at Naworth with claret and coal-shovels, hops and hats, lint and lemons, muscadine and malaga, shoes and sprats, oil, sack, and vinegar. They show further that he was largely interested in coalmining adventures round about Newcastle, in some of which Lord William was his landlord. When he died, carried off in the prime of life towards the end of April, 1623, he left a flourishing business and much property behind him. He had houses, lands, and mills outside Pandon Gate; two "mansions" in the Side; five burgages in Hillgate, Gateshead; a share with his wife's relations of pits at Dunstle and elsewhere, and an interest in mines at Newbiggen (near the Cowgate), East Denton, Higham Dykes (Ponteland), Newham near Whalton, Whitbie (or Fitbawe) Moor, in the Manor of Kenton, and Bellasis near Stannington. He was a shipowner, 'too, holding three-sixteenths of the Diligence, a twelfth of the Unity, and an eighteenth of the Mary Susan, all of Ipswich; a quarter of the Prudence, and six keels. And besides his own mills outside Pandon, he had a lease of a mill in Painter Heugh, while at his house in the Side was a miscellaneous stock-in-trade, with plate, linen, and ample household gear.

Eleven children had been born to Cuthbert and Elizabeth Gray, of whom nine were living at the date of their father's decease. William, the eldest, had attained the age of manhood, the rest were minors. He, no doubt, assisted his widowed mother to manage the diversified undertakings in which the father had been engaged. Both their names appear in the "Howard Household Book" for 1634 as rendering to the Howard family services which indicate a business relationship, while the name of the widow is entered in the Naworth rent roll of the same year as tenant of the coal mines of which her husband had been lessee. Between them they brought up the younger branches of the family in affluence. Besides William, there was only one son, named John, and he appears to have died early, for local history contains no trace of him, and in the parish registers he cannot be identified. Five of the daughters made good marriages. Margaret became the wife of Robert Proctor, and their son, named William after his uncle, was possibly the William Proctor who was Sheriff of Newcastle in 1684-85. Ellinor married Robert Harle, merchant. Elizabeth was united on the 29th March, 1635, to Robert Ellison, M.P. for Newcastle during the Commonwealth. A few months later Rebecca became the wife of William, brother of Sir Lionel Maddison, while Deborah married, January 1641-42, Robert Ile, merchant and apothecary.

How long the mother of William Gray lived to assist him in the affairs of the family cannot be accurately ascertained. In the "Archæologia," before mentioned, it is assumed that she died in 1636, although note is taken of an entry in the Journals of the House of Commons which favours a suspicion that she was living in November, 1664. Since that paper was written the suspicion that she lived longer than the year 1636 has been strengthened. In a deed which, through the kindness of Mr. F. W. Dendy, has been presented to the writer by Mr. George Handyside, William Gray, conveying to Geo. Bulman, in December, 1643, some of the family property at Gateshead, inserts his mother's name in a covenant for peaceable enjoyment, and this could hardly have occurred if the old lady had been dead nine years. But, be that as it may, there came a time when neither the abilities of William Gray, nor the experience of his mother, if she lived so long, were able to stem the torrent of misfortune which overwhelmed the commerce of Tyneside. Civil war broke out; Newcastle became the theatre of military operations, which crippled local industry, and, for some time, practically suspended the coal trade. William Gray's collieries were shut up; commodities for the shop in the Side were unprocurable; nothing was left to him but houses and land, the revenues of which were precarious and uncertain. These, bearing their share of military impositions, he was able to retain, for we find him in July, 1647, making an agreement with the Corporation to permit the conveyance of water from a conduit upon his property in Pandon Bank to Sandgate,

and receiving as recompense a part of the waste there called the King's Dykes. The change from a position of opulence to comparative poverty weighed heavily upon him. For consolation he turned his thoughts to literature, seeking to drown his sorrows by writing a book. And what more suitable subject for a book than that which lay nearest to his heart, the history and deplorable condition of his native town? Printed by Stephen Bulkley, and dedicated to the burgesses and good men of Newcastle, the volume—a modest quarto of thirty-four pages—was issued in 1649, with the title:—

CHOROGRAPHIA,
OR
A SVRVEY
OF
NEVVCASTLE
UPON TINE.

The Estate of this Country under the Romans.
The Building of the famous Wall of the Picts, *by the* Romans.
The Ancient Town of Pandon.
A briefe Description of the Town, Walls, Wards, Churches, Religious Houses, Streets, Markets, Fairs, River *and* Commodities; *with the* Suburbs.
The Ancient and present Government of the Town.

AS ALSO

A Relation of the County of *Northumberland*, which was the Bulwark for *England*, against the Inrodes of the *Scots*. Their many Castles and Towers. Their ancient Families and Names. Of the Tenure in Cornage. Of Cheviot-Hills. Of Tinedale and Reedsdale, with the Inhabitants.

Potestas omnium ad Cæsarem *pertinet, proprietas ad singulos.*

Newcastle, Printed by S. B. 1649.

Sometime after the publication of his book William Gray appears to have made a family arrangement with his brother-in-law, Robert Ellison, M.P. for Newcastle. The nature of that arrangement is not clearly expressed, but it is open to conjecture that his property, rescued from the wreck and ruin of civil war, passed into the hands of Mr. Ellison, upon conditions which relieved the historian from the cares of business, and enabled him to spend his declining years in his old home in the Side, which the Ellisons occupied. This we gather from his will, dated December 8, 1656, seventeen years before he died. In that document he states that he has been "very much engaged and beholden" to his brother-in-law and sister "upon all occasions and straights whatsoever," and had found "much comfort and contentment in dwelling and cohabiting with them." He, therefore, bequeaths to Mr. Ellison his house in the Side, "now in the tenure or occupation of the said Robert Ellison, or his assigns," another house in the same street, lands and houses in Pandon, and outside Pandon Gate, and all other his "lands, tenements, and hereditaments in any place whatsoever, within the Nation and Commonwealth of England." The full text of the will is printed in volume xi. of the "Archæologia Æliana," before quoted, and as he made no other, there seems to be good reason for the supposition that it formed the basis of an understanding with the hospitable brother-in-law. The inventory of his goods and chattels favours this view, for, apart from his purse, apparel, and library, he had barely £15 worth of household gear, and most of it was in two rooms—"his owne chamber" and "the next chamber."

William Gray died in February, 1673-74, aged 72, and was buried among his ancestors in the great church under the shadow of which he was born, and baptised, and lived his troubled life. The register of burials at St. Nicholas' records his interment in the following brief line—"Feb. 7, 1673. William Gray, mchant., bur."

No portrait of the author of the "Chorographia" is known to exist, but, if we may judge from his handwriting, he was a man of firmness and resolution. Three of his autographs have been preserved, and clearness and boldness of outline are the characteristics of all of them. One is written in the volume at Gateshead; the others are in the possession of the present writer. These latter are attached to two deeds—(1) dated 1643, the conveyance to Bulman before-mentioned; (2) dated 1659-60, the marriage settlement of his niece, Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Ellison, and her affianced husband, William Fenwick, of Stanton. When the nuptial agreement was signed, he was approaching his sixtieth year. The intended bride was reared under his own rooftree, and it must have been a happy moment when he handled the "gray goose quill," and wrote at the head of his relatives and friends, witnesses to the compact, the bold and legible signature—

Warkworth Bridge Tower.

THE approach to the old village of Warkworth is by a bridge of many angles crossing the Coquet. This structure, which was rebuilt in 1379, bears few traces of the wearing hand of time. But a pillar, with the Percy arms on it, which was once an interesting feature, has long since disappeared. A small square tower and gateway, anciently forming part of the outworks of Warkworth Castle, stand at the south end of the bridge. Owing to its many attractions, Warkworth has become a popular holiday resort, and it will have to be conceded that few places in the North can vie with it in historical and romantic associations. The antiquary delights in the ruins of the old castle; the student dwells anew on the sorrows of poor Bertram, and cons once more Bishop Percy's description of the recluse's home in the ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth"; the disciple of

Izaak Walton finds rare sport with the famed Coquet trout; and the artist fairly revels in the lovely and varied views that he can obtain within the distance of a hundred paces. Indeed, the knight of the pencil may at any time be found in some quaint nook recording the broken outline of the castle against the azure sky. It would be vain to conjecture how many times the place has been sketched and photographed. Suffice it to say that the greatest of all landscape painters, J. W. M. Turner, found here all that satisfied the aspirations of his mighty genius. Old T. M. Richardson, too, and, at a later period, John Storey and John Surtees, have produced many a fine drawing in the vicinity of Warkworth. For further historical particulars of the locality, with views of the castle, &c., the reader is referred to the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, page 23.

Woodhorn Church, Northumberland.

WOODHORN is one of the bleak sea-board parishes of Northumberland. The name means *the wooded horn* or *ness of land* jutting out into the sea, whereof the promontory on which the ancient church of Newbiggin is built forms the apex. The "forest primeval" has vanished, and is now only represented by a few meagre-looking elms and other trees. The village of Woodhorn has been outgrown by its dependent chapelry of Newbiggin. It is a place of somewhat uninviting aspect, and its generally bare and dreary appearance is not relieved by the gaunt sailless windmill which forms the most prominent object in the landscape.

The church, however, is an interesting edifice, and will well repay a visit. Many years ago it fell into the hands of an unmerciful and unscrupulous restorer, and no one can contemplate its present mutilated, incongruous, and inharmonious condition without experiencing a feeling of sincere regret that, in this as in so many other cases, deplorable ignorance and despicable taste have been permitted to interfere with an ancient structure of which the destroyed features, judging from what is left, must have been of the highest possible interest.

There was a church at Woodhorn before the Norman Conquest. It has been claimed that considerable remains of that so-called Saxon structure still exist, but it is certain that portions which have been ascribed to this early period are, in reality, of much later date. It is probable that the jambs of the tower-arch and the west wall of the nave, on the south side, are of pre-Conquest date; but, if this be granted, no further claim to such remote antiquity can possibly be sustained on behalf of any other portion. The tower-arch itself has certainly been rebuilt, and there can be little doubt that this was done when the earliest part of the existing south arcade was erected. Turning for a moment to remains of another kind, we find a number of interesting evidences of the pre-Conquest church of Woodhorn. These consist of early sepulchral monuments. Here, as in almost every other case, we are indebted for the preservation of these

ancient memorials of the dead to the fact that the dead are soon forgotten amongst the living. Men have always ceased to care for the monuments of the departed when the tradition of the men themselves, their virtues and their vices, had departed also. And so the grave-stones of one century are unscrupulously taken to build the new churches of the next. When Woodhorn church was restored, or, to be more correct, partly re-built, nearly fifty years ago, several grave-stones of pre-Conquest date were found embedded in the walls. These are now preserved in the church. Six of them are of comparatively late date, and probably belong to the first half of the eleventh century. They are plain, round-headed head stones, adorned only with a Latin cross in relief. In one instance, however, the cross is incised. Several fragments of an earlier and more elaborate type of monument were also found. These are more or less covered with the well-known interlacing designs known as "knot-work." Three of these fragments are still preserved, but others, within recent years, have disappeared, doubtless to augment the treasures of some private collection. One piece is safely but most injudiciously walled into the modern porch, with the result that only one side can be seen. There is also a large slab with the knot-work on its edges. But the most interesting fragment is the head of a cross, covered no every side with the usual mysterious interlacings.

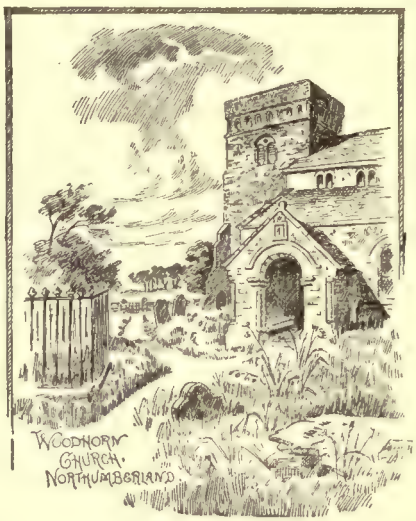
The original church of Woodburn consisted of a chancel, an aisleless nave, and a tower at the west end. The latter would unquestionably approximate to the usual type of North-Country pre-Conquest tower, now represented by the existing examples at Ovingham, Bywell, Corbridge, Warden, and Bolam, in Northumberland, and at Billingham, in the county of Durham. This early church appears to have remained untouched and unaltered until about the beginning of the twelfth century, when a north aisle was added. Of this north aisle, two bays of the arcade still exist. The arches are of the plainest and simplest possible character, consisting of one plain unchamfered order. They rest on massive cushioned capitals, and extremely short and heavy piers. About fifty years later, a south aisle was added. Of this, again, two bays exist. The arches are as plain as those on the north, but consist of two orders. The capitals, which have square abaci, are extremely plain, suggesting the need of some such relieving feature as was soon afterwards introduced in the Transitional volute. The piers, like those on the north, are plain cylinders, but are both less stunted and less massive. Contemporary with the south aisle was a new tower. For some reason the original arch was taken down; but the jambs appear, as I have already said, to have been allowed to remain. Whether this view be accepted or not, it is perfectly certain that the present arch is not contemporary with the jambs on which it rests. Of the tower built about the middle of the twelfth century, the two lower stages still remain. There is a newel stairway in the south-east angle, which has been described as Saxon, but which must be seen, by anyone having the most superficial knowledge of early architecture, to be nothing of the kind. Nothing less like Saxon work could be found

in the length and breadth of England. About this stairway there is nothing noticeable except its extreme narrowness. On the west side of the exterior of the tower is a curious male effigy, with the hands raised in the attitude of prayer. In the deplorable restoration of this church, the upper stages of the tower appear to have been taken down and replaced by one of the most extraordinary architectural monstrosities which could possibly be conceived. In other ways the church has been terribly deformed, but the modern part of the tower is the crowning barbarism, the *ne plus ultra* of architectural absurdity and ugliness, destroying most lamentably the whole character of the building.

The first half of the thirteenth century witnessed the re-erection of the chancel, and a series of remarkable changes in the eastern half of the nave. The chancel is now the least altered part of the whole church. In the east gable is a triplet of equal sized lancets. There are two original small round-headed windows in each of the side walls. There is a priest's door in the middle of the south wall, but, in its present state, it is entirely the work of the restorer, and what it replaces I am unable to say. In the same wall, at the east end there is a very curious window, of four lights. The tracery, if tracery it can be called, is of the most extraordinary character. On the outside, over the centre, is a heraldic shield, bearing three crowns, the seal of the priory of Tynemouth, to which the rectory of Woodhorn had been appropriated. At the west end of the same wall is a small pointed window, which might be described as a "low-side window," except that it is not low at all, but unusually high. The chancel arch is of two plain chamfered orders, and is rather lofty, but is not of good proportions. It rests on brackets in the side walls.

About the time when the chancel was built the eastern halves of both north and south arcades were taken down, and their place supplied by two wide and lofty arches. These seem to me to indicate the existence of north and south transepts, of which, however, it is almost needless to say, all other traces have disappeared. These arches, though almost, if not quite, contemporary in date, differ greatly in character. The one on the south is as plain as possible. It is a pointed arch of two chamfered orders. It rises awkwardly from the abacus of the original arcade on the west, and dies into the wall of the nave on the east. The arch on the north is a remarkable piece of architecture. On the outer, or north side, it presents two plain chamfered orders; but on the inner side, or towards the nave, these orders are richly and elaborately moulded, the hollows being very deeply undercut. On the west side it also rests on the abacus of the original arcade, but on the east side it comes down to a bracket, formed of three shafts, which rest on a carved head, and are surmounted by well-developed conventional Early English foliage, the whole, however, being very rudely sculptured, the execution falling far short of the design.

On coming towards the church from the village, our attention is first drawn to the stone churchyard stile. Every country churchyard, in the days of our grandfathers, had its stile. I am sorry to say they have almost universally disappeared. Long may the churchstile of Woodhorn be preserved! May it be jealously watched and guarded by present and future parishioners! Though we should probably find the wooden gate close beside unfastened, yet, for the respect we bear to the days of long ago, we prefer to enter the churchyard by mounting the stile. Over these stone steps our grandfathers and grandmothers went to church. Those were picturesque times, and the lives, nay, the very costumes of the people, were picturesque also. We may rejoice, as we ought, in the advantages of our own day, but it is worse than folly to forget to respect, and even reverence, times and



people that have passed away. The past of English life and history is full of poetry and romance to every true Englishman; but I dare say the time that to most of us seems richest in associations that we love to cherish is the time of which the living memory of the aged has spoken in our own young days. Pictures of those times are kindled in our imagination by the sight of a churchyard stile.

Over the porch doorway we find a sun dial. It is not an ancient one, but it bears an old inscription:

Soles pereunt et imputantur,

which may be rendered, though not very literally, "The days pass by, and yet account is kept of them." The initials inscribed on the dial, "T. R. S.," are those of one of the vicars of Woodhorn, the Rev. Thomas Shipperdson, during whose incumbency the fatal restoration took place. Mr. Shipperdson was a man of considerable scholarship and ability, but also full of eccentricities. Many racy stories are told of him at Durham, where he lived for

many years as rector of the church of St. Mary, in the North Bailey. Probably he is similarly remembered at Woodhorn.

The architectural features of the interior of the church have already been described. Besides the early sepulchral memorials which I have mentioned, there are others which deserve to be examined. Some of these are inserted in the walls of the porch. One grave cover bears a short sword or dagger, in a very unusual position, *i.e.*, over the head of the cross, which is carved in relief. In the south aisle is a grave cover of a child, of early date, bearing a cross carved in very bold relief. Besides these there are several fragments, and though they are of types which are more frequently met with, yet two or three of them deserve especial attention on account of the beauty of their designs.

In the chancel there in an early fourteenth century effigy of a lady. She has, with reckless disregard to her costume, been described as an abbess. She wears a large veil, which is thrown back from her face. She is attired in a long loose gown, which descends in ample folds to her feet. Over her head is a canopy, and on the top of this is a group, of which the Virgin and Child form the centre, with a kneeling female figure in an attitude of adoration on each side. Beneath the feet of the effigy is a lion, whilst each foot is clasped by a praying female figure.

On the vestry mantel shelf the visitor will find a loose brass plate which ought to be at once fixed to the wall of some part of the church. If this is not done, it will sooner or later be carried off by some collector. It bears the following inscription :—

An Acrostick
Epitaph on a vertuous Gentle-
woman, who died on Palm Sunday,
March 24th, 1699.
A.skest thou Reader who lyes here
N.o common Corps, then List & you shall hear
G.oodness, rare meekness, Zeal, pure Chastitie
I.nterred together in this Ground do lie.
B.ehold her acts whilst here she made abode.
S.he liv'd belov'd of men & died lov'd of God
Mrs. Ann Railston.

Ann Gibbs was no doubt the maiden name of the lady.

J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

Billy Purvis.

I.

INNOCENT amusement is one of the necessaries of healthy human life; and he who can provide it does the world good service. No better servant of this kind ever flourished in the North-Countree than our old acquaintance Billy Purvis, whom everybody from the Tweed to the Tees knew, whom everybody liked, and whom nobody ever was, by any chance, the worse for seeing or hearing. His booth was the great centre of attraction at fairs, and hoppings, and feasts, and even races, all over the district. Nobody ever wearied of his funny pranks. All that he said and did was racy of the soil. And in the ages to come we may have a thousand first-rate funny fellows —perfect in their several lines—but we never, till doomsday, shall see another Billy Purvis.

William Purvis was born on the 13th January, 1784, at Auchindinny, a village about seven and a half miles from Edinburgh, on the road to Peebles, in a romantic dell through which flows the North Esk, and within a mile or two of Roslin and Hawthornden, the favourite haunt of the Scottish muse. Billy was a twin, the mother having had five children at three births. His father, who was a tailor, consoled himself with the philosophic apophthegm, that "where there's bairns there's brose." In Billy's autobiography, written for him by J. P. Robson, the local poet of Newcastle, he tells us he "very soon commenced to laugh, craw, and dance, and showed evident proofs of experiencing the greatest pleasure and delight"—meet prelude to his free-and-easy after life.

When he was about two years old, his parents left Auchindinny, and settled in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His father took a house in the Close, and in that same house Billy resided ever after, making it during a period of sixty-four years the central point round which all his movements turned. In speech, manners, sympathies, and soul, he was a devoted Novocastrian, and, though he was constantly on his travels, "canny Newcassel" was ever his haven of rest when he was not engaged on the sea of adventures elsewhere.

Billy served his apprenticeship in the Bigg Market to a joiner and house carpenter named Chapman, after imbibing the rudiments of knowledge at a school in what was then called the Mount, in the Castle Garth. But his partiality for the stage was exhibited from his earliest years. He became "call boy" at the Theatre Royal whilst it was under the management of Stephen Kemble, and he joined the corps of the Newcastle Volunteers as drummer boy in 1794. After the expiry of his seven years' apprenticeship to Mr. Chapman, he worked for several years at his business; but he continued to have a strong hankering for the sock and buskin, and he soon made himself locally famous as the manager of a corps of amateur performers at the sign of the St. George and Dragon, Gateshead, kept by a person named Greenwell. On a certain occasion it was proposed by the members of this Thespian society to get up the tragedy of "Venice Preserved." Here is Billy's account of how they did it :—

I remember the circumstances as if they happened yesterday. The cast, you may imagine, was very heavy. Robert Youdal was the Pierre, and your humble servant Billy was the Jaffier of the night. We prepared to dress in the costume proper for the occasion, and, mind, it was none of your tag-rag and bobtail dresses; they were grand as wor Mayor's or Lord Judge's claes. I began to feel very queer as the time came on for the rising of the curtain; but Youdal, who, like myself, was not a teetotaller (though, by the by, I never was an intemperate man in my life), walks up to me—"Bill! by gox, let's have a glass of brandy,

man! It'll make us speak better." "Wiv a' my heart and pluck," said Billy, and off we sallied, and we each got a glass of the potent cognac. Bless your souls, hinnies, it ran through us and warmed us all over. I cared for nowt then. It made new men of both. Still the curtain did not rise. "Hoots, Bob, let's hae another glass apiece; man, it's splendacious! It'll put fresh pluck int' us!" "Agreed," said Youdal, and the glasses were filled, and drunk on the premises in quick time. And let me tell you we did not forget Belvidera. She got her share, you may depend, and she was as funny as a fiddler. The first act was finished, and the second just commenced, when all of a sudden I turned as dumb as a cuddy wi' a lockjaw. I could not speak a single word. My tongue stuck hard and fast to the roof of my mouth; and there you might have seen poor Jaffier gaping like a "raw gol" in the middle of the stage. It was just like as if my jaws had been glued together with gutta percha. I could not proceed, and in consequence the play could not go on. Belvidera, poor thing, was as bad as I was. So we made a mess on't. The audience, however, enjoyed the joke amazingly, and we did not make ourselves bad about it. The farce of "Raising the Wind" followed, and the wind certainly was raised to some perfection. In the tea scene we substituted pieces of chalk for loaf sugar; we had hard boiled eggs with the shells off, and bread and butter. Bob Youdal played Jeremy Diddler. The grand display of bolting the provisions commenced. Youdal crammed his mouth with the hard boiled eggs: away they went. In he stuffed the lumps of chalk, with a huge piece of bread. His jaws worked like a pump. But, all of a sudden, his face went red, and his eyes stared like a mad dog. Bob was choking, by George! The audience was delighted with the exhibition, but we, who were now beginning to think that it was all dicky with poor Jeremy Diddler, took him by the shoulders and pushed him off the stage; and as good luck would have it, we succeeded in getting the lumps of chalk out of his throat.

Billy soon began to be a person of great consequence in the theatrical profession, though he was still following his trade as a carpenter. Seldom, he tells us, did he absent himself from the bench to be present on the stage. Perhaps, when a party "hard up," and soliciting his assistance, came in his way, he might sacrifice a few hours for the purpose of affording to the poor player what relief he could; but, generally speaking, he attended to his work as a regular man. On one occasion, when he had been asked to assist in getting up a benefit for somebody or other, and permission had been obtained to use the Turk's Head long room as a theatre, the following farce was played:—

The play was Douglas. I played Young Norval. The performance went on beautifully till I appeared with my sword by my side, and the shield, "round as yon moon," on my left arm. "My name is Norval—on the Grampian Hills my father feeds his flock." A voice from the gallery: "Ye're a greet leer! Yor father an' mother sells apples an' peers in Denton Chare." That completely spoiled poor Billy's speech. But I commenced again, and proceeded without any particular interruption till the last scene ends Douglas's strange eventful history, which is marked by the death of Young Norval. I was lying "dead as mutton" on the stage. The scene had to fall to enable me to rise. But, smash! if the hang'd thing didn't stick hard and fast. "Whaat are ye dein' ye fyule?" whispered I. Still the cords were sticking. I lay for a while swearing to myself. Hinnies, I never knew till a heavy shower of grey peas rattles about my lugs. Ah! Geordy Angus was the artilleryman, and fired the grape. Now thinks I for a bit spree! Accordingly, I slowly lifted up my right leg to a considerable height, then let it fall again. A general burst of laughter was the consequence. Slowly and sadly rises the left leg and down it goes again. Increased laughter followed the performance. Up went both legs at once, then down again. Then I sat "bolt upright on my head's antipodes." Next I turned my head from side to side, and rolled my eyes about like the Grand Turk in the German locks, grinning at the same time like the head of an old fiddle. At last I got on my feet, and stood for a while staring at the folks. The effect seemed to take the place by storm. Roars of laughter, shouts of "bravo," clapping of hands, thumping with sticks, and all the other *et ceteras* of an uproarious congregation followed this display. But when Billy stretched his leg out, and, taking a prodigious step, cleared the stage, the confusion was tremendous. The finest scene of Edmund Kean never elicited greater applause.

But while the amateurs were getting some refreshment in the Nag's Head, after the labours of the night, the gentleman for whose benefit the play had been got up ran away with the proceeds, leaving his friends to pay his reckoning. Poor Billy was responsible for fifteen shillings, as payment for some baize he had ordered and received to make his grateful friend's green curtain of a breadth suitable for the size of the long room. Our hero was often deceived in this way. But it never taught him to button up his pocket while there was anything in it, or to turn a deaf ear to the voice of such charmers as wanted to make use of him in a professional way. Mr. Robert Sutherland, in an obituary notice of Billy which he contributed to the *Northern Tribune* in 1854, says:—

There never was a case of distress brought to his notice, but, as long as he had shot in the locker, he contributed to its relief. The district was never visited by a great calamity, whether a shipwreck on the treacherous ocean or an explosion in the bowels of the earth, but Billy threw open the doors of his pavilion for a benefit for the widows and orphans: and the old chap was never more importunate in asking people to "walk up, walk up!" Who ever heard of Billy's sending a castaway sailor from his booth unheard? Before Shipwrecked Mariners' Societies were instituted, when poor sailors wrecked on the coast of Norfolk or down in the North Countree had to beg their way home, how oft has Billy's show, in a town they were passing through, been to them as the oasis in the desert to the weary traveller!

A scene at Sunderland, where he had gone by express invitation of the lessee of the North Shields Theatre, Mr. Foxhall, who had got a bespeak from the colonel and officers of the Usworth Legion, then on permanent duty there, is as laughable as anything of the kind:—

I made my appearance amid general applause; but, for some reason or other which I was at a loss to define precisely at the time, there was considerably more merriment among the audience than was consistent with the great gravity of the tragic scene. And what was my astonishment to find that the actors themselves were actually giggling and laughing on the stage. There was Mr. Glenalvon grinning, and Lord Randolph in a very merry mood smudging ever and anon! By George, thinks I, but this is queer work, my bucks! When I got off the stage and had an opportunity, I began to blow the gentlemen up. "Sirs," said I, "don't you think this is very fine behaviour, now? Here have aa cum from Newcassel on purpose te de a good turn, and am I to be laughed at? Aa dinnet confess to be first-rate in the business, but aa's not to be laughed at for all that, and aa'll be hanged if aa'll stand it, se aa tell ye plump te yor cheeks. Mind, if ye gan on agyen smudgin' and snortin' at me, dash me if aa dinnet run ye through." They saw I was serious. They very politely begged my pardon, and promised different conduct for the future. But I saw it was all a

parcel of nonsense. I had scarcely been on the stage with the customers a minute or two when they started the game worse than ever. Billy's blood was up. I could stand it no longer. We were playing at the time before a back scene, which had been painted, to save canvas, on the bare wall. Drawing my sword with great theatrical effect, I walked up to the vagabonds, and forgetting for the time the magnanimous character I was acting, I broke out with—"Didn't aa tell ye before, that if ye wor determined te gan on gurnin' and laughin' and makin' game o' everything as said, aa wad run ye through?" And, by George, I began to put my terrible threat into execution. With my drawn sword in my hand I made a spring at them. They cut like scalded cats, and Billy after them round and round the stage. Now they ran to the front, and then to the back, and so on, till at last they found an opportunity to escape from the sword of the conquering chief. By gox, Geordie, aa spoiled their grinnin' for a while. Aa nearly freetened them oot o' their wits. Smash! aa ga' them such a corker! But the spree was not finished yet. Thinks I, now these cheps hae been making a fine time on't wi' me; I'll just hae a bit fun te mysel'. It came to the dying scene in the play. Mrs. Stanfield, a very excellent and accomplished actress, played Lady Randolph. When the business came to the fall of Young Norval, which creates such sad feelings and expressions for his mother, I suddenly took it into my head that I would not die. Mrs. Stanfield, poor body, was at a loss what to think, and, no doubt, imagining I must have forgotten my cue, she whispered hastily, "Lie down, lie down, and die!" I just looked up in her face, and shouted out at the pitch o' my voice, "No, aa'll be very sorry te de owt o' the kind. Noa, aa'll not dee! If aa want te dee, aa can gan hyem an' dee; aa'll not dee te please ye!" Lady Randolph was completely astonished. She stood like Patience on a monument, grumblin' tiv hersel'. And there I left her standing, while I walked very composedly off the stage, amid peels of laughter that were fit to pull the place doon.

Mr. Ord, whom many of our older readers will remember as one of the most famous equestrian performers in the Ducrow line that England or Scotland ever bred, hearing of Billy's renown, asked him to play clown for him in his booth on the Town Moor at the Newcastle Races. He could not decide immediately what course to pursue, as family considerations weighed against his own inclinations. He was by this time a married man, and had domestic felicity to consider. He knew that not only his wife, but his father and mother, were decidedly opposed to any of his exhibitions in public. So his answer was neither he would nor he wouldn't. Mr. Ord afterwards sent one of his men to speak to him on the matter. When the messenger made his appearance, he found Billy's father seated on his board, stitching away, poor man, at somebody's upper coat. A rumpus soon ensued. "Mr. Purvis within, sir?" "My name's Purvis," said the old gentleman, lifting his spectacles and fixing them properly on his nose. "I beg pardon, but it's your son I wish to see, sir." "An' what's your business wi' him, if it's a fair question?" The man began to smell a rat. "Oh, my business, sir, is merely to deliver a message for Mr. Ord, the equestrian." "An' what may the message be?" dryly inquired Mr. Purvis, senior. "Mr. Ord, sir, desired me to call upon your son to see if he will play the fool for him during the Race Week." The tailor jumped from his seat in an instant, and, snatching up the lapboard that lay near him, cried out, "Ye moontebank deil, aa'll fyeul ye! What! ma son a fyeul, ye hallanstaker scoundrel? Be off wi' ye! Be off in a minute or aw'll be the dyeth o' ye!" The poor fellow, thinking it better not to aggravate the old man's wrath by arguing the point, made a precipate retreat downstairs. But before he could get to the bottom the lapboard came thundering after him, accompanied by a voice exclaiming, "There's for ye, ye ugly deil's buckie! a fyeul indeed!" and so on.

But the temptation was too strong to be resisted. So, after he had partaken of several glasses of grog at Mr. Ord's expense, Billy engaged to play the fool at the races. It caused a terrible storm in the household, but that could not be helped. The guinea that he got for his first day's performance his wife threw indignantly under the bars. But he had crossed the Rubicon, and was not to be let or hindered from marching further. After playing the fool to admiration for some time, he commenced as a dancing master, and was equally successful in this new branch of industry, though he had never in his life attended a dancing school.

Billy's next step was to take the place of drum-major in the Hexham Militia, which happened to be vacant. At Hexham he fell in with a professor of the arts and mysteries of hydraulics, whose exhibition was a failure, and who ran away, leaving his apparatus behind him. Billy undertook to work the machinery himself, and he did it successfully. Then he turned dancing master again, and introduced a series of novel exercises, such as the "Countryman's Dance," which, being performed in character, accompanied by smock frocks, pitchforks, and other agricultural appendages, amused his audience greatly.

Methodism in Newcastle.

IN the spring of 1743, less than twelve months after John Wesley's first visit to the North, class organisation came into existence, the newly-made rules being drawn up by the great propagandist whilst in Newcastle, and first printed by John Gooding in the Side.

At Wesley's first Conference—June, 1744—Newcastle was reported as one of four centres from which it was hoped to gradually diffuse the Gospel over the whole land. At the following Conference it was made one of the three book centres, Bristol and London being the other two. This year—1745—we have the first record of Wesley's assistants, when they numbered fourteen, exclusive of clergymen.

Newcastle and district was brought prominently before the Conference of 1748. It is recorded in the following manner:—"Q. 2. We are again pressed only to preach in as many places as we can, but not to form any societies.

Shall we follow this advice?—Answer: By no means. We have preached for more than a year without forming societies, in a large tract of land, from Newcastle to Berwick-upon-Tweed, and almost all the seed has fallen by the wayside. There is scarcely any fruit of it remaining." At this Conference the societies were divided into nine sections, Newcastle being the head of the ninth, and composed of the following places:—Newcastle, Osmotherly, Sunderland, Biddick, Burnopfield, Spen, Swalwell, Horsley, Plessey, and Berwick-upon-Tweed. Since that date its divisions and sub-divisions have been numerous.

It was in May, 1753, that the first quarterly meeting was held in Newcastle. The meeting was composed "of all the stewards round Newcastle," the object being to "thoroughly understand both the spiritual and temporal state of every society." Hexham had by this time been added to the Newcastle circuit, which was in charge of three preachers.

Charles Wesley composed several of his most popular hymns in Newcastle. Preaching on one occasion to an immense congregation, the blazing fires from some adjoining collieries gleamed upon the people. Seizing hold of the circumstance, he applied it to the rapid spread of religion from small beginnings. The hymn begins as follows:—

See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace;
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.

In 1765, when the first list of the stations was given in the minutes of the Conference, four preachers were appointed to the Newcastle circuit:—Joseph Cownley, Christopher Hopper, Matthew Lowes, and Moseley Cheek. The appointment of Mr. Hopper as one of the first ministers of the circuit showed the importance Mr. Wesley attached to it. Mr. Hopper was a native of Coalburns, near the Spen, and had been engaged as one of Mr. Wesley's preachers for nearly twenty years prior to the date mentioned above. In 1759 he attended the London Conference, where he was regarded as "a burning and shining light," and at the particular request of Mr. Wesley, he visited Canterbury and Dover, where we are told he "left his mark behind him." At the Conference of 1780, Wesley was temporarily absent, for some cause or other, and the preachers made Mr. Hopper president. Such was their respect for him. He was, therefore, the first lay preacher so honoured. He also "travelled" in Newcastle in 1772 and 1783.

John Murlin and Thomas Hanby, who were in this circuit in 1769, were the two first unordained preachers who were set apart by Mr. Wesley to administer the sacraments. Mr. Hanby was a native of Leeds, where he received his religious training, and began to preach. Being appointed to Leeds in the year 1765, he painted the chapel with his own hands. He died in 1797, and the record in the minutes is:—"His temper was remarkably mild and gentle. His qualifications for the ministry were very great, and his character unexceptionable. His praise is in our societies, and his memory will long be precious to thousands." He is said to have been "a man of mark and mould"; and, though known as "the benevolent and meek Thomas Hanby," he bore with indomitable courage persecutions of almost unexampled brutality. He became President of the Conference in 1794. Peter Jaco, who succeeded Mr. Hanby in Newcastle, was subsequently sent to London, to supply in Mr. Wesley's absence.

William Thompson, the first president after Wesley's death, "travelled" Tyneside in 1771. He was succeeded by Joseph Benson, the well-known Wesleyan divine and Commentator. Mr. Benson was also stationed in Newcastle in 1775 and 1776. He was twice President of the Conference—1798 and 1810. It was to Benson that Wesley gave such stringent directions "to cut off from the society" all who would not relinquish the sin of smuggling—a very prevalent sin in the district at that time. Thompson had a second appointment to Newcastle in 1774, and a third in 1778. Benjamin Rhodes, the author of the familiar hymn, "My Heart and Voice I Raise," was superintendent of the circuit in 1776.

In 1782, Sunderland was separated from the Newcastle circuit, and made the head of a circuit with places adjacent. In that year the Newcastle ministers were Duncan M'Allum, Alexander M'Nab, Thomas Ellis, and John Pritchard. M'Nab is said to have been "very useful until he yielded to a spirit of self-assertion." John Pritchard was noted for his natural timidity and self-distrust. This, however, he eventually overcame, and he became the first Chairman of the Newcastle District. In 1786, Joseph Saunderson was second minister in Newcastle. He is described as "a prince of a preacher for ease, grace, voice, matter, manner, point, pathos, and beautiful imagery." He was related to the famous blind mathematician, Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, and the intimate friend of Sir Isaac Newton. The next year—1787—the superintendent of the circuit was James Wood, who was President of the Conference in 1800, and again in 1808. In 1879, Charles Atmore, who had only been in the ministry eight years, was appointed superintendent, which position he held at John Wesley's death. He was President of the Conference in 1811. It was Mr. Atmore who formed the first Methodist Sunday school in Newcastle.

Such is the group of men who assisted Wesley to establish Methodism in Newcastle—a picturesque group, with hair smoothed piously over the forehead (when they were fortunate enough to have any hair), or rigidly brushed back and tied together in a pig-tail, or perhaps hidden altogether under a wig. They were clean shaven; for beards, and even whiskers, were tokens of worldliness that had not yet crept in to mar their simplicity; though a change might have been urged on the ground of

economy, for William Shent's account for shaving the preachers during the Conference of 1775 was three guineas. Their dress was the coat of high collars and tight sleeves; the breeches and stockings of varied character, from black silk to coarse grey homespun. When they went forth to their appointments, it was generally on horseback, with broad-brimmed hats, long, heavy coats, and the inevitable saddle-bags with their multifarious contents—linen, books, and that then very important article, now obsolete, a tinder-box with its appurtenances. The "circuit horse" was perpetually on the trot, taking a round with one or other of the preachers. As an institution, the circuit saddle-horse has, it is true, joined other extinct species; but it deserves, at the least, honourable mention in a notice of early Methodism.

MARK NOBLE.

Ambleside, Windermere, and the Lake District.

THERE are two chief resorts for tourists in the English Lake District—Ambleside in the south and Keswick in the north. During the summer months, thousands of people from all parts of the world flock to these places, with the object of visiting the scenes immortalised by Wordsworth and other poets, or, as in the case of the younger portion of the community, of climbing the mountains for the sake of the extended views that may be obtained from the summits. Within recent years the number of visitors has considerably increased, the accommodation of the hotels and private lodging-houses being frequently taxed to the uttermost. The greater portion of the pleasure-seekers approach "England's playground," as the Lake District has not inaptly been termed, by way of Ambleside, for the reason probably that this town is nearest to London, Liverpool, Manchester, and other of the great centres of population. The season extends from the beginning of June to the middle of September, all which time the incoming and outgoing of visitors never seem to cease.

A hasty glance at the map of the district soon discloses the circumstance that Ambleside occupies an advantageous position for visiting all the popular sights in the southern half of the Lake Region. Coaches start from the Market Place for Keswick, Coniston, and Langdale, and omnibuses to Grasmere, Rydal, and other parts of the district. Before electing to take a seat beside the driver of one of the coaches, we will pay a visit of inspection to the attractions of the town. They are not numerous. There is the famous Stockgill Force, some half a mile away. Having proceeded a short distance along the banks of the stream called the Stock, we climb to the rocky station in full view of the waterfall, or descend to the water's edge. As will be seen from our engraving, the fall is divided by projections of the rock into four parts, the total height being about seventy feet. The form which it assumes is symmetrical, and the cliffs are tufted with foliage, the whole presenting a very pretty picture that has been painted and photographed times out of number. Retracing our steps down the glen, we soon come in sight of the old church—only called old because the date of erection, 1812, is antecedent to that of the more pretentious edifice that was built in 1854 nearer the centre of the valley. The latter is a spacious building in the mediæval style, but its form and style do not commend it to those who appreciate chaste architecture. One of the stained-glass windows, a memorial to Wordsworth, was erected by a number of English and American admirers of the poet, and bears a Latin inscription.

At the north end of Ambleside, embosomed in sycamore trees, and for this reason often passed unnoticed, is the Bridge House, a curious erection that has puzzled many. Approached by steps from the turnpike road, and having an antiquated aspect, it might be supposed to have possessed a history. But it turns out to be of no greater importance than a summer-house to a neighbouring mansion. It has engaged the pencil of the artist so frequently that local guides will tell you that no picture exhibition is reckoned to be complete without a sketch of it. The present tenant uses it as a storehouse for ferns and rare plants—so that, although detached from any garden of importance, it has returned to its original uses. A short visit may be paid to the old mill at the other side of the road, with its waterwheel and weir, and the old bridge in the background. It, too, is a favourite subject with the sketcher, though it cannot claim such honours as the Bridge House. Our drawing is taken from the top of the weir, only one of the props at the right being shown.

Two mountain eminences are ever present in views of Ambleside—Loughrigg Fell to the west, and Wansfell to the east. From the top of either of these hills the views are very fine. Looking towards the town, we find spread out before us an agglomeration of cottages and residences. Villas, surrounded by gardens, lawns, and woods, are numerous, amongst them being The Knoll, once the residence of Harriet Martineau. But the grandest view of all is that down Windermere, as shown in our illustration. After watching the skilful manner in which the collie and his master keep the flock of "mountain skippers" together, we may proceed to examine the scene. A meadowy expanse extends from below to the waters of the lake. To the left is a small bay, with a hotel and dwelling-houses lost amongst tall trees. This is Waterhead, where the steam yacht, seen in the distance, finds a berth and discharges its living cargo. Here, too, is a quay for pleasure boats. The village of Bowness peeps over the promontory to the left, and the eye, ranging along the borders of the lake, is met in the extreme distance by

STOCKGHYLL FORCE, AMBLESIDE.

GENERAL VIEW OF AMBLESIDE.

THE OLD MILL, AMBLESIDE.

WINDERMERE LAKE: LOOKING SOUTH.

the low-lying hills around Cartmell. Occupying a bluff to the right is Wray Castle, a modern castellated mansion of huge proportions, built in imitation of a baronial fortress. Opinions may differ as to whether it is in harmony with the soft beauty of the lake, but it must be conceded that it forms a striking feature in all the views from the northern shores. The river that winds its way towards the broader expanse of water is the Brathay, which, after coursing down the Langdale valley, absorbs the Rothay, with its pleasant echoes of Rydal and Grasmere, near to Ambleside. Near the mouth of the Brathay was the Roman station Dictis, not many indications of which are now visible. It was of an oblong form, and was defended by a fosse and vallum.

The ancient ceremony of rush-bearing is still observed at Ambleside. On the eve of the last Sunday in July, the young girls of the village walk in procession to the church with garlands of flowers (formerly rushes), with which the sacred edifice is decorated. After service the day following, all the flowers are removed, and a sermon with special reference to the event is preached. The observance of rush-bearing probably dates as far back as the time of Pope Gregory IV., who recommended to the early Christians in this country that, on the anniversary of the dedication of churches wrested from the Pagans, the converts should build themselves huts of the boughs of trees, and celebrate the solemnities with religious feasting. Rushes were in the early days spread on the floor, while the garlands were allowed to remain until they withered. Long after the origin of the practice had been forgotten, rushes continued to be placed on the floors; but it is conjectured that the motive was to absorb the moisture, and so make the churches more comfortable for the worshippers.

The Case of Thomas Fury.

MANY a remarkable career has been cut short on the gallows, but seldom has a criminal produced evidence of literary attainments and a philosophical mind when the judge was about to assume the black cap to pronounce sentence of death upon him. That distinction, however, was earned by Thomas Fury on April 27th, 1882, before Mr. Justice Williams, at Durham Assizes, when he was convicted on his own confession of having murdered Maria Fitzsimmons at Sunderland thirteen years before. The trial made a great sensation in the North of England, but no one was prepared for the singular revelation of a criminal's views upon crime, its cause and effect, which Fury had written in his cell when, after thirteen years of prison life, he resolved to give himself up for the murder which till then had been a mystery. This extraordinary document the convict threw into the reporters' box at the assizes on being stopped by the judge in the reading of it.

It is necessary to explain that Maria Fitzsimmons, the unfortunate woman who met her death on the afternoon of February 20th, 1869, was well known to the Sunderland police as a disorderly character, having appeared 23 times before the borough justices. On the night of the 19th of February an unknown man, attired as a seaman, accompanied the woman to her room in Baines's Lane—a low locality demolished about twelve years ago to make way for James Williams Street—and remained with her until next day. Then the wretched pair quarrelled, the man accusing the woman of having robbed him, and about ten o'clock the same night Maria Fitzsimmons was found murdered under circumstances of peculiar savagery. A keen knife had been plunged ten times into the woman's breast, five of the stabs penetrating the heart. Strict search was made for the sailor in whose company the victim was last seen on the 20th of February, and it was ascertained that the murderer was one of the crew of the Lollard, a small schooner, belonging to the late Mr. Candlish, and engaged in carrying bottles between Sunderland or Seaham Harbour and London. The man was known as Fury, *alias* Wright or Cort, the cook of the schooner, and he was singled out as the perpetrator of the deed; but he disappeared altogether for a period of ten years, and when, in 1879, he was identified with a criminal convicted at Norwich of robbery and attempted murder, the Baines's Lane tragedy had become so difficult to unravel that it was not thought desirable to charge him with the commission of the crime. But the suspected man came forward himself. The prisoner, convicted and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude at Norwich in 1879, was under confinement at Pentonville Prison; and on the slate left in his cell he wrote a detailed confession of the murder of Maria Fitzsimmons, demanding that he should be placed upon his trial for the offence. It was recollected that a pocket book containing a confession of the crime was found by chance floating in the Serpentine, and the statements in the pocket book, being compared with those on Fury's slate, were found to correspond wonderfully both as regards the handwriting and the facts. The pocket book was traced to the possession of Fury, who had stolen it from a companion named Lawrence when he deserted from the Lollard. It was further discovered that Fury was the person who procured the arrest of an innocent man Connor in London for the very crime which he had himself committed, and that he decamped when he learned that Detective Inspector Elliott, of Sunderland, had arrived in the metropolis to see the accused. Altogether it was considered that there was sufficient confirmation of Fury's confession to warrant his being placed upon trial, and he was accordingly committed to Durham Assizes upon the charge of having murdered the woman Fitzsimmons.

At the trial, Fury, on being introduced into the dock, coolly looked towards the Grand Jury gallery and the re-

porters' box, and as the occupants of the latter place came under his observation an inclination to smile was apparent on his face. He conquered the impulse in a moment, and having given his attention, at the request of the Clerk of Arraigns, to the swearing of the jury, he took the seat provided for him in the dock. In addition to the facts already narrated, it was pointed out by the prosecution that a wound on the little finger was mentioned in both confessions, and that the prisoner showed the mate of his vessel a severe wound on his little finger on the night of the 20th of February. The jury having returned a verdict of guilty, Fury requested to be allowed to make a statement. Permission was granted, and he took from his pocket a bundle of blue paper, closely written. Replacing a sheet or two in his pocket and unrolling the remainder, he flattened the sheets out and commenced to read. He had evidently committed the matter to memory, as he only glanced at the sheets in his hand, while he entered into a strong exordium on the sin and vice of drunkenness, interpolating freely, and giving some painful and startling passages from his own life. The judge, interrupting, said he was very sorry to stop the prisoner, but he felt bound to point out that the statement he was reading had no bearing upon the question then before the court. Fury thereupon threw the manuscript to the reporters, and sentence of death (afterwards carried out in the usual manner) was pronounced. The prisoner heard his sentence without showing the slightest sign of trepidation or feeling of any kind, and when the judge ceased to speak, he took the remaining sheets of blue paper from his pocket, and sent them also over to the reporters' box.

It is from this remarkable document, which was published in full at the time of the trial, unique in the annals of crime, that we take the extracts which appear in the following pages.

I stand charged with the most serious crime which it is thought possible for a man to commit against that society of which you, gentlemen of the jury, form a part.

This charge is preferred against me chiefly upon my own confession, and although I knew that for many years past the police have had me marked and watched as the suspected person, yet until about three years ago I thought it fit to put on a bold front, and to appear unconscious of their suspicions. Upon my apprehension for the offences for which I am now undergoing penal servitude, I gave a person an idea of who I was, and what I was wanted for, which he does not appear to have fully availed himself of.

The murder, gentlemen, was committed with such revolting and horrid accompaniments that you would naturally suppose the murderer would have done his utmost to avoid the presence of those who were likely to identify him, and that he would not, on more than one occasion, draw the attention of the police and the public to it again, and that the longer he remained unnoticed, the more he would have wished to avoid the apprehension, exposure, shame, and penalty, as well as the shame he might occasion to his relatives who might still be living and hear of it.

Gentlemen, every cause must have an effect, and every effect an antecedent cause, or series of causes.

What, then, can be the cause or reasons that a man, only just in the prime of life, and after escaping so many years the penalty due by the laws of this country for the crime he committed, should voluntarily yield himself to suffer that penalty? Self-preservation is the first law of nature; to this all other laws are subservient. How strong, then, must be the causes or reasons which can make a man, in his sober senses, forego or altogether reject this law! And if, as asserted by one of the clearest intellects this country has produced, I mean the "Judicious Hooker," it be true that "a law of nature is the will of God," how great must be the responsibility of those who have caused me to break that law; and not only so, but who cause others, thousands, every day to break other laws of nature, and punish them if they do not, and even expect thanks for compelling them to violate those laws. By speaking thus, I do not attempt to lay the blame of my own acts upon others, for it is perfectly clear that the will and acts of a man in his senses are really his own, and that he is responsible for them; otherwise the laws of society would be an intolerable tyranny to a few, instead of a means of safety to the many.

Before I speak of the murder of this unfortunate woman, I wish briefly to draw your attention to (1st) the circumstances which led to it; and (2nd) to the reasons which have induced me to give myself up for it. Gentlemen, I have pleaded guilty; and although my past career, as both a thief and a liar, would not, under ordinary circumstances, entitle me to receive any credit in regard to my statements, yet, as I now stand before you for the last time as a dying or rather a dead man, I beg your attention to the few words I now address to you—not for my own benefit, but for your own, and for the benefit, perhaps, of many others of every class of society; at the same time assuring you that, if I state anything you may think strange, I do it not under the influence of any passion, either of fear or hate, nor from a morbid desire of being spoken of by that sickly class, the devourers of the *Police News* and other like trash.

"Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive to strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive." This has passed into a truism. But there are some habits to overcome which, to some natures, is worse than death itself. One of them is the habit of indulging excessively in *strong drink*. This is not the place, neither am I the proper person, to argue upon the good or evil of the liquor traffic; much can, and has been, said upon both sides, by those better qualified than I am to argue those points. I do not for a moment suppose you are men who generalise from a few facts. Let me state one or two from my own experience.

I have been in prisons more than thirteen years, extending over a period of eighteen years. During that time I have spoken to many hundreds of prisoners, and only met with *one* who had been an abstainer previous to his conviction. I have also spoken to some hundreds of re-convicted men, and nearly all of them ascribed their reconvictions to crimes committed under the influence of drink. Doubtless prison chaplains and magistrates can say the same. And, far from wishing to bring discredit upon my own relatives, I do not know, nor have I heard of, but one member on either side of our family that was not strongly addicted to drinking. As I said before, every effect is the result of a cause or force. I stand before you now as the resultant of the forces of persuasion, example, and compulsion. And Maria Fitzsimmons, whom I murdered thirteen years ago, was another of those terrific results.

Gentlemen, my father was a drunkard; my mother was forced to become one—held down by her nearest relatives while they poured rum down her throat, until she promised to be sociable. Queer sociability in a Christian land! And as regards myself, I know that I was raving drunk before I was eight years old, and several times before I was ten years of age. On one occasion the very cure for the measles given to me was saffron and as much brandy as I could swallow, the effect of which was to create an undying love for spirits—a constant craving for spirits or liquors—and that craving has been the means of making me commit all kinds of crime to satisfy it. Even at the present moment, although I know its effects and results to myself and others, that craving for drink would

almost make me commit another murder to satisfy it. Gentlemen, one of the effects of drink upon me, I mean when I have been drinking for some time, is an irresistible desire to do injury, either by word or deed, to others, even though they may have given me no provocation whatsoever—in one instance, threatening my mother with a knife ; shame being the only cause of not executing the threat.

. . . . . .

I have already related how early I was initiated into the accursed habit. It was more fully developed during four years spent among seamen, who, as you all know, seem to think that drink is the "summum bonum" of human life. After this it was my fate to have to spend more than four years in prison. Upon my discharge, and obtaining another ship, I determined not to drink. The vessel left London, and stopped at Grays to take in ballast. The captain, going to London, left orders for the crew to be allowed a quantity of beer while trimming ballast. Upon the mate offering me my share I civilly declined it, receiving a storm of abuse in return, accompanied with an order to leave the ship and go ashore if I did not like to drink. At the same time the mate told me to excuse his forcing me, that I could not do my share of work if I did not drink, and that he was master on board while the captain was in London. Thirty miles from home, without a penny in my pocket! What was I to do? I saw the good ; the evil I had to follow. I drank the beer, was praised for being a man, and the result therefrom, as if human blood had been given to a tame tiger, was that drink was all that I lived for. For this only did I work ; for it I neglected my duty to myself, my mother, and my employers ; for it I became again a thief by using money entrusted to me by my shipmates : for to obtain it I went on board the Lollard ; for, by, and through it, I now stand before you at this bar as the murderer of a woman.

It would be only a waste of time, and almost an insult to the patience of the bench, to detail all the other crimes I have been guilty of since February, '69, while under the influence of drink ; mostly crimes of violence. I have no doubt they are already known to you ; but allow me to state that one of the reasons for giving myself up is to get rid of that craving—a craving which no words are adequate to express, and for which, in my case at least, extinction is the only cure.

. . . . . .

These are a few of the reasons which led to the crime I am indicted for. Another and a principal cause was my connection with the police. Lest it should be thought that I speak from passion, I will not enter into details, but merely state the general facts of our relations. Upon my return from China in the year 1863, and after having squandered the remains of my wages, chiefly in drink, I was reduced to a state of the most extreme poverty. I then fell in with some habitual criminals, who, perceiving my necessities and inexperience, and how likely I was to be useful to assist them, by means of drink easily persuaded me to join them, using Romeo's arguments to the apothecary, viz., that "The world was not my friend, nor the world's law."

With them I was concerned in several burglaries, each of which was marked out previously by a man in the employ of ——.* commonly called a "putter up" and a "nark." This man induced me to bring part of the proceeds of one of the burglaries upon me into —— district. When —— apprehended me, by threats of imprisonment, and promises of obtaining employment for me that I might live honestly, he induced me to entice my companions with their tools upon them into his district, where they were apprehended. —— did not fulfil his promises to me, but rather insulted me on several occasions for reminding him of them. He, however, gave me every inducement to draw other criminals into his district in order to profit by their crimes, in which honourable employment I was encouraged by this "nark" or "putter-up" of ——. I avoided them, and tried to obtain work, but unsuccessfully, and at last took to burglary on my own account, which I should not have done if —— had kept his promises or if I could have obtained employment. Being at last detected, and sentenced to penal servitude, when my time was expired, to avoid the police, I again went to sea ; and thus I was led to Sunderland to meet and murder Maria Fitzsimmons.

These are but the brief outlines of my convictions so far. But after my leaving the Lollard in London, and wasting the money I had earned and won as detailed in my first statement, I met —— again in Fleet Street. After some remarks as to my state and prospects, he told me things were very dull with him, and asked me if I could not make, or get up, a little business for him again, in the style of Jonathan Wild. Remembering how grossly he had deceived me before, and still resentful, being also under the influence of drink, I thought this a capital chance of bringing him into discredit by humbugging him ; and at the same time to indulge in my desire for drink at his expense. Knowing better than any one else the particulars of this murder at Sunderland, I, to use a slang term, "Got it up for him," he *promising*, according to his *old system*, that I should be *kept out of sight* in the *affair*. It was thus a man came to be apprehended, having come with me believing we were going to injure others. Here were two biters bitten.

I might enumerate a few more of the causes which led to the commission of this crime, but will leave them, and come to some of the reasons why I have given myself up to be condemned here, when I had so many opportunities to deprive myself of life elsewhere if I had chosen. You have heard me describe my unnatural thirst for drink, and the desire to do injury if that thirst was appeased.

In June, 1878, just after my discharge from Portsmouth Prison, I was taken seriously ill, one of the symptoms being diarrhœa and vomiting, and for eleven months I was unable to retain anything upon my stomach in the shape of solid food, not eating on an average 1 lb. of solids per week. Diarrhœa continued all that time. Until after being in Norwich Goal some time awaiting trial, I thought to destroy myself by eating a large quantity of carbolate or chloride of lime. This had no other effect upon me than to stop all the diarrhœa, and to produce in me a raving appetite for food, which kept me awake, on an average, six hours a night, and which I see no hope of ever appeasing in a prison. Sooner than suffer this hunger any longer I have preferred to come here, for any day or night these last two years I would have done anything short of murder for a loaf.

Another reason is that about two years ago, wishing to bring before the Government a cheap and abundant substitute for coal, I applied for books to assist me in making out the statement relating to the subject, which books I knew were in the prison. My applications were met with contempt and neglect at first, then direct petty annoyance and oppression ; but when I had made a statement of some of the advantages of this fuel to the director, I received promises that I should have whatever books there were in the prison bearing on the subject. I, however, only received two, although I gave the titles of many which were in the library ; and not being able to obtain them since, I became disgusted, and said to myself, "Why should I think to fight against Fate any longer, by trying to do good to those who only study how best to injure me?" I have not the slightest doubt that, if I could have obtained those books at the time I applied for them, I should now be at liberty and out of this country, or, at least, have had a large portion of my sentence remitted. But "What must be will be." "There is a Providence that shapes our ends." "And God gives to every man the wisdom, understanding, temper, talents, tastes, that lift him into life, and let him fall just in the niche he was designed to fill." The temper and tastes He has given me have caused to be all through my life that which I expressed before, *i.e.*, "an example." His will be done, if my being made an example proves of any utility to those I leave behind me, utility being the best definition or expression of His will that I can conceive of.

Another reason is to get rid of for ever of the unnatural, inhuman brutality, the indignities, and the unnecessary

* Fury's document contained, of course, the real names of the parties ; but they were omitted in the newspaper report for obvious reasons.

punishments to which prisoners, as a general rule, are subjected.

. . . . . .

When I reflect upon the inhuman treatment experienced by prisoners every day, I can well understand the truth of Sir William Hamilton's dictum that "Medicine is a science founded upon conjecture, and improved by murder." He might have added, if he had had any knowledge of prison life, "cold-blooded and systematic murder." When I look back at what I have endured these last twelve months, and especially during the last five, and consider my own naturally irritable temper, and how I tried to bear calmly my share of the evils allotted to every man in some form or other (waving hope, for I was concerned in procuring them), I stand astonished at my own moderation and forbearance, that I did not add one more crime of violence to the others I had already committed. But "'Tis Heaven each passion sends: and different men direct to different ends," whether those passions are passive or active.

Stories of Smugglers.

SMUGGLING is now a very paltry affair—a few pounds of tobacco or perhaps cigars concealed by a poor sailor somewhere about the ship. But within the recollection of many persons still living, it may be said to have ranked among the skilled professions. The higher the duty imposed upon foreign articles, the greater of course in every land is the temptation to smuggle.

All along the Border between England and Scotland preventive men were stationed, in the early part of the present century, to overhaul every carrier's cart and every passenger's luggage to see that they contained nothing contraband. Lamberton, Mordington, and Paxton Tolls (lying on the March boundary) were notorious depots for smuggled goods; and many bladders-full of whisky used to be carried by the sturdy fisherwomen under their ample skirts from these tolls into Berwick town. Spittal was specially notorious for its smuggling. "Many an old cruiser," says Frederick Sheldon, writing in 1848, "laid up in comfort by his fireside, owed his wealth to his midnight excursions with contraband goods." The Spittal fishermen were all smugglers, and very expert in landing forbidden cargoes from the Dutch luggers. The houses in the village—as indeed in all the sea coast towns and villages, including Shields and Sunderland—contained secret holes and nooks made to stow away smuggled goods. In some instances, the soil under the kitchen floors had been entirely removed, so as to form places of deposit not likely to be suspected.

Boulmer or Boomer, near Alnmouth, had long a more than local fame as a smuggling centre. Indeed, the staple of its industry, apart from the open honest harvest of the sea, was smuggling. The place was commonly resorted to, as a regular mart, by dare-devil desperadoes from Yetholm, Morebattle, Crailing, Jedburgh, and others towns in Roxburghshire, as well as from all parts of Bamborough, Coquetdale, and Glendale Wards. Anecdotes are innumberable of the frays, often bloody, between the doughty smugglers and the stalwart gaugers, as the revenue officers of all denominations were commonly styled. Wull Balmer, Jock Melvin and Ruthor Grahamslaw, of Jedburgh, and Wull Faa, of Kirk Yetholm, the gipsy king, did deeds in this vocation which would have earned them Victoria medals in the legitimate service of their country.

Early in the century it was no unusual circumstance for twenty or thirty smugglers on horseback to sally forth in company to Boomer for gin. Each horse carried its casks, and, the spirit being of first-rate quality, the dealers found a ready sale for it all over the Borders. Once when a party of this description from Yetholm and the vicinity were returning with their complement, they were met at Bewick Bridge by a body of armed soldiers, who took possession of the full casks, but had, however, the liberality to return the horses to their respective owners. A waggon and long cart were first loaded with the booty, and what remained was removed to a barn or granary, in which it was locked up, with the king's seal for security affixed to the entrance. The impoverished smugglers, in the meantime, waited at a respectful distance till the red coats disappeared; and then, getting intelligence from some compassionate witnesses of what had taken place, they returned all together, broke into the barn, and regained a part of the spoil. An equal division, of course, was afterwards made, when the smugglers found they had recovered about ten ankers of gin out of the quantity they brought that morning from Boomer.

The excise officers were necessitated to hunt in couples, as few of them would have dared to encounter singly a desperate and athletic smuggler. Jedburgh in those days—that is to say, seventy or eighty years ago—boasted of several habitual violaters of the law, notorious for their doughty deeds. Such a one was Blind Will Balmer, who, as a popular song made in his honour ran—

> —— Felled half the gaugers o' Jethart,
> When coming frae Boulmer wi' gin.

A family of the name of Gages, or Geggie, resided once in the neighbourhood of Coldstream or Wark, and were noted as daring and determined smugglers. Allan or Alley Geggie was a powerful man, and, when closely pressed, most fruitful in resources. Many are the feats he is said to have performed. Two excisemen were pursuing him on one occasion. Having followed him to a ford on the river Tweed near Twizel, where a boat was stationed to convey passengers across, they inquired at the small cottage where the boatman resided if a person agreeing with Allan's description had been seen. The answer returned was that such a man had just been *kented* over the Tweed. The pursuers then requested to be conveyed over the river also. The ferryman, as they supposed him to be, asked them to step on board. Remaining himself on shore, he pushed the boat forcibly into the stream, down

which she flew like an arrow, while the supposed ferryman drew himself up to his full height as he said, "Now, d—n ye, aw'm Alley Geggie!" Nor did the gaugers succeed in gaining the shore till they had been borne downward for several miles.

The late Robert White tells the following story of a noted smuggler who belonged to the neighbourhood of Morpeth:—"Robert Purvis, a son of Thomas Purvis, a weaver, of Angerton, on the Wansbeck, was born about 1794. With his father he learned the trade of a weaver; but it seems not to have agreed with his active disposition, for he never followed it. He afterwards wrought in the several capacities of a husbandman, a miller, and a smith; and about 1816 became a smuggler. In 1828, he was met on Long Horsley Moor by an exciseman named Williamson of Morpeth, who captured his casks; but he, himself, took *leg-bail*, and escaped. Being well-known, his personal freedom was now in peril; yet, having saved some money, he purchased a hunting mare for his safety, and concealed himself for a time near the residence of his brother at the Blackcock, a row of cottages a few miles north of Morpeth. Once, while he was on a visit to his father at Angerton, the house was beset by a party of excisemen, who effected an entrance, when Purvis, with only his shirt and drawers on, made his exit at one of the windows. His pursuers gave chase. Purvis entered an adjoining wood, and hid himself in a pond, where he remained with his head above the water till the excisemen withdrew. In March, 1829, when he was present at a fox hunt on Thornton Moor, an exciseman attempted to secure him; but, putting spurs to his mare, he speedily cleared all obstructions, and left his enemy far behind. At last, finding it was unsafe for him to remain in the district, he sold his mare and prepared to emigrate to America. Still he had to make another desperate effort for liberty; for when he and a comrade were at Bedlington on the way to Shields, he was again beset by Williamson and another officer. When hard run, he entered a cottage on the Blythe, the mistress of which gave intimation to the exciseman of her guest. Purvis sprang through a window, driving the casement before him, and made off. In his flight he met with his comrade, exchanged clothes, and lay quiet, while the other ran away in sight of the avengers of the law and was captured. Purvis withdrew in safety, went to Shields, sailed to America, married a native of that country, and took to agriculture, in which he was very successful till the period of his death, which took place about 1840."

Not the least famous of the smugglers who distilled their own spirits was one Donald McDonald, who, as his name imports, was not a native of the district, but a genuine Highlander, redolent of peat reek. Donald had made whisky from "the pure mountain dew" in the wilds of Inverness, and, wandering away south, he resolved to do the same among the Cheviots. So he chose a lonely spot, where he rigged up a rough hut over his working materials, with wooden spars and rushes, setting up a small coarse table in the middle, with a seat or two round it; and another, rougher still—consisting of two boards—beside the doorway. Some dried heath, with the tops upward, served for his bed in a corner. Thus equipped, he soon got prosperously to work. Donald's whisky ere long made a stir in the country round, and many visitors taxed his liberality. One afternoon Donald was visited by a man on horseback, who dismounted and entered the hut with little ceremony. There was something suspicious about his appearance, but he was nevertheless shown to the seat at the table in the middle, and treated with bread, cheese, an earthen pot full of water, two glasses, and, above all, some of Donald's prime "stuff." Filling his own glass from the bottle, the host withdrew to the temporary table beside the door; for he was rather slight in build, and no match, in case of a scuffle, for the strong stranger, who was in the prime of life. After a few distant compliments had been exchanged, the following conversation, according to Mr. White, took place between the pair:—

"What is your name?" asked the stranger.

"Tey ca' ma Tonal'," replied the other, drily.

"What more than Donald?" asked the intruder.

"No muckle mair," observed the other; "'Tonal' McTonal'."

"Well, Donald," said the stranger, "you distil smuggled whisky; and I am an excise officer. I came hear to make you a prisoner!"

"Ough! zat needna pe tune," replied Donald, with seeming indifference; "ye maun pe tak' ta things, she'll warrant; put fat wad ye tu wi' her sell?"

"I must *take* you, Donald," continued the other; "it becomes me as an officer to do my duty."

"Troth! put tuty pe no owre muckle mindit now-a-tays," sarcastically observed Donald, grinning and showing an excellent set of teeth in a mouth whose dimensions ranged considerably above the usual standard. "I na pe want to quarrel wi' yer honour; put I'm no shust willing to pe ta'en. Only as twa can keepit a secret, fan three canna, let us no rife out ane anither's hearts apout ta piziness, and nough ta petter. We'll shust transackit ta matter snodly, and kin ye tak' ilka thing tat pe mine, and gie ma *leg-bail* for payment—sertainly to gudeness ye get ta pest o' ta pargain!"

"I cannot, sir, reason the business with you," said the exciseman, raising his voice as if he intended to overawe the Highlander. "According to my oath, I must detain you a prisoner, and take possession of these materials. If I am opposed, I have only to command help where it may be found."

"Fery sefere! fery hard indeed!" obdurately continued the smuggler: "put Tonal' winna pe triven like a cow or sheep py efer a shentleman i' Ningland! If help pe gotten, she maun shust help her nain sell. She has frien's nane sae far awa' as ye may trow; and ken't they o' siccan a feesitor peing here, they wad sune pe at Tonal's side. Tid onypody saw ye come in?"

"Not a soul," observed the officer, rising from his seat as if determined to perform his duty, and waive all further conversation.

"*Then tam'd a one sall see ye go out!*" thundered Donald, with a rapidity of expression that instantly arrested the progressive movement of the officer. "A man's house pe him's castle, an' if ye gie finger eyther ta swort or pistol, by C—d, she'll tak' ta first shance; sae ye're plood pe on ye're nain head!"

So saying, Donald took a brace of horse pistols from behind the door, and cocked them, laying one on the board beside him, and holding the other in his right

hand, while with his left he unsheathed his dirk. The unarmed officer could only collapse into his old seat at the table, leaving the unlicensed whisky-maker master of the situation. Being seated again, the exciseman went on eating and drinking. Donald was only too glad to allow this, and was still happier when, at sunset, his guest rolled off to sleep on the bed in the corner. In the night, Donald stowed all his goods away in a place of safety, using his enemy's horse to help him through the job. The exciseman rose after a sound sleep, and, finding his horse gone, went home as best he could. Before the morning was out, however, he brought a stout force to the smuggler's hut. He found his horse this time, weary and bereft of its bridle; but Donald had vanished with all his valuables, and on the detached end of a cask set up in the deserted brewery near the door were written the words, "LABOUR IN VAIN."

An Alnwick Prize Essayist.

THE author of a famous prize essay on Greece, written in response to the invitation of the Royal Commissioners visiting the Universities of Scotland, which it was then thought much needed reform, was a native of Alnwick—John Brown Patterson. While engaged on their official work in Edinburgh, the Commissioners, presided over by Byron's "travelled thane, Athenian Aberdeen," made up a purse of one hundred guineas, which they offered for the best essay on the National Character of the Athenians. The subject was selected by the noble earl, who, as a member of the Athenian Society and author of an inquiry into the "Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture," had a passionate interest in Greece. It was this prize which Patterson won.

John Brown Patterson, born at Alnwick on the 29th January, 1804, was the son of Robert Patterson and of Janet Brown, daughter of the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, Theological Professor to the Associate Synod, and author of the "Self-Interpreting Bible." In 1810 Mrs. Patterson, then a widow, removed from Croft House, the name of her husband's property, to Edinburgh, but in 1815 settled in Haddington. To its Grammar School young Patterson was accordingly sent. For three years he resided at Haddington. In 1818 he entered the Rector's class in Edinburgh High School. In the course of the first year he rose to the highest distinction, and in the year following he was foremost in every branch taught. In August, 1820, he gained the gold medal—an honour for which the most eminent scholars of Edinburgh competed. The celebrated Professor Pillans, then the Rector of the High School, was about to be transferred to the Chair of Humanity in Edinburgh University. There Patterson followed him. At the University he attained the highest honours in every department of study. In 1822 the Scottish student was brought rather curiously into contact with the celebrated Count Flahault. The soldier and diplomatist—a faithful adherent of the Bonapartes in storm as in sunshine—had married Lady Keith, and was residing in Edinburgh. The Count, anxious to revive his early studies, asked Professor Pillans if he could find any one who would come at stated hours to read Greek and Latin. With an apology for sending one so young, the Professor sent John Brown Patterson. The Count soon discovered that the Professor had made an excellent choice. Charmed with the society and accomplishments of the youthful Scotchman, Flahault took Patterson with him to his country residence, and many happy days were spent in the society of the man who had fought at Austerlitz, at Leipzic, and at Waterloo.

The late Sir Robert Peel was so fascinated with the prize essay that he presented its author with one of the best livings in Scotland. The preacher had in him the fervour of his mother's race. His abundant labours at Falkirk wore out a not too robust constitution, and a chill which he caught induced the malady to which he succumbed. A memoir of this highly gifted man, prefixed to a volume of his sermons, was published many years ago. In 1860 a new edition of the essay, with the author's additions, was published by William Blackwood and Sons. It was in Edinburgh, the scene of his scholastic triumphs, that John Brown Patterson died on the 29th of June, 1835, in his thirty-first year, leaving a widow and one son to mourn his loss. Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," and Dr. Crum Brown, Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University, were related to the family to which John Brown Patterson belonged.

Cresswell Village.

A RAMBLE round about Cresswell, a village on the Northumberland coast not far from Newbiggin, will afford much quiet enjoyment. The only object of antiquarian interest in the neighbourhood is the Edwardian pele tower, a fine specimen of a fortified dwelling of a former age, which occupies a commanding position overlooking Druridge Bay. This old home of the Cresswells has a tradition relating to a White Lady, whose spirit is said to haunt the place. The fair maiden was a daughter of one of the barons of Cresswell, and had the misfortune to witness the death of her lover, a Danish prince, at the hands of her own brothers. Prostrated with grief at this terrible tragedy, she slowly starved herself to death. The church is a modern structure, and does not call for comment. How the weary traveller will fare at Cresswell will depend upon the hospitality of the inhabitants, for the two inns that were formerly to be found in the

village have been removed. Beyond Cresswell House, the abode of Mrs. Cresswell, there are only a few fishermen's cottages, as may be seen from the accompanying sketch of the place. But in these modest habitations there is the stuff of which heroes and heroines are made, the people being those who do brave deeds without prospect of honour or reward.

Bywell-on-Tyne.

A WRITER on Bywell might very well begin his account of the place with the words of the Roman poet, "Urbs antiqua fuit." The once populous town of Bywell no longer exists. The churches where the inhabitants worshipped, the cross around which they gathered on market days and festivals, the castle which afforded them protection from the lawless Borderers, the vicarage, and the Matcham Inn, now a dwelling-house, are the only memorials of the town. The scenery here is so beautiful, however, that any melancholy reflections which may arise in the mind of the visitor at the fate of this Northumbrian "sweet Auburn" are soon charmed away. A lovelier spot it would be difficult to find.

The Tyne, as yet bright and unsullied, making a picturesque bend here, sweeps onward down a broad fair reach, which is crossed by a fine stone bridge, erected about fifty-three years ago. Close to the river are the ivy-clad ruins of the unfinished castle of the Nevilles. The churches stand a little to the west, just outside the grounds of Bywell Hall. The banks of the river here and the slopes to the north are delightfully wooded, some of the trees being of great girth.

From a very early period Bywell has been famous for its fisheries. Alianor de Genevre, widow of Alexander de Balliol, at the time of her death in 1310-11, was possessed, we are told, of two locks for taking salmon at Bywell and one acre of land abutting upon the dam. And now nearly six hundred years later the same spectacle may be witnessed in this charming retreat—the struggle between the instinct of the fish and the cunning of man, in which not unfrequently the former gains the victory.

Bywell was no doubt an Anglian settlement, but at what precise period it was founded we cannot say. In the 7th or the 8th century we know that a church was built here, probably by St. Wilfrid. Bywell is first mentioned as the scene of an important ecclesiastical ceremony which took place on Sunday, the 11th of June, 803. "At a place called Bigwell," says Simeon, of Durham, "Egbert, the 12th Bishop of Lindisfarne, was consecrated by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Hexham and Whithern." The church, like many another in the county, would no doubt have its share in the vicissitudes of the next two centuries, for it was found necessary to rebuild it shortly before the Conquest.

No record has come down to us of the lords of Bywell in Saxon times. Whoever they were, they were ousted in favour of one of the followers of William the Conqueror, Guy de Balliol, who received the barony from William Rufus. His family possessed it for many generations. The lord of Bywell, in the reign of Henry III.—John de Balliol—was a baron of renown, who, as the founder of Balliol College, Oxford,

will be remembered when his deeds of prowess are forgotten. The barony of Bywell came into the possession of his youngest son, also called John de Balliol, who, in 1292, received the Crown of Scotland from Edward I. When in 1296 he was compelled to resign it, his estates were given to John Dreux, Earl of Brittany and Richmond. Bywell was granted in 1337, by Edward III., to the famous Ralph de Neville, Lord of Raby and Brancepeth, whose name was afterwards associated with the battle of Neville's Cross. It passed out of the hands of the Neville family in the reign of Elizabeth, being forfeited by Charles, Earl of Westmoreland, for the part he took in the disastrous rising of the North in 1569.

A survey taken at this time comtains some interesting particulars of the place. It appears that the barony was 22 miles in compass, and had belonging to it a forest of red deer, and a salmon fishery extending three miles in length. "In the wastes also are divers woods and very fair coursing with greyhounds." "The Town of Bywell," so we read, "is builded in length all in one street upon the river or water of Tyne, on the north and west part of the same, and is divided into two several parishes, and inhabited with handicraftsmen, whose trade is all in ironwork for the horsemen and borderers of that country, as making of bits, stirrups, buckles, and such others wherein they are very expert and cunning. They are subject to the incursions of the thieves of Tindale, and compelled, winter and summer, to bring all their cattle and sheep into the street in the night season, and watch both the ends of the street, and when the enemy approach to raise hue and cry, whereupon all the town prepareth for rescue of their goods, which is very populous by reason of their trade, and stout and hardy by continual practice against the enemy."

On the 28th of February, 1644, a portion of the Scots army, which had failed in its first attempt to take Newcastle, crossed the Tyne here by the ford not without some inconvenience, for the water at the time was very deep.

About the year 1673, when the terrible superstition which resulted in the death of so many poor women was at its height, Bywell and district seem to have been quite a seminary for witches and wizards. At Birches Nook, half-a-mile from Stocksfield Station, on the road to Mickley, there lived a person of the name of Ann Armstrong, who played the part of witch-finder, and drew suspicion on numbers of women in the neighbourhood. She must have possessed a very strange imagination, for some of the details in her story are exceedingly curious and almost unique of their kind. She tells how the witches gained an influence over her, and how they used to turn her into a horse by putting on her an enchanted bridle, and how they rode her cross-legged to their meetings, which were usually held at Riding Mill bridge-end. There the devil would come as a "long black man riding on a bay galloway." When the bridle was removed, the girl resumed her natural shape and was made to sing while the witches danced in the shape of a hare, a cat, a mouse, or a bee. Part of the ceremony was to recite the Lord's Prayer backward. Riding House was also a festive resort of the witches. There they used to ride about on egg-shells and wooden dishes that had never been wet. Their feasts were very merry "functions." The devil, whom they called their protector, occupied a chair "like unto bright gold." They had all sorts of meats and drink, which they named "siltt," on the table, obtained by pulling a rope. On one occasion, when wizards were also present, they each had to swing three times on a rope which went across the balks, and what each one wished was sent down. One witch obtained a capon, the plum-broth it was boiled in, and a bottle of wine; another a cheese, a "beakment" of wheat flour, and "half-a-quarter of butter to knead the said

flower withall, they haveing noe power to gett water"; a third, a pound of currants to put in the flour for bread, a quarter of mutton, and a bottle of sack; a fourth a "flackett of ale," containing about three quarts, a "kening of wheat flour" for pies, and a piece of beef. After the feast, the devil heard their confessions, which related to the mischief they had done since their last meeting—strange confessions are some of those given—and we are told he "made most of them that did most harme and beate those who had donne no harme." The result of the trials is not known. It is to be hoped that the testimony of Ann Armstrong was more discredited than that of Matthew Hopkins.

A curious picture is presented of the inhabitants of Bywell a century later in Roger North's life of his brother, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. When on the Northern Circuit, in 1676, his road lay through the barony of Bywell. According to a law then in force, the tenants of each manor in the barony were compelled to guard the judges through their precincts, and, says Roger North, "out of it they would not go—no—not an inch, to save the souls of them. They were a comical sort of people, riding upon negs, as they called their small horses, with long beards, cloaks, and long broad swords, with basket hilts, hanging in broad belts, that their legs and swords almost touched the ground, and every one in his turn with his short cloak and other equipage came up cheek by jowl and talked with my lord judge. His lordship was very pleased with their discourse, for they were great antiquaries in their own bounds."

From the church registers under date December 22, 1735, we get a faint side-light thrown on the social life of Bywell at that time. The entry is:—"For scourging a woman, 1s. 4d."

In the year 1760, as one Robinson, a mason, was fishing in the river here after a fall of rain, he found a Roman drinking-cup of silver, with the following inscription round the brim:—"Desideri vivas"—Long life to you, Desiderius! Robinson sold it for 15s. to a goldsmith in Newcastle. It was probably washed out of the banks about Corbridge, and carried down the river.

The village suffered greatly from the memorable flood of Sunday, November 17th, 1771. On the ground floor of Bywell Hall the water was eight feet deep. The gardens were destroyed, and the walls thrown down. Most of the valuable stud of horses were got into the Black Church, and escaped drowning by holding on to the tops of the pews. A mare belonging to Mr. Elliot, father-in-law of Thomas Bewick, who was on a visit to Bywell at the time, saved itself in the same church by getting upon the altar table. About ten houses were swept away, and six persons perished. Many of the inhabitants had to be taken out of the houses through the roofs. Part of the churchyard of the White Church was washed away, and dead bodies and coffins were torn out of the graves.

The Bywell Bridge was commenced in 1836, and was completed in 1838. At the time there were standing, a little below the dam, two stone piers of an ancient bridge, which led to the chapel of St. Helen's, on the south side of the river opposite to the castle. These piers were blown up; but, by some accident, the train was fired too early, and two men were hurled into the air, one of whom was killed.

In 1852, many old cottages, with the old St. Andrew's Vicarage, and the St. Peter's rectorial tithe buildings, let in tenements, were pulled down. The old dam was destroyed in 1861, to allow the salmon a free course up the river, and the old corn mill was removed at the same time, so that Bywell lost two picturesque features, of no little interest.

Of the three relics of the past, the two churches are, perhaps, the most interesting, carrying back the mind, as they do, to pre-Conquest times. The curious circumstance of the two churches being so near each other has given rise to a legend of two sisters quarrelling, and each building a church of her own. This legend is found in other places, where there are also two churches side by side, and is without any foundation. The churches show how populous Bywell was in the early days of its history. They are called the Black and White Churches, because St. Andrew's at one time belonged to the Præmonstratensian or White Canons of Blanchland, and St. Peter's to the Benedictine or Black Canons of Durham.

St. Andrew's Church (the church on the right of our sketch, which is copied from an excellent photograph by Mr. J. P. Gibson, of Hexham) was rebuilt, it is supposed, about 1030 to 1060. The materials of the earlier building have been utilised in the construction of the new one, for on the inside of the western window on the second storey of the tower is a portion of the shaft of an early Saxon cross. No less than twenty-eight English grave covers, some of great beauty, have been built into the outer wall of this church. The chancel is remarkable in being two feet longer than the nave. On one side of the chancel arch is a hagioscope or squint. In the porch is a holy water stoup, which has escaped the Puritan destroyers.

St. Peter's Church stands 150 yards from St. Andrew's, and is a more interesting edifice. The oldest part of it is the north wall, of late Saxon architecture, and may possibly date from about 1030 or 1060. The tower of St. Peter's belongs to the 13th century, though it stands on foundations of an earlier date. It was evidently a place of refuge to the inhabitants of Bywell during the inroads of the mosstroopers, and the holes in the doorway for the reception of huge bars of iron still remain. There are two chantry chapels. That on the south side, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and built about 1287, contains a large stone altar slab with the five dedication crosses upon it; that on the north, founded about 1360, contains a monumental slab on which is inscribed the figure of a knight in armour, probably the founder of the chantry. On the south side of the chancel (*circa*

1195) may be seen good examples of sedilia and piscina. The church contains a square-headed, low side window—one of those mysterious openings the object of which is still a problem for antiquaries. In the tower are two very interesting old bells, one of the 13th century, inscribed, "Tu es Petrus," with the letters of the alphabet; the other, of later date, inscribed, "Utsurgantgentesvocorhornetcitojacêtes" (I am called horn, and I summon the sleeping people to arise.) The gateway leading into the churchyard was designed by Vanbrugh.

The market cross originally stood between the two churches, and was removed to its present position, in a field adjoining St. Peter's, a few years ago.

It is not known exactly when the building of Bywell Castle was begun. The earliest mention of it is in a fifteenth century chronicle, which states that after the flight of Henry VI. from the battle of Hexham in 1464, his helmet, crown, sword, and horse armour were found in Bywell Castle. "How or in what manner he escaped," says the writer, "God knows, in whose hands are the hearts of kings." The present picturesque ruins are those of the Great Gatehouse—a large machicolated tower of three stages, surmounted by four turrets, one at each corner. This Gatehouse was the only part of the castle built. For some reason or other this "Border hold" was never completed.

There is a mound near Stocksfield Railway Station, on the north side of the river, called the Round Hill, which the Rev. Anthony Johnson surmises was the Mote Hill of the barony, where the open-air motes were held. The Gallows Hill, where felons were hanged, is a little to the north of Bywell, near the farmstead of Peepy.

Bywell Hall was rebuilt about the year 1760, from the designs of Paine, by William Fenwick, who was High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1752.

Vanished are the barons and their bold retainers, the deft handicraftsman and the hardy peasants; but the beauty of Nature is still unimpaired, and in this nook of the Bewick country, which recalls so many of the famous wood-cuts, we may find some of that meditative, peaceful delight so difficult to gain in the bustle of modern life.

Wm. W. Tomlinson.

Barge Day on the Tyne.

IN what year the Tyne had its first Barge Day, none of our local historians disclose to us. The record, writ in water, Time has long ago effaced. But in the days of the second of our Stuart Sovereigns we obtain distinct traces of the survey of the river by Mr. Mayor and his Brethren. Ere the reign of King Charles was ten years old, John Pithy, Corporate Chamberlain, was disbursing the sum of £1 12s. 6d. "for wherry hire and charges of Mr. Maior, Aldermen, and others, to Hedwyne Stremes, to view and sett the towne's bounders." "For roweing and stearing the barge, and for ten whirries that accompanied the Buishopp of Duresme downe to Sheles," there was subsequently an expenditure of £1 19s. Afterwards comes, in 1635, a more formidable item:—"For the charges of a dinner for the Buishopp, Maior, Aldermen, and their attendants, at Sheles, £15 1s. 4d." There was also an Assize trip on the river about the same time:—"Paid the wherrymen for attending with the barge and wherries, to carry the Judges down to Sheles, 10s." (Richardson's Imprints and Reprints.)

Judges and Bishops were entertained by the Corporation, and so also was the King. Charles had left London for a visit to Scotland, attended by Lords Spiritual and Temporal, one of whom was Laud, Bishop of London, soon to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Of vast dimensions was the royal train, and magnificent the hospitality of Newcastle. Lionel Maddison was Mayor, and on June 4, 1633, he banqueted his visitors royally, the King knighting his host during the evening. Next day, the Trinity House gave the guests an excursion to Tynemouth Castle, when Royalty was the centre of a stately flotilla on the tide, and was marked with eager interest from the shore. Meagre is the notice bestowed by our local annals on the progress to and fro. Incidentally, however, we are admitted to same particulars of one of the episodes of the day.

There had been a riot of the apprentices on the Shrove Tuesday preceding. At the West Ballast Hills, where the young gentlemen took their "walks after service," and the housewives of Newcastle had a drying ground through the week, "a new limekiln and ballast heap had been made without the gate of the town called Sand Gate." The obnoxious kiln was tumultuously thrown down, not without countenance from the lookers-on; and "one of those who animated the boys" was Edward Bulmer, of the Trinity House, getting himself into troubled water by his partnership. Great was the bulk to which this affair of the 'prentice rioters grew. Privy Council took it up; Council of the North was brought into it; the business became a matter of national interest and importance; and the curious reader may see much more about it in the State Papers than concerns our present paper on the Barges. Enough for us if we quote some portion of Bulmer's petition of 1634 to the King, by which the breakers into which he had cast himself were made more perilous than ever to the unfortunate pilot. Describing himself as "steersman of his Majesty's barge to carry his Majesty and divers of the nobility down the Tyne," we further learn from him that he availed himself of his nearness to the King to show him a certificate from the Trinity House of the great abuses concerning the river, "for which relation, and no other cause that he can imagine, the Mayor and Aldermen, having property in the staiths and quays where the abuse arises, have, in his opinion, taken so great malice against him."

So much for Edward Bulmer and the King's Barge. After an eventful period of forty years, in which Civil War and Commonwealth ran their course, comes the memorable Assize Barge Day of the time of the second Charles. With the month of August, 1676, arrived in Newcastle Sir Francis North, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, afterwards the Lord Keeper Guilford; and with him as his colleague was Baron Vertie of the Exchequer. Happily for history, Sir Francis had his Boswell. His brother Roger accompanied him, and was his biographer. The Mayor was Sir Francis Anderson, and planned a pleasant recreation, the story of which is well and lovingly told by Roger North. Whether Baron Vertie was of the party on the river does not appear. "His lordship's entertainment at Newcastle was," as we are informed, "very agreeable, because it went most upon the trades of the place, as coal-mines, salt-works, and the like, with the wonders that belonged to them; and the Magistrates were solicitous to give him all the diversion they could; and one was the going down to Tinmouth Castle in the town-barge. The equipment of the vessel was very stately; for, a-head, there sat a four or five drone bagpipe, the North-Country organ, and a trumpeter a-stern; and so we rowed merrily along. The making salt I thought the best sight we had there. The other entertainment was a supper in the open air upon an island in the Tyne, somewhat above the town; and all by the way of ligg and sit upon the ground; but provisions for a camp, and wines of all sorts, very fine. In short, all circumstances taken together, the cool of the evening, the verdant flat of the island, with wood dispersed upon it, and water curling about, a view of the hills on both sides of the river, the good appetites, best provisions, and a world of merry stories of the Scots (which, by the way, makes a great part of the wit in these parts), made the place very agreeable, where every one walked after his fancy, and all were pleased."

So runs the world away! Only a single generation had gone since the Siege of Newcastle, with all its pains and penalties, its woes and horrors; and now the burgesses and their visitors were lolling, pic-nic, on the King's Meadows, with rounds of droll jokes about the besiegers, provoking peals of laughter. The readiest tongues were telling "merry stories" of the Civil War, and setting the island in a roar!

Roger North, who sketches so well the idyllic picture of the August day, has also to relate how "some of the Aldermen" told "strange histories of their coal-works; and one was by Sir William Blackett, who cut into a hill in order to drain the water, and conquered all difficulties of stone and the like, till he came to clay, and that was too hard for him; for no means of timber or walls would resist, but all was crowded together; and this was by the weight of the hill bearing upon a clay that yielded."

"Another thing," adds the judge's biographer, "that is remarkable, is their way-leaves. For when men have pieces of ground between the colliery and the river, they sell leave to lead coals over their ground; and so dear that the owner of a rood of ground will expect £20 per annum for this leave."

We now approach the record, so often quoted, of the old waggonways of the North of England, out of which has been evolved, in the process of the suns, the vast network of iron roads that covers the globe. "The manner of the carriage," says the observant Roger, "is by laying rails of timber from the colliery down to the river, exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts are made with four rowlets fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw down four or five chaldron of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal-merchants."

Here, before the Revolution of 1688, is the principle of the modern railway in practical action and biding its time, awaiting that succession of details that were one day to bring the "express train" into competition with the colliery tram. How long these waggonways of the Tyne had been in existence, is not precisely to be ascertained; but their introduction probably occurred in the earlier years of the seventeenth century, and we may pretty safely ascribe the gift to the enterprising stranger commemorated by the "Chorographia" in 1649. "Master Beaumont, a gentleman of great ingenuity and rare parts, adventured into our mines," says Gray, "with his thirty thousand pounds, who brought with him many rare engines, not known then in those parts; as the art to boore with iron rodds to try the deepnesse and thicknesse of the coals, rare engines to draw water out of the pits, waggons with one horse to carry coales from the pits, to the stathes, to the river, &c." More enterprising than prosperous, his lot was like that of many an adventurer in the field:—"Within few years he consumed all his money, and rode home on his light horse."

The Assize Barge Days flowed pleasantly forward on the stream of time till they ran aground—some half-century after the supper and "merry stories" on that "little island" of the Tyne, affectionately described by Bourne as "a delicious place, and a great ornament to the river." This was in the days of the second Charles. With the reign of the second George came a less harmonious sail from Shields than that of 1676. "In 1729 [1730?], the town," says Gyll's interleaved Bourne (quoted by Brand), "had a trial with Sir Henry Liddel about paying of tolls, wherein a verdict was given in favour of Sir Henry. It was then customary for the Judges to go in the town's barge, attended by the Mayor and others of the Corporation, to Tinmouth; and in their return, Mr. Justice Page, who tried the cause, had some hot words with Mr. Reay relating to the trial; and thereupon the Judge threatened to commit the Mayor; and the Mayor told the Judge he would commit him, being then upon the water, and in his jurisdiction. This

squabble was the occasion of discontinuing the custom of going to Tinmouth."

It was, however, too agreeable an outing to be left for ever in abeyance. Before very long it was resumed, the free air of the open barge offering a grateful contrast to the close atmosphere of the crowded court.

In the autumn of 1772, when the ancient viaduct of the Tyne had been overthrown by an inundation, the local authorities used the barge as a bridge, the Sheriff receiving the Judges at the South Shore in Gateshead, and ferrying them over to the Quayside in Newcastle opposite the Exchange. The south front had then an entrance door. There, awaiting their lordships, stood the Mayor (Sir Walter Blackett) and Magistrates, who accompanied them into court.

Some forty years afterwards, in the latter years of the long reign of George III., occurred the mishap to one of his Majesty's Judges that gave rise to Shield's ever-to-be remembered song of "My Lord 'Size," printed in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, p. 37.

The Barge Day of 1814 brought a greater wonder than any marvel of Eastern story. Not even the magic horse, that rose in the air like a balloon, could outvie the steamboat that took part in the procession of Ascension Day, sailing against wind and tide, and surpassing in speed the swiftest craft on the river. It was the first passenger steamer that had been launched in England—the Tyne following in the wake of the Hudson and the Clyde.

From year to year came the welcome Barge Day on the Tyne;

> For pleasure had not ceased to wait
> On those expected annual rounds;

and in the year 1832, in the course of the sixth mayoralty of Archibald Reed, the time-honoured custom was observed with unwonted enthusiasm. Mr. Reed had been elected to the office of Sheriff in 1794, and entered upon his first mayoralty in 1800, so that his year of office ran its round in two centuries. His fifth election as Chief Magistrate occurred in 1830; and he was chosen a sixth time in 1831. Great were the rejoicings on Ascension Day (May 31), 1832. The procession left the Mansion House for Shields at half-past seven o'clock in the morning. At mid-day, when it returned, the air was vocal with the roar of cannon, the clangour of bells, and the lustiness of loud huzzas. "At that time, the sight was very pleasing, from the number of light and elegantly-painted boats, with suitable flags, which preceded the barges to the Mansion House. The Stewards of the Incorporated Companies, in compliment to the Chief Magistrate, had the Swan steamboat tastefully decorated for the occasion" (for steam vessels were now established institutions in the world). "After partaking of refreshment at the Mansion House, the company departed for Hedwin Streams, whither the fineness of the day attracted a numerous company to enjoy the sports in the afternoon. There were races on the King's Meadows, in one of which a horse named Peacock missed his step and fell down, and a mare named Lady Mary, which was following close, fell over him, and broke one of her legs." (Sykes.)

The Reform Bill was now within a few days of becoming an Act, and the Corporation Commissioners were holding their Courts in 1833; but the Barge Day had its observance nevertheless. There was even "An Elegant New Barge" launched on the 6th of May, 1834, for the use of the Mayor and Corporation, from the building yard of Messrs. Oliver and Son, South Shields.

The Municipal Corporations Act received the Royal Assent in 1835, accomplishing a great change—a revolution; yet there is still the Barge Day; nor has the Tyne Conservancy Act of 1850 banished the ancient usage.

JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).

The last annual survey by the Corporation of Newcastle took place in 1851, in the mayoralty of Mr. Alderman Armstrong, father of Lord Armstrong. It has since been made every five years by the Corporation, every seven by the Tyne Improvement Commissioners. On the 15th of July, 1878, the anniversary of the passing of the Conservancy Act (the beneficent statute that binds the communities of the Tyne into one), the Commissioners had their survey; and it was renewed in 1885. The Corporation Barge Day came in 1881 in the mayoralty of Mr. Alderman Angus; and on the 26th of May the survey of the water-boundary of the borough was made with the wonted proclamation. It was celebrated again in 1886, Mr. Browne (now Sir B. C. Browne) being Mayor. And now it has been celebrated once more, this time in the Mayoralty of Mr. Joseph Baxter Ellis.

The Giant Cor.

DURING the Roman occupation of Britain, Corstopitum, now Corchester, about half a mile west of Corbridge-on-Tyne (see page 214), was one of the most important places in the province of Valentia, standing as it did in close vicinity to the great imperial highway leading northwards, afterwards known as the Watling Street. Its position, on a tongue of land at the confluence of the Cor Burn with the Tyne, must have made it a place of considerable strength; and that its inhabitants were in the enjoyment of a good share of the comforts and luxuries of life is proved by the fact that the neighbourhood abounds with the broken relics of a high civilization. The station in all likelihood suffered the same fate as the others on or near the Wall of Adrian at the hands of the marauding Scots and Picts.

That Corbridge was once a large and populous place, distinct from Corstopitum, is matter of historical cer-

tainty. It was privileged to send members to Parliament down till a comparatively modern date, and only ceased to do so on the petition of the inhabitants, who, diminished in number and straitened in means during the troublous Border raid times were unwilling any longer to bear the cost. It might otherwise have subsisted by prescription as a rotten borough, like Old Sarum, Gatton, and other decayed places, till disfranchised by the Reform Bill of 1832. But, leaving this as irrelevant to our purpose, we turn to the long disused necropolis of Corstopitum, to speak of some of the relics which have been unearthed from that City of the Dead within the last two centuries.

Mr. Robert Forster, author of a "History of Corbridge," tells us that quantities of human bones have been discovered from time to time on the west side of the Cor Burn, where the cliff has been undermined by the stream during sudden floods, and he adds that a man named Adam Harle, whom he seems to have known, found, when a youth, in a field a little to the westward of the Roman Station, a human skull of immense size; but he makes no mention of the most marvellous disclosure of all, the alleged discovery of the mortal remains of the Giant Cor. It would have been singular indeed if the ancient kingdom of Northumbria had been without its giant, seeing that there is scarcely a region on the face of the earth that has not been able to boast of one or more. A belief in the real existence of such abnormal beings has always prevailed in all parts of the world as an indisputable dogma of the popular creed.

The etymon or genuine sense of Cor is the Celtic Curaidh, pronounced koorey, signifying a hero, a champion, a great warrior. In or about the year 1660 it was, when the banks of the Cor Burn had been worn away near the old Roman station by an impetuous land-flood, that a skeleton was brought to light, supposed to be that of a man of prodigious size. The length of the thigh-bone was nearly six feet, and the skull, teeth, and other parts were proportionally monstrous, so that the length of the whole body was computed at twenty-one feet. The wiseacres of the day were clearly of opinion that the remains were those of a giant, who had possibly flourished before the Flood, or had perhaps been contemporary with the Emim, the Zamzummim, the Zuzim, the Anakim, and other giants who flourished about the time of the Hebrew Exodus. Some portions of the skeleton of this supposititious Tyneside giant were in the possession of the Earl of Derwentwater at Dilston in 1695; but what became of them after the ruin of the Radcliffes will probably never be known.

A singularly large bone, discovered near the same spot, and possibly belonging to Cor when alive, was for many years to be seen hung up in the kitchen of the old George Inn, Flesh Market, Newcastle. This bone was purchased by an enterprising speculator of the Barnum species, who was proprietor of the Keswick Museum, and by him it was gravely exhibited as the Giant Cor's rib.

The Northumberland Household Book.

AS illustrative of the rude manners and gross customs of a barbarous age, some extracts from the household book of Henry Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, must have more than passing interest. The book was begun in 1512, in the reign of Henry VII. It must be borne in mind that the prices of many commodities were regulated by law, and could not be increased or decreased without express sanction. As Hume points out in his history of that period, this restrictive policy had the tendency to restrain industry, and hence prices which seem to us absurd and ridiculous were in effect the results of the limitations put upon them by the king. For the greater part of what follows the writer is indebted to Hume's notes.

The household book gives a true picture of ancient manners, and is one of the most singular monuments that English antiquity affords us. The family of the earl consisted of 166 persons, and on an average 57 strangers might be reckoned upon as the number who would join the family at the daily meals; on the whole, 223. Twopence halfpenny was supposed to be the daily expense for each for meat, drink, and firing. This would, assuming that provisions were three or four times cheaper than in our time, be equal to fourteen pence; no extravagant sum for a nobleman's housekeeping, considering that the chief expense of a family at that period consisted in meat and drink. The sum allotted by the earl for his whole annual expense was £1,118 17s. 8d., of which amount meat, drink, and firing absorb £796 11s. 2d. So rigidly was the expense of the earl's family managed, that it was ordered and determined how many pieces should be cut out of every quarter of beef, mutton, pork, and veal, and each entered and accounted for by the different clerks appointed for that purpose. If a servant was absent a day, his mess was struck off; if he was about the earl's business, board wages were allowed him — eightpence per day in winter, and fivepence in summer; if any stay had to be made in any place, twopence per day was his allowance and the maintenance of his horse. About a quarter of wheat was allowed for each month throughout the year, and the price was estimated at five shillings and eightpence a quarter. For brewing purposes two hundred and fifty quarters of malt were used per year at four shillings the quarter; every quarter of malt had to make two hogsheads, which permitted an average of a bottle and a third to each person, and it is naively admitted that the "beer will

not be very strong." One hundred and nine fat beeves are to be bought at All-Hallowtide, at thirteen shillings and fourpence a-piece; and twenty-four lean beeves to be bought at St. Helen's at eight shillings a-piece. The latter are to be put into the pastures to be fed, and are to serve from Midsummer to Michaelmas. This leaves us to infer that summer was the only part of the year that the family ate fresh meat; the rest of the year they lived on salted food. One hundred and sixty gallons of mustard is the allowance for a year, and an order is issued for the right making of this condiment. "Six hundred and forty-seven sheep were allowed at twenty pence a-piece; these were eaten salted, except between Lammas and Michaelmas. Only twenty-five hogs were allowed at two shillings a-piece; twenty-eight veals at twenty pence; forty lambs at tenpence or a shilling." These dainties were, it appears, reserved for the earl's table and that of the upper servants, called the knight's table.

The drinking part of the business received a tolerably fair amount of attention. In addition to the beer mentioned previously, we learn that ten tuns and two hogsheads of Gascony wine, at the rate of £4 13s. 4d. a tun, formed no inconsiderable part of the daily fare. It is interesting to find that my lord and lady were by no means behind in appreciating the rude fare. Breakfast was served for them at seven o'clock in the morning, consisting of "a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones, or a dish of sprats. On flesh days, it was varied by a half a chyne of mutton, or a chyne of beef boiled."

The "linen closet," as a household institution, does not find any place in the earl's family arrangements. According to Hume's account, only seventy ells of linen at eightpence an ell were allowd for the use of this great household of over two hundred persons: no sheets were used; the linen was made into eight tablecloths for my lord's table, and one tablecloth for the knight's table. Forty shillings a year was the amount charged for the washing, and this was principally spent on the linen belonging to the chapel. Early rising was evidently a virtue. Mass was ordered to be said at six o'clock in the morning; dinner was served at ten, supper at four, and at nine the gates were shut, no further ingress or egress being permitted. Only twenty-four fires were lit in the house, and the coals were portioned out to each, a peck of coals being the allowance. After Lady Day no fires were permitted in the rooms, "except half-fires in my lord's and lady's and Lord Percy's and the nursery." As the earl spent much of his time in Yorkshire, it is evident that on some days it would be very cold in the house, seeing that we often have very cold weather after Lady Day. Eighty chalders of coal, at four and twopence a chalder, suffices throughout the whole year; and, as the household book quaintly remarks "coals will not burn without wood," sixty-four loads of wood are permitted at twelvepence a load.

Another entry in the book devises that "henceforth no capons are to be bought, but only for my lord's mess, and that the said capons shall be bought for twopence a-piece, lean, and fed in the poultry, and master Chamberlain and the stewards be fed with capons, if there be strangers sitting with them." Another quaint item says:—"It is thought good that no plovers be bought at no season, but only in Christmas and principal feasts, and my lord to be served therewith, and his board-end, and none other, and to be bought for a penny a-piece, or a penny halfpenny at most."

The extraordinary care which was taken to regulate the outgoings and incomings of the earl's household was really marvellous. From the highest to the lowest every want was studied and taken into account. The most minute particulars are preserved of every day's doings in the matter of meat, drink, and firing. Item after item occurs laying down in the strictest and severest manner what is to be done in regard to certain occurrences. The earl presided over his feast in right royal fashion, and introduced into his orders the high-sounding preamble, "It seemeth good to us and our council." One remarkable circumstance is that, in ministering to the temporal wants of his huge household, the earl provides but two cooks, while, for their spiritual needs, he keeps and feeds eleven priests, besides seventeen chanters, musicians, &c. The meals, as may be expected, were served in a half-cooked, badly-dressed fashion, while the appurtenances of the tables were in a more slovenly, disordered condition than the mess-room of a modern ship's company. All this led to frightful disorders amongst the menials, which certainly gives one a bad opinion of the barbaric magnificence with which they were surrounded.

The arrangements with regard to the stables were no less complete. The earl kept twenty-seven horses at his own charge; the upper servants had allowance for the maintenance of their own horses. These animals were six gentle horses, at hay and hard meat throughout the whole year; four palfreys; three hobbies and nags; three sumpter-horses; six horses for those servants to whom my lord furnished a horse; two sumpter horses more, and three mill-horses, two for carrying corn, and one for grinding it. From this latter item it may be inferred that water or windmills were then unknown, or, at any rate not in use in the earl's domain. Loaves made of beans and a peck of oats were the daily food of the principal horses; the oats being charged at twenty pence, the beans at two shillings a quarter.

When the earl set forth on his journey, he took with him thirty-six horsemen, together with bed and other accommodation. The year was passed at three country seats in Yorkshire; but as there were furniture and garnishment for only one, it necessitated everything being

carried along with him—beds, tables, chairs, kitchen utensils, which must have been strongly made to bear the rough usage of those days, when roads were but a name, and the lumbering waggon was the only means of transit. It is a far cry from the days of the seventh Henry, when feudalism and vassalage were paramount, to our own time; yet the picture drawn in this household book with such careful methodic calculation tells us more of the real history of the period than State papers or court intrigues and amours. SCARDEBURGH.

The Dove Family.

FOUR members of the dove family are known to frequent the Northern Counties—the ring dove, the rock dove, the stock dove, and the turtle dove. The first is the most common, and, we may add, the most persecuted.

The ring dove *(Columba palumbus)*, which is perhaps better known as the wood pigeon or cushat, is the largest of the wild pigeons of Europe. A few years ago it was

denounced as over plentiful, and persecuted accordingly as destructive to the farmers' crops. Now, and for the past few years, it has been comparatively scarce all over the country. The bird is a resident in the two Northern Counties. In January, 1873, Mr. John Hancock says an extraordinary number of wood pigeons was observed at Marsden, moving in a south-easterly direction, following the coast line. They were two days in passing, and many of them were killed by the farmers in the neighbourhood.

The ring dove is a wary bird, though in the breeding season, if not molested, it will sometimes nest in trees and bushes close to dwellings. Young birds taken early from the nest have occasionally been partially domesticated, but when a chance presents itself they sooner or later return to a wild life. Instances are rare in which they have bred in captivity.

The adult bird is handsomely plumaged. The male weighs about twenty ounces, and the wings extend to nearly two feet five inches. The plumage is of a deep blue on the head, nape, and throat; the upper part of the back and upper wing covers are dark greyish blue, and the lower belly white. The lower part of the throat is decorated on each side with a glossy white spot, and gleams with metallic lustre. These peculiar markings have given the bird one of its commonest names—the ring dove. The quills are slate grey, and the tail and the tail feathers are slate black, marked with an irregular line of lighter shade. The bill is pale reddish orange yellow, red at the base, powdered over with a white dust; the cere almost white; the iris pale yellow; and the eyelids are yellowish red, the bare part above them blue. The female is recognised from her mate by her smaller size, and the fact that the colouration of her plumage is not so bright as that of the male.

The rock dove *(Columba livia)* is now generally believed to be the original stock of most of our varieties of domestic pigeons. Indeed, it can scarcely be distinguished at a distance from the common "blue rock." It occurs all round the rugged shores of Great Britain, is a resident in Northumberland and Durham, and breeds in the rocky cliffs of the sea coasts.

The late Mr. P. J. Selby points out that, although many ornithologists have supposed the stock dove and rock dove were identical species, the distinctions in regard to plumage and habits are considerable. One bird is a denizen of the woods, where it breeds and roosts, whilst the other inhabits caves and holes in rocks, and is

never found in woods or perching and nesting on trees. The food of the rock dove consists chiefly of grain and seeds of wild plants and weeds, together with different kinds of snails.

The adult male rock dove has the prevailing colour

bluish-grey, shading into pale grey on upper back; lower part of back and rump, *white;* tail coverts, ashy-grey: tail nearly black at tip; wings, conspicuously marked with two broad, black transverse bars; feathers of chest and sides of neck, glossed with shades of green and purple; bill, brownish-black; legs and feet, deep red; irides, pale orange; length about 12 inches. The female is slightly less in size, and not so conspicuously coloured on the neck.

The stock dove *(Columba œnas)* has of late become quite common in Northumberland and Durham. It

frequents woods and coppices, and nests in holes of decayed trees, on the ground in disused rabbit burrows, but is rarely, if ever, found nesting amid the branches of trees, like its larger relative, the wood pigeon.

Speaking of the occurrence of stock dove in the county of Durham of late years, Mr. Hancock remarks:—"It is only recently that the stock dove has made its appearance in this district. A single example was shot in Castle Eden Dene, on the 26th of October, 1869, by Mr. John Sclater, butler to Rowland Burdon, Esq., and is now in the possession of the former, where I saw it shortly after it had been obtained. In 1871, I was informed by Mr. Sclater that the gamekeeper had taken, in a rabbit trap, another specimen, likewise in Castle Eden Dene, and that he (Mr. Sclater) had found its nest the day after. It was built at the root of a yew tree that had been blown down over the edge of a cliff." Mr. Hancock, after stating that Lord Ravensworth, on the 24th March, 1874, saw a pair of stock doves frequenting the old trees in front of Ravensworth Castle, thus concludes his notice:—"This interesting species will probably become a resident in the district."

The food of the stock dove consists of leaves, seeds, grain, wild berries, acorns, beechmast, &c. It is rapid on the wing, and when taking flight the pinions are struck sharply together. It is active on the ground, and moves about somewhat like the wood pigeon. The note is a repeated "coo-oo-oo," and is most frequently heard in the morning.

The male stock dove is about one foot two inches long. Bill, pale reddish orange brown, the edges greyish yellow, the bare part round it pale yellowish red; the cere, red, excepting the hind part, which is white; iris, yellowish scarlet; head and crown, bluish grey; neck on the sides, glossy iridescent green and purple red; on the back and nape, bluish grey; chin bluish grey; breast above, brownish purple red, shading off downwards into bluish grey, grey on the lower part and sides; back above, bluish brown, then bluish grey, and on the lower part grey. The wings rather long—two feet two inches in expanse, have the second quill feather the longest, the third nearly of the same length, the first a little shorter; greater and lesser wing coverts bluish grey; primaries, dark leaden grey, the three inner have a large patch of black on the outer webs; tertiaries, bluish grey, the last three with a leaden grey spot on the outer web; greater and lesser wing coverts, grey. The tail, of twelve feathers, and slightly rounded at the end, is bluish grey for two-thirds of its length, then succeeded by a narrow band of a lighter grey, the end dark leaden grey. The female is slightly smaller than her mate, and her plumage less showy.

The turtle dove *(Columba turtur)* is a native of Africa, but it is found breeding in many European countries from Germany to Italy. It is usually termed the European turtle, possibly to distinguish it from its near relative, the collared turtle *(Turtur risorius)*, which latter is a native of Egypt, Palestine, and other countries.

The turtle dove is of a social disposition, and frequently assembles in large flocks, which fly over wide tracks of country, after the manner of the passenger pigeons of North America.

Mr. Hancock thus refers to the casual occurrence of the

turtle dove in Northumberland and Durham :—"Several specimens of this casual visitant have been killed in the neighbourhood of Newcastle; one was shot on the Town Moor, another at Prestwick Car. On the 17th of May, 1856, a gamekeeper of the late Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., killed a fine male specimen near Whitburn, Durham. Another occurred near Shotton Colliery on the 12th October, 1870. This species has never been known to breed in either county."

"The voice of the turtle," from which it derives its name, is expressed by the syllables "tur, tur," more or less rapidly repeated. This bird feeds on various kinds of grain and seeds, and has a special weakness for peas grown in the fields, to which it helps itself freely when opportunity offers. The female, Morris states, sits on the young, if the weather be cold, both night and day.

The male weighs about six ounces; length, about one foot. Bill, dark greyish black, the tip of the upper mandible yellowish brown; it is much compressed about the middle, and the tip is hard; inside it is reddish. Iris, bright orange yellowish red, the bare space around it light red—darker than in the female; head, on the sides, yellowish, fading away into the pink of the neck and breast; the crown and neck on the back, light greyish blue; on the sides the latter has a rounded patch of black, each of the feathers tipped with white, surrounded with a tinge of blue; in front it is a delicate light purple red colour, fading off backwards into grey; chin, pale brown; throat and breast, delicate light purple red, bluish grey on the sides; back, greyish brown above, on the lower part brownish in colour. The wings, long and sharp, expand to a width of one foot ten inches. The tail, long and much rounded, has twelve feathers, greyish brown, the two centre ones brown. The female is lighter coloured in plumage, and less in size than her mate.

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. James Willis, inspector of mines for the county of Northumberland, died at his residence, Portland Terrace, Newcastle, on the 12th of April.

On the same day, at The Mount, York, died Colonel Whitting, commanding officer of the 14th Regimental District.

The death also took place on the 12th of Police-Superintendent Young, chief clerk in the office of the Chief Constable of Northumberland at Morpeth.

Mr. John Hudson, of the firm of John Hudson & Co., exporters, of Sunderland and Newcastle, died on the 13th of April. The deceased had been educated at the Grange School, Sunderland, under the famous Dr. Cowan, and was an accomplished linguist.

On the 14th of April, Dr. Henry Debord Ward, medical practitioner, and a trustee of the Thomas Knight Memorial Hospital, died at Blyth, his age being 53 years.

The death occurred on the same day of Sergeant Hunter, of Amble, who had been a member of the Northumberland constabulary for twenty-four years.

Mr. Cuthill, stationmaster, died very suddenly at Chollerford Station of the North-British Railway Co. on the 15th of April.

On the 17th of April, Mr. James Watson, race-horse trainer, and a native of Newcastle, died at Belleisle, Richmond.

Mr. John Cuthbert Allison, a prominent member of the Order of Druids, died at South Shields on the 17th of April.

Mr. Peter Stewart Macliver, founder and proprietor of the *Western Daily Press*, of Bristol, and formerly part-proprietor of the *Newcastle Guardian*, died at his residence, Cotham Park, Bristol, on the 19th of April, at the age of 69. The deceased was a relative of the great military hero, Lord Clyde.

On the 20th of April, there were interred in the cemetery at West Hartlepool the remains of a lady whose name was associated with that of Dickens, the novelist. Mrs. Ann Humphrey, who had died in West Hartlepool a few days previously at the age of 77 years, was the wife of William Humphrey, watchmaker, once of Barnard Castle, but later a resident of Hartlepool. Thomas Humphrey, father of William, occupied a shop in the Market Place at Barnard Castle, opposite to the King's Head Hotel, where Dickens, from its sign of "Humphrey, Clockmaker," took the hint for the title of his work, "Master Humphrey's Clock." (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, pp. 237, 390.)

On the 19th of April, Mr. Christian John Reid, J.P., senior partner in the old-established firm of Reid and Sons, jewellers, Grey Street, Newcastle, died at Oakfield, Benwell. He was 74 years of age.

The death was announced as having taken place at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, on April 6th, of Mr. Thomas H. Glenny, the accomplished actor. Mr. Glenny was born in the Low Bridge, Newcastle, nearly sixty years ago. From his earliest years, he seems to have had a great attachment to the stage, of which he became in later life a distinguished ornament. First he was "call boy" at the Theatre Royal; then, as a youth, he began to play minor parts in the Low Black House in Carliol Square, which was then under the management of Mr. J. S. Ireland; afterwards he accepted an engage-

MR. T. H. GLENNY.

ment with the celebrated Mr. Beverley, who owned or leased the theatres in North and South Shields; and finally he made for himself a distinct position in the theatrical world of the United States. Our sketch, copied from a photograph in Mr. Ireland's possession, represents Mr. Glenny in the character of Myles-na-Coppaleen in the play of "The Colleen Bawn."

Mr. John Mavor, who since 1848 resided at North Shields, and who left that place with his family only at Easter to take up his residence at Enfield, near London, died in the latter town on the 21st of April. Mr. Mavor conducted schools in North Shields uninterruptedly for many years, and was for some time a member of the Tynemouth School Board.

An announcement of the death of the Rev. John Robert Fleming, Rector of Ilderton, at the age of 59, appeared on the 24th of April.

On the 23rd of April, Mr. John Beckwith, J.P., of Silksworth House, near Sunderland, died, after a few days' illness, at the advanced age of 87. Deceased was a brother of the late General Beckwith, and uncle of Captain Beckwith, J.P., chairman of the Houghton-le-Spring Highway Board. Mr. Beckwith, who was a bachelor, spent a good portion of his earlier life in India.

On the 23rd of April, there were buried at Durham, the remains of James Davis, formerly an organ builder, and afterwards carver and gilder in Rushworth's Picture Gallery, in that city, who had died at the advanced age of 91 years.

On the 25th of April, the death was announced of Mr. John Woodman, Wall, North Tyne, a member of the Hexham Board of Guardians, and noted as one of the best farmers in the district.

On the 26th of April, there were interred at Shincliffe, the remains of Mr. William Brown, a somewhat eccentric character, known, from his trade, as "Butcher Brown," who had died at the age of 72.

An announcement appeared on the 27th of April of the death of Dr. Spear, who was for some time Medical Officer of Health for the Borough of South Shields.

Mrs. M. G. Collingwood, wife of the Mayor of Middlesbrough, died at her home at Linthorpe, after a lingering illness, on the 28th of April. She was a native of Sunderland, and was 57 years of age.

On the 29th of April, the death was recorded, at the age of 82, of Miss Marjorie Hodge, of St. James's Street, Newcastle, sister of the late Mr. G. W. Hodge, solicitor. The deceased lady was the daughter of the late Mr. Rowland Hodge, who was at one time prominently identified with the wooden shipping industry in Newcastle.

On the same day, the death was reported of Mr. Thomas Cooke, a well-known wool-buyer, of Hexham.

Mr. E. N. Charlton, poor-rate collector for Bishopwearmouth East District, died suddenly on the 29th of April.

Mr. Gabriel Wood, who for thirty years had discharged the duties of stationmaster at Haydon Bridge, on the Newcastle and Carlisle section of the North-Eastern Railway, died on the 30th of April.

On the 1st of May, the death was reported of Mr. Robert Coulson, mechanical engineer, as having occurred in Guelph, Canada, on the 10th of April. Mr. Coulson formerly resided in Newcastle, and went to Canada as a representative of Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., when the bridges of the Grand Trunk Railway were built. The deceased was 79 years of age.

On the 2nd of May, the death occurred, in his 63rd year, of Mr. James Davidson, senior partner in the firm of John Davidson and Sons, of the Phœnix Flour Mills, Close, Newcastle.

On the 2nd of May, Mr. Elisha Hunter Ryott, who for many years held an important position in the locomotive department of the North-Eastern Railway at Gateshead, died at his residence in that town, his age being 71 years.

On the 3rd of May, the remains of Mr. William Riley, of West Auckland, an ardent sportsman, who had died very suddenly, were interred at St. Helen's Auckland.

Mr. J. M. Milburn, manager of the Durham County Asylum farms, at Sedgefield, died on the 4th of May.

On the same day took place the death of Mr. William Alexander Wooler, J.P., of Sadberge Hall, Darlington, at the age of 79. Mr. Wooler had long been an active man in the public life of the Darlington district, particularly in connection with the Board of Guardians.

On the 4th, there also died, in his eightieth year, Mr. Jonathan Brown, of Pottery Bank, Morpeth, one of the oldest farmers on Mr. Blackett Ord's Newminster estate.

The death was announced, on the 5th of May, of Mr. George Stobart, tailor, Scotswood Road, Newcastle, a gentleman, who, many years ago, was prominently associated with Mr. George Crawshay, and other followers of Mr. Urquhart, in connection with the Foreign Affairs Association.

Mr. John Graham, chemist, one of the oldest tradesmen of Darlington, died in that town on the 5th of May.

On the same day, Mr. John Matheson, who was for upwards of thirty years shipyard manager for Messrs. Andrew Leslie and Co., Hebburn, but who left this district some twelve months ago to take the management of the London Graving Dock Co., Limited, died at his residence in London.

The Most Rev. Dr. Magee, Archbishop of York, also died in London on the 5th of May. His Grace had been ill about a fortnight, and succumbed to the effects of influenza, complicated by bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs. The Archbishop, who was formerly Bishop of Peterborough, and was appointed to the see of York only in January last, was 70 years of age.

On the 6th of May, at the age of 79 years, Mrs. Mary Proud, whose husband, Thomas Proud, was murdered by a man named James Welsh, at Newbrough, near Hexham on the 7th of Feburary, 1847, died at Seaham Harbour, where she had lived since the tragic occurrence. The facts of the tragedy may be summarised thus:—Proud had had one of his children christened on the date named. After tea, he and some male and female friends who formed the christening party repaired to the village inn. Welsh and other men were in the house at the same time, and solicited the party to leave some money behind to drink. The request was not complied with, and when the party left the house Welsh followed them, and, it is alleged, molested one of the females. Proud resented the ill-conduct of Welsh, who, in a fit of fury, stabbed him in the neck with a knife, producing a wound so ghastly that Proud reeled but a few yards, when he dropped dead in the sight of his friends, and almost under the shadow of his own home. Welsh was convicted at the Morpeth Assizes soon after, and was hanged at Morpeth gaol during the same year.

On the 7th of May, the death occurred at Durham of Mr. Thomas Hutton, J.P., at the age of 76 years. The deceased was formerly in business as a bookbinder in the city, but retired from business some years since. He sat as a member of the Town Council from 1854 to 1881 without intermission, retiring at the latter date.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

APRIL.

10.—After eleven days' play, the second draughts tournament held in England was brought to a close, the championship being won by Henry Christie, of Sunderland. Mr. Christie is only twenty-three years of age, but showed remarkable skill in the game from childhood.

HENRY CHRISTIE.

11.—A boiler explosion occurred at Usworth Colliery, in the county of Durham, whereby three men, named Thomas Mitchison, Joseph Armstrong, and William Bell, lost their lives, and other two workmen were severely injured. Thomas Tate, one of the sufferers, died on the 17th.

— A meeting was held at Sea Houses, in furtherance of a scheme of railway communication between North Sunderland Harbour and the main line at Chathill.

12.—A young man, named Joseph Walter Blades, aged 20, died at Middlesbrough, from the effects of injuries received in a football match on the previous day.

—Mr. Thomas Ironsides, farmer, Kibblesworth, completed the hundredth year of his age. On the previous day, which was a Saturday, there were great rejoicings in the village in honour of the event, and the old gentleman led off a merry-making dance with his daughter. On the following day, Mr. Ironsides attended service in Lamesley Church, feeling allusion to his presence being made by the Vicar, the Rev. R. W. Snape. (See page 90.)

13.—The Star Hotel, Alnwick, an old historical house, was completely destroyed by fire.

—The annual meetings of the Durham and Northumberland Congregational Ministers and Churches were inaugurated by a service held in Bath Lane Church, Newcastle, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Alfred Norris, formerly of Tynemouth. The following day was devoted to business, the chair being occupied by Mr. Andrew Common, J.P., of Sunderland. The Rev. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, a native of Hexham, delivered an address on "Christian Conduct and Service." On the 20th Dr. Parker paid a visit to his native town.

14.—The Rev. James Westwater was ordained pastor of the Bridge Street Presbyterian Church, Blyth.

—It was stated that several cases of Russian influenza had occurred in Newcastle and district.

—Mrs. Isabella Jobling, widow of William Jobling, who was executed and gibbeted on Jarrow Slake, in August, 1832, for the murder of Mr. Nicholas Fairles, J.P., died in the South Shields Union Workhouse, at the advanced age of 96 years. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 236).

—At Spennymoor, a man named Hardy, otherwise known as "Sailor Jack," shot and severely injured Sergeant Applegarth, of the Durham County Police Force.

—The old Workhouse at Gateshead, and the land connected with it, were privately sold to Mr. Sisson, Newcastle, on behalf of a client, the intention being to use the ground as sites for dwelling houses.

—A presentation of silver plate was made at Bamburgh Castle to the Rev. D. Dixon-Brown, in recognition of valuable services rendered by him to the Crewe Charity and Estates during the past quarter of a century, a silver toilet case being at the same time presented to Mrs. Dixon-Brown.

—A "united religious conference," in furtherance of temperance, was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

15.—It was announced that, during the previous few days, the Alnwick Board of Health had been excavating Clayport Street from the Spa Well downwards, in order to bring the chalybeate water to the middle of the town. In the course of excavation, the men came upon the remains of the wall and tower which, about three hundred years ago, fortified the town on the west side against irruptions of the Scots and Border mosstroopers; and about the foundations of Clayport Tower some articles of interest to the local antiquary were unearthed, among them a round ball, about 2½ inches in diameter, roughly made from the basaltic rock which outcrops about Stoney Hills.

—A resolution in favour of the establishment of a free library was adopted at a public meeting at West Hartlepool.

—The spring exhibition of the Newcastle, Northumberland, and Durham Botanical and Horticultural Society was opened in the Town Hall, Newcastle. The total proceeds for the two days over which the show extended amounted to £161 10s., or £17 5s. more than last year at the same time.

16.—It was stated that the will of the late Mr. Robert Thomas Wilkinson, solicitor, of Rose Dene, Sunderland, and Holystone, Northumberland, had been proved in the Durham District Probate Division. The personalty was sworn at £45,124 10s. 4d., this being exclusive of all estates in Durham and Northumberland, and also of the ground rents of properties which belonged to the deceased. The testator, in addition to bequests to relatives and friends, and to local charities, left a sum of £10,000 to build a church (furnished with a peal of bells), together with a vicarage house, in connection with the Church of England. Provision was further made for an annual endowment of £300.

—Mr. G. T. France, late chairman of the Gateshead School Board, was presented with a silver tea and coffee service, a cheque for £100, and an illuminated address, in recognition of his services to the town.

—Mr. J. M. Oubridge was elected chairman of the Newcastle Board of Guardians.

17.—The mail steamer Britannia, belonging to the fleet of the Halvorsen Line, sailed from the Tyne

MR. C. JURGENSON.

with a party of British journalists for a short tour in Norway. An extraordinary reception awaited the visitors at Bergen, where they were entertained in princely fashion by Mr. P. G. Halvorsen. Convoys of steamers met and accompanied them through some of the majestic fjords of the country; flags floated from all the ships in the harbour; bands of music enlivened the journey; and salvoes of artillery were fired from the fortress of Bergen. The expedition was organized on this side of the North Sea by Mr. C. Jurgenson, the Newcastle agent of the Halvorsen Line. Captain Bentzon, the commander of the Britannia, so greatly charmed the voyagers by his courtesy and attention, that they afterwards paid a special visit to his ship for the purpose of presenting him with a handsome testimony of their regard and appreciation.

MR. P. G. HALVORSEN.

18.—The new flour mills of the Wholesale Co-operative Society at Dunston-on-Tyne, erected at a cost of nearly £100,000, were formally opened by Mr. J. T. W. Mitchell, chairman of the Wholesale Society. One of the engines was named "Equality" by Mr. T. Burt, M.P., and the other "Fraternity" by Mr. G. Scott, chairman of the Newcastle Branch. The party afterwards proceeded down the river, in specially hired boats, to Tynemouth, and were entertained at the Aquarium. The united production of the mills was estimated at 5,600 sacks per week.

CAPTAIN BENTZON.

—Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., was committed for trial, but admitted to bail, by the Sunderland county magistrates, on a charge of perjury under circumstances arising out of the evictions connected with the strike at Silksworth Colliery.

20.—In the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle, the Rev. A. J. Harrison, D.D., Evidential Missioner of the Church Parochial Mission Society, and Lecturer of the Christian Evidence Society, delivered a lecture on "The Right View of Bible Difficulties," being the first of five lectures, on successive evenings, concerning difficulties in religion.

21.—A verdict of wilful murder was returned by a coroner's jury at Crook against Mrs. Robinson, a woman who, apparently in a state of mental aberration, had hanged her infant child.

—The Cleveland miners agreed to a reduction of 5 per cent. in wages.

—Miss Colenso, daughter of the late Bishop of Natal, delivered a lecture, in the Liberal Club, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, on "England and the Zulus." Mr. F. W. Dendy presided.

22.—The foundation stone of a new Presbyterian Church, to cost about £8,000, was laid in North Bridge Street, Sunderland, by Mr. James Westoll.

—Dr. R. Spence Watson presided at the annual meeting of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society. The report stated that, although there were four lectures fewer, the total attendance during the past session had risen from 27,900 to 31,047.

23.—This being St. George's Day, the usual celebrations took place at the Newcastle Barracks, where the depot of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers was stationed, St. George being the patron saint of the regiment.

—The Rev. Dr. Moulton, President of the Wesleyan Conference, preached in Blenheim Street, Newcastle.

—It was decided to form an association to be styled the Newcastle and Gateshead Builders' Association, and Mr. W. C. Tyrie was elected president.

25.—The North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders held a meeting at West Hartlepool, under the presidency of Mr. Wigham Richardson.

—In the course of some excavations at the top of the narrow lane leading from the Palace Green into the Banks just outside the entrance to the Cathedral in Durham, the workmen came upon the old Roman pavement which lay between the Cathedral and the Castle.

—During the Communion service at St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, the Ven. Archdeacon Martin, of Lindisfarne, formally presented to the Cathedral, as a memorial of the late Mr. Charles S. Saunders, for many years collector of H.M. Customs at Newcastle, an office for the Holy Communion, written and illuminated after the Lindisfarne Gospels in the British Museum, and bound in ancient oak from the bed of the Tyne.

26.—A handsome new Wesleyan Church, which owed its existence to the generosity of the late Mr. Joseph Robinson, of Etal Villa, North Shields, was opened in that town by Dr. Moulton, President of the Conference. The church was erected to the memory of Mr. Robinson's daughter, the wife of Mr. James Joicey, M.P.

27.—A serious fire occurred at the oil and grease works of Messrs. Theo. Phillips and Co., North Road, Middlesbrough, the damage being estimated at £1,500.

25.—A strange marriage ceremony took place at South Shields. A circus curiosity, a little woman 32 inches

high, was joined in matrimony to a man who stood upwards of six feet in his stockings! Another "monstrosity," who had to sign the register by holding the pen between his teeth, he having no arms, gave the bride away. Accompanying the party was an "American giantess" weighing 44 stones, as also a couple of men measuring 7 feet 10 inches and 29½ inches in height respectively. The bride and bridegroom and their friends were connected with a travelling menagerie and circus.

—It transpired that, on the occasion of the recent census in Newcastle, Catherine O'Hara, living with her son in Turner's Entry, Wall Knoll, Pandon, was returned as being 103 years old. The old woman, who is a widow, is totally blind and partially deaf, but she is able, when spoken to loudly, to understand the questions put to her. Mrs. O'Hara seems to have come of a long-lived race, for her father, John Conway, is reputed to have died at Glasgow at the extreme age of 103 years, and she is stated to have had an uncle who died at the Head of the Side, Newcastle, when he was 104 years old. (See page 95.)

CATHERINE O'HARA.

28.—Mr. Robert Laidlaw Dunford, late chairman of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, was entertained to a banquet in the Continental Restaurant, Grainger Street, by the members of the Board and other friends, as a mark of their appreciation of the services rendered by him during his term of office. Mr. J. M. Oubridge, who succeeded Mr. Dunford in the chairmanship, occupied the chair.

—The annual conference and meeting of the Newcastle and Gateshead Auxiliary of the United Kingdom Alliance were held in the Central Hall, Newcastle.

29.—It was announced that Mr. Thomas Stamp Alder had been appointed postmaster at the Northumberland Street post office, Newcastle, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Field.

—It was stated that a letter, from Australia, bearing the simple address "Uncle Toby, England," had safely, and apparently without any delay, reached its destination at the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* Office.

—A Horticultural Mutual Improvement Society was formed in Newcastle.

—The Rev. Canon Greenwell was re-elected President of the Durham and Northumberland Archæological and Architectural Society.

—A fire broke out in the hold of the steamer Tynesider, belonging to the Tyne Steam Shipping Co., while that vessel was proceeding down the river Tyne on a voyage to London.

30.—Mr. Henry Tennant ceased to be general manager of the North-Eastern Railway Company and became one of its directors. (See page 136.)

—At the annual meeting of the Boys' Summer Camp, under the presidency of the Mayor of Newcastle, the report of the hon. secretaries stated that the society had been the means of giving a healthful and invigorating holiday to 166 boys of Newcastle, and 85 of Gateshead, being an increase of 79 on the total of the summer of 1889. The balance sheet showed a balance in hand to the amount of £76 4s. 6d.

MAY.

1.—At a special meeting of the North-Eastern Railway Company at York, it was resolved to issue additional stock to the extent of £1,550,000.

—A fire, attended with great destruction of property, broke out in the shipbuilding works of Martinez-Rivas-Palmer (the last-named representing Sir C. M. Palmer, M.P.), at Bilbao, in Spain.

2.—A married women named Mary M'Laughlin, met with her death under circumstances of violence at Sunderland. James Collins and Elizabeth M'Govering, nephew and aunt, were charged with the murder.

—A collection of 111 lots of water-colour drawings and pictures, the property of the late Mr. Bolckow, M.P., of Middlesbrough, were offered for sale by auction in London, and the total sum they realised was £69,380.

—A demonstration, under the auspices of the Tyneside and National Labour Union, was held at Jarrow, but towards the close of the meeting considerable confusion and uproar prevailed. On the following day (Sunday), what was called a Labour Day Demonstration was held in Newcastle, and here, too, the proceedings were of a very disorderly character.

3.—A special gospel temperance mission was opened in the Central Hall, Newcastle, by Mr. Matthew Burnett, the "Father Matthew of Australia."

4.—It was stated in a local paper that a live toad without a mouth, and with a deformed leg, was said to have been found in Hutton Henry Pit, at a depth of forty fathoms.

—At a meeting of the Watch Committee of the Gateshead Corporation, Mr. John Elliott tendered his resigna-

tion as Chief-Constable of the borough. Mr. Elliott, who was born at Castleton, Cleveland, in 1823, was brought up to the tailoring trade; but, coming to Newcastle, he

drifted into the police service, and was for many years chief of the detective department, before his removal to Gateshead.

—At a meeting of the Committee of Management of the Newcastle Hospital Fund, it was reported that the total sum realised on behalf of the medical charities in October last had amounted to £4,551 10s. 1d.—the largest collection in the history of the fund.

—At the Gateshead Police Court, Catherine Dunn, a widow, was committed for trial, but admitted to bail, on a charge of having caused the death of her daughter, Anastasia, by throwing a poker at her on the 18th of April.

5.—Mr. Arnold Taylor, of the Local Government Board Office, held an inquiry at Stockton as to an application by the Corporation for power to borrow several sums of money for public purposes.

—It was announced that Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., had been appointed by the Prince of Wales one of the governors of the Imperial Institute.

—In the Court of Appeal, judgment was given in the case of Stuart *v.* Bell, which was originally tried before Mr. Justice Wills and a special jury at Leeds, when a verdict was given for plaintiff with £250 damages. The action was brought for alleged slander, the plaintiff being at the time valet to Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, and the defendant Mr. Thomas Bell, then Mayor of Newcastle. The decision of the Court below was now reversed, and the appeal allowed with costs.

6.—The first concert of the Northern Musicians' Benevolent Society was given to a large and fashionable audience in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—At the spring session of the Iron and Steel Institute in London, the Bessemer Gold Medal was awarded to Lord Armstrong for his eminent successes in connection with the iron and steel industries.

7.—On the occasion of Ascension Day, the quinquennial survey of the boundaries of the river Tyne was made in barges and steamers by the Mayor and Corporation of Newcastle. An unusual degree of interest was attached to the proceedings on account of a communication which had been read at a meeting of the City Council on the previous day from the Department of Woods and Forests, setting up a claim on behalf of the Crown to the foreshore on both sides of the Tyne. The ceremony, however, was carried out in the usual way, and the following proclamation was read by the Town Clerk at Spar Hawk and Hedwin Streams:—"O yes, O yes, O yes! Proclamation is hereby made that the soil of the river Tyne, wherever covered with water between Hedwin Streams and Spar Hawk, is within the city and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and belongs to, and is within the jurisdiction of the Mayor, aldermen, and citizens of the said city and county. Dated this 7th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1891.—J. Baxter Ellis, Mayor; Hill Motum, Town Clerk." The aquatic excursion was joined by representatives of all classes of citizens, and the Recorder of Newcastle, Mr. W. Digby Seymour, who was among the guests on board the Mayor's boat, expressed his conviction that the right of the Corporation of Newcastle to the foreshore of the Tyne rested on a sound and solid basis.

—The crew of the Sunderland iron steamer Skyro, who arrived in Portsmouth from Spain, reported that on the 26th of April, when off Gandia, their vessel was destroyed by coming into collision with what appeared to be a stray torpedo.

7.—The late Mr. Robson, of Corbridge, bequeathed to his nephew "his old mahogany desk, with the contents thereof." After his death the bureau was found to contain bank-notes and valuable securities, and the question was to-day raised before Mr. Justice Chitty whether the nephew was entitled to the securities. His lordship decided in the affirmative.

SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF.

8.—In the presence of a large and influential assemblage, the new institute recently formed out of the former Presbyterian Church at the Barras Bridge, Newcastle, for the Tyneside Geographical Society, was inaugurated by Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, President of the Royal Geographical Society. Earl Percy presided, and among those present were the Mayor, the Sheriff, the Bishop, the Vicar, as well as many other prominent citizens of Newcastle, including Mr. G. E. T. Smithson, the hon. secretary of the society. At six o'clock in the evening, a dinner in celebration of the event was held at the County Hotel, the chair being occupied by Mr. Albert Grey, Sir M. E. Grant Duff being among the guests. At a later hour, Mr. Grey, accompanied by the vice-presidents and council, held a reception in the hall of the nstitute, where there was a splendid collection of geographical curiosities on exhibition.

EARL PERCY.

MR. G. E. T. SMITHSON.

—The Hon. T. H. W. Pelham, the commissioner appointed by the Privy Council, held an inquiry at South Stockton with reference to the petition for the

grant of a charter of incorporation to the parish of Thornaby.

—It was found that the miners of Northumberland had, by ballot, refused to accept a proposed reduction of 3¾ per cent. in their wages.

9.—There was launched from the yard of Palmer's Iron and Shipbuilding Company at Jarrow, the clipper-stem screw steamer Francisco Crispi, one of the five vessels to be built by the firm for the Italo-Britannica Steamship Company, an undertaking subsidised by the Italian Government. Among those present on the occasion were Count Tornielli, Italian Ambassador, and the Countess Tornielli, who, on their arrival in Newcastle on the previous day, were officially received by the Mayor, the Sheriff, and other official representatives of the city.

—Washington Hall, in the county of Durham, was formally inaugurated, under the designation of Dame Margaret's Home for Waifs and Strays. The institution, at whose disposal Sir Lowthian Bell had generously placed his mansion and grounds, owed its origin to the efforts of Miss Watson, of St. Thomas's Street, Newcastle, and her friends connected with the Prudhoe Street Mission Rooms and Schools, the first home being a house in Ashburton Crescent, Gosforth. The Mayor of Newcastle presided over the interesting proceedings at Washington, and the opening ceremony was performed by Sir Lowthian Bell, after whose late wife the new home is named. (See page 46.)

10.—The grand organ, built by Messrs. T. C. Lewis and Company, Limited, for St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, was opened by the first of a series of special services, the preacher being the Bishop of Derry, the Right Rev. William Alexander, D.D. Dr. E. H. Turpin, organist of St. Bride's Church, London, presided at the new instrument.

General Occurrences.

APRIL.

12.—Serious disturbances occurred at Bradford in connection with the strike at the Manningham mills, owing to the authorities refusing to allow an open-air meeting near the Town Hall. During the following two days enormous crowds assembled, and made attacks upon the police. Eventually the Riot Act was read, the mob being dispersed by the military and police.

CAPTAIN MACKENZIE.

15.—Death of Captain G. H. Mackenzie, a distinguished chess player, who was born near Aberdeen in 1837. He defeated Herr Anderssen in a chess handicap in 1862. The following year, he espoused the cause of the North in the American Civil War. In 1865 he settled in New York and became known as a skilful chessman. He won the first prize in every American tournament in which he competed, and in the European jousts was frequently a prize winner. His greatest performance was the winning of premier position amongst the twenty-three competitors in a match at Frankfort in 1887. Captain Mackenzie visited the North of England in October, 1889, when he played a series of simultaneous games at Sunderland and South Shields. Our portrait is reproduced from a photograph by Messrs. Downey and Sons, of South Shields, taken at the time of his visit.

19.—Mr. Peter Stewart Macliver, proprietor of the *Western Daily Press*, died at Bristol at the age of 69. He was at one time part proprietor of the *Newcastle Guardian*.

18.—Captain Edmund Hope Verney, R.N., M.P. for North Bucks, was arrested upon his arrival in London from the Continent on a charge of having committed offences under the Criminal Law Amendment Act. At the trial on May 6 he pleaded guilty to having conspired to procure a young woman for immoral purposes, and was sent to prison for twelve months.

23.—The result of an election in Mid-Oxfordshire was declared as follows:—Mr. G. H. Morrell (Conservative), 4,448; Mr. Benson (Gladstonian Liberal), 3,760.

23.—Mr. Goschen submitted the Budget for the year to the House of Commons. He announced a surplus of £2,000,000, and stated that it was the intention of the Government to devote it to the establishing of free education, to the building of barracks, and towards covering the cost of the withdrawal from circulation of light gold.

23.—The ironclad Blanco Encalada was sunk by Chilian Government torpedo boats in Caldera Bay, Chili. Two hundred lives were lost.

24.—A Parliamentary election took place place at Whitehaven, resulting as follows:—Sir J. Bain (Conservative) 1,338, and Mr. Shee (Gladstonian Liberal) 1,105.

26.—Count Von Moltke, the great German strategist, died suddenly at Berlin, in his 91st year.

MAY.

1.—Industrial demonstrations were held on the the Continent. In France and Italy serious disturbances arose.

3.—A demonstration was held in London by the labouring classes in favour of the eight hours movement.

3.—Mr. Barry Sullivan, the popular tragedian, died at Brighton, aged 67.

5.—The Rev. William Connor Magee, D.D., Archbishop of York, died in London, aged 70.

6.—The result of a Parliamentary election in the Stowmarket division of Suffolk was declared thus:—Mr. L. Stern (Liberal), 4,346; Mr. E. W. Greene (Conservative), 4,132.

9.—The result of a Parliamentary election for Harborough Division of Leicestershire was declared as follows:—Mr. J. W. Logan (Gladstonian Liberal), 5,982; Mr. Gerald H. Hardy (Conservative), 5,493.

10.—Mr. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., who took part in a Socialist demonstration at Calais, was arrested the same night, and expelled from French territory.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. V.—No. 53. JULY, 1891. PRICE 6D.

The Entry of Bishop Van Mildert into Durham.

BELIEVING that no complete record exists of the ancient ceremony that took place on Croft Bridge when Dr. Van Mildert, the last Prince Bishop of Durham, entered the diocese in July, 1826, I have compiled an account of that interesting event—an event that is all the more interesting because it has never been repeated since, and will probably never be repeated again. Surtees's "History of Durham" was published before the appointment of Dr. Van Mildert, and nothing beyond a short and very unsatisfactory notice of the ceremony is to be found in Sykes's "Local Records" or any similar work since issued. The writer, then a youth in the Darlington Grammar School, was, with other scholars, few of whom now live, present on the occasion, and saw and heard all that transpired.

The long and beneficent episcopate of Dr. Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, was closed by his death on March 26, 1826. The venerable prelate had ruled the diocese for the space of thirty-five years, he having been installed in 1791. Owing to the peculiar customs and circumstances of the County Palatine, an early choice of a successor was necessary: how necessary may be judged from the following entry in the "Larchfield Diary" of that date:—"In consequence of the death of the Bishop, the Easter Sessions for the trial of prisoners was postponed, as the office of Sheriff ceased then. Until a new Bishop was appointed, no writs were issued, nor could any licenses to marry be granted, as the Chancellor and other ecclesiastical officers ceased to act, and required what was called new patents or re-appointments. The Dean and Chapter took possession of the registry office, so that no will could be inspected." It may be added that Darlington was at the same time deprived of its only civic officer, the Bailiff. Mr. Bowes, who then filled that office, held patents for it from three Bishops, and those patents are still in the possession of the family.

Dr. William Van Mildert, Bishop of Llandaff, was installed Bishop of Durham in London on April 23, and on July 21 following he was installed in his own Cathedral at Durham. Earlier in the latter month he made his formal entrance into his diocese. The following account of this entrance, and of the feudal ceremony on Croft Bridge, is from the memory of the writer and others who were there and saw it, corroborated by a notice of the affair in the *Newcastle Courant* of July 22, 1826:—

On July 14 the right reverend prelate and his suite arrived at Northallerton, of which town he was Lord of the Manor, also of its shire and halmote. His lordship stayed a short time in that town, and then proceeded to Croft, where he remained all night at the Spa Hotel. Next morning there was a vast assemblage of the gentlemen and others of the County Palatine, who, leaving their equipages and horses drawn up in long lines on the north side of the River Tees, proceeded to Croft Bridge, where Mr. Griffith, Under-Sheriff of the County of Durham, Mr. Bowes, the Bishop's bailiff at Darlington, the Sheriff's officers, and Mr. Rayson, the agent of Lady Blackett, who held the manor of Sockburn in trust for her son, were awaiting on the arch where the County Palatine and the North Riding of Yorkshire join. Among the gentlemen who had assembled to greet and welcome the new Count Palatine, were Henry Blackett, Esq., who was afterwards Lord of Sockburn; Colonel Chaytor and his sons—Mr. W. R. C. Chaytor, after-

wards Sir William Chaytor, Mr. John Clairvaux Chaytor, now of Croft, Mr. Henry Chaytor, now of Witton Castle, and Mr. Matthew Hutton Chaytor; the Rev. James Dalton, rector of Croft; his son Charles, afterwards General Dalton, of the Royal Artillery; Mr. Trotter, now the Rev. T. L. Trotter, rector of Great Stainton; Lieutenant-General Aylmer, of Walworth Castle; Mr. John Allan, of Blackwell Hall; Major Hartley, of Middleton Lodge; Captain Cumby, R.N., of Heighington (one of Nelson's captains at Trafalgar); Mr. William Skinner, Mr. John Wilkinson, and Mr. Leonard Raisbeck, of Stockton, and the Mayor and Corporation of that town; the Rev. Mr. Headlam, Mr. Francis Mewburn, Mr. Hodgson, of Auckland, and his son, now Major Hodgson, of Gainford: and many other gentlemen and clergymen from various parts of the county. There was also a considerable number of ladies, with Mrs. Dalton and the young ladies from the Rectory.

A little after 11 o'clock the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Barrington arrived, and soon after the ceremony took place by which the manor of Sockburn is held. First came the Prince Bishop in his carriage, drawn by six horses, attended by three gentlemen. Then another carriage and four horses, in which were the Bishop's wife and her attendants, other carriages following. As soon as Dr. Van Mildert came to the division arch, a gentleman representing the Lord of Sockburn presented, on his behalf, the historic sword, the Sockburn falchion, and thus addressed his lordship:—"My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which the king then reigning gave him the Manor of Sockburn to hold by this tenure that upon the first entrance of every Bishop into the county this falchion should be presented." The Bishop took the sword into his hand, and, courteously wishing the Lord of Sockburn health and long life, returned it to the bearer.

Crossing the bridge, the procession was then formed in the following order:—Sheriff's officers mounted, with white wands, leading the horsemen; three of the Bishop's outriders; his lordship in his carriage and six horses; the Bishop's wife in her carriage and four; Lord Barrington in his carriage and four; carriages of the county gentry, clergy, and others, numbering about 50, including a number of gigs and other more humble conveyances.

The procession reached Darlington about 12 o'clock, where all were anxious to see the new Bishop. A splendid lunch was provided at Mr. Scott's, the King's Head, and about a hundred gentlemen were introduced to the Bishop. His lordship was much gratified with his reception, and he seems to have made a most favourable impression upon all. About 2 o'clock his lordship entered his carriage and drove to Auckland, where he was warmly welcomed. Amidst the applause of the people the Count Palatine, the last of an illustrious line, a line of which Durham may justly be proud, entered the stately palace of his predecessors. A most sumptuous feast was prepared. The "Larchfield Diary," whose writer (Mr. Francis Mewburn) was one of the guests, mentions with many encomiums the rare and choice wines, and also the justice which the assembled party did to them.

An incident in the procession to Auckland, related to me by an eye-witness (Mr. James Thompson, now of Hurworth House), produced considerable mirth. The parish clerk of Auckland wished to show respect to the new Count Palatine. Not possessing a horse, he borrowed a piebald steed belonging a circus then in the town, and, accompanied by the proprietor on another piebald, joined in the cavalcade. Much laughter was caused by the exertions of the clerk to maintain his equilibrium in his unaccustomed position.

It seems from a letter of Bishop Cosin to Dr. Sancroft (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), that the falchion ceremony was, at any rate occasionally, performed *in* the Tees, most likely at Neasham. The Bishop thus writes under date of August 22, 1661:—"The confluence and alacritie of ye gentry, clergy, and other people was very great, and at my first entrance through the river of Tease there was scarce any water to be seene for the multitude of horse and men yt filled it when ye sword yt killed ye dragone was delivered to me with all the formality of trumpets and gunshots and acclamations yt might be made. I am not affected with such shews; but, however ye cheerfullness of ye county in the reception of their Bishop is a good earnest given for better matters, which, by the grace and blessing of God, may in good time follow them."

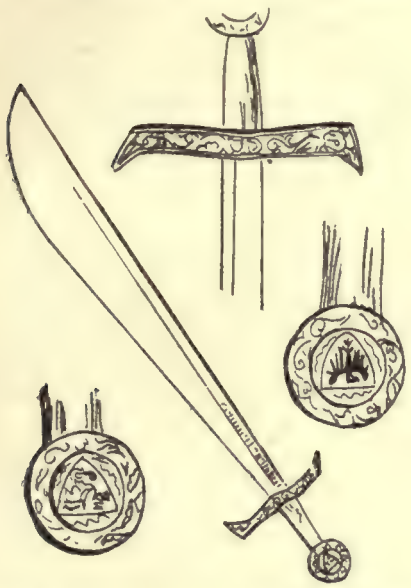
Various opinions have been expressed as to what was the origin of this curious ceremony. Pennant thinks it refers to a victory over the Scots; Hutchinson imagines that the dragon was some Danish rover who was ravaging the country and was slain by Conyers; while Surtees says:—"It would not be difficult to connect the falchion legend with the real exploits of Roger de Conyers, Constable of Durham Castle, Comyn, who had usurped the See and was defeated by the Constable, playing the part of the dragon." Some little confirmation of Surtees's theory may be found in the fact that the grant of Sockburn was made by the Bishop, and not by the reigning Monarch, as stated in the ceremony at Croft Bridge, though it might have been confirmed by the latter. Others have thought the ceremony refers to some actual fact now lost in the obscurity of ages, when some huge serpent or lizard, such as we know formerly existed on the earth, was slain. In the tradition recorded in the Bowes MSS., the creature is called "a wyverne or aske," the latter being the local name for lizard. Science, which usually does so much to dispel false notions, teaches us that huge lizards did once roam the earth. Is it not possible that some of these monsters might still have been living in ancient times, and that popular ignorance and

fear might have endowed them with terrors greater even than those they possessed? If, sixty years ago, any one had asserted that elephants once roved over the plains of Siberia, he would have met only with ridicule and contempt. Yet we know now that elephants did flourish there, as their frozen carcases are still occasionally found. It is therefore not altogether impossible that the Sockburn "wyverne or aske," the "Lambton worm," and many other similar creatures, may be something more than myths.* JOHN BOUSFIELD.

The Conyers Falchion.

This celebrated weapon (of which we give a drawing) was exhibited at a meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries on April 29, 1891.

Mr. Robert Blair, the secretary of the society, stated that Sir Edward Blackett, to whom the falchion now belongs, found, when it came into his possession, the



following memorandum in his father's handwriting, attached to the hilt:—

Sir Edward Blackett now represents the person of Sir John Conyers, who in the year 1063, in the fields of Sockburn, slew with this falchion, according to ancient story, a dragon, worm, or flying serpent, which devoured men, women, and children. The owner of Sockburn, as a reward for his bravery, gave Sir John the manor of Sockburn for him and his heirs for ever, on condition of his meeting the Lord Bishop of Durham with this falchion on his first entrance into his diocese after appointment. The tenure is distinctly noticed in the inquest on Sir John Conyers, A.D., 1396. The arms on one side of the pommel are those of England as borne by the Plantagenets from John to Edward III. The eagle on the other side is said to belong to Morcar, the Saxon Earl of Northumberland.

Mr C. C. Hodges said he had made a rubbing of the ornament upon the guard, which he showed to the Rev. Canon Greenwell. They carefully compared it with examples in the library of Durham, and came to the conclusion that the date was probably not later than 1200, though it might be as early as 1180. It was certainly the earliest sword in the Northern Counties. The pommel and the guard were made of bronze. The arms upon the pommel were an incised lion, of the character met with in late Norman architecture and in MSS. of about the close of the last quarter of the 12th century.

Mr. J. R. Boyle remarked that the Conyers family dated back to the very remotest antiquity; but the last male representative of the line died, early in the present century, a pauper in Chester-le-Street!

*For further particulars anent the ancient legend of the Sockburn Worm see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 518.

Dorothy Wordsworth.

THE constant companionship, sympathy, and affection of Dorothy Wordsworth for her brother William had so important an effect on his life and works, that a slight acquaintance with her history and character is almost necessary to any one wishing to understand the inner heart of the poet himself. Somewhere in the "Prelude" he compared his soul to an arid rock, untouched by the softening effects of sunshine and shower, without any nooks or crannies where flowers might lurk. His sister came with her tender influence, sowed on it the needed flowers, and touched it with mellowing hues. Well indeed did her name, in its Greek meaning "the gift of God," prefigure the relation in which she stood to him. To use his own words—

> She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares, and delicate fears:
> A heart the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love and thought and joy.

Born at Cockermouth in 1771, Dorothy was not quite two years younger than her brother. Devotedly attached to each other, they passed their infancy on the very margin of the Lake District, a neighbourhood calculated to arouse their dormant love of the beautiful, while the blue mountains in the distance, suggesting a country of romance and mystery, awoke in their dual souls a yearning love of nature which ever after dominated their existence. From all accounts, William Wordsworth was naturally a reserved, morose boy. Fortunately, his sister's loving tenderness and sweetness produced a beneficial change in his surly disposition. The poet himself alludes to this contrast in their characters in verses relating to their childhood, in which he says—

> My sister Emmeline and I
> Together chased the butterfly,
> A very hunter did *I* rush
> Upon the prey.
> But SHE, God love her! feared to brush
> The dust from off its wings.

After some happy years passed together, the household

was broken up on the death of Mrs. Wordsworth. William was sent to school, and his sister Dorothy was removed from Cockermouth to Penrith, and eventually placed under the care of her mother's cousin, Miss Threlkeld, at Halifax, Yorkshire, where she was principally educated. During the summer of 1788 she, for a brief but joyous period, enjoyed the society of her brother. They met at Penrith; revisited all their childish haunts; wandered by the banks of Eamont, among the woods of Lowther; and, climbing the Beacon Hill, looked wistfully towards the dim regions of Scotland, even then planning a visit to that country, which was as yet unknown to either of them. After this pleasant reunion, Wordsworth went to Cambridge. Dorothy, as she grew to womanhood, resided for a time with her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Cookson, Canon of Windsor. There she might have passed her life quietly and decorously, under dignified auspices, but her intense love for her brother opened to her a vista of nobler prospects; and, when opportunity offered, she did not hesitate to leave her influential relatives and become the companion, friend, and pupil of him who became with her assistance the most original and meditative of all the Lake Poets. After leaving Cambridge, Wordsworth went to France, and watched with ardent enthusiasm the progress of that Revolution which was expected to emancipate mankind. The many and glaring excesses committed by the so-called friends of freedom disheartened and distressed him. In 1794, he returned to England with all his high hopes dashed to the ground, his spirits darkened and depressed, his mind ill at ease, and his opinions, political, philosophical, and religious, all alike unsettled and at sea. Happily, at this dark period in his mind's history, a kind Providence placed his sister by his side. She discerned his real needs, and with fine tact turned his bewildered and despairing soul from abstract speculations, and directed his thoughts towards poetry and truth.

> Then it was
> That the beloved sister in whose sight
> These days were passed
> . . . . . .
> . . . Whispered that brightness would return.
> She in the midst of all preserved me still
> A poet, made me seek beneath that name,
> And that alone, my office upon earth.

About this time, Wordsworth, finding his money gone and his belief shaken, gave up all hopes of church or bar, and contemplated going to London and trying to earn his bread and butter as a newspaper writer; but it was ordered otherwise. During a pedestrian tour with his sister from Kendal to Grasmere, and then to Keswick, "through the most delightful country ever seen," they learned that a young friend had bequeathed him a legacy of £900. This piece of good fortune changed the current of his ideas, and seldom has such a bequest been put to better use. The brother and sister cast in their lots together, and on this small sum, and £100 received for the "Lyrical Ballads," they contrived to live and travel for nearly eight years. In the autumn of 1795 they settled down in a retired little house near the Quantock Hills, Somersetshire, and from this time we may date the commencement of Wordsworth's self-dedication to poetry as the main business of his life; while Dorothy not only attended to household duties, but, with her fervid imagination, encouraged her brother to further poetic efforts. There was little or no society in the neighbourhood, but long years after she spoke with affectionate recollection of the time passed there, for it was the first real home she had. Solitary as was the life they led, one notable man, Coleridge, was a frequent visitor. In a letter to a friend, he relates that "Wordsworth and his exquisite sister are with me; she is a woman indeed—in mind I mean, and in heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty. Her manners are simple, ardent, and impressive; in every motion her innocent soul beams so brightly that whoever saw her would say guilt was a thing impossible with her."

After three pleasant years passed in the South of England, a spirit of unrest took possession of Wordsworth and his sister, and they sought change of scene. Several months were spent in Germany, and they paid a long visit to their relatives at Sockburn-on-Tees. Then, tired of wandering, early recollections and associations determined them to reside permanently in the Lake District. Leaving their Durham friends at the close of the year, they walked through Wensleydale over Sedbergh's naked heights and the high range that divides Yorkshire from Cumberland, and arrived in mid-winter at the small two-storey cottage in that part of Grasmere known as Townend, which was to be their home for eight years. (For a sketch of Dove Cottage, Townend, see page 105.) Here they lived on their little income, Dorothy doing all the household work, for they had no servant. Besides her domestic employments, she wrote out all her brother's poems from his dictation, for he never could bear the strain of transcribing. In addition, she sympathised with him, counselled him, cheered him, and finally engrafted on his austere disposition her own impassioned love of all that is beautiful. While thus ministering to his spiritual wants, she never for one moment neglected his material comfort.

The years passed at Grasmere mark an important era in English literature; it was during this time that Wordsworth's genius was at its brightest and best. Dorothy was ever at his side, and many of his poems are merely rhythmic versions of her descriptions. Most people are familiar with the well-known poem on daffodils, and no better instance can be given of her influence than the following quotation from her journal which Wordsworth embodied in verse:—"When we were in the woods below Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils

close by the water side; as we went on there were more and yet more; and at last under the boughs of the trees we saw a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them; some rested their heads on the stones, as on a pillow; the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing."

Sometimes it is even doubtful as to whether the sister's prose is not truer poetry than the brother's verse. Certainly nothing can be more charming than her description of the "lady of the woods" on a bright, breezy day:—"Our favourite birch tree was yielding to the gusts of the wind with all its tender twigs; the sun shone on it, and it glanced in the wood like a flying sunshiny shower. It was a tree in shape, with stem and branches, but it was like a spirit of water." In 1802, Wordsworth married his cousin and early playfellow, Mary Hutchinson; but the bride's advent at Grasmere brought little change to Dorothy, who continued to fill the same place, sharing the household duties with her sister-in-law, writing out and suggesting poems to her brother; and in addition was always ready, wet or dry, sunshine or rain, night or day, to accompany him on his endless rambles, for Mrs. Wordsworth was never fond of walking. De Quincey gives a graphic account of a visit he paid to the poet's home after his marriage, and describes delightfully the cottage with its diamond-paned windows embowered in roses and honeysuckle, the small, exquisitely clean rooms, the quiet hospitality and simple domestic arrangements of the humble *ménage*. The utter absence of all effort to disguise their honourable poverty struck him with admiration, for, out of that plain living which circumstances enforced, how much high thinking came! It is curious to find that Mrs. Wordsworth, who has been handed down to posterity by her husband "as a phantom of delight," was (according to the great opium-eater) really a plain-looking woman, with a decided squint, and so silent that it was alleged she could only say "God bless you." Perhaps this very silence was one of the reasons why she and Miss Wordsworth lived so happily together, for Dorothy, with her face of Egyptian brown, wild and startling eyes, whose hurried motions denoted her nervous and high-strung temperament, was not the easiest person in the world to get on with.

It was in August, 1803, that Dorothy Wordsworth, though born and reared in sight of Scotland, first set her foot on Scottish ground. Accompanied by her brother William and Coleridge, she set out from Keswick mounted on an outlandish Irish car, the whole party attired in such shabby garments that even the small innkeepers where they lodged must have taken them for "a wheen gangrel bodies," or some offshoot of the many strange religious sects who then abounded on the Borders. Yet what a trio they were! Some friend of Coleridge's remarked once that he talked like an angel, and did nothing. If the "Ancient Mariner" was nothing, what must his talk have been? But although Dorothy Wordsworth has left a vivid record of all she *saw*, there is not a word as to what was *said*. The journey, however, bore abundant fruits, not only in the poems composed by Wordsworth, but in the very remarkable journal kept by his sister during that memorable six weeks. This journal, which remained unpublished for seventy years, is now not only valuable for its historic interest, marking as it does the state of Scotland ninety years ago, but its entries are so truthful and exact that each place described in it seems touched by a light which must consecrate it for ever. Delightful as are the accounts of places they visited, one place they left unseen gains an additional charm from its association with this vagrom tour.

As they travelled homewards down the banks of the Tweed, Dorothy, knowing that the river Yarrow was within an hour's walk, felt most anxious to visit the romantic stream. Wordsworth, probably for some quite prosaic reason, to her great astonishment declined to do so. But the little discussion roused thoughts and feelings which took shape in verse, and "Yarrow Unvisited" remains to us a pleasing proof of fraternal comradeship. It is written in a gayer mood than was usual with Wordsworth. The metre resembles that of the old ballads, and, though not pitched throughout in his highest strain, contains two of his best stanzas. The first verses describe their Scotch wanderings:—

> And when we came to Clovenford,
> Then said my winsome marrow,
> "Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside
> And see the braes of Yarrow."

To this importunity the poet replied that they had seen many famous rivers in Scotland, and that other streams were yet before them.

> There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
> Made blithe with plough and harrow;
> Why throw away a needful day
> To go in search of Yarrow?
>
> What's Yarrow but a river bare
> That glides the dark hills under?
> There are a thousand such elsewhere
> As worthy of your wonder.

His winsome marrow looks up in his face somewhat surprised and pained at what seems scorn of the song-honoured river. Touched by her look, he, in more serious manner, replies, admitting that there must be something worth seeing about the fair flowing river, with its treasured tales of times long past. He assures her, however, that for the present it must remain a dream, and in a cheerful spirit concludes the poem with the comforting hope that

> Should life be dull and spirits low,
> 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
> That earth has something yet to show,
> The bonny holms of Yarrow.

Wordsworth did visit, and revisited, its bonny braes,

but for poor Dorothy the stream remained for ever unseen and unknown.

As the poet's family increased, so did his income. He received a Government appointment with a salary of £500 a year, had other legacies left him, and found himself in a position to move to a more commodious dwelling. His first migration was to Allen Bank; then he removed to the parsonage at Grasmere, and finally he went to Rydal Mount. In all these changes of abode Dorothy accompanied him, and shared his joys and troubles. With gifts which, had she chosen, might have won her literary distinction, she was content to forget herself, merge all her interests in her brother's, and allow her thoughts to find voice only in his poetry. Refusing many offers of marriage, she gave herself up to one work—to live only for and in him. When he was at last acknowledged by the world as the great original poet of the century, she who had helped to make him so was almost past rejoicing at her work. In 1829 severe illness so prostrated her mind and body that she never recovered her former health. She had exhausted herself in her ceaseless efforts to smooth the path of her earthly idol, and the continuous strain wore out that once buoyant frame and fervid spirit. But not before her self-imposed task was accomplished, and she was content to know that he to whom she had dedicated her days was happy, famous, and prosperous. Though mentally and bodily feeble, she outlived her brother. She died at Rydal Mount in 1856, aged eighty-three, and now rests with her beloved kindred in the green churchyard at Grasmere; the clear waters of the Rothay, which in life she loved so well, murmuring a perpetual lullaby a few yards from her grave.

M. S. HARDCASTLE.

The Maddison Monument.

ONE of the chief adornments of the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas', Newcastle, is the elaborate sculpture here represented, known as the Maddison Monument. It commemorates three generations of the worshipful family of Maddison, who were municipal dignitaries in Newcastle during the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. Lionel Maddison, the founder of the family, came to Newcastle from Unthank, near Stanhope, became alderman and Sheriff, and was twice Mayor of Newcastle. His only son, Henry Maddison, was Mayor also. Henry was the father of sixteen children, of whom the eldest, Lionel, being Mayor of the town in 1633 when Charles I. passed through on his way to be crowned in Scotland, received the honour of knighthood.

The monument appears to have been erected by Sir Lionel soon after the death of his father. At the top are statues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Faith, on the left, is represented in a sitting posture, holding a book in one hand, and a cross in the other; Hope, to the right, reclines on her anchor in an attitude of aspiration; Charity, in the centre, stands erect, holding in her right hand a flaming heart. Under the statue of Faith are inscribed the words "Memoriæ Sacrvm"—sacred to the memory; below Hope is written "Memorare Novissima"—to relate the last words.

In the body of the monument are six kneeling figures—three men and three women. Those on the left are Alderman Lionel Maddison and Jane Seymour, his wife. The central figures are Henry Maddison, their son, and his wife, Elizabeth Barker. The effigy in

The Maddison Monument.

armour on the right is Sir Lionel Maddison, and behind him kneels Anne Hall, his wife. Below the principal figures are sixteen smaller ones, representing Henry Maddison's sixteen children—ten sons and six daughters. Above are coats of arms indicating the family alliances—Maddison quartering respectively Marley, Seymour, Barker, and Hall.

Under the figures of Alderman Lionel Maddison and his wife, on the left side of the monument, is the inscription:—

Here rests in Christian hope ye Bodies of Lionell Maddison, sone to Rowland Maddison of Vnthanke in ye covnty of Durham, Esq. and of Iane his wife. Shee Died Ivly 9, 1611. Hee having been thrice Maior of this Towne Departed Dec. 6, 1624, aged 94 Yeares. Hee

liued to see his onely sonne Henry Father to a Fayre & numerous Issue.

The two panels in front, beneath the figures of Henry and his wife, are inscribed as follows :—

Here Interred also are the Bodys of Henry Maddison & Elizabeth his Wife (Davghter to Robert Barker of this Towne Alderman) who liued together most comfortably and louingly in trve Wedlock ye space of 40 Yeares. He was sometyme Maior of this Towne & having liued in good name & fame 60 Yeares Deceased in ye trve Faith of Christ the 14th of Ivly 1634.

Elizabeth his only Wife had issve by him ten sonnes Sr Lionell Maddison Kt., Raphe, Robert, William, Henry, Peter, George, Timothy & Thomas, & six Davghters Iane, Svsan, Elizabeth, Barbara, Elenor & Iane. All the sonns at his death were liuing but Iohn, who died in ye late Expedition to Cadiz. She liued his Widow 19 Years and being Aged 79 Years Dyed the 24 of September 1653.

The panel to the right, beneath Sir Lionel and his wife, was left blank for their descendants to fill up. For some reason or other—perhaps, as Brand suggests, because of the knight's defection from the cause of the king—this panel remained unappropriated for more than two hundred years. But when St. Nicholas' was restored in 1873-77, and the monument was removed from the western pillar of the south aisle of the chancel, cleaned, and set up in the south transept, Mr. Henry Maddison, of Darlington (who died in Newcastle February 6, 1891) caused the space to be filled with the following inscription :—

In this chvrch are also interred the mortal remains of Sir Lionel Maddison, Knt. (descended from the ancient and worshipfvl family of Maddison of Ellergill & Vnthank, co. Dvrham) who was Mayor of this town in 1632, & died in Nov. 1646, aged 51 Years; & of Anne his wife, who was sister and co-heiress of Sir Alexander Hall, Knt. and died in April, 1633.

[This date, by the way, is wrong. Lady Anne Maddison was buried on the 14th of April, 1663.]

Beneath the panels are four Latin mottoes. To the left, under Lionel's wife, "Animæ svper æthera vivunt"—Souls live above the sky. Beneath Lionel and Henry, "Decus vitæ est honorata mors"—The glory of life is an honoured death. Under Sir Lionel and his mother, "Beati mortui qui in Domino morivntur"—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Below Sir Lionel's wife, "Serius aut citius Metam properamus ad vnam"—Sooner or later we all hasten to one goal.

Originally the base of the monument contained a series of small shields indicating the marriages of Sir Lionel Maddison's brothers and sisters, but these have long disappeared. So far as can be ascertained the marriages were as follows :—Ralph, to Elizabeth, sister to Sir Lionel's wife; Robert, to a Miss Draper; William, to Rebecca Gray; Henry (Sheriff of Newcastle, 1642-43, and Mayor, 1665-66), to Gertrude, daughter of Sir George Tonge; Peter (Sheriff of Newcastle, 1637-38), to Elizabeth Marley; Thomas, to Jane, daughter of Ralph Cock; Jane, to William, son of Sir Nicholas Tempest; Elizabeth, 1st to William Bewicke, son of Robert Bewicke the Puritan Mayor, and 2ndly to Thomas Loraine, of Kirkharle; Eleanor, to Sir Francis Bowes; Jane (born after the first Jane's death), to Sir James Clavering.

Sir Lionel Maddison left an only daughter, Elizabeth, who married Feb. 27, 1639-40, Sir George Vane of Longnewton, Knt., second son of Sir Henry Vane of Raby Castle, and brother of Sir Harry Vane of the Commonwealth. From this marriage the noble house of Londonderry traces its descent. RICHARD WELFORD.

A Reminiscence of Mrs. Montagu.

AN original, but hitherto unpublished, letter of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, who formerly resided at Denton Hall, Northumberland (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, p. 132), shows that, regardless of the constant sneers at Tyneside, its scenery, the people and their customs, which appear in her other letters, the writer still had a warm affection and remembrance for her neighbourhood and dependents, and that even at her then advanced age she had the welfare of her workpeople and tenants even in the Far North always at heart.

The letter, which is now in my possession, is dated October 20, and was franked at London "October the twenty-first, 1794." It is addressed to a Mr. Woodhouse, Scotswood, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was apparently written at her residence at Sandleford, near Newbury, Berkshire. Who Mr. Woodhouse was I am unable to say, but, from the number of instructions and advice she gives him, he may probably have been her steward or agent.

The following is a copy of the letter :—

Oct. 20. 30.

My good Friend,—My dear Mrs. M. Montagu's bad complaint in her eyes made it necessary for her to go to London for advice, which I thank God has much relieved her, as yr letter of yesterday informed me. For the first three days she was not sensible of any benefit, but there is now hope every day will bring on a further amendment.

As my House is not near so cheerfull as when my young Friends are here, I intend to be in London ye 2d day of Novbr. In ye meantime you may direct yr letters rather to Manchester Square than Sandleford, lest any inducement should carry me to London sooner than I intend.

Pray give yr enclosed immediately to yr School Master who is to be my Butler. I wd have pottatoes, barley, and butter as usual, and shall want also Coal, and I should be glad of a dry'd Salmon.

I desire old Mrs. Brown may be told I wish to have her spin me some Huck a back, and that I shall set a great value upon it for her sake, and give my love to her and her good old man. I hope you sent them a goose and barrel of beer at Michaelmas.

I was glad to learn by your letter that our Pittmen keep constant at their work. I believe I mentioned to you that you are to give Dixon five guineas towards his journey, and to advance him a quarter's wages if it will be useful to him.

I had designed to write to your dear wife to-day, but was prevented by a very large party coming to see me at this place. Pray give my kindest love to her and all yr family.

I am ever yours and your dear wife's
most sincere and affectionate Friend,
ELIZ. MONTAGU.

The handwriting is small, neat, and precise. The

number 30 in the top right hand corner I am unable to explain, nor can I say what "your enclosed" was, unless it was another letter. What a tale of degeneration the words "your schoolmaster who is to be my butler" imply! Mrs. M. Montagu was the wife of Matthew Robinson, a nephew of the writer's, who took at her request the name of Montagu. From the words "as usual" which succeed "pottatoes, barley, and butter," it may be presumed that these articles, when produced in her Northern home, found greater favour with the worthy lady than those produced on her more Southern estates, and that Denton regularly supplied Sandleford, and in all probability Manchester Square as well (the London house was situated in Manchester Square). Huck-a-back was a coarse kind of linen cloth used for household purposes, which until I read the above letter I was unaware was spun in Northumberland.

PERCY S. HOYLE.

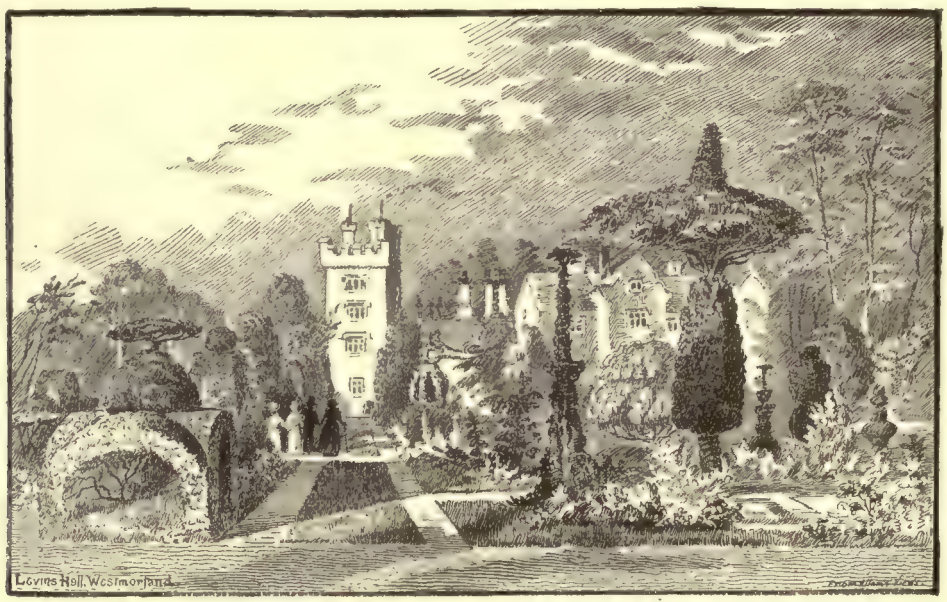
Levens Hall, Westmoreland.

ONE of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of Kendal, the chief town of Westmoreland, is Levens Hall, a venerable mansion, built in the old English style, which has belonged successively to the Redmans, the Bellinghams, the Grahams, and the Howards.

The antiquary and the archæologist will here find many rare curiosities to arrest attention. In the interior there is an endless variety of carved work, consisting of figures, emblems, and ornaments, which are said to date from the time of Queen Elizabeth. These artistic productions were executed to the order of one of the Bellinghams, who expressed his determination to "outdo his contemporary, Walter Strickland of Sizergh." The carved work in the north dining-room alone was valued, fifty years ago, at not less than £3,000. The chimney piece is supported by figures of Hercules and Samson, and in compartments are representations of the four elements, the four seasons, and the five senses. Another room is hung with Gobeline tapestry depicting an Italian legend, while other rooms are adorned with hangings of great costliness and beauty. Various relics of a turbulent age are to be found in the entrance hall, and the principal rooms are hung with noble pictures.

The fame of Levens Hall rests, however, not so much upon its interior adornments as upon its gardens, which are laid out in a very quaint style. They were originally designed by Beaumont, gardener to James II., who lived with the owner of Levens Hall during the troublous times that befel his master. For many years they were in a wild and neglected state; but Colonel Howard greatly improved them, without changing their original character, having had the assistance of Mr. Archibald Forbes, author of a work entitled "Ornamental Gardening." As will be seen from our drawing, which is reproduced from Allom's Views, the yews, hollies, and other evergreens have been cut into many shapes, more remarkable for eccentricity than beauty; but they are undoubtedly fine specimens of toparian art, and always excite the admiration of landscape gardeners.

An old custom was annually observed at Levens Hall on May 12. The Mayor and Corporation of Kendal,



after having assembled at Milnthorpe, and proclaimed the fair there, adjourned to the gardens to witness athletic sports, bowling, &c. An excessively strong ale, called "Morocco," with bread and butter and radishes, was served out to all present. This annual festival dates from the time of Colonel Graham.

Levens Hall is surrounded by a park containing many beautiful trees. The river Kent enters the demesne at the north by a waterfall, called Levens Force, and winds through the estate for a distance of about a mile and a-half. On the southern side of the river, at a place called Kirksteads, are the remains of a circular building alleged by authorities to be a temple devoted to Diana. In the same locality is a spring known as the Dropping Well, which is endowed with petrifying qualities, like the Dropping Well of Knaresborough. "In a short time the water turns moss, wood, leaves, and the like into stone," or rather the appearance of stone.

The Bumler Box.

MIDDLE-AGED residents in Newcastle will remember a curious structure that was exposed to view when St. John's Lane was being converted into West Grainger Street. This structure was part of an old tannery that stood somewhere behind the Scotch Arms in Newgate Street. It presented so curious an appearance to the wayfarer during the time West Grainger Street was in process of construction that it received many popular and appropriate names, such as "Bumler Box," "Noah's Ark," and "Hancock's Birdcage." A photograph of this strange structure was taken at the time by the late Mr. William Guthrie, who was attached to the Tyne Theatre, and who established a photographic business in Nun Street some twenty-five or thirty years ago. The accompanying sketch is copied from Mr. Guthrie's photograph. It will be seen that Madame Tonnelier, the well-known vocalist, was performing in opera at the Tyne Theatre when the Bumler Box was one of the curiosities of Newcastle.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

George Grey,

COUNSELLOR AND DIARIST.

A BRANCH of the far-spreading family of Grey was established at Southwick, in the parish of Monkwearmouth, by George Grey, of Barton in Rydale, Yorkshire, who, about the year 1630, purchased the freehold estate of the Hedworths in that village. The eldest son of the settler, George Grey No. 2, a Captain of Foot for the Parliament in the Northern Association, who married a Robinson of Rokeby for his first wife and a Newcastle lady for his second, left, among other issue, George Grey No. 3, a well-known clegyman. The clergyman—rector of Law-

The Bumler Box. Newcastle, 1866.

ton, in Cheshire, for a time, and afterwards for about thirty years rector of Burniston, near Bedale, became the father of two notable men—Dr. Zachary Grey, the learned editor of "Hudibras" and opponent of Warburton, and George Grey No. 4, counsellor at law in Newcastle.

Counsellor George Grey was born at Lawton on the 20th of October, 1680, and received his early education at Burniston Grammar School. From thence he was sent to the University of Edinburgh and then proceeded to Howgrave, to study law under Thomas Bendloes. The next step in his educational progress was his entry in May, 1699, as a student at Gray's Inn, London. For a couple of years he had chambers there, but in 1701 he exchanged these for lodgings at the house of Jacob Tonson, the original publisher of Milton's "Paradise Lost," Dryden's Plays, and other famous works. With Tonson he remained till he was called to the bar in 1706 and commenced practice. Choosing the Northern Circuit as the one most likely to yield him clients he came down to York Assizes in 1710, and thence followed the judges to Durham and Newcastle—a memorable journey, which led to his marriage. For as he was lodging in the house of one Robert Sutton, at Gateshead, his landlady told him of a young lady, Alice, daughter of James Clavering, of Greencroft, and granddaughter of Sir James Clavering, of Axwell, who would make him a suitable wife. During the winter following, being on a visit to her great-uncle, Robert Ellison, of Hebburn, he was taken to a party at Ravensworth Castle, at which Miss Clavering was a guest. He came, saw, and conquered—in other words, he fell in love with the maiden, proposed for her hand, was accepted, and on the 13th October, 1712, married.

By the death of his father the year before, young Mr. Grey had received his share of the family property at Southwick; besides which he was heir to the Newton Picot estate of an uncle, the Rev. Matthew Robinson, of Burniston. So, to be near Southwick, and not too far from his wife's relatives at Greencroft, and at the same time to keep in touch with a great commercial centre, out of which pretty constant employment for lawyers never fails to arise, the young couple settled in Newcastle. We know from Bourne's history whereabouts in the town they lived. "Lower down a little," writes the historian, describing the Bailiffgate end of Westgate Street, "almost at the End of the Street, on that same Side of the Street where are the Houses of George Grey, Esq., Mr. Anderson, etc., was the House of the Carmelites or White Fryers." Somewhere, therefore, between Westmorland House and the Postern lived Counsellor George and Mrs. Grey at the date of Bourne's history.

In Newcastle, practising chiefly as a chamber counsel, and varying his professional work with the life of a country gentleman upon the family estate at Southwick, Mr. Grey resided for sixty years. If not exactly a public man in the sense of occupying an official position, or taking a prominent part in the political or municipal life of the town, he was eminent in legal acquirements and professional influence. In what may be termed the unpublished history of the Northern Counties—wills and deeds, transmissions of property, pleadings at the Assizes and in the Courts of Law at Westminster—his name constantly appears. Thus, Mrs. Anne Davison, making her will in December, 1719, left the surplus of her personal estate to him and three others, to be devoted to purposes of charity, and he, outliving his co-trustee, founded with the proceeds the almshouses in the Manors for widows of clergymen and merchants which, until swept away by the railway, was known as Davison's Hospital. In like manner Barbara Gee, widow, made him, with Benjamin Bennet (author of "The Irenicum"), Joseph Airey, and another, a trustee of her will, by which she charged property in Pilgrim Street, now covered by the Royal Arcade, with payment of £6 10s. per annum to the minister of the Close Gate Meeting House—a payment that is still received by the trustees of the Church of the Divine Unity in Newcastle.

Moving among the upper ranks of local society—the Claverings, Liddells, and Ellisons—Counsellor Grey was one of the "conversible" men whose paucity of numbers in Newcastle at the middle of last century Dr. Alexander Carlyle, of Inveresk, noted down in his autobiography. And not only was he a "conversible" man. He had been a diarist in his youth, and in his maturer age he wrote to his more celebrated brother Zachary letters that exhibit him as a man of many parts, taking an intelligent interest not only in his profession, but in agriculture, literature, and the passing questions of the day.

The diary of the counsellor constitutes his chief claim to celebrity. For minuteness of detail, innocence of expression, and inappreciation of the relative importance of events, it beats the prolix diaries of Anthony Wood and Elias Ashmole out of the field. For example :—

1680. October 20. I was born at Lawton, in Cheshire, and baptized October 31. My grandfather Cowdry one of my godfathers. About this time the great comet was seen.

1684-5. March 18. Came from Cheshire to Burniston with my father; I was carryd on a pillow on horseback before one Tho. Frank.

1687. May. I was admitted to the Latin School at Burniston, under Mr. Samuel Hulm. 1689. I had a bile on my neck.

1696. October. My father went with me to Edenbrough; I was admitted of the College under Mr. Robert Scott; we went from Southwick, and crossed the Tyne at Shields ferry, and did not go through Newcastle.

1699. May 1. I went to London in stage coach, and May 19, I first went into Chambers in Gray's Inn; it was a ground (chamber) in Chappel Court.

1701. April. I left chambers in Gray's Inn, and lodgd with Mr. Jacob Tonson the bookseller. July. I went into Yorkshire along with Mr. Hayfrid Wainwright and learned mensurac'on. October. I gott my book of mapps.

1704. I went to Cambridge to meet my brother Zachary, and admit him of Jesus College. June. I bought my foot rule, with compasses and pencil, it cost 7s. 6d. June 29. Bought my 8vo. Bible, it cost 7s. 6d. July 10. Went into Yorkshire in stage coach. I eat on

the road some raisins, which in my pocket happened to mix with a dentrifice made of beaten china, which threw me into so violent vomiting and purging that I had like to have dyd on the road. Dec. I was at Southwick, and we divided Simonside.

1706. April 29. I was called to the barr.

1708. Feb. 14. Set forwards in stage coach for Yorkshire; I then had a severe cold, which fix'd my jaws that I could not chaw my meat; but though the frost was very severe I recovered on the road, and got well home by the blessing of God.

1710. Aug. 19. At York assizes, and from thence went to Durham assizes, and then to Newcastle, and lodgd at Mr. Robert Sutton's in Gateshead, and Mrs. Sutton then recommended my dear Alice to me for a wife, though I had never heard of such a person. Feb. 20. I was made a Freemason at Beedall.

1711. I went to Robert Ellison's Esq. at Hebburn, January 18, and staid mostly there till 14 Feb. Mr. Ellison proposed my dear Alice to me for a wife, carryd me to Ravensworth Castle to see her, went to Greencroft, and proposed the match to Mr. Clavering and wife, her father and mother.

1712. June 13. I came from Gatonby to settle at Newcastle; brother Zachary was with me. Sept. 29. Bought the wedding ring. Oct. 11. Got a licence. Oct. 13. I marryd my dear Alice.

1713. April 30. My dear wife came to my house at Newcastle. Aug. 4. Son George born 30 minits past eleaven at night; baptized 25, brother Liddell and brother Clavering godfathers, aunt Rogers godmother.

1714. Oct. 30. Daughter Jane born a quarter past six at night, bapt. 28. Jan. 26. Sworn by a Dedimus for Commission of Peace for County of Durham.

Mr. Grey lost his "dear Alice" the day after Christmas, 1744, and two years later his only surviving son. This son, the fifth George Grey of Southwick, had married Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Ogle, of Kirkley, by whom he left issue one son, also named George, and a daughter named Elizabeth. The latter, uniting the Greys of Southwick and Howick by her marriage with Charles, son of Sir Henry Grey, became the first Countess Grey, and the mother of Earl Grey, the Reformer. The old counsellor lived twenty-eight years after his wife's decease, and ten years after his grand-daughter's marriage. Dying at length on the 24th May, 1772, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one, he was buried in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle.

Robert Grey, D.D.,

A NOTABLE ECCLESIASTIC.

Sir Ralph Grey, of Horton and Chillingham, father of William, Lord Grey of Wark, had, by a second marriage, a son named Robert, who, entering into holy orders, rose to a position of eminence in the diocese of Durham. Born about the year 1610, he was educated partly at Northallerton, and partly by Amor Oxley, schoolmaster in North Northumberland, and afterwards head master of the Royal Free Grammar School, Newcastle. From Oxley's care he proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he finished his scholastic course, and probably took his arts degrees. His father, dying in 1623, left him the estate of Little Langton-upon-Swale, in Yorkshire, and upon the decease of his mother, in 1635, he came into possession of other property. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he attached himself to the Royalist side of the quarrel, and thus, while his half-brothers, Lord Grey of Wark and John Grey of Bamborough, were assisting to fight the battles of Parliament, he and another brother were helping the king. In 1644 he was one of a party of cavaliers, several of them belonging to Northumberland and Durham, who were besieged in the little stronghold of Millum Castle, Cumberland, the property of Ferdinando Huddleston, his brother-in-law. Later on he was arrested for delinquency, the charges against him being that he had enlisted men to serve under his brother, Colonel Grey (slain at Newark), had communicated "by means of a Northern woman" with the king's garrison, spent three days in the camp of Prince Rupert on Bellerby Moor with his brother and Colonel Clavering, ridden among his brother's troop into Northumberland, bestowed 40s. upon Royalist soldiers at Durham as he passed through the city, &c., &c. Pleading the Act of General Pardon and consenting to take the oath of fidelity to the Commonwealth, he was allowed, though not without subsequent questioning, to enjoy his own again. Morton, Bishop of Durham, stripped of the revenues of the see and living retired as tutor in the family of Sir Henry Yelverton, at Easton Mauduit, Northamptonshire, collated him, in March, 1652, to the rectory of Bishopwearmouth, and in May following conferred upon him the eighth stall in Durham Cathedral. While the Commonwealth lasted, these were empty preferments; but at the restoration of the monarchy, created D.D. by mandamus, he entered into beneficial occupation of the rectory and the stall, and fulfilled the duties belonging thereto till his death. He was found dead in his study on the 9th of July, 1704, aged 94 years.

Dr. Grey, described by Dr. Raine as living, like a second Bernard Gilpin, a life of the most disinterested liberality and the most unfeigned piety, and dying the death of a saint, is the subject of a collection of anecdotes, which Spearman, the antiquary, contemplating a biography of him, gathered together, and left, with many other projects of a similar nature, incomplete. The following are interesting excerpts from Spearman's MSS.:—

Bishop Crewe pressed Dr. Grey and Dr. Morton [prebend of the sixth stall] to read King James's declaration for a Dispensing Power in their parish churches, which they declining, and arguing against it, he angrily told Dr. Grey his age made him doat, he had forgott his learning. The good old doctor briskly replied he had forgott more learning than his Lordship ever had. "Well," said the Bishop, "I'll forgive and reverence you, but cannot pardon that blockhead Morton, whom I raised from nothing." They thereupon tooke their leave of the Bishop, who, with great civility, waited upon them towards the gate, and ye porter opening ye wickett, or posterne only, ye Bishop said "Sirrah, why don't you open ye great gates?" "No," says ye Reverend Dr. Grey, "my Lord, wee'le leave ye *broad way* to yr Lordship, ye *strait way* will serve us."

In King James' reigne, riding on horseback from his Rectory at Bpp. Wearmouth to Durham, Mr. J. Lamb, a popish Justice of Peace, a busy, active, and fierce man for that party (as all renegades are violent, and being raised from being a coachman to Mr. Challoner's family),

overtook ye Doctor, sneered at him, and told him he wondered he would ride on so fine a palfrey when his Saviour was content to ride upon a colt, the foal of an asse; the Doctor replied, "'Tis true, sir, but the King has made so many asses Justices of the Peace he has not left me one to ride upon."

As he was going from his house to church many poor attended (as they daily used to do) his going out. His Curate, Mr. Broughton, going before him, chid them for being so troublesome and said he wondered at their impudence, when, to his knowledge, the Dr. had given them all money the day before, and bid them begone. "How now, good Mr. Broughton," said the Doctor, "are you angry at the poor, and daily read the Lord's Prayer? Doe you aske of God your daily bread, which he gives you plentifully, and will you grudge giveing a share of it to the poor, or can you be angry at their asking a daily supply for their necessitys? I hope you are a better man." And thereupon called back the poor, gave mony to each of them, and bid them come daily to his door, and go to church, and he would releive them, and said he did not find himselfe a jott the poorer for what he gave them.

Another day, as he came out of his gate, a poor salter's horse fell down under his load and died, and the man lamenting his losse, and having a family to maintaine, the Dr. ordered his servant to give him his old padd; which much rejoyced the poor man. And about a month after the Dr. mett the poor man with two horses laden with salt, and not the old pad. "How now, friend," says the Dr., "what's become of my pad?" "Truly, Sir, I exchanged him for these two horses, and had money to boot. Your's was too good for the worke, and required better keeping than I could afford; I hope you are not angry?" "No, I am pleased," says the Dr.: "my horse has made two horses. You can do more than I can do; thou can increase and multiply, which I never attempted. God increase thy store. Be honest and prosper"; and gave him 5s. and parted.

Dr. Grey died a bachelor, and intestate. Administration of his effects was granted to Ralph Lord Grey, Governor of Barbadoes, Henry Neville of Billingbear, and Edward Bedingfeld of Chillingham Castle. What was left of his patrimony yielded £130 per annum, and there was found in his study £300 wrapped up in papers, containing £5 each, which he had laid aside for funeral expenses and legacies. He had given away everything else in charity.

Gilbert and George Gray.

ECCENTRIC GENIUS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Gilbert Gray was of Scottish parentage, and had been educated at Aberdeen for the Presbyterian ministry. Being a young man of independent thought and eccentric action, he had been unable to subscribe to the "standards" of the Church, and, deeming himself in other respects altogether unfitted for pastoral work, had ceased his theological studies, acquired the art of bookbinding, and somewhere between 1730 and 1740 had engaged himself as bookbinder and general shopman to Allan Ramsay, the poet, who carried on the business of a bookseller in Edinburgh. Allan Ramsay, as we know from an oft-quoted couplet, was a friend and correspondent of Martin Bryson, the Tyne Bridge bookseller, and when Mr. Bryson took into partnership his apprentice, William Charnley, and wanted an assistant, Gilbert Gray was sent by Allan Ramsay to help the new firm in extending their local connection. The partnership of Messrs. Bryson and Charnley began in 1750; that is, therefore, about the time when Gilbert Gray, an unmarried man of forty, came to settle in Newcastle. Five years later the firm resolved itself into its original elements, and Gray transferred his services to Mr. Thomas Slack, printer, bookseller, and founder of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. With Mr. Slack, and his successor, Solomon Hodgson, acting in the triple capacity of proof reader, bookbinder, and warehouseman, he remained for nearly forty years, and, dying on the 12th February, 1794, aged 85, was buried in the Nonconformist burial ground at the Ballast Hills.

Gilbert Gray.

The story of Gilbert Gray's life in Newcastle is told in Mackenzie's "History," and Thomas Bewick's "Autobiography." Both writers exhibit him as a man of conspicuous ability, industry and benevolence. Mackenzie states that, without trenching upon his duty to his employers, he was able to undertake considerable business on his own account. Among his abortive speculations was an attempt to manufacture paper in Pandon Dene out of paper shavings; among his successful enterprises were the manufacture of "Dr. Anderson's Scotch Pills," (which he sold to Mr. Slack "by the bushel"), and the compilation of useful books for country readers. He reissued, and sold in numbers, an anti-clerical publication known as "The Independent Whig"; wrote himself and published "The Countryman's Treasure"—a book devoted to the ailments of domestic animals, and the best means of curing them; and "Multum in Parvo," a collection of moral axioms. He also compiled "The Complete Fabulist," and an "Epitome of the History of England," for the use of schools, "which is thought to have been the first work of the kind published." These books he offered

for sale in a cheap form to country people who attended Newcastle Market.

His mode of living was singular and economical. He varied his favourite dish of hasty pudding with pease, which usually stood in a bowl near to him while at work, and which, with water, satisfied the wants of nature. He scarcely ever tasted animal food; and on being once presented with a goose, it was salted, hung up, and cut into slices and broiled as wanted. If ever he ventured into a public-house with his friends, he strictly limited himself to one pint of ale. When drowsy he lay down; when refreshed he rose up, without any regard to time or custom. His savings were generally applied in releasing from prison some poor, honest, unfortunate debtor; but he was frequently imposed upon by the artful tales of his countrymen, all of whom, at last, he viewed with undiscriminating suspicion. In Newcastle he married a woman called Wallace, and some time after her death another named Spence, by whom he had three sons—George, William, and John. In early life he had embraced the tenets of the Quakers, and he always retained the calm, deliberate, and punctual manner of that sect. His wife admired and practised his principles of abstemiousness and charity; and they lived together in a state of uncommon felicity.

Bewick's testimony is that of a youthful friend and admirer. The workroom of Gilbert Gray was a rendezvous for thoughtful lads of Bewick's age. It was there that he met William Bulmer, afterwards famous as the founder of the Shakspeare Press; Thomas Spence, the "Spencean Reformer," and others less known to fame. Writing about the early days of his apprenticeship, Bewick describes the old man's kindly attentions and eccentricities with high appreciation:—

His moral lectures and advice to me formed a most important succedaneum to those imparted by my parents. His wise remarks, his detestation of vice, his industry, and his temperance, crowned with a lively and cheerful disposition, altogether made him appear to me as one of the best of characters. In his workshop I often spent my winter evenings. This was also the case with a number of young men, who might be considered as his pupils; many of whom, I have no doubt, he directed into the paths of truth and integrity, and who revered his memory through life. He rose early to work, lay down when he felt weary, and rose again when refreshed. His diet was of the simplest kind, and he ate when hungry, and drank when dry, without paying regard to meal times. By steadily pursuing this mode of life he was enabled to accumulate sums of money—from ten to thirty pounds. This enabled him to get books of an entertaining and moral tendency printed and circulated at a cheap rate. I have often discovered that he did not overlook ingenious mechanics whose misfortunes—perhaps mismanagement—had led them to a lodging in Newgate. To these he directed his compassionate eye, and for the deserving (in his estimation) he paid their debt, and set them at liberty. I lived in habits of intimacy with him to the end of his life, and when he died, I, with other of his friends, attended his remains to the grave at the Ballast Hills.

George, the eldest son of Gilbert Gray, by the second marriage, was born in 1758. He received his education at the Royal Free Grammar School in the Spital, under that famous head-master, the Rev. Hugh Moises. A marked fondness for drawing, which young Gray exhibited in early childhood, induced his father to place him under the tuition of Mr. Jones, an eminent fruit painter in Newcastle, and rarely had artist a more promising apprentice. Before many years were over, the skill of the pupil exceeded that of the teacher. Besides drawing and painting, he studied botany, mineralogy, and chemistry—studied them to such purpose that, in 1787, he determined to enlarge his stores of knowledge by foreign travel. Fired by the examples of Bruce and Captain Cook, he sailed from Whitehaven to North America, resolved to see for himself the habits of life among savages, and to investigate upon his own account the secrets which Nature had hidden in that far-off region. Unaided and alone he traversed the wild regions of the New Continent, and returned to Newcastle with a rich harvest of experience in the manners and customs of

George Gray, Fruit Painter.

uncivilized tribes, and abundant treasures in natural history.

The fame of this adventure was speedily noised abroad, and in 1791 he was engaged by Prince Poniatowsky to conduct an exploring party into the interior of Poland, for the purpose of examining and reporting upon the geology of that country. This appointment was entirely to his taste, but the method of conducting the expedition did not correspond to his plain and simple habits. Fancying himself slighted, he abandoned the expedition at Cracow, and returned to Newcastle. The fear of similar disappointment led him to refuse an offer from Major George Anderson, who desired to secure his services as botanist, geologist, and draughtsman, in a tour through Iceland. He preferred to remain at home, where he could teach drawing, paint a little, and indulge his eccentricities. In 1794, he opened a shop in Dean Street, as a "portrait, fruit, house, and sign painter"; but his want of capital and his contempt for the forms and courtesies of business, soon induced him to resign the project. After this, he removed to Pudding Chare, where,

He lived very retired, and devoted much of his time to chemical researches. Some of his discoveries, particularly two on making bread from roots, he communicated to the

Literary and Philosophical Society. He was long engaged in making an improved ink for printers, and the late Lord Stanhope [of the Stanhope Press] took out a caveat for his substitute for oak bark. His proper business of painting and teaching drawing he followed only so far as was absolutely necessary. Many of his fruit pieces were exquisite, and exhibited a natural transparency of texture seldom attained. He always endeavoured to practise his father's abstemiousness, and to avoid eating with his gormandizing acquaintance. He certainly enjoyed the conviviality of a little circle of clever men, but on one occasion he was obliged to fly to Sunderland in order to escape the temptations to which he was exposed by his jolly companions. A female was never permitted to cross his threshold: but after he had struggled for a time with a severe fit of sickness in his solitary apartment, he began to think that "it is not good for man to be alone." He therefore married a Mrs. Dobie, the widow of a poor shoemaker; but upon her death, he declared that all the riches of Mexico and Peru should not tempt him to repeat the experiment.

Bewick, who was five years his senior, formed a friendship for George Gray which only death divided. In the "Autobiography" he describes him as "one of the best botanists and chemists in this part of the country." Although his room was "never cleaned or swept," and he carried on his employment "surrounded with models, crucibles, gallipots, brushes, paints, palettes, bottles, jars, retorts, and distills, in such a chaos of confusion as no words can describe," yet "from this *sanctum sanctorum* he corresponded with gentlemen of science in London and other parts." "Few men," he adds, "were better liked by private friends, as well for his knowledge as for his honesty, and the genuine simplicity of his manners."

Notwithstanding his unwholesome habits, and his unhealthy surroundings, George Gray lived to the age of sixty. He died at his house in Pudding Chare, on Thursday, December the 9th, 1819, and was buried in St. John's Churchyard on the Sunday following. John Bell, the antiquary, made an appeal to the public for means to erect a monument to his memory; but so far as can be ascertained the proposal was unheeded, and "neither stone nor storied urn" marks his resting-place.

Northumbrian Hermits.

WEARINESS of the world, and a longing desire to merit transference to a better, through a persistent course of austerity and sacrifice, have disposed many pious individuals, in all ages and countries, and of every rank in life, to retire from the neighbourhood of their fellow-men, and take up their solitary abode in desert places. Witness the Gymnosophists of Ancient India; the Hindoo; Yogins; the Fakirs, Santons, and Dervishes of Turkey; the Marabouts of Morocco; the Bikshus of Indo-China; the Nazarites and Essenes of Judæa; the Eremites and Anchorites of primitive Christian times; the Culdees of North Britain; and many more too numerous to particularise. It would doubtless be too much to assert that the spirit which animated all these fugitives to withdraw from common society was one and the same; yet there can be no question but that many of them, at least, fled into the wilderness to escape from the general lawlessness of the times they lived in, which they felt themselves individually impotent to stand against.

In the dark ages following on the introduction of Christianity into Northumberland, when the pagan Mercians on the one hand, and the savage Danes on the other, kept up an almost incessant reign of terror in the land, this quarter of Britain produced, we have no doubt, many hermits, but particularly that prince of Anglian confessors, the illustrious St. Cuthbert. Conceiving that the comparative luxury and ease of a monastic life afforded too many selfish enjoyments, and distracted his mind from the contemplation of Divine things, he retired to the largest of the Farne Islands—now known as the House Island—opposite to Bamborough, and there commenced the life of an anchorite, building to himself a cell, with a small oratory, which he surrounded with a wall so high as to cut off his view from every object but heaven. This dreary place was well suited to a life of mortification, being, as the legend says, "full of devils," and "voyd of trees, water, and graine." During the saint's residence there, it was the scene of more miracles than perhaps any other islet within the bounds of Christendom ever was. In the first place, the evil spirits which frequented it were put to flight; then fresh water gushed forth from the rock at the command of the holy man; the earth brought forth corn, without either seed or tillage; the birds of the air, when they came to tithe the spontaneous crop, left off at once at the saint's bidding; and, to crown all, two thievish crows, which had plucked off the best straws from the thatch of this poor hut, for the purpose of building their nests, came back at his call, evinced their penitence in the plainest terms they could use, prostrated themselves at his feet for absolution, and next day brought him a dainty piece of pork to make amends for the injury they had done his roof! In his solitude, Cuthbert lived nine years, "so much devoted to heaven that he forgot he was on earth."

Of the Hermit of Warkworth, whom the ballad of Bishop Percy has made famous, a full account is given in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, p. 346.

There is a place called the Hermitage, in the parish of St. John Lee, near Hexham, which, as Hodgson truly says, "both art and nature have united their efforts to render charming." It was to this sweet solitude, then known as Erneshow, or the Eagle's Hill, that John of Beverley retired from his apostolic labours of evangelising the Anglian pagans, previous to his appointment to the see of Hexham by King Alfred. Here also was the oratory of St. Michael, held sacred in former days for its power over inveterate diseases, and likewise protected by the virtue of the saint from being plundered by lawless marauders, who, if they dared to meddle with it in their incursions, were punished with madness, so that they roved wildly about, mangling their limbs till they died.

A recluse appears to have lived in a hermitage on Tyne Bridge, Newcastle, in the early part of the fifteenth century. When the ruins of the bridge were being taken down, after the great flood, the bones of a human skeleton were found by the workmen; and it is thought to be not unlikely that they were those of this anchorite, who had been buried in his cell. A few years before that discovery was made, it is perhaps worth mentioning that a gardener named Edward Train, who went by the name of "The Hermit," died at Gateshead. He had lived twenty years alone in his garden, and during that time never once lay in a bed. Disappointed love was said to have been the cause of his thus secluding himself from human society.

We have had no hermits, however, properly speaking, in this part of the world since the Reformation. But there have been many recluses who, for various reasons, have shut themselves up in solitary places, if not actually in cells. Others there have been, like Peter Allan at Marsden Rock, who have dug out for themselves domiciles in the living rock, worthy to be compared with those still to be found in Upper Egypt and the Holy Land, wherein the early Christian hermits found a secure refuge. Far from imitating the self-denying anchorites of a devouter age than ours, however, these modern hermits have usually been men of a very different stamp, more like Robin Hood's jolly chaplain and steward Friar Tuck than such worthies as Godric of Finchale, who passed whole winter nights up to the neck in the river Wear, doing penance for his own and other people's sins.

Of two of these eccentrics there are recorded some few particulars.

About the middle of the last century, William Pettigrew, a Scotchman, who was employed by the owners of Walbottle Colliery, erected a hut in Walbottle Dene against the side of a hill covered with brushwood, a short distance south of the turnpike road leading from Newcastle to Carlisle. Here he resided for some time with his family, and from his dwelling place came to be known by the name of Willie of the Wood. The habitation was constructed of sods, and thatched with broom. Four staves driven into the ground, and a couple of planks, served as a table, while a few old coal buckets, or corves, covered with straw, formed his bed. This becoming noised abroad, curiosity prompted many to pay the family a visit, when Mrs. Pettigrew was wont to accost them in some such words as—"You're welcome to see the house i' the glen, guid folk." The groups of visitors at length, however, became so numerous—especially on Sundays and holidays—that they were troublesome; but the "canny Scot" projected a scheme to turn the public curiosity to account. He procured bread and cheese and other means of refreshment, for which a ready sale was got; and he was thus enabled to maintain his family in a more comfortable way. From this humble situation two of Pettigrew's sons rose to a good position in society; one of them joined the army, where, in the course of time, he became a lieutenant, and the other acquired some celebrity as a preacher in the Methodist Connexion.

In the early part of this century, a Scotchman named Macfarlane, who had taken up his residence about Elsdon, and made a living by making besoms, supplied all the gentry in the country round with brooms for their stables, &c. One day he asked Mr. Bryan Burrell, of Broom Park, for permission to take in a bit of land on Rimside Moor, on the banks of the Lemmington Burn, for the purpose of erecting a shed upon it, in which he could make his brooms. This request was readily granted, whereupon he staked out a convenient piece, and built a turf hut covered with heather, in which, when he had a mind, he slept at nights. He cut a quantity of heather, when in bloom and free from damp, and setting it close up on end, roots downwards, made a capital bed by its means. Then he contrived to make a little garden, and stocked it with rose and berry bushes, flowers and vegetables, so as to make the place look very pretty. When any of the gentry came about, as they soon began to do, he joked with them and told them good stories, of which he had a rich fund, and so he was not molested in his settlement. After a while, he begged further leave to rail off a piece of ground to form a lumber yard. This, also, he got permission to do. Being very industrious, very civil and obliging, he became a general favourite. He was always ready to give directions to strangers crossing the wilderness. By-and-bye, he came to be considered as a sort of country-keeper. He lived himself, as a person who knew him well told the present writer, "like a fighting cock," growing his own potatoes, greens, and other vegetables, and likewise keeping a pig to furnish him with fresh pork, bacon, and ham. After twenty-one years' squatting in this manner, a contested election for the county of Northumberland occurred, and Macfarlane went down to Alnwick to record his vote. The hermit's vote being given to the candidate for whom the Lord of the Manor voted, and every vote then being of absolute value, no objection was taken to the claim; and so, from that day till his death, the besom-maker of Rimside Moor was virtually a freeholder of Northumberland.

Arthur Rousbey, Vocalist.

MR. ARTHUR ROUSBEY, whose English Opera Company recently appeared in the Town Hall, Newcastle, is a native of South Shields. At an early age he evinced a desire for the stage, and on many occasions assisted at amateur dramatic performances. When he was about 17 he left home and joined a travelling theatrical company, in which he undertook small parts. After gaining experience that was of considerable service to him in after life, he returned home and devoted himself to the cultivation

of his voice, which had developed into a baritone of fine quality and extensive compass.

Under the instruction of the late Mr. Eugene Tiesset, of Newcastle, he made rapid progress. His teacher trained him upon the method he himself had acquired from Lamperti, the great master of his art at Milan. Proceeding to Italy, he placed himself under Signor San Giovanni, with whom he remained a couple of years. He then returned to London, and completed his musical education under Mr. Thomas Wallworth.

MR. ARTHUR ROUSBEY.

An engagement was then accepted with the old impressario, Mr. Charles Durand. Subsequently Mr. D'Oyly Carte made Mr. Rousbey a tempting offer to join a company he was organizing to produce Gilbert and Sullivan's famous series of operas in the country. Mr. Rousbey was the original Sir Marmaduke, a part that was eminently suited to his style. As Dick Deadeye in "Pinafore" he further increased his reputation, but his best effort in comic opera was in "Patience." His assumption of the character of Grosvenor was a triumph of refined singing and acting. After touring in America, he entered into a contract to sing in grand opera at Covent Garden, and made his first appearance in that historic house as the Blacksmith in Nessler's "Piper of Hamelin," his success being so pronounced that the late Mr. Gye at once secured his services for four years.

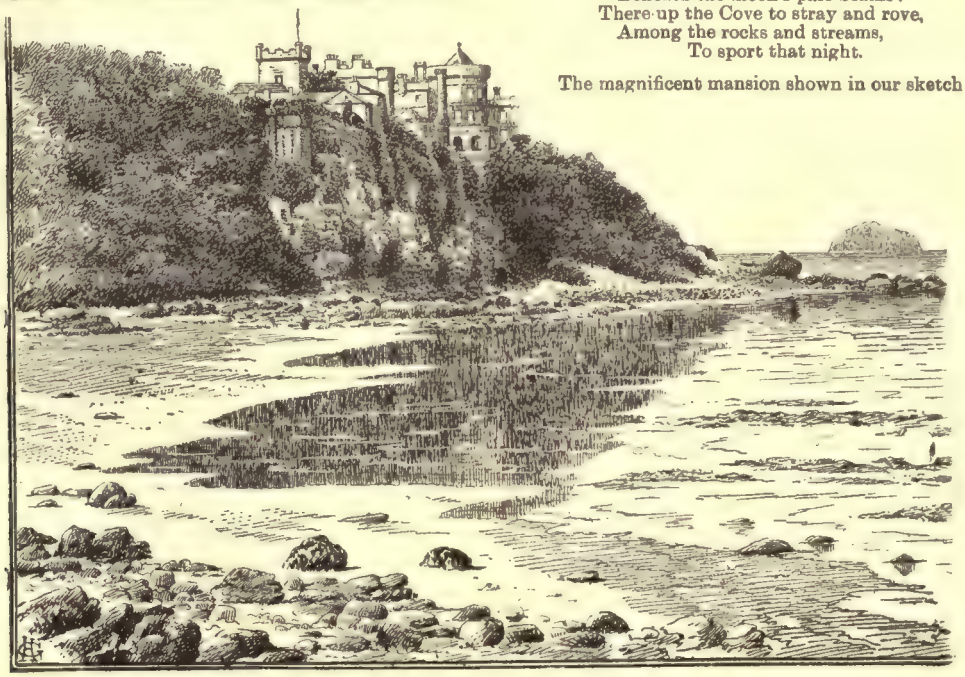
Mr. Rousbey had for some time been contemplating the formation of an English opera company under his own control, and in May, 1887, he decided upon the venture. It was with this company that he visited his native Tyneside.

Culzean Castle, Ailsa Crag, and the Carrick Coast.

IN all the rugged and romantic scenery of the "land of the mountain and the flood," it would be difficult to find a more striking and picturesque sight than that presented on the coast of Carrick, where Culzean Castle crowns a basaltic cliff, about two miles from the village of Kirkoswald. On the one side its turrets overlook the sea; on the other is a wealth of sylvan beauty. The situation, indeed, is the work of Nature in her grandest and sweetest moods. Burns knew the spot, for in "Hallowe'en" he says:—

Upon that night, when fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Culzean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams!
There up the Cove to stray and rove,
Among the rocks and streams,
To sport that night.

The magnificent mansion shown in our sketch is the



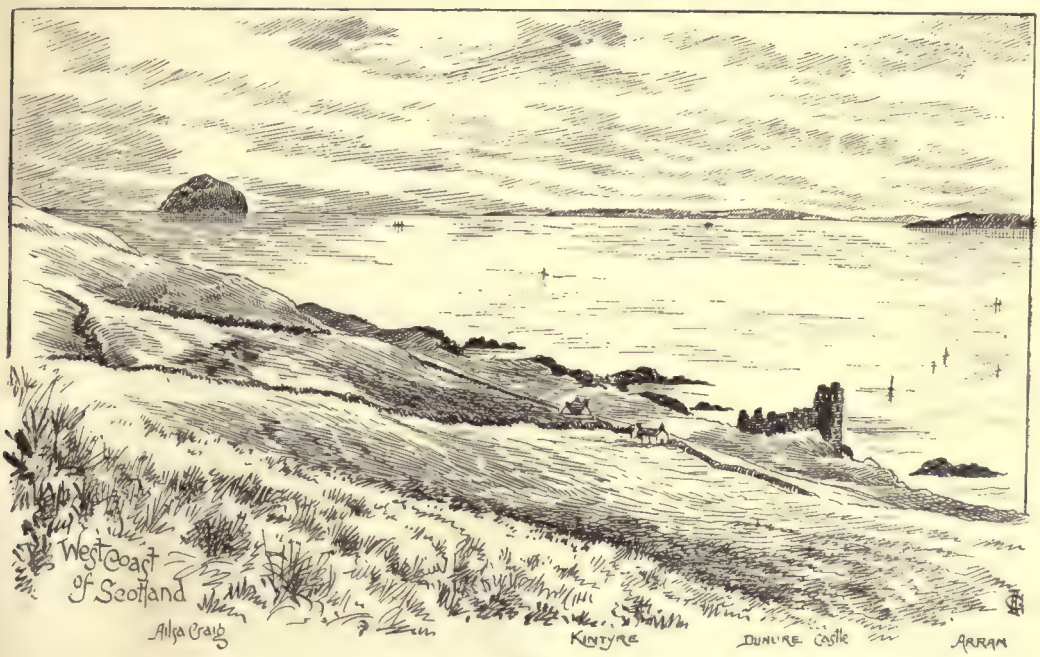
seat of the Marquis of Ailsa, and Ailsa Crag is seen in the distance. The lands of Culzean originally belonged to the Kennedys, afterwards ennobled under the titles of Kennedy and Cassilis. In an old manuscript the mansion is spoken of as "The House of the Cove, builded with greate coste and expense by Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullzeane, Tutor of Cassilis," while another manuscript speaks of the "verey braiff yairdis" (meaning very fine gardens) connected therewith. Between Sir Thomas Kennedy and the Laird of Bargeny a misunderstanding arose, and on May 12th, 1602, the knight of Culzean was assassinated. Sir Walter Scott took as the subject of a drama the extraordinary machinations of the elder and younger Mures of Auchindrane for the accomplishment of this base deed. Sir Archibald Kennedy, the grandson of Sir Thomas, acquired notoriety, it is said, as a persecutor during the Stuart reign; but after the Revolution he had sometimes to hide in the coves beneath his mansion. It was his daughter Susanna, a woman of great beauty and noble presence, who had a romantic love story. While she was walking in her father's garden one day, a hawk, bearing the name and arms of the Earl of Eglintoune, alighted on her shoulder; and it was Alexander, the ninth earl, who wooed and won her. To this highly gifted woman Allan Ramsay dedicated the "Gentle Shepherd."

The Cassilis family having become extinct in its main line in 1759, the title and family estates passed to Sir Thomas Kennedy, of Culzean, who became ninth Earl of Cassilis. Earl John, it is said, had privately executed a deed of entail while his countess was attending a ball, and thus secured for his successors the union of the title and estates. It was David, the tenth earl, who thought it necessary to rebuild the house at the Cove in keeping with the family dignity, and the work was accordingly entrusted to Robert Adam. The result was a baronial mansion combining grace with strength. It covers an area of four acres, and, besides many other attractions, has an extensive and valuable collection of arms and armour.

The "Fairy Coves," situated immediately beneath the castle, are merely rifts in the basalt in the course of its volcanic formation. They are six in number, the largest being fifty feet high, and about two hundred feet broad, and having the appearance of an irregular Gothic arch. Three of the coves to the east, and three to the west, communicate with each other; while in the largest of the western series there is a door barring the way to an apartment above.

The Dule Tree, which stands in front of Cassilis Castle, situated on the banks of the Doon about a mile from Dalrymple, has two traditions associated with it. One refers to David, third Lord Kennedy, who fell at Flodden with many of his followers, his kinsfolk afterwards assembling under the boughs of the plane tree to spend several weeks in lamentation. The other tells the tale of Lady Cassilis and the gipsies, as recorded on page 206 of this volume.

Another view on the Carrick Shore which enjoys special natural advantages is that of Dunure Castle. This mansion was the first house of any consequence possessed by the family of Kennedy, whose early generations, down to

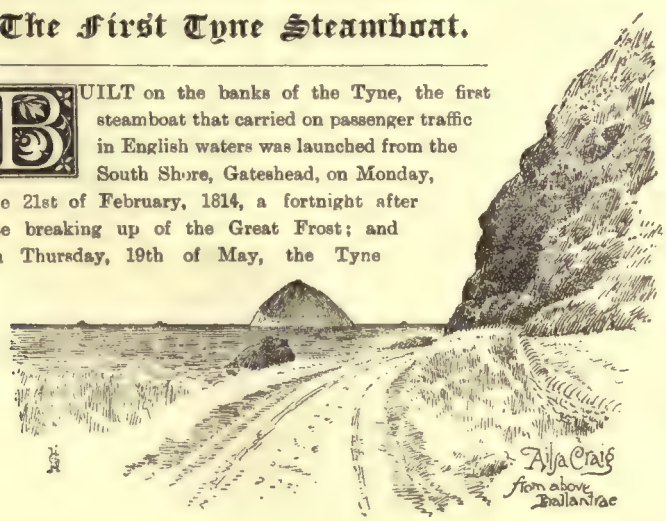


the attainment of the peerage about 1452, were all styled "of Dunure." It is now a ruin, the chief feature, as shown in our illustration, being a tall tower on a pinnacle rising from the rugged coast. In 1570, the castle was the scene of a very curious and dark transaction. Gilbert, fourth Earl of Cassilis, "was ane particular manne, and ane verey greidy manne, and carrit nocht how he gatt land, sa that he culd cum be the samin." Having a mind to obtain feus of the abbey lands of Glenluce, this man of an easy conscience got a monk to counterfeit the handwriting of the recently deceased abbot for that purpose. To conceal the forgery, he caused one of his retainers to kill the monk, and then he got his brother to accuse the murderer of theft, and have him put to death. Desiring, further, to obtain possession of the rich lands of Crossnaguel from the abbot, Allan Stewart, Cassilis inveigled him into captivity, and then conveyed him to his lonely sea-tower of Dunure. For three days he endeavoured to prevail upon the abbot to surrender his lands, and at last, finding persuasion useless, he took him to the *Black Voute* (vault), where his minions bound the wretched man before a blazing fire. Eventually, to escape the horrible torture, the abbot signed the charter, the earl making his servants swear upon the Bible that they would never reveal what had been done. It was the Laird of Bargeny, himself a member of the Kennedy family, who attacked Dunure, and relieved the abbot. But the Government was too weak to insist on redress, and so the earl remained in possession of the ill-gotten domains, and handed them down to posterity, granting only a small pension to Stewart for his life. Such were the doings in Scotland in "the good old times."

Opposite Dunure is the Isle of Arran, where Mr. Rose, an English tourist, was brutally murdered, in 1889, by a penurious companion named Laurie.

The First Tyne Steamboat.

BUILT on the banks of the Tyne, the first steamboat that carried on passenger traffic in English waters was launched from the South Shore, Gateshead, on Monday, the 21st of February, 1814, a fortnight after the breaking up of the Great Frost; and on Thursday, 19th of May, the Tyne Packet, as Sykes is faithful to record, began to run as a passenger boat between Newcastle and Shields:—"Being Ascension Day, it joined the procession of barges &c., and was a great novelty." It was "the principal novelty of the day," says the *Newcastle Chronicle* on the ensuing Saturday, "greatly outstripping" the Corporate procession "by the rapidity of its motion." "The velocity with which it moves through the water, when favoured by the tide, is very great, having run from Shields to this town, we understand, in less than an hour. Against the tide, its motion, of course, is not so rapid; but even thus impeded, it appears to move at the rate of three or four miles an hour. It may, indeed, be said fully to answer expectations in regard to its velocity. It arrived from Newburn about seven o'clock, when it was made to perform a number of evolutions below the bridge, the result of which was that it appeared to be remarkably manageable."



Three weeks afterwards, the *Chronicle* had a second paragraph:—"The Tyne Steam Packet has now commenced its regular voyages between Newcastle and Shields. Previous to this, a fête was held in it on Friday last, in honour of his Majesty's birthday, when a number of gentlemen proceeded in it to Shields, where the party was regaled by an excellent dinner on board." Returning to Newcastle Quay about half-past three o'clock, "a number of ladies joined the party," and the vessel then proceeded to Lemington, the excursion closing at eight. "In this latter voyage, tea and other refreshments were served up; and numerous dances, into which the company entered with great spirit, contributed to the novel festivity of the day."

There were trips in the Race Week from day to day, ending June 25. "Best cabin, 1s.; second cabin, 6d." Steamboat speculation subsequently set in; rivals rose up alongside the primitive paddles; and the pioneer packet, making itself known from among the rest, appears in November, 1815, with the distinctive name of the Perseverance; having (as we are told) on the 9th of that month left Shields in the after noon, "and arrived at Newcastle in two hours, against a very strong gale of wind wind, and fresh in the river."

The Tyne was the first of the rivers of England to begin passenger traffic by steam. Other waters in Britain, however, had led the way. The Comet was plying on the Clyde in 1812. The Symington boat, with Robert Burns on board, had, indeed, made a trial trip on Dalswinton Loch in October, 1788; and on the 24th of the same month, Dr. Franklin wrote from Philadelphia to his friend Dr. Ingenhausz in Holland, saying that he had no philosophical news, except that a boat moved by a steam-

engine rowed itself against wind and tide on the Delaware, "and it was apprehended the construction might be so simplified as to become generally useful."

The Clermont of Robert Fulton was plying for passengers on the Hudson in 1807. On the 15th of May, 1810, the British Minister in the United States, Francis Jackson, writing home to his brother George (afterwards Sir George Jackson) in London, gives a picture of this early craft, the first of the world's passenger steamboats. Mr. Hogan had lent the writer his country-house on the Hudson, about eight miles from New York, commanding from its elevated site a river view of upwards of forty miles in extent, with bold rocky shores, and the scene enlivened by a picturesque fleet sailing to and fro in all directions:—"One of the curiosities that we daily see pass under our windows is the steamboat, a passage vessel with accommodation for near a hundred persons. It is moved by a steam-engine turning a wheel on either side of it, which acts like the main wheel of a mill, and propels the vessel against wind and tide at the rate of four miles an hour. As soon as it comes in sight, there is a general rush of our household to watch and wonder till it disappears. They don't at all know what to make of the unnatural monster that goes steadily careering on, with the wind directly in its teeth as often as not. I doubt that I should be obeyed were I to desire any one of them to take a passage in her. When first the vessel appeared in these waters, it excited great consternation. Some of the simple countryfolk were pretty well frightened out of their wits, suspecting, I am told, that it was some diabolical conveyance that had brought his Satanic Majesty from the lower realms to visit the United States. I am inclined to look with favour on this application of the propelling power of steam. Not improbably it is destined, at no distant day, to produce incalculably great and beneficial changes in our mode of voyaging."

Doubts akin to those inspired on the Hudson were afterwards awakened on the Tees. On the opening day of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, when the locomotive engine shot past the assembled thousands, with waggon loads of coals and passengers at its heels, one of the spectators, relating the events at the close of the day, anxiously inquired "if it could be all right." Rushing along without apparent means of motion, no wonder that the iron horse should be credited in some quarters with cloven feet. It certainly looked uncanny, and provoked comparisons. The cry of old Mrs. Paul, on Christmas Eve, 1801, when she first saw Trevethick's engine on the road, will be remembered:—"Good gracious, Mr. Vivian, what will be done next? I can't compare un to anything but a walking, puffing devil!" ("Life of Richard Trevethick," 1871.)

The early passenger-steamers, American, Scotch, and English, were all river boats. There was for some time a common notion that vessels moved by steam would be serviceable means of transit on inlands waters, but would be confined to that sphere. Watt saw difficulties in the way of ocean navigation, yet thought they might be overcome. In his letter of April 24, 1790, to Mr. Robert Cullen, of Edinburgh (afterwards Lord Cullen), quoted by Mr. R. L. Galloway in his volume on "The Steam Engine and its Inventors," he declines, for the firm of Boulton and Watt, any partnership in Mr. Miller's scheme of steam navigation; "the time of life we have both arrived at, and the multiplicity of business we are already engaged in, must plead our excuse from entering into any new concern whatsoever as partners"; but as engineers and engine-builders they were ready to serve him, and to assist in any way they could "to bring the scheme to perfection." "We conceive," he adds, "there may be considerable difficulty in making a steam engine to work regularly in the open sea, on account of the undulating motion of the vessel affecting the engine by the *vis inertia* of matter. However, this we should endeavour to obviate as far as we can."

All difficulties vanished so soon as steamboats were once fairly afloat. The Tyne Steam Packet had not been many months oscillating as a pendulum between Newcastle and Shields—Shields and Newcastle—never dreaming, apparently, of so enterprising a feat as an excursion to Tynemouth, ere she was confronted, on the 10th of September, 1814, by a visitor from Dundee! On the 22nd of April, as may be read in the *Dundee Advertiser* (August 22nd, 1872) the Tay steamer had begun to ply between Dundee and Perth; and some months later another steamboat, putting out for sea, left the Tay for river traffic in England. Calling at two or three ports on her way, the Tyne was one of the harbours into which she came. This fact is on record in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, September 17, 1814:—"On Saturday last, a fine new steamboat called the Caledonia arrived in this river from Dundee. She left Dundee on Friday morning, and arrived at her moorings in Shields harbour in about twenty-seven hours. Her appearance at sea created a good deal of surprise, being generally taken for a ship under a jury mast; and we have heard that some boats were absolutely launched to go to her assistance, when, to their astonishment, she passed the bar in grand style, notwithstanding the very heavy swell and surf, in which many ships would not have ventured. On her entering the harbour she was loudly cheered. She has since worked between Shields and this town, making her passage with the tide in about one hour and a quarter, and against it in about two hours. Her extraordinary expedition has excited the greatest admiration. She is not intended to be kept on this river, but has cleared at the custom-house for the Humber."

To the Humber she went from the Tyne, looking in at the Wear on her way; and in due time she was "established as a packet between Hull and Gainsborough." On one occasion, in the month of May, 1815, being ambitious of a visit to York, she succeeded in coming within five miles of

the Minster. Her purpose fell short, however, at Naburn; for "the lock was not sufficiently wide to admit of her passing through it." 'Tis not surprising that steamboats, conscious of their powers, should have made early conquest of the world, when in their very infancy they had such far-reaching aspirations!

The Caledonia was the first steam-vessel to adventure into the English seas. She was followed, in the month of November, 1814, by a Dumbarton boat, steaming through the Forth and Clyde Canal to the east coast, bound for London. The *Newcastle Chronicle* had sight of her, and on the 3rd of December made report of her successful voyage—the first voyage by steam from the Clyde and the Forth to the Thames:—"The Margery steam-engine packet from the Clyde arrived safe at London on the 24th ult., after a very quick passage," subsequently crossing the English Channel, and ending her days on the Seine.

Channel traffic had early been conceived in Britain after steam had taken to the open waves. The *Chronicle* was on the 7th of January, 1815, calling attention to a steamer designed on Tyneside for intercourse with France:—"A patent steam-packet of 200 tons is now building on the Thames by Mr. Courthorpe. The vessel and machinery are the invention of Mr. John Redhead, of Heworth. She is intended to go between London and Calais, and is constructed to carry from four to five hundred passengers, and to be impelled through the water at the rate of twelve miles an hour against wind and tide!"

Nicholas Wood, the first President of the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, left us some reminiscences of early passenger traffic on our river. Dining on board the Cairo mail steamer at Jarrow in 1862, and responding to the toast of "The Port and Trade of the Tyne," he remarked that its trade was a very different affair now to what it was when toasted in his younger days:—"Men and merchandise were conveyed up and down, in those days, in what were called 'comfortables,' each pulled by two men, who only ventured on the passage when the wind was not too strong. The coal trade of the same period was done by ships making a dozen voyages in a year. But steam came in; and he remembered going down the river in the first steamboat with George Stephenson. They didn't get far. Something happened to her, and they got down no lower than Bill Point."

In the same year with our "first steamboat," Stephenson's first locomotive, it is interesting to note, was "launched." "The engine was, after much labour and anxiety, and frequent alteration of parts, at length brought to completion, having been about ten months in hand. It was placed upon the Killingworth Railway on the 25th July, 1814; and its powers were tried on the same day." (Smiles's "Life of George and Robert Stephenson," 1868.)

Mr. Alderman Wilson, author of "The Pitman's Pay," glances backward, like Mr. Wood, over passenger transit on the Tyne, and commemorates the changes he had lived to see. He recalls the classic "wherry" of "Jemmy Johnson," superseded by the "comfortable," and "the comfortable made rare" by the steamboat. When Admiral Washington was holding an inquiry at North Shields, familiar as he was with sailing craft of all kinds, he was nonplussed by a remark of one of the seafaring witnesses, who said that he began life afloat as "a boy blowing the horn of a comfortable." The passengers of this river coach—a vehicle resembling the Noah's Ark of the nursery—had choice of places inside and out. They might seclude themselves in the snug chamber, or, with legs dangling down, sit on the roof and dream away the hours between the bridge and the bar. Antediluvian were her ways; and yet, though slow her movements, pleasant are the memories of a row on the river in the old comfortable, with the music of her horn rendered by distance of time more sweet. The pioneer packets were swifter when in motion, but had their drawbacks. The ancient shoals and shallows oft brought them to anchor in batches. Clever was the steamer—and the captain—that could always escape detention. Even the boat whose pilot of other days used fondly to rejoice in the pleasure she gave him in "cutting about like fun amang the sandbanks at law watter"—even she was lost at times in her labyrinthine meanderings, and brought to unwilling repose.

That ingenious Tynesider, the late Mr. Joseph Price, of Gateshead (who was early in the field), reminded the merchants, manufacturers, shipowners, &c., of the district, in the year 1838, of the events of former days. In a printed address, bearing the picture of a vessel in tow for Tynemouth and the sea, he said:—"In the year 1815, I became a shareholder in a steamboat speculation on the Tyne, which was continued by the company for about two years. This did not answer; and the boats, becoming out of repair, were laid up. I made the company an offer for the purchase of them, which was accepted. I bought up most of the shares, and, after repairing the boats, ran them between Newcastle and Shields for some time. Still it was a losing concern. In July 1818, I conceived good might be done by towing vessels to sea. In furtherance of my idea, I applied to the late Mr. Robson, wharfinger, Newcastle, for leave to try an experiment with one of his loaden vessels, which was granted. I gave notice to Captain Copeland, of the Friends' Adventure, Hull trader, to have all ready an hour to an hour and a half before high water. At the time appointed, I requested them to throw a line on board the steamer. The tide was against us the first three miles. Everything answered as well as I could wish, and the vessel was towed two miles over the bar in two hours and ten minutes, a distance of thirteen miles, the wind against us all the way. This was the first time a vessel was ever towed by a steamboat." Mr. Wilson, in his "Captains and the Quayside," commemorates the alliance between

the sail and the paddle by Mr. Price, who, when "steam cam' puffin' into play," said to his neighbours, "Let's try the chep at towin'." Those neighbours were so sensible of the value and success of the experiment, that they entertained him at dinner, and gave him a silver tankard, inscribed:—"Presented to Mr. Joseph Price by the shippers and manufacturers of lead, and the wharfingers of the goods trade, between Newcastle and London, as a mark of their approbation for his zeal and spirited exertions in the application of steamboats to the towing of vessels upon the river Tyne.—1818."

Steam navigation had its difficulties and discouragements, yet its progress was far from slow. Within half-a-score years of the entrance of the Comet on her career, a royal flotilla was seen off the coast of Britain moving northward by steam. In the month of May, 1822, George Stephenson had begun the construction of the Stockton and Darlington Rai way, the first of the world's passenger railroads; and in August of that year, George IV. embarked on board his yacht for Scotland. The example set some few years before was followed in the royal fleet; and all along the eastern coast his Majesty's subjects were on the watch, ashore and afloat, to see the procession, with the King's vessel towed by steam. It was a novel spectacle; and short-lived was the enjoyment of the spectators, so swiftly went the keel. The speed was attended, ever and anon, by unlooked for developments; as, for example, when an address of congratulation awaited the coming of his Majesty, the first sovereign of the House of Hanover to visit his Northern dominions. It is on record in the *Newcastle Magazine* of September, 1822, that "the Mayor and Corporation of Scarborough put off in a boat; but, as the Royal George was going with great velocity, the address was handed up attached to a long stick!" The Comet and the James Watt were urging the yacht on her way with a rapidity that set aside the usual forms of presentation and reply; and meanwhile the navvies on land were busy with an iron road, the precursor of a highway of steam along which the Queen of England was year by year to travel from Windsor to her Highland home.

Three steamers of the Tyne, with passengers on board, swelled the royal fleet of 1822, and ventured on the voyage to Leith; and in 1824, the Newcastle (Captain Joseph Fidler) brought the two ports into periodical communication. Then, in 1827, the Rapid, described by Mackenzie as "one of the largest steamers" of the port, was running between the Tyne and the Forth once a week. After which come Leith steamers whose names are more familiar than these in the ear of the present generation.

An earlier Rapid than the steamboat just mentioned strove in 1823 to make a voyage from the Tyne to the Thames, starting on the 11th of August, "the first time a vessel of this description ever sailed from Newcastle for the metropolis." The courageous experiment was not successful. The passengers went on shore at Whitby, and the little craft returned home for repairs; but in the month of May, 1824, the plucky pioneer repeated her attempt, and made the voyage to London in 56 hours, returning in 60. Her next run was accomplished in 53½. On her return, however, to the Tyne, "she was obliged to lie-to for a considerable time by the intensity of the fogs on the coast, which rendered it dangerous to proceed"; and, sailing on a Saturday, she was not in Newcastle until Wednesday. So small was this primitive London and Newcastle steamboat that she could not carry coals for the trip both ways, but had to purchase fuel in the Thames; and her few passengers would not remunerate the adventurous owners. To the Rapid, however, small as she was, belongs the honour of having led the way in navigation by steam between Newcastle and London; and in the year 1825, as the *Tyne Mercury* placed on record at the time, she was sold for service on the coast of Africa. Her successor was the Hylton Jolliffe, beginning her course as a packet between the Thames and the Tyne in the month of June, 1827; and in April, 1828, the Ardincaple made her earliest passage from the Tyne for Leith, having previously announced her intention to give the public, on the 13th of the month, a pleasure trip to the Wear.

Such are some of the incidents of the infancy of that navigation by steam which had its beginning in England on the Tyne.

JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).

St. Crispin's Day Celebrations.

FEW saints in the calendar have been more highly honoured on their anniversaries than St. Crispin. It is said that he was a cadet of a noble Roman family, who, becoming a convert to Christianity, fled with his brother Crispinian into Gaul, about the middle of the third century, to avoid the persecution under Diocletian. He settled, we are told, in the city of Augusta Noviodunium, now Soissons, where he worked as a shoemaker, and where his benevolence was so great that he even stole leather to make shoes for the poor. The bulk of his charities having been made at the expense of others, philanthropists who adopt a similar line of conduct have since been known as Crispinites and their liberalities as Crispinades. In the year 287 the brothers suffered a most cruel martyrdom at the hands of Rectionarius, governor of the city. Their bodies, according to Lusius, in his "Acts of the Martyrs," were thrown out after execution, to be devoured by dogs and beasts of prey. But a certain indigent old man, who resided with his aged sister, was warned by an angel to take the bodies of these holy martyrs and deposit them with all proper care in a sepulchre. Our veracious authority adds:—

The old man without hesitation arose, and, accom-

panied by his venerable sister, went to the place where the bodies of the martyrs lay. As this was near the river Axena, now the Aisne, they could easily, with the assistance of a small boat, have brought them to their own dwelling; this, however, on account of their poverty and infirmity, they were unable to procure, nor, indeed, had they any experience in the management of a vessel, which, moreover, must have been rowed against the current. When, however, after diligently searching in the dark, they at last found the precious corpses wholly uninjured—lo! they discovered a small boat close to the shore, and thereupon, assuming courage immediately, they each took up a body, so staggering under the weight from weakness that they appeared not so much to carry their burthens as to be carried by them. Placing the bodies in the boat, they floated with great celerity against the current of the river, and, without the assistance of either rudder or oars, presently arrived at his cottage, near to which, with equal secrecy and joy, they interred the bodies of the deceased martyrs.

Thus far Lusius. But Weever, in his "Ancient Funeral Monuments of Great Britain," published in 1631, tells a different tale :—

There is yet to be seene, on the beach at Lidde, near Stonend, a heap of great stones, which the neighbour inhabitants call St. Crispin's and St. Crispinian's tomb, whom they report to have been cast upon this stone by shipwracke, and from hence called into the glorious company of saints.

Weever quotes this legend from Jacobus de Voraigne, and adds that "they were shoemakers, and suffered martyrdom the tenth of the Kalends of November (25th October), which day is kept holiday to this day by all our shoemakers in London and elsewhere." In other old legends, Crispin is represented as having been a prince who took to shoemaking as a pastime or a profession.

An amusing but scarce book about shoemakers—or, as they are more politely called, cordwainers, from their working in leather manufactured at Cordova, in Spain, the best in Christendom—is entitled "Crispin Anecdotes," and has for a frontispiece a view of Cordwainers' Hall, in Distaff Lane, London. It is an omnigatherum of "interesting notices of shoemakers who have been distinguished for genius, enterprise, or eccentricity, also, curious particulars relative to the origin, importance, and manufacture of shoes, with other matters illustrative of the history of the gentle craft." From this book, as well as from other sources, we learn that there have long been, and perhaps still are, both in this country and on the Continent, a number of friendly societies among the shoemakers, taking their name from Crispin, Saint and King.

The cordwainers of Newcastle were formed into an incorporated company by King Henry VI., in the year 1438; and for upwards of two centuries afterwards the members used to walk in procession every year on their head meeting day, from the Forth Hill to their hall in the monastery of Black Friars. Even when these annual processions were discontinued, the anniversary of St. Crispin was still celebrated, though only at intervals, in the public streets. What appears to have been the last affair of the kind occurred in Newcastle on the 29th of July, 1822, when the cordwainers held a coronation of their royal or sainted patron, and afterwards walked in procession through the principal streets of Newcastle and Gateshead. The coronation, Sykes tells us, took place in the court of the Freemen's Hospital, at the Westgate, at eleven o'clock; about noon there was a procession, which, after perambulating the two towns, finally halted at the sign of the Chancellor's Head, in Newgate Street, Newcastle, where the members of the trade partook of a dinner provided for the occasion. A great number of people assembled to witness the procession, as there had not been a similar exhibition since the year 1789. Mackenzie, in his history of the town, speaks contemptuously of the affair. "This caricature show," says he, "produced much laughter and mirth, but, considering the rapid increase of knowledge, it is probably the *last* exhibition of this kind that the craft will exhibit in this place."

Joseph Blackett, in one of his letters to Mr. Pratt, gives an account of the celebration of St. Crispin's Day at Sunderland, on the 25th of October, 1809. It was the day of national jubilee in England, on account of George III. entering the fiftieth year of his reign. Mr. Blackett, who visited the town in company with Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart., describes the way in which such affairs were managed :—

Immediately after dinner on St. Crispin's Day the procession is got up, in which they generally personify all the male members of the then reigning Royal Family, together with the Lord Mayor of London, Aldermen, &c., arranged as follows :—

Champion, duly equipped.
King, in his royal robes, with crown and sceptre, having his train borne by four little boys.
Royal Dukes.
Lord Mayor of London.
Aldermen, &c.

The private members take up the rear, and are generally dressed in black coats. In this order they generally proceed to walking round the room a few times, and occasionally they have a public procession. But as no part of the expenses of such procession are allowed to be paid out of the funds of the institution, this public exhibition occurs but seldom. The arrangements, however, are nearly the same, whether public or private, with this difference—that when public, the champion is mounted on a charger, and the whole train preceded by bands of music, &c. When private, they necessarily dispense with the noble animal, and for "bands of music" substitute the stringed instruments. On Friday last the festival was kept in this way, "secure from public gaze." Invariably in the evening females are admitted, when his Majesty, ere he resigns his regal honours, selects himself a Queen; their Majesties then lead off the dance; thus they together sport on the "light fantastic toe," and so conclude the day.

Mr. John Mason, the author of a book of Border records, relates how St. Crispin's Day was celebrated in Kelso in 1821. From an early hour in the morning, he says, crowds from the adjoining country began to congregate; and it was computed that not less than three thousand persons were at various points assembled to witness the spectacle. The splendour of the pageantry was unequalled in a provincial town, and from the humblest retainers of the Court to the field marshals, the archbishop, and the monarch himself—Adam Lamb, who was,

throughout the day, "every inch a king"—everything tended to impress the spectator as much as if royalty, with its appendages, had been in reality present. Next year an attempt was made to repeat the ceremony in the same town, but this time with indifferent success.

A Novel Gathering.

ONE of the most interesting and pleasant events of the Whit-Monday holiday in Newcastle (May 18, 1891) was the gathering, for the first time in a body, of the contributors to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Although only then carried into practical effect, the idea of such a meeting of the representatives of common interests had been entertained for a considerable time. Indeed, so long ago as the month of July, 1890, a letter, embodying a suggestion of this nature, was received by the Editor from Mr. Alfred Spencer, better known, perhaps, by his *nom de plume* of Sergeant C. Hall, of Workington. The proposal, Mr. Spencer submitted, was one which had many things to recommend it. "It would," he said, "be something unique in journalism; it would bring your army of contributors into closer fellowship; and it would cause them to take greater interest in each other's productions." At that time no action was taken in the matter; but when, in the December following, a similar proposal was forwarded to the *Weekly Chronicle* by Mr. G. G. Elliott, of Newcastle, it was impossible longer to resist the feeling which was evidently gaining force. Publicity was accordingly given to the proposition, in order that the contributors, whose affair it really was, might have an opportunity of discussing it among themselves. The result was so pronounced an opinion in favour of the project, that it was resolved to ask the ladies and gentlemen who would or could attend such a gathering to make known their intentions to Mr. Elliott, who undertook the duties of honorary secretary, and who, especially in its earlier stages, rendered valuable assistance to the movement. Three dates were named as being likely to be most suitable for the meeting—Easter, Whitsuntide, and Race Week. On this point, a sort of vote was taken through the medium of the paper; and Whit-Monday was ultimately selected as the most convenient date for the majority of the contributors. A subordinate part of the general scheme was a photographic group of such of the contributors as cared to be represented in it, this portion of the work being entrusted to Messrs. A. and G. Taylor, St. Nicholas' Buildings, who produced a very large and handsome picture, containing altogether no fewer than 236 portraits, with a key to the identity of each. No time was lost in maturing the necessary arrangements for the gathering; and, when the appointed day arrived, everything was in perfect readiness and order.

Between four and five hundred ladies and gentlemen in different parts of the kingdom responded to the invitation of the Editor, which was issued in the form of a highly artistic card, executed by Messrs. Andrew Reid and Sons. (See next page.) Accompanying each card was a perforated sheet of coupons, admitting the guests to the various places of interest to which visits were to be made. The proceedings began by the reception of the contributors at the Art Gallery, where introductions were effected by the Editor and his assistants. Thence the company proceeded, in succession, to the Old Castle, the Black Gate, and the Cathedral, the parties in each case being under the care of the Rev. J. R. Boyle, F.S.A., the well-known antiquary and author. Naturally, those associated so closely with the contents of a newspaper had a desire to see the method of its production. The fullest facilities for the gratification of this wish had been provided at the *Chronicle* Office, where the contributors and their friends were received by the manager, Mr. R. B. Reed, and by Mr. Jos. Reed, and conducted over the various departments of the establishment. An opportunity was next afforded for an inspection of the contents of the Natural History Museum at Barras Bridge, where much kindness and attention were shown them by Mr. Alderman Barkas, Mr. John Duncan (artist and naturalist), the Curator of the Museum (Mr. Richard Howse), Mr. R. Y. Green, Mr. Jos. Wright, and other officers of the institution. A short visit was also paid by many members of the party to Jesmond Dene, the natural charms and beauties of which, it need scarcely be said, were greatly admired.

The chief and most generally acceptable feature of the programme, however, was unquestionably the conversazione which was held in the evening in the large and spacious upper apartment of the Grand Assembly Rooms at the Barras Bridge. Here the contributors mustered in full force, the guests as they arrived being cordially welcomed by the Editor, Mr. W. E. Adams, or his associates. All parts of the two Northern Counties were represented in the rooms, while visitors were present from the following among other distant places:—Bradford, Halifax, Blackburn, Southport, Preston, Rochdale, Penrith, Workington, Carlisle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Farnborough in Hampshire, Watford in Hertfordshire, Stamford in Lincolnshire, Exeter in Devonshire, and Cardiff in South Wales. The rooms had been tastefully decorated for the occasion, a string band was in attendance, refreshments were various and abundant, and a spirit of harmony and good fellowship pervaded the entire assembly. At an early period of the evening a series of addresses were delivered from the platform, this portion of the proceedings being introduced by Mr. Adams, who narrated the history of the movement which had had so successful an issue. The speakers who followed were Mr. Richard Welford, author of "Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed," and for many years a

The EDITOR of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE

requests the pleasure of the Company of

.....

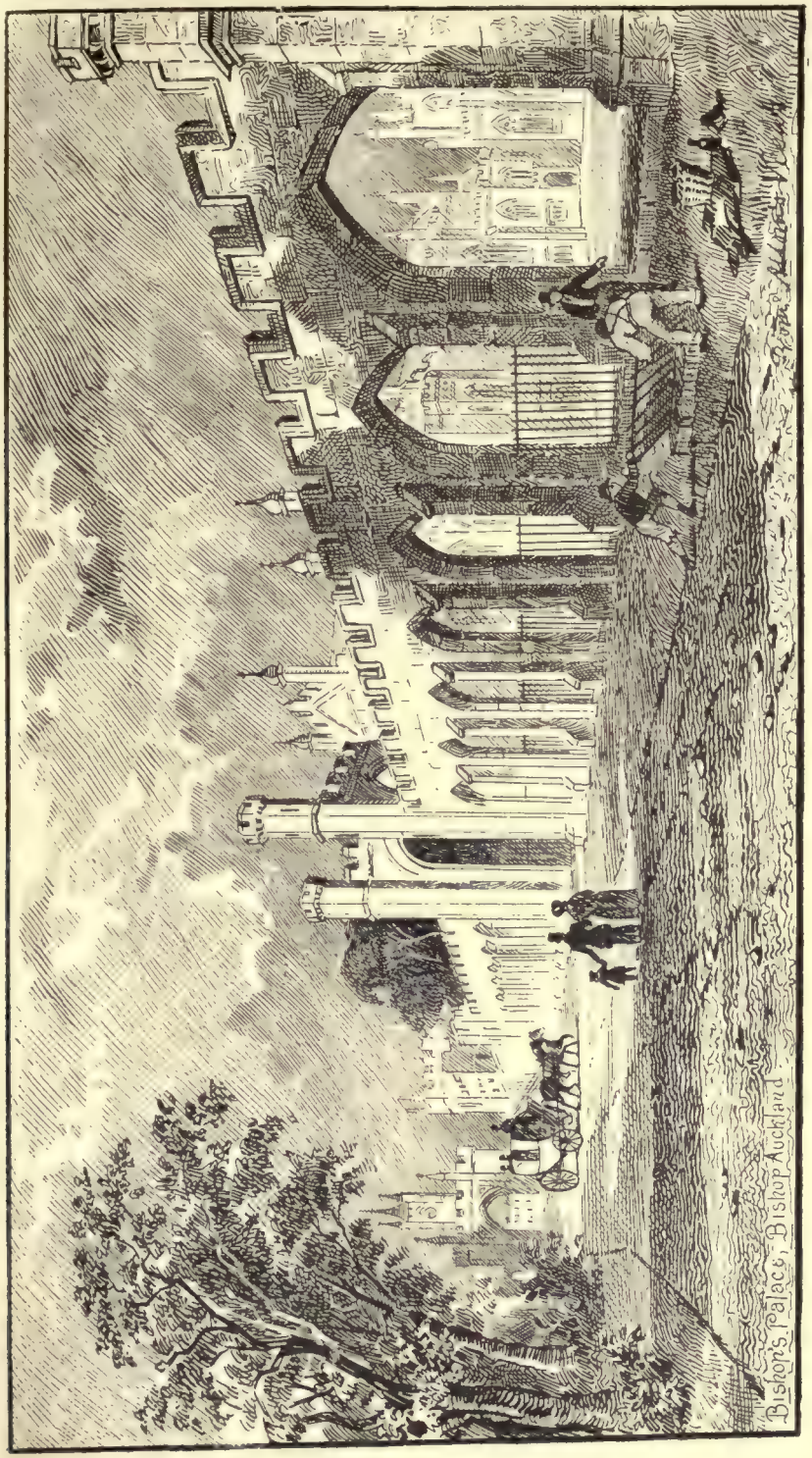
at the Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle on Tyne,
on WHIT MONDAY, MAY 18TH 1891.

Arrangements have been made to enable contributors from a distance to visit places of interest in the City, – St Nicholas' Cathedral, *the* Old Castle, *the* Black Gate Museum, *the* Natural History Museum, *the* Chronicle Office, Jesmond Dene, &c

Refreshments at the Assembly Rooms
from 6·30 p m to 10 p.m

Please reply not later than May 11th to
G.G.Elliott, Hon. Secretary,
4, Sidney Grove,
Newcastle upon Tyne

Andrew Reid, Sons & Co


Bishop's Palace, Bishop Auckland

member of the literary staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle;* Mr. Alderman John Lucas, Gateshead; Mr. C. H. Stephenson, of Southport; His Honour Judge Seymour, Q.C., LL.D.; Mr. Alderman Barkas, F.G.S.; Mr. George Halliwell, of Seaham Harbour; and Mr. A. B. Wakefield, of Hipperholm, Bradford. Complimentary reference was made by these gentlemen to one or other of the many departments into which the literary portions of the *Weekly Chronicle* are divided. Music, vocal and instrumental, recitations, &c., were afterwards given at intervals, among those who contributed to the entertainment of the company being Mrs. Goddard, Madame Tomsett, Miss Kate Shield, Mrs. Richard Smith, Miss Hildegard Werner, Sergeant C. Hall, and Mr. C. H. Stephenson.

A collection in one of the ante-rooms of a number of literary and other curiosities likewise proved a source of considerable attraction. The exhibits included the first number of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* ever printed; the first volume of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, 1764; the first volume of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, 1858; the spectacles of Dr. Brydon, "the last of an army," of Afghan fame; and Robert Burns's spectacle case and nutmeg box, the latter still containing one or two pieces of the nutmeg with which the poet flavoured his toddy. Several of these interesting relics were lent by Mr. William Sharp, of Newcastle, and Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson, of South Shields and Newcastle. In addition to several scrap-books and old newspapers, Mr. William Duncan, of Newcastle, showed a shorthand copy of the New Testament which he had written in 1871; and Miss Bielski, head-mistress of the Infants' School connected with the Elswick Works, sent a holograph letter of the late George Stephenson, the "father of railways," dated 1843, and written from Tapton House, Chesterfield, where, after his retirement from active professional pursuits, the great engineer spent the remainder of his days. There were also on view a number of interesting Indian curios, collected by Mr. David Wood; specimens of minute writing by the late Mr. R. A. Proctor and others; a copy of Marat's "Chains of Slavery"; a first edition of Akenside's poems; an early impression of the picture to be presented with the next Christmas Supplement of the *Weekly Chronicle;* the progressive proofs of "Geordie and the Bairn," Mr. Ralph Hedley's picture, presented with the last Christmas Supplement, from the "lay in" to the final stage; a clever piece of wood-carving by Mr. J. T. Ogilvie, of Newcastle, representing the well-known "Uncle Toby" group; and some rare old books, exhibited by Mrs. J. R. Harrison, of Newcastle. There had, moreover, been provided an autograph-book, in which, in the course of the evening, the majority of the visitors subscribed their names.

The unique and happy gathering, which had throughout been of the most agreeable and satisfactory character, was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Bishop's Palace, Bishop Auckland.

THE residence of the Bishop of Durham at Bishop Auckland is a noble pile in the Gothic style of architecture. Situated in a beautiful park of considerable extent near the river Wear, its surroundings are all that could be desired by the lover of romantic scenery, the main features of the landscape being bold cliffs and eminences, noble trees and irregular woodlands. It has truly been said that "language is too weak, and but few pencils are sufficiently powerful, to delineate the rich scenery of Auckland Park." Auckland Castle or Palace, for it is known by both names, is said to have formerly been a manor house belonging to the See of Durham. The house was afterwards castellated by Bishop Trevor, who added a large hall. Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, a devoted follower of Cromwell, who held the place during the Commonwealth, destroyed the greater part of the building, and erected a pretentious residence out of the ruins. But when Bishop Cosin came into possession at the Restoration, Hazlerigg's mansion was razed to the ground, the materials being utilised for the construction of a palace, the greater part of which is still standing. Having been erected at various periods, the structure is somewhat irregular in character, and now bears some sort of resemblance to an ancient abbey. The approach to the edifice is by a Gothic gateway and screen, designed by James Wyatt. These distinctive features of the episcopal residence are clearly shown in our copy of the drawing in Allom's Views.

Billy Purvis.

II.

WHILE still at Hexham, as narrated in our first article, Billy Purvis got initiated into the mysteries of legerdemain. He often lent the room which served him as a dancing academy to travelling conjurors, who, when they had no money to pay him withal, willingly taught him tricks with cups and balls, cards, rings, watches, medals, &c., in return for his courtesy; and he soon grew so proficient that he thought it advisable to show off in his dancing room on Saturdays, after the regular business was finished.

On the occasion of the popular rejoicings for the victory of Waterloo, Billy made a great sensation by dressing up and exhibiting an effigy of Bonaparte, according to the

best procurable models in physiognomy, build, costume, &c. With this he made a tour among the neighbouring villages, and acquired great local fame thereby.

But when he returned to his master, the Newcastle cabinetmaker, and would have resumed working at the bench, he was presented with what, says he, is emphatically termed "the universal sack," on account of his recent peregrinations and military prepossessions. Wherefore he went back to Hexham, and re-opened his dancing academy; but before long he was tempted to engage as clown in the establishment of Mr. Powell, with whom he visited Stagshawbank Fair, Corbridge, Blanchland, Stanhope, Wolsingham, and other places, playing the fool admirably, as well as performing on the union pipes, of which he had acquired the mastery. Next he appeared at Newcastle, where he played in disguise, and then peregrinated across Northumberland and through Berwickshire and East Lothian to Edinburgh in Mr. Powell's train. Thence he went to Musselburgh Races and back through Berwick-upon-Tweed, by Norham, Etal, the Blue-Bell, &c., to "canny Newcassel," where he opened a dancing academy, and added conjuring and wire dancing to his entertainments. But he could not now stay very long in one place, and so he set off on another tour through the heart of Northumberland, exhibiting his conjurations and comicalities to crowded audiences. Poor Richard says "a rolling stone gathers no moss," but the proverb did not hold good in Billy's case, for as he rolled himself from one town to another, he tells us, he found that he had increased in bulk, both of frame and fortune. Gradually he added to the attractions of his "unparalleled show" comic songs, comic recitations, violin playing, musical boxes, &c.

At length, in 1819, he became the sole proprietor of a fine booth, and manager of a theatrical concern in his own proper person. A rival conjurer at the Races on Newcastle Town Moor, Mr. Ingleby, threatened to eclipse Billy's provincial glory. "Ingleby from the Coburg Theatre, London," "Emperor of All the Conjurers," dressed in scarlet coat, black breeches, silk stockings, and silver shoe buckles, crowned by a dashing cocked hat, with large gold seals suspended from a massive chain of the same precious metal, his sword by his side and quizzing-glass dangling from the mazes of his ruffled shirt, cut a far more conspicuous figure than poor Billy Purvis from Elliott's Wells in the Close. But Billy did not lose heart. Immediately taking the title of "King of the Conjurers," he assumed the airs of royalty, and, with the aid of an old red coat, a cocked hat, a splendid sword, and four large imitation gold seals, attached to a heavy brass chain, lent him by a friend, he quite took the shine out of his Imperial Majesty. His unmistakable victory led to the secession of the Emperor's hopeful son from his father's establishment and an offer to join Billy in a new campaign across country. Billy agreed, but the young scapegrace soon cheated him. He bought two horses at Stagshawbank Fair with the money he had taken at the door, decamped during the night, and left Billy to pay all outstanding claims, which fortunately were not great.

Of the droll anecdotes told by Billy relative to his adventures on his various journeys, one of the drollest is that concerning Jenny Dickinson of "Embleton in the North," a well-known Bamborough Ward virago. It is too long, however, for quotation, and, moreover, rather coarse. Here is an incident in a different vein:—

Mounting my wee beastie, I went forth proudly on my way. About a mile and a half from the Carter Bar the road began to look dismal, and I began to feel very lonely. Jogging along in this mood, I espied the figure of a man at a distance from me. As we advanced towards each other, I observed the stranger to halt frequently, and to look very ominously at my galloway and its rider. The dreariness of the country, the solitude that reigned around, and the approaching footsteps of the unwelcome traveller, made me feel anything but comfortable. At last up came my gentleman and examined my galloway with all the eyes he had. "Eh, mon," said he, "where hae ye gotten that animal?" "I bought it at Whittingham Fair." "Aye, mon, an' who did ye buy it on there, mon?" I replied that I bought it of a butcher belonging to Shilbottle, an acquaintance of mine. He continued to look earnestly at the beast, putting his arm over its neck, gently pulling its ears, clapping its head, and using many tender and familiar endearments. At last he broke out with "Weel, maw puir Spunkie!" "You seem to know the animal?" I observed. "Know it, mon! Aye, I ken it ower weel, mon!" And as he said these words the tears came rolling down his cheeks. Checking his grief, he continued, "Mon, this verra beast belonged to a brither o' mine, an', puir fellow, he used to attend a' the petty races roon' about, an' the bit thing used to win every prize before it. But it cost him, that's my brither, his life. As I said just noo, he used to gang to a' the races i' the nighbourhood, an' being' a wild laddie, an' muchly gi'en to drink, he was often no fit to come hame by hissel'; yet the wee beastie used to bring him hame, as it kent the road better than its puir maister kent it. But the pitcher may gae aft to the well and be broken at last. Ma brither, yen day, had been drinkin' at the races, an' he gat unco fu'. Comin' on the road, he fell off puir Spunkie's back, and brak his neck! But, oh!" clapping the galloway, "it wasna the puir beastie's faut; no, no, ma puir Spunkie!" "Ah! that, indeed, must have been a sorrowful job," I said. "Aye, mon, it was a fearfu' thing to be cut off in that way. But, noo, if ye'll gang back to the Carter Bar, I'll treat ye wi' a glass of the best i' the hoose." "Well, sir," I replied, "I would willingly do so, but as I am making my way to Campdown, not being able to reach Jedburgh to-night, I hope you will excuse me." I left the poor fellow standing the picture of real sorrow, and as I rode on I perceived him looking after me, repeating in a sad tone "Ma puir wee Spunkie!"

Billy was now a perfect Caleb Quotem, for, eschewing partners, he might have affirmed with truth—

> All the work I did myself;
> I coaxed the folks and took the pelf;
> I strewed the sawdust, snuffed the lights,
> And put my magic traps to rights;
> I conjured, danced, and sang my songs,
> And thus I pleased the wondering throngs.

On one occasion, he narrowly escaped getting sent to Morpeth Gaol for knocking a rival showman, who had taken the liberty to spread lying reports about him and his wife, through the green baize of his booth. Though no professional boxer, he could do a little when need was in the way of self-defence. At Kendal Races in the year

1822, when he was travelling in company with Johnson, the pugilist, he had a whimsical encounter in the boxiana line. It happened that one day, while some pugilistic scenes were being acted, Johnson asked any stranger in the assembled company to take the gloves, when a countryman, who knew little about sparring, accepted the challenge and assumed the gloves. Doubling up his hands in a most unscientific style, he awaited Johnson's advances; but the practitioner, seeing that he was nothing worth, declined to have anything to do with him, saying, "Oh, here's Mr. Merriman will do your business for you." Accordingly Billy took his stand before the unpolished husbandman; but the latter took him rather aback by lifting both hands at once, and sending him backwards in a jiffy. Not being perfectly contented with this mode of sparring, Billy told him "that wasn't the way to do," and he prepared to unglove, but a second thought altered his determination. Again he advanced, and, manœuvring to escape the man's arm, he dealt him such a blow that he knocked him over the form, and his head, striking against a bolt in the shutters, was sadly cut, and bled profusely. Billy was sorry to see the injury the poor fellow had sustained, but he consoled himself with reflecting that his head had little brains in it or he would not have let a fool floor him!

One of Billy's undertakings was to manufacture a set of fantoccini figures. The first attempt was on "Ben Block the Sailor." In a short time he finished nine excellent figures, which he named in the following order:—"Ben Block," "The Grand Mogul Turk," "The Indian Juggler," "Morgiana," "The Musical Rope Dancer," "Pantaloon and Pantalina," "Scaramouch," "The Boy and Butterfly," and lastly, the figure that always must come last, "Death, or the Skeleton!" whose astonishing convolutions, evolutions, and dislocations were witnessed by thousands with unmingled pleasure.

Our showman was thus conjurer, singer, dancer, phantasmagorian, fantoccini man, and we know not what besides; and as he augmented his list of qualifications, he increased his ratio of popularity. He had nobody can tell how many strings to his bow, and he could play passing well on the whole of them. At Houghton Feast, Sunderland Fair, Durham Fair, Morpeth Fair, Newcastle Races, North and South Shields Fairs and Races, Stagshawbank and Whitsunbank Fairs, Preston Guild, Carlisle Races, Stockton Races, Jedburgh and Kelso Races, Rothbury, Bellingham, Wooler, Alnwick, Belford, Blyth, North Sunderland, Chester-le-Street, Hartlepool, Darlington, Yarm, Whitehaven, and all the hirings, hoppings and merrymakings in the country side, he was invariably well patronised.

Once in Coldingham, in Berwickshire, his performance was spoiled by a rather singular occurrence. A long box, among other goods in a carrier's waggon, labelled, "——, Surgeon, Edinburgh," was discovered to send forth an unsavoury odour, and attracted the attention of the carrier's wife. She was not long in expressing that something "no cannie" was in the box; and others, hearing her words, strengthened her suspicions by affirming that she was right. A hole was made, and a piece of wire poked in and drawn out, bearing on it evident signs of far gone putrefaction. The wife insisted on her husband breaking open the box, which operation was performed, when lo! no sooner was the lid removed than the decaying corpse of a poor old woman, who had died a week before, was discovered in the box. The carrier told the people who it was that had given him the box to carry, and no sooner was the miscreant's name uttered than away ran the crowd to give the doctor the benefit of "Lynch Law." The offender was found in hiding in a low-thatched cottage, which the infuriated villagers attacked, and it would certainly have gone very hard with him if a constable had not arrived, who saved him from the people's hands by taking him into custody. The body of the poor old woman was again buried; but the excitement caused by this resurrection work took away all interest for the nonce from Billy's show.

One year (the dry year, 1826) he made a bold inroad into Scotland, as far as Glasgow, Paisley, Kilmarnock, and Dundee; but his fame at that time had scarcely reached so far north, and he only got poor encouragement at first. However, his easy good nature, affability, ready wit, and power of repartee, stood him in as good stead on the other side of the Tweed as it had done on this; and he returned to Newcastle a richer man than he had left it, though he had sold the materials of his booth at Dundee to a canvas weaver, having some thought of changing his line of business.

The new speculation was to set up as proprietor of a more pretentious and commodious structure. Billy Purvis's Victoria Theatre soon became a sort of provincial institution, and his company and himself reaped laurels for the entertainments given by them, not only all over the North of England, but in Leith, Glasgow, Greenock, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Dundee, and other Scottish towns.

It was a rare treat to see Billy steal the bundle. It was never the same thing twice. The drollery was always fresh. The discovery of the bundle—the speculations as to who it belonged to—what might be its contents—whether it would be safe to open it—whether it really had or had not an owner—whether the man or woman who laid it there had not stolen it, or forgotten it, or thrown it away because tired of carrying it—whether the owner would ever come back for it—whether, if he stole it, he would be detected—whether there was, after all, such a thing as stealing—whether every appropriation of a thing was not stealing—whether one could be said to steal a bundle like that when no one seemed to have any better claim to it—what he would do if he took and opened the bundle, and found the contents to be so and

so, as tobacco, groceries, clothes, or something else—all this monologue or scliloquy, delivered in the purest Tyneside vernacular, with irresistibly comic manual and facial action, and broad local and personal allusions, was certain to bring down the house. And, then, when at length he did "lowse" the bundle, what revelations! As Billy's amanuensis and editor, J. P. Robson, says, in a clever song he wrote on the subject, which was sung to the tune of "The King of the Cannibal Islands," he could coax dumplings from an old wife's pan, turn tea to blacking, sugar to chalk, girdle cakes to half bricks, and bring them promiscuously out of his marvellous bundle, making his audiences "fit to pull doon a' the plyace."

Billy's theatrical company included many accomplished players—both actors and actresses. Several of them made considerable reputations for themselves, such as C. H. Stephenson, Ned Corvan, and Emma Atkinson. But the grand attraction, after all, which caused the pavilion to be crowded every night, was "Billy an' his Bundle."

Corvan, of whom more will be said anon, was given to painting. One of his productions was a picture in oils, representing Billy in his great scene. It is from this picture, now in the possession of Mr. B. W. Birtley, of Newcastle, that the accompanying illustration is reproduced.

Until a late period of his life, "when teeth fell out, and gums fell in," Billy could sing a good comic song. He was fond of jovial company and the merriest of hearty good fellows. Wherever he went he became a favourite —witness the number of medals and shields he got presented to him from different convivial fraternities and lodges. His company was much courted, and the temptations to drink thrown in his way were unusually strong. Still, even in the hey-dey of his popularity, he could never be accused of having "sacrificed the strains of Apollo to the mad orgies of Bacchanalian riot and confusion."

For a considerable time before his death, Billy had been "gradually sliding away." He closed his chequered career at Hartlepool, on December 16, 1853; and he rests from his histrionic labours under the walls of St. Hilda's Church in that town, where, as elsewhere, the "bits o' bairns a' kenned him weel." Crowds gathered to follow his remains to the tomb. The Freemasons and the Odd-fellows, to both which fraternities he belonged, paid their last tribute of sincere respect to their deceased friend and brother at the side of his open grave, together with the entire company of his Victorian Theatre. A few years

afterwards, Messrs. Sangers, the equestrians, gave an afternoon's performance in their circus at Hartlepool, the profits of which were applied to the erection of a tombstone over Billy's grave.

The Ruins at Bearpark, near Durham.

AN old work on the City of Durham and its environs, published anonymously in 1824, contains the following account of Bearpark, a corruption of Beaurepaire, once a lovely retreat of the monks of Durham :—

To the north-west of Neville's Cross, and about two miles from Durham, on a pleasant eminence, rising above the river Brone, or Browney, at Bearpark, formerly called Beaurepaire, are the remains of an ancient mansion or pleasure house, which belonged to the priors of Durham monastery, and have been thus described :—"The chapel is 13 paces long, and eight wide; the east window consists of three lights, circular at the top and very plain; there are three windows on each side, each divided by a mullion into two lights, their framing on the inside square. The wall is strengthened by a buttress of neat hewn stonework between each window, and a cornice runs round the building of the zig-zag figure. There is a door on the north side of the chapel from the court. The walls of the chapel on the inside are ornamented with a regular succession of small round columns or pilasters, belted in the midst, the capitals filled with a garland of open-cut foliage of delicate work, from whence spring pointed arches; three pilasters and two arches in each space between the windows; the west end is equally finished with pilasters and arches, and there is a small window in the centre. At each side of the east windows is a pedestal for a statue of considerable size. The apartment under the chapel is lighted by small square windows; but as the floor of the chapel is gone, it is not easy to determine how it was at first constructed. Adjoining to the chapel, to the west, is a long building, the two gables of which are standing, having a large window of six lights to the south; this was most probably the refectory. On the north, the remains of a building, 20 paces in length, lighted to the east by three windows, which we conjecture was the dormitory. There is a door case standing, which has been the entrance into the garden or some chief court, with the arms of the See in the centre." At present, however, the remains are so ruined and confused as to render them totally indistinct. J. L., London.

***

About the year 1244, Bertram de Middleton, Prior of Durham from that year to 1258, desiring to build a summer residence for his brethren, explored the land far and near, and at last came to the decision that the grassy heights "about three miles N.W. from Durham" overlooking the lovely valley of the winding river Browney, was the exact spot required for fulfilling his purpose. Hence the poetical name with which the mansion was graced—Beau Repaire—"the beautiful retreat." Evidently it covered a large space of ground, for traces of the wall which enclosed it still remain. And not of the wall only, but of the retreat itself, for many old stones and odd bits of masonry are built into the surrounding farm buildings, giving them quite a look of antiquity. Strange transition from the romantic to the practical—from the homes of monks to the homes of cattle! Prior Hugh de Derlington (Darlington) greatly improved Bearpark, and erected this wall, nearly the whole of which was destroyed by the Scots in 1315.

In 1346, King David Bruce of Scotland encamped here with his large army (just before "ye battle of ye Neville Crosse"), and the work of destruction was aided not a little by his vigorous soldiers, who killed the deer and made a wilderness of the beautiful park. Once more, in 1641, the Scots ravished the no longer lovely Beau Repaire; and in 1644, after yet another attempt, they seem to have rested satisfied that success had crowned their labours.

There is very little of the old building left to attract sightseers now. Nothing but a high gable, with a very dilapidated window, where even "the ivy green that creepeth o'er ruins old" (as Dickens sings) refuses to creep. True, the Browney sparkles below, and the hill on which the ruins stand is still green and quiet; but the untrodden wastes over which the monks used to look are now ploughed and beaten, and the smoke of a colliery village ascends upward, instead of incense, chant, prayer, or benediction. FAIRY, Durham.

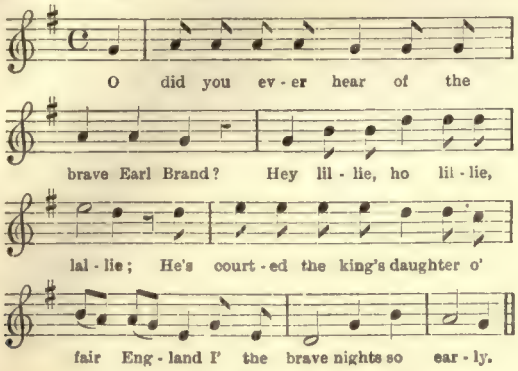
The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

THE BRAVE EARL BRAND AND THE KING OF ENGLAND'S DAUGHTER.

THIS ballad, which resembles the Danish ballad of "*Ribolt*," was written down from the recitation of an old fiddler in Northumberland, as Mr. J. H. Dixon informs us in his "Ballads and Songs of the English Peasantry." The copy which we have here followed is taken from a manuscript in the handwriting of the late Mr. Robert White, the celebrated antiquary, and now in the possession of his sister, Mrs. Andrews, of Claremont Place, Newcastle, to whose recollection we are also indebted for the beautiful melody to which the ballad was chanted in the olden time. Mrs. Andrews learnt the tune from her mother. Professor Francis James Child, of Harvard College, Boston, whose edition of English and Scottish Ballads in eight volumes is the most complete of any yet published, is of opinion that this ballad is certainly the most important addition made of late years to the stores of genuine minstrel poetry. One peculiarity of the ballad is that it is of a duolinear character. The verses consist of four lines, but the second and fourth lines are the same throughout the whole piece. Ballads of a similar

metrical construction seem to have been common to all the Northern nations.


O did you ev - er hear of the
brave Earl Brand? Hey lil - lie, ho lil - lie,
lal - lie; He's court - ed the king's daughter o'
fair Eng - land I' the brave nights so ear - ly.

O! did you ever hear of the brave Earl Brand?
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
He's courted the king's daughter of fair England,
I' the brave nights so early!

She was scarcely fifteen years that tide,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
When sae boldly she came to his bedside,
I' the brave nights so early!

"O Earl Brand, how fain wad I see,
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie;
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea."
I' the brave nights so early!

"O lady fair, I have no steed but one,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
But thou shalt ride and I will run."
I' the brave nights so early!

"O Earl Brand, but my father has two,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And thou shalt have the best o' tho'"
I' the brave nights so early!

Now they have ridden o'er moss and moor,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And they have met neither rich nor poor;
I' the brave nights so early!

Till at last they met with old Carl Hood,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
He's aye for ill and never for good,
I' the brave nights so early!

"Now, Earl Brand, an' ye love me,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Slay this old Carl and gar him die."
I' the brave nights so early!

"O lady fair, but that would be sair,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
To slay an auld Carl that wears grey hair,
I' the brave nights so early!

"O lady fair, I'll not do that,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
I'll pay him his fee . . . . . ."
I' the brave nights so early!

"O where have you ridden this lee lang day,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And where have you stown this lady away?"
I' the brave nights so early!

"I have not ridden this lee lang day,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Nor have I stown this lady away,
I' the brave nights so early!

"For she is I trow, my sick sister,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Whom I am bringing fra' Winchester."
I' the brave nights so early!

"If she's been sick and nigh to dead,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
What makes her wear the ribbon sae red?
I' the brave nights so early!

"If she's been sick and like to die,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
What makes her wear the gold sae hie?"
I' the brave nights so early!

When cam the Carl to the lady's yett,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
He rudely, rudely rapped thereat,
I' the brave nights so early!

"Now where is the lady of this hall?"
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
"She's out with her maids a playing at the ball."
I' the brave nights so early!

"Ha, ha, ha! ye are all mista'en;
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Ye may count your maidens owre again.
I' the brave nights so early!

"I met her far beyond the lea,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
With the young Earl Brand his leman to be."
I' the brave nights so early!

Her father of his best men armed fifteen,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And they're ridden after them bidene,
I' the brave nights so early!

The lady looked owre her left shoulder, then,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Says "O Earl Brand, we are both of us ta'en."
I' the brave nights so early!

"If they come on me one by one,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
You may stand by me till the fights be done.
I' the brave nights so early!

"But if they come on me one and all,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
You may stand by and see me fall."
I' the brave nights so early!

They came upon him one by one,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Till fourteen battles he has won.
I' the brave nights so early!

And fourteen men he has them slain,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Each after each upon the plain,
I' the brave nights so early!

But the fifteenth man behind stole round,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And dealt him a deep and a deadly wound,
I' the brave nights so early!

Though he was wounded to the deid,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
He set his lady on her steed,
I' the brave nights so early!

They rode till they came to the river Doune,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And there they lighted to wash his wound,
I' the brave nights so early!

"O Earl Brand, I see your heart's blood."
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
"It's nothing but the glent of my scarlet hood."
I' the brave nights so early!

They rode till they came to his mother's yett,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
So faintly and feebly he rapped thereat,
I' the brave nights so early!

"O my son's slain! he is falling to swoon,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And it's all for the sake of an English loon."
I' the brave nights so early!

"O say not so, my dearest mother,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
But marry her to my youngest brother."
I' the brave nights so early!

"To a maiden true he'll give his hand,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
To the king's daughter of fair England,
To a prize that was won by a slain brother's brand,
I' the brave nights so early!"

The Woodpeckers.

THE woodpeckers (*Picidæ*) form an important group of the tree-climbing races of birds. In Northumberland and Durham only three species have been observed, the Green Woodpecker *(Picus viridis)*, the Greater Spotted Woodpecker (*Picus major*), and the Lesser Spotted Woodpecker (*Picus minor*).

The woodpeckers, irrespective of size and plumage, have a general family resemblance. They have a slender body and powerful beak, which is usually straight, conical, and furnished with a sharp ridge at its culmen. The short, strong feet are turned inwards; the toes are long and placed in pairs, the exterior pair being connected as far as the first joint; the hinder toe, which is the smallest of all, is so situated as to pair with the innermost and longest toe; in some instances this short fourth toe is but slightly developed, or entirely wanting; the claws are long, strong, very sharp, and much hooked. The wings are rounded, and of medium size; their ten primaries are narrow and pointed, whilst their secondaries (from nine to ten in number, according to Dr. Brehm) are broader, but not much shorter, than the primary quills. Of these latter, the first is very small, those next in order graduated to the third or fourth, which is the longest. The very remarkable tail is formed of ten large and two small feathers; these latter are placed above instead of under the rest; the central tail feathers are the largest, and very stiff. The strangely constructed tongue, by the aid of which the woodpeckers are enabled to capture the small insects upon which they in a great measure subsist, is sharp, barbed, pointed, and endued with a glutinous secretion, derived from glands situated in the throat, and communicating with the mouth by two long ducts, the glutinous coating being thus renewed every time the tongue is drawn within the bill. Fruits, seeds, and insects constitute the food of the woodpeckers, and in pursuit of it they exhibit wonderful dexterity—climbing with astonishing activity the trunks and branches of trees; and when, by tapping with their bills, a rotten place has been discovered, they dig at once vigorously in search of the grub or larvæ snugly embedded beneath the bark, thus rendering inestimable service to man by destroying hosts of insects.

The green woodpecker *(Picus viridis)* is a resident in the two counties. It is not, Mr. Hancock tells us, "by any means common, but it occasionally breeds in the district. Mr. Isaac Clark took a nest of it with three eggs, at Minsteracres, two or three years ago. According to Wallis, this species was frequent in Dilston Park before the trees were cut down." The scarcity of all the birds of this family is, in part, chiefly owing to the ruthless manner in which they are shot, whenever seen, for specimens. The green woodpecker is a native of nearly all the countries of Europe, from Italy to Siberia, Though nowhere numerous in this country, it is nevertheless a well-known bird, as is evidenced by its long roll of common names—such as ecle, whitwall, popinjay, woodspite, rain-bird, rain-fowl, whittle, high hoe, hewhole, pick-a-tree, awl-bird, yappingall, yaffle, yaffer, and nick-a-pecker. Most of these names are descriptive of the habits and peculiar note of the bird. It is called the rain-bird because, when it is more than ordinarily noisy, the weatherwise predict a fall.

Shaped somewhat like the kingfisher, the green woodpecker is a handsome bird, of green and brown plumage, delicately marked and based with white, with a rich crimson crest. In size it is between the common starling and the jay. It is a shy and unsocial bird, and it is heard more frequently than seen. When the woods are otherwise silent, the woodpecker may be heard "tapping the hollow beech tree." Like the tits, it may be occasionally seen in curious positions, creeping up the boles of trees, and searching the holes and crevices of the bark for food. The shrill, wild cry of the woodpecker may often be heard in woods, and has been likened by some to the neighing of a horse, and by others to a peal of unearthly laughter. It has further been compared by a competent naturalist to the syllables "glu, glu, glu, gluck," finishing off with a sharp "gk," as though a "laugh had tumbled down and broken its neck, turning into something like a cry before it expired."

The male is about one foot in length. Bill, bluish black,

the base of the lower part being nearly white; from its corner a black streak runs downwards, the middle part being brilliant red, the feathers grey at the base; iris, greyish white, with a faint tinge of yellow; black bristles surround the base of the bill. Forehead, jet black; head, on the sides, greenish white; crown, brilliant red, running downwards to a point brighter than the rest; neck, on the sides, greyish green, on the back and the nape, greenish yellow; throat, brownish white; breast, yellowish grey, with a tinge of green; chin, as the breast; back, a fine greenish yellow, below yellow. The female is about an inch and a half shorter than the male, with less red on the crown of the head, and the plumage more dull in colour.

The greater spotted woodpecker (*Picus major*) has a

variety of common names—such as whitwall, woodwall, woodnacker, wood pie, French pie, pied woodpecker, great black and white woodpecker, and French woodpecker. Mr. Selby considered that these birds were probably migratory, as he had met with them in Northumberland in the months of October and November, generally after storms from the north-east. Several examples of the greater spotted woodpecker have been obtained in both Northumberland and Durham during the past few years.

As might be supposed from the conformation of the claws and tail, these birds are expert tree climbers, and work about the trunks and branches not unlike the creepers and nuthatches. Sometimes they will run to the top of the tree, and then fly off. They seldom alight on the ground, and their movements there are rather awkward. The food consists of insects and caterpillars, seeds, fruits, and nuts. In spring they produce a jarring noise, and their note is expressed by Meyer by the syllables "gich" and "kirr," uttered only once at a time, at long intervals. Their calls are chiefly heard in the love season. They begin to nest about the beginning of April, sometimes in March. No regular nest is formed, the eggs being usually deposited on the dust and chips at the bottom of a hole in a tree, at a depth of six or seven inches, but sometimes two feet from the mouth of the hole excavated by the strong and sharp bill of the bird.

The male weighs about three ounces, and is nearly ten inches in length, the spike-like bill being of a dark, glossy horn colour. The upper portion of the body is black, of a dull yellowish grey beneath. There are large spots on the shoulders, and some irregular markings on the wings; the back of the head and lower part of the belly are light red; and a black line passes from the base of the beak to the nape. The tail has the two middle feathers black, pointed, and longer than the rest; legs and toes, blackish grey, the former feathered part of the way down in front; claws much hooked and black. The female is without red on the nape; and in the young the top of the head is bright red.

The lesser spotted woodpecker (*Picus minor*) is a rare bird in the Northern Counties, but, according to Mr. J. W. Fawcett's "Birds of Durham," it has nested in that county. It has bred in Yorkshire, and several other counties further south. Mr. Hancock has the following brief note on the subject:—"An example of this rare casual visitant was shot upwards of forty years ago at Gosforth, near Newcastle, and is in my possession. In Mr. Selby's catalogue it is stated that a specimen was some time ago killed at Wallsend. In Wallis's History of Northumberland one is recorded as having been shot in Dilston Park."

Like its relatives, the lesser woodpecker, strictly speaking, does not migrate, but only quits its native woodlands to wander erratically over the country during the spring and autumn. At other seasons it is said to keep strictly within the limits of a spot which it selects for a home, and which invariably contains a large hollow tree suitable as a sleeping place. The naturalist Naumann tells us that, as

this bird retires to rest later than many other of the feathered inhabitants of its favourite groves or orchards, many fierce battles ensue before it can obtain possession of the particular hole it desires, as titmice and sparrows

also prefer a warm, snug nook, and are by no means disposed to resign quietly in favour of the intruder.

Its food principally consists of small insects and their larvæ, spiders and ants, which it finds on the branches of trees in woods and orchards, and it may sometimes be noticed on the ground feeding on insects. Its note, shrill and oft-repeated, resembles the syllables "keek keek, keek keek." One of the sounds it makes has been likened to that made by an auger in boring—hence one of its many common names, the pump-borer. The nest is usually placed in a hole in a tree, and no ordinary nesting materials are used, the eggs being deposited on sawdust and minute chips. Sometimes more than one hole is made, partially or wholly, though only one is finally occupied.

The male is from five and a half to six inches long (the birds differing from their congeners in the comparative shortness of the slightly conical beak, rounded tail, and the peculiar colouration of plumage). In the male the brow is yellowish grey, the crown of the head bright red, the upper part of the back entirely black, and the lower portion white, streaked with black; the whole of the wings are striped black and white, and relieved by a black line that passes along the sides of the neck, which is thus divided from the grey belly. The centre tail feathers are black. The female is without the red patch on the head; the young resemble the mother, but are somewhat duller in their hues. The wings measure two inches and three-quarters, and the tail two inches and a quarter.

Louis Dutens, the Eccentric Rector of Elsdon.

THE Rev. Louis Dutens (or Duchillon), A.M., F.R.S., Historiographer to his Majesty and honorary member of the French Academy of Incriptions and Belles Letters, held, during a considerable period, the valuable living of Elsdon in Northumberland.

M. Dutens, every inch a Frenchman, was born at Tours in 1729 of a very ancient Protestant family. He received the elements of education from his mother, "the most tender of parents," and passed his early years in reading poems, romances, and books of a similar description. From thence he rose to a slight acquaintance with writers of history and ethics, until, by degrees, he arrived at the age when the heart begins to feel that inexplicable sentiment, sweet and bitter, the source of mingled pleasure and pain, commonly called the tender passion. He now fell desperately in love with a schoolmaster's daughter, who, according to the fashion of all damsels of this description, immediately returned his flame, and insisted on his naming the marriage day forthwith. He applied to his father for this purpose, and poured out to him his whole heart; but love, it would seem, wanted its usual eloquence on this occasion, for the only answer which the elder Dutens thought proper to give was a sound box on the ear, intimating thereby, with sufficient precision, that the proposal was not to his liking. The chagrin which this failure occasioned made the young man suddenly and secretly leave his father's house, and take the road to Angers, where his evil genius, however, still pursued him, as he again fell in love, this time with his landlord's daughter, who proved as complaisant as his former sweetheart had been. But her father took umbrage at his addresses, and drove him from the premises, so that he was obliged to set out for Nantes. Here the same planet continued to rule his destiny, and a third unsuccessful passion forced him away. So he hied to Paris. He arrived in the capital of fashion and frivolity just in time to see the festivities which celebrated the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The wanderer's first occupation, after seeing the lions, was to write a tragedy, which was of course rejected. His next was to resume his old vocation, and fall in love with a lady of all manner of perfections. With her he was on the point of accomplishing a union, by carrying her off from the "pension" where she was a pupil, when her enraged parent arrived, and hurried her away from his sight, leaving him in the parlour of the boarding school overwhelmed with unruly grief, and with difficulty kept, by the rest of the misses, from dashing out his own brains against the wall.

Louis Dutens's family were rigid Protestants, and were exposed to all the intolerable prosecutions which awaited the dissenters from the Catholic Church in France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Of these he had a very near view in his own house. The archbishop of his diocese ordered to be carried off by force, from the arms of her parents, a sister twelve years old, in order to shut her up in a convent. No entreaties, addressed either to the prelate or the French Ministry, could obtain the slightest relaxation of this cruel order. The young woman was detained four years, at the end of which time, in self-defence, wearied out with the importunity of proselytisers, she abjured the religion of her father, and took the veil. The fate of his sister, and a consideration of the state of things which rendered such an outrage possible, induced him to form the resolution of leaving France; so he set out for England, with the intention of making it his adopted home.

On his way to the coast he passed through a town where two English ladies were staying for the benefit of their health. Hearing that one of them was Miss Pitt, sister of the English minister, he contrived to procure an introduction to them, and with that talent for making himself agreeable and serviceable which never failed him through life, he managed to become a prime favourite with them. He also fell desperately in love, for the fifth time, with Miss Taylor, the companion of Miss Pitt. She returned his passion with equal ardour. The pair soon after met again in England, where they ex-

changed mutual vows of eternal fidelity; but, nevertheless, Dutens seems to have given up all thoughts of marrying; at least we hear no more of Miss Taylor through the whole course of his memoirs. (*Memoires d'un Voyageur qui se Repose*, 3 vols. London: Dulan, 1806.)

From Miss Pitt he received a letter for her brother, the great Earl of Chatham, who at first received him kindly, and then suddenly shut his door against him, in consequence of his sister having had some words with one of the adventurer's relatives in France. After a short and unprofitable stay in this country, M. Dutens returned to his father's house. There he fell sick. During a dangerous illness and tedious recovery, he was nursed by his sister and taught religion, as he himself tells us. Thus fortified and fitted out anew, he revisited the great Babel of London, where he was soon after received in the family of a Mr. Wyche as tutor to his son. He now found, rather inopportunely, that he had grievously neglected his own education, and that he knew none of the things which he had been hired to teach. By incessant labour, however, he contrived to keep somewhat ahead of his pupil, and when, at length, Mr. Wyche discovered his ignorance of the higher branches of learning, he very amiably took upon himself the instruction both of his son and his tutor. In this worthy family, Dutens seems to have passed several very tranquil, profitable, and happy years. Unfortunately, however, his pupil died. This event plunged him into great grief, and he continued absorbed in it for the best part of six weeks, after which the first occupation in which he felt he could interest himself was the instruction of a young sister of his deceased pupil, both deaf and dumb. By degrees he was more and more engaged in this pursuit; and at last he and his fair pupil become inseparable. Miss Wyche soon proved a most desperate and daring lover. Ignorant of the forms and proprieties of life, she made him direct proposals which he could not misinterpret, but which he parried with the best grace he could muster. At length he left the house abruptly, and accepted the offer of a gentleman who was going to Turin on a diplomatic mission, and who was in want of a private secretary and domestic chaplain. Accordingly (in 1758), he set out for Piedmont with Mr. Mackenzie Stuart, brother of Lord Bute, and very soon, after his manner, became absolutely necessary to his patron's existence. At Turin, he enjoyed, of course, all the good society which belonged to the place. He picked up in this way a great many curious anecdotes which he afterwards gave to the world in a curious little volume to which he gave the title of "Dutentiana."

When Mr. Mackenzie Stuart, his principal, was obliged to return home, M. Dutens, though a Frenchman and at a time when this country was at war with France, was left as our *chargé d'affaires* at the Court of Turin. This situation he filled for several months, and then returned to England by way of Paris. In that city he made himself agreeable to the English whom he happened to meet, and had an opportunity, in this company, of seeing Sterne, the author of "Tristram Shandy," at the table of the Marquis of Tavistock. The conversation happened to turn on Turin, and Sterne, who did not know who the gentleman that sat next to him was, asked him if he knew M. Dutens. The latter replied that he did, and was most intimate with him. All the company began to laugh, and Sterne, who had no idea the individual alluded to was present, at once jumped to the conclusion that Dutens must be a queer sort of person, since his very name called forth such merriment. So he asked his unknown neighbour, "Is he not a rather singular man?" "Yes," replied he, "quite an original." "I had my doubts about him," continued Sterne. "I have heard it said of him—" And he went on to draw Dutens's portrait out of his own head, while Dutens seemed to acquiesce. Then, seeing that the subject evidently amused the company, he set himself to invent, in the fertility of his fancy, a number of stories after his peculiar manner, continuing the recitation till it was time to separate. Dutens was the first to leave, and, as soon as he was gone, the others gave Sterne to understand that the gentleman he had been libelling, and who had just left, had managed to contain himself out of respect for Lord Tavistock, but that he was not a person to be played with, or made a fool of, and that it was morally certain he would hear from him in the morning. Sterne saw that he had carried the joke too far, and, dreading the consequences, he called at Dutens's lodgings early the next morning, and made a thousand apologies, which were of course accepted.

After remaining some time in London, obtaining a good pension from Lord Bute's Administration and augmenting the list of noblemen to whose existence he was more than half necessary, Dutens returned to Turin, and again resumed the functions of *chargé d'affaires*. He employed his leisure in planning several learned works, and in getting up an edition of Liebnitz, which was afterwards published at Geneva. In compiling this edition, he had occasion to write a preface upon certain points in mathematical science which he confessed he understood nothing about. It was so much approved of, that he used afterwards to argue from thence in favour of authors confining themselves to subjects of which they are ignorant.

Shortly after his return to England from Turin, he got an introduction to the Duke of Northumberland, and became a regular attender at Northumberland House. He was dazzled, he tells us, by the magnificence of the duke, enchanted by the polite attentions with which his grace honoured him, and particularly flattered by the distinction he received from the duchess. The duke, however, unfortunately threw himself into opposition in Parliament, and all hopes of preferment through his grace's influence were thenceforth banished. Dutens also soon discovered that the duke, though a great lover of the arts

and sciences, and fond of conversing on such subjects, did nothing, or next to nothing, for his dependents. Yet, he did not fail, from time to time, when he had no other great men to beset, to frequent Northumberland House; and he was at length rewarded for his assiduity by the presentation of the living of Elsdon, in Northumberland, then (1766) worth £800 a year, The king likewise made him a present of a thousand pounds, to enable him to buy furniture, etc. Moderately handsome as this was, it did not near come up to the ideas of M. Dutens as to the worth of his services. He rather considered his relegation to the valley of the Reed in the light of an honourable banishment. So he retired in disgust to his parish, as he tells us in his memoirs, despising the world, hating the great who had so grievously neglected him, and abjuring for the rest of his life all dangling after lords and ladies. Nay, so seriously did he set about this radical reform in his life that he took with him Regnier's "Satire upon Government," in order that he might have close at hand every hour of the day that excellent preservator against tuft-hunting.

"The parishioners at Elsdon," says a writer in the *Newcastle Magazine* for April, 1823, "expressed much dissatisfaction when they learnt that a foreigner was established as their minister, and on his first visit to take possession of his benefice his appearance confirmed their dislike; but in preaching the first sermon the discontent rose to clamorous opposition, one and all declaring that they had not understood a single word of his discourse, and a petition to the bishop for relief was the theme of every tongue. Although well informed of all that was passing, he appeared to know nothing of the matter, but freely mixed among the people with the most winning and cheerful condescension, and in going round the parish he personally invited to dine with him, at the old castle, as many of the higher class as his table would accommodate. On the appointed day, as they arrived, they were shown into a room; and when the whole had met, he entered the room with expressions of the utmost surprise at seeing them there, declaring that he had no reason to expect the honour of a visit from any one of them on that day. One of them very warmly appealed to himself if he had not in person invited them to dine with him. 'Oh, yes!' returned the clerical humorist. 'Oh, yes, my very goot friend, I did invite you, and you, and you, to my dine, but you all say, every one of you say, you no understand one word I speak. Oh te! very good, when I preach you from my pulpit, you no understand my speak, but when I invite you to my goot dine, you very well understand.' It was instantly perceived that the play-off was a good humoured joke upon themselves, and a hearty laugh at each other was the prelude to the dinner bell. By similar practices of pleasing cheerfulness, he in time conciliated his parishioners, and still more by being commendably moderate in the exaction of his tithes."

Equipped for philosophy, and resolved to live for himself, thus did M. Dutens, at the ripe age of fifty years, quit, for the first time in his life, the habits of a courtier, and plunge into the dull routine of a country life, in a solitary parsonage on the borders of Chevy Chase. But the change was of transient duration. He soon embarked anew on the stormy sea of the great world. For, almost as soon as he had begun his new plans of life, he read in a newspaper Lord Mountstuart's appointment as resident at Turin, and instantly set all his engines of intrigue in motion to get himself adopted as his private secretary. This attempt was successful; the spiritual cure of his Northumbrian charge was handed over to a properly qualified curate; and he set out for Italy with the ambassador's family in the capacity of what is usually termed a factotum. He took charge of everything on the route. He was, indeed, the chief of the expedition. Nothing was undertaken or done without his advice and consent. He was the oracle of the party, an invaluable man in every department. He now travelled about the Continent, sometimes with Lord and Lady Mountstuart, sometimes alone, in which latter case he carried with him a travelling library of select volumes in nine different languages. He was received everywhere, and particularly by princes, and most of all by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with the most distinguished attention. He was entertained for some weeks in the most elegant and sumptuous fashion by the family of Choiseul at their grand mediæval chateau; he rubbed shoulders with the great French Minister Turgot; and he shivered philosophic lances with the celebrated encyclopedists D'Alembert and Condorcet.

While thus pleasantly engaged, great was his astonishment one morning to receive the melancholy news of the death of his old friend and patron, Mr. Mackenzie Stuart, coupled with the pleasing announcement that that gentleman had left him a third part of his personal property—an equal share with his two nephews—amounting to £15,000. This legacy at once placed M. Dutens on an independent footing. He could henceforth afford to take his *otium cum dignitate*. He gave up tuft-hunting for good and all, and betook himself to quiet study for the remainder of his life. Some of the fruits of his scientific investigations are now before us, in the shape of solid quartos, octavos, and duodecimos. His chief work is intituled "Researches into the Origin of the Discoveries of the Moderns," wherein it is demonstrated that our most celebrated philosophers have drawn a large part of their knowledge from the works of the ancients, and that several important truths regarding religion were known to the Pagan sages. It was written originally in French, and published in Paris in 1766. An English translation appeared in 1769, a second French edition a few years subsequently, and a third in quarto, considerably enlarged, in London, 1796. It is one of those singular books in which a vast amount of erudition is as good as thrown away in an attempt to establish a plausible, but

untenable theory. The list of authors consulted in its preparation ranges over all the letters of the alphabet, from the Arabian historian Abulpharagius to the Byzantine annalists Zonarus and Zozimus. If it were for nothing but the copious quotations it contains, the book is well worth reading. His "Memoirs of a Traveller now in Retirement"—also published, we believe, both in French and English (we have consulted the French edition only)—extends to five vols. octavo, and appeared in 1806. The year before that M. Dutens had published another learned work in quarto, "Researches into the Most Remote Time at which the Arch was used by the Ancients." In this he endeavoured to prove that the scientific construction of the arch was known to the Egyptians, Babylonians, Etruscans, and others, long prior to the age of Alexander the Great, before whose days, however, there is every reason to conclude that the arch was unknown. M. Dutens managed to support his opinions by a great variety of citations from ancient and modern writers, and by arguments deduced from the actual remains of ancient buildings, as well as from the descriptions extant of those which are now no more.

M. Dutens died in London on the 3rd of May, 1812, in the 83rd year of his age.

Samuel Reay, Organist.

MR. SAMUEL REAY, Mus. Bac., Oxon., one of the series of eminent organists who gave recitals on the new organ lately supplied to St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, was born at Hexham, on March 17, 1822, his father at that time being organist of the abbey church of that ancient town. In early childhood young Reay exhibited an unusual aptitude for music, and when about eight years of age, his father having meantime removed to Ryton-on-Tyne, he was admitted to the then famous choir of Durham Cathedral. Under the late Dr. Henshaw, he received a thorough vocal training, and laid the foundation of that knowledge of church music which has been so valuable to him in after life.

MR. SAMUEL REAY.

On leaving Durham, young Reay was placed under the care of the late Mr. James Stimpson, who at that time was organist of St. Andrew's, Newcastle-on-Tyne, with whom he studied organ and piano playing, and the theory of music generally. Such rapid progress was made that, at the early age of seventeen, he became organist to the late Rev. Thomas Gillow, of North Shields. Leaving here, he officiated for some time at St. Michael's, Houghton-le-Spring, and on Mr. Stimpson's promotion to Carlisle Cathedral in 1841 he was selected from several competing candidates to succeed his master at St. Andrew's. Here, two years later, he established, in conjunction with the late Rev. William Dodd, the first surpliced and regular antiphonal choir in the North of England, outside a cathedral, with full choral service and choral celebration, performed by an efficient staff of men and boys, the latter selected from the parish schools and trained by the young organist. In 1845, the offer of a considerably increased stipend induced him to accept the organistship of St. Thomas's, Barras Bridge, where he had the charge of a very excellent mixed choir.

Two years later, after a keen competition, Mr. Reay was appointed organist of St. Peter's Church, Tiverton. Soon after taking up his residence in this pleasant town, he turned his attention to the composition of the part songs which have rendered his name so famous, several of them, "Sweet is the Breath of Early Morn," "The Clouds that Wrap," "The Dawn of Day," and others, having been written for the Tiverton Vocal Society, an amateur body of which he was the conductor. He, therefore, may be recognized as amongst the first of modern English writers to devote himself to this class of music. About the same time Mr. Reay conceived the notion of collecting materials towards a history of keyed and string instruments, which resulted in his delivering interesting lectures on the subject at Tiverton, Exeter, Teignmouth, Durham, Alnwick, and other places. He lectured on "Old English Ballad Music," and cognate subjects at the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, in December, 1853.

In 1854, Mr. Reay was appointed, again after competition, organist of St. John's Church, Hampstead, and, later, of St. Saviour's and St. Stephen's, Paddington. In 1859, he succeeded Dr. E. G. Monk (translated to York Minster) as organist and precentor of St. Peter's College, Radley, where there was a fine organ, a large choir, and an excellent cathedral service. On resigning this post, he became organist and choir-master, under the late Canon Hornby, of the parish church, Bury, Lancashire, famous for its choir and choral service. And on the retirement of Dr. Dearle, in 1864, he succeeded him in the important and ancient office of song schoolmaster of the parish church, Newark.

Mr. Reay has written much music for the Church, and his services and anthems and hymns have found an acceptable place in the repertoires of many cathedrals and "places where they sing." Among his latest work has been "the genial task," as he describes it, "of putting appropriate harmonies and symphonies to the songs and ballads contained in the interesting 'Northumbrian Minstrelsy,'" edited by Dr. Bruce and Mr. John Stokoe.

A WEEK-END at BELLINGHAM

THE town of Bellingham, built on sloping ground on the left bank of the North Tyne, five hundred feet or more above the level of Hexham, and well nigh forty miles from Newcastle, is just one of those places at which people who are fond of a country with historic associations can profitably spend a week-end. Many a valiant chieftain lived about Bellingham in the time of the Scottish marauders. There was no shirking obligations in those days; for it had been enacted in the Parliament called on October 9th, 1385, by Richard III., that all possessors of lands on the marches beyond the river Tyne, whether lords or others, should reside with them, except such as the king should think fit to dispense with. The town reposes now in peace with the Scots and all the world, attracting to itself every year an increasing number of tourists and visitors.

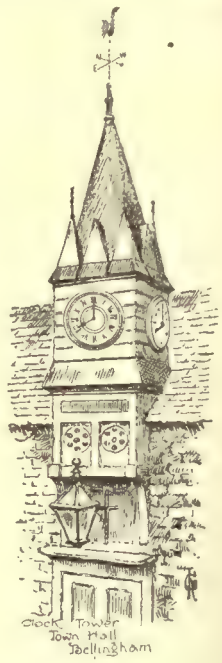
It is perhaps worth while recounting in brief space a few of the attractions which Bellingham can offer the strange visitor. Foremost is the wild moorland country which surrounds it. How many happy days can be spent roaming over the heather-clad hills of the North Tyne! But first let us enter Bellingham. It is picturesque and quaint by whichever way you approach it. Two of our illustrations show pleasant adits to the village. One is the handsome bridge of stone which forms the approach to the town from the railway station; and the other is a picturesque wooden bridge in another direction, built in truly rural style to avoid having to ford the stream that crosses the road. The cottages and blacksmith's shop form a pretty background.

Bellingham has aptly been described as the last town in England, which description is accurate enough if you are travelling by the Waverley route to Scotland. The place even goes the length of having its own Town Hall. It is built on a slope called Mug Hill, where formerly the markets were held, and where many an old quarrel was settled or aggravated while the cry resounded—"Tarset and Tarretburn! Yet! Yet! Yet!" The accompanying sketch gives a representation of the clock turret of the building, in which, on winter nights, many an entertainment is given to the inhabitants of Bellingham, to help to while away the tedium of the long nights, when

> Among their children comfortable men
> Gather around great fires, and yet feel cold.

Bellingham is a town by Royal charter, though only a small one, and for its size does not exceed that of many a Northumberland village; indeed I know many villages in the county that would beat it hollow for population.

The land about Bellingham is high, and little adapted to the successful growth of cereal crops; hence it has chiefly a pastoral appearance. Corn is grown only at the foot of the valley, near the river, where the soil is richer. The rest of the country, so far as it is used for farming, is devoted to large pastures and sheep-walks. There remain, besides these, only the woods and plantations, principally of firs and different kinds of conifers, that flank the river or cover the sides of the burns and the uninclosed moorlands. Under the soil are coal, iron ore, and limestone; but these minerals are not now worked. Formerly an attempt was made to turn Bellingham into a mining centre, a colliery shaft being sunk, and iron mining operations commenced. But the cost of winning the minerals was too great, and the ironworks that were erected had to be closed, owing to the industry being unprofitable. This was thirty years ago, and traces of the miners' work still remain. Three miles off, the quiet hills are reminded of the everywhere pervading engineer by the sound of the firing



on the gun-trial ground of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co.

Tradition says that Bellingham was one of the towns through which the body of St. Cuthbert passed in its wanderings. The parish church, which is dedicated to

that saint, is a quaint and interesting building, built about the end of the eleventh century in the early Norman style. In former times it was the general place of refuge for the people of Bellingham, who took their goods and chattels, their families and their cattle, into the sacred building for protection from the Scottish raider or the English freebooter of the Borders. In the interior of the church and in the graveyard will be found the stone tablets that preserve for future generations the memory of the progenitors of the leading families of this part of the North Tyne. These were what may be described as clans, a common characteristic of the old Border life, and four of these clans or families, or, as they were called about Bellingham, "graynes," dominated over North Tynedale. So in the church and churchyard at Bellingham you can see inscribed the names of the Charltons, the Robsons, the Dodds, and the Milburns. These bold, reckless thieves did not confine their lawless attentions to the Scots over the borders; amongst each other they were continually at variance, stealing and stabbing and killing. As late as the end of the fifteenth century the Bishop of Durham had to use the full measures of his powers to keep these Tynedale robbers in a semblance of subjection to authority. Sentence of excommunication was withdrawn only on condition of their abstaining from all theft in the future, that they should not wear a jacket or knapescall (helmet), nor ride a horse of the value of more than 6s. 8d., except against the Scots or the king's enemies, and that they should not appear in church with any weapons exceeding one cubit in length.

One of the main features of Bellingham Church is its roof, formed entirely of stone (except that of the chancel). It is said to be the only church in the county with such a roof, except that at Thockrington there is a stone-covered chancel. When the church was restored thirty years ago, the Duke of Northumberland's subscription was given only on condition that the floor was restored to its original level, and consequently you enter the church by going down three steps. The interior, as well as the graveyard of the church, contains much that is interesting from an antiquarian and historical point of view. Not far from the entrance to the church, outside in the open air, is the famous stone to which is attached the well-known story of the Long Pack. Other stones near this call to mind entertaining narratives of the Milburns and Charltons, but to these I have not space to refer at greater length. Another slab keeps alive for the inhabitants of Bellingham the memory of Sir John Fife, the eminent surgeon, who was Mayor of Newcastle during an exciting period of the Chartist agitation.

The pride of Bellingham is its Linn. Hareshaw Linn is one of the few waterfalls which the county of North-

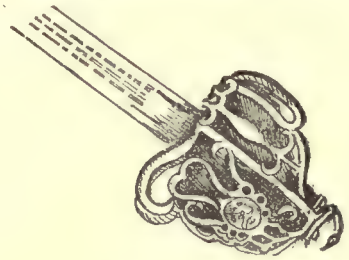
umberland possesses. The principal fall is thirty feet high, in a chasm between two picturesque red cliffs, with plants,

shrubs, and trees covering the ground all round. There are three falls, in fact, and woodland beauties are in profusion. Paths meander here and there, and the wooden seats met with anon and anon show how favourite a spot it is with lovers of romantic scenery. The babbling stream that flows through the pretty glen washes hundreds of moss-covered stones, and the thousands of flowers that carpet the sides of the dene give it a rich, wild beauty that art cannot imitate. Accompanying these lines are sketches of two pretty rustic bridges that cross the Hareshaw Burn in the neighbourhood of the Linn. Not many yards from one of these bridges, near to the head of the glen, is the dancing green, where, on Pic-nic Day, the great holiday for the Bellingham folks, young men and maidens trip gracefully through the steps of the old country dances.

One of the prettiest walks around Bellingham is that to Woodhead and down the slope through the wood to Hesleyside, the old family residence of the Charltons, who have lived here since 1340, previous to which, as far back as 1200, they held a tower at Charlton, on the opposite side of the river, but of this no traces now remain. Twice has their home suffered destruction through fire. The present building is of different dates,

the east wing and the terrace in front having been erected in the last century by "Runaway Willie" (William Charlton, obit. 1736), whose spirit is supposed to revisit the hall every seven years, though there seems a probability that he is now at rest, as he has not been seen or heard of lately. The south wing, in the centre of which is an old stone-vaulted arch, which formerly gave entrance to the spacious courtyard, now covered over, is the oldest part now standing. Here is still carefully preserved, under lock and key, the Charlton spur,

an instrument six inches long, with a rowel two inches in diameter, which has been in possession of the Charlton family for an indefinite period. This relic is the one which, with the standard (a glass cup richly engraved, holding a quart of liquor, and attached to which is a legend similar to that of the Luck of Edenhall), crucifix, &c., still preserved at Hesleyside, William Bell Scott, the artist, copied into his picture in Wallington House when illustrating one of the phases of life on the Border. In the picture the Border chieftain is shown the emptiness of his larder and the necessity for a foray by the spur in the dish, which is brought up in place of dinner. This spur, and the old sword of the Charltons, are represented in the sketches given here. The house at Hesleyside is one which will amply repay a visit to anyone interested in seeing the home of an old Northumbrian squire.



As to the old owners of Hesleyside, they were Royalists at the time of Cromwell, under whom they suffered much, and Jacobites under the Hanoverian kings.

Notes and Commentaries.

THE POLKA.

The polka, a favourite round dance, is of modern origin. It was first introduced into Newcastle about fifty years ago, when Thorne's show used to stand in the Spital. It was customary at that time for all the performers, both male and female, to appear in full theatrical costume on the stage outside the show, and, after promenading for a short time, wind up with the "Haymakers," "Speed the Plough," or some other popular country-dance. Large crowds used to assemble nightly when it became known

that the polka was to be danced. Mr. Henderson and Mrs. Grainger, dressed in full Hungarian costume, were the dancers, and they received unbounded applause for their performance. NOVA, West Hartlepool.

THE DEVIL'S DUE.

Dr. John Egerton, on coming to the See of Durham, employed one Due as his agent to find out the true values of the estates held by lease under him, and in consequence of Due's reports, he greatly raised both the fines and reserved rents of his tenants. On this account the following toast was often drunk in and about Durham :—"May the Lord take the Bishop, and the Devil have his Due!" D. D., Newcastle.

"JESSAMOND MILL."

Referring to the old song, "Jessamond Mill," which is printed in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1891, p. 235, perhaps the following notes may be of interest:—On March 20th, 1880, it was copied into the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* (according to a note) from "The Goldfinch," a collection of songs published in Edinburgh in 1777. In 1806 we find it in the "Northern Minstrel," published by Marshall, of Gateshead, and there we get a glimpse behind "Primrose," the signature under which the song originally appeared. Marshall has it—the spelling modernised—"'Jesmond Mill,' supposed by P. Hodgson, late of Newcastle." In Bell's "Rhymes of Northern Bards," 1812, the song also appears, and there "supposed by P. Hodgson" gives place to "by Phil. Hodgson." After this it appears with that signature in several local collections. "The Ladies' Own Memorandum Book," in which the song first appeared, according to Mr. Bell, was printed by S. Hodgson. TYNESIDE.

JOHN FORSTER.

A London journal has lately related a story about a celebrated native of Tyneside which is worth quoting. Many years ago, says the writer, a certain youth at Newcastle was very much indisposed to turn his mind to the business which his mature advisers understood and appreciated, but yearned to distinguish himself in journalism and literature. To him said a local sage one day, "You're just like a boy I knew whose father was a butcher here, and had one of the best businesses in the place. Do you think he'd follow his father, and be a butcher too, and make himself a name? Not him; nothing would do for him but to go to London, and take up with newspapers and stuff. Trust my word, my lad, or you'll come to the same end. His name was John Forster, and I've never heard tell o' him since." "But," said the reprimanded boy, eager to show his knowledge, Mr. Forster is a great man. He has written the 'Life of Goldsmith.'" "Pooh!" quoth the sage, "I never heard of it." ZEBEDEE, Durham.

A DURHAM COLLIERY EXPLOSION 182 YEARS AGO.

I take the following rather quaint account of a colliery explosion, which took place over one hundred and eighty years ago, from the "Transactions of the Royal Society of London." It is significant that, although the catastrophe occurred at Fatfield, in the county of Durham, it is located as "near Newcastle." The account is headed :—"Concerning a Colliery that was blown up near Newcastle. By the Rev. Dr. Arthur Charlett":—

On Wednesday, the 18th day of August, 1708, at Fatfield, in the parish of Chester-le-Street, about 3 o'clock in the morning, by the sudden eruption of a violent fire, which discharged itself at the mouths of three pits with as great a noise as the firing of cannon, or the loudest claps of thunder, 69 persons were destroyed in an instant. Three of them, viz., two men and a woman, were blown quite up from the bottom of the shaft, 57 fathom deep, into the air, to a considerable distance from the mouth of the pit; one of the men with his head almost off, and the woman with her bowels hanging about her heels. The machine by which the coals were drawn up, and it is of a great weight, was blown off by the force of the blast; and what is more wonderful, the fish which were in the rivulet that runs 20 yards under the level, and at as great a distance from the mouth of one of the pits, were in great numbers taken up dead, floating on the water, by several of the inhabitants.

H. W. R., Seaham Harbour.

JOSEPH GLYNN, F.R.S.

The following portion of the Life of Joseph Glynn, relating to his career as an author, was omitted from page 251 :—

To the literature of Mechanical Engineering, Mr. Glynn contributed several valuable books and papers. In February, 1836, he received the gold (Isis) medal of the Society of Arts for a paper on his method of applying steam power to the draining of fens and marshes—a contribution to the Society's "Transactions" which was translated into French, German, and Dutch, and had a wide circulation. He became a member of the society shortly afterwards, and in later life was honoured by a seat in the Council, and the office of vice-president. In the "Transactions" of the Institute of Civil Engineers, of which learned body he became a member in 1828, are the following productions of his pen :—

1839.—Description of a Sawing Machine for cutting off Railway Bars.

1840.—On the Use of Mica as a substitute for Glass in the Windows of Workshops.

1844.—On the Causes of the Fractures of the Axles of Railway Carriages.

1847.—A Review of the Plans which have been proposed for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a Navigable Canal.

1851.—On the Isthmus of Suez and the Canals of Egypt.

In the fourth and fifth volumes of "Papers on Subjects connected with the Duties of the Corps of Royal Engineers," are elaborate contributions of Mr. Glynn's upon the subject of cranes for the Royal Dockyards, and he drew up a memorandum for the Lords of the Admiralty, showing the advantage of applying the screw propeller to ships of war. For Weale's Rudimentary Series of Science Manuals he wrote two books, entitled:—

The Construction of Cranes, and other Machinery for Raising Heavy Bodies, for the Erection of Buildings, and for Hoisting Goods.

The Power of Water as applied to drive Flour Mills, and to give Motion to Turbines and other Hydrostatic Engines.

Upon the occasion of his obtaining the Isis Medal of the Society of Arts, the Literary and Philosophical

Society of Newcastle, in whose proceedings as a youth he had been an active participant, elected Mr. Glynn an honorary member, and he was the first person so honoured. Two years later he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. RICHARD WELFORD.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A CENSUS EXPERIENCE.

Enumerator (at Tantobie, on the Monday after Census Day): "Got your paper filled up?" Jack: "Noa, aa hevvent had time." Enumerator: "Let me have it and I'll do it." Jack: "Aall reet, canny man." Enumerator: "How many slept under your roof last night?" Jack: "Nebody; we had a confinement!"

A DEAF WARDEN.

At the morning service of a large and fashionable church in the North of England, its venerable rector, at the termination of the service, announced that all those having children to baptise were to bring them forward. A warden, who was rather deaf, thinking that the minister was announcing for sale the new prayer-books of which he had charge, supplemented the announcement by saying, "Aa'll them that hes nyen can be supplied at 6d. each!"

"CANNY."

During the passage of a local steamer from the Thames to the Tyne, a London gentleman, who was discussing a political question with several of the passengers, was accosted by his son, a lad of seven or eight summers, as follows:—"Pa, what is canny?" "'Canny!' there is no such word in the dictionary, my boy." "Oh, yes, pa, there is; because an old lady in the bunk next to ma's keeps saying, 'Ma hinny, but aa *is* bad. Aa wish aa wes in canny Newcassel agyen!'"

THE WRONG PATIENT.

A servant girl went to a chemist's in Newcastle for some castor oil, asking that it should be mixed with something which would disguise its taste. "Do you like soda-water?" inquired the apothecary. The girl replied that she did. Thereupon she was handed a glass of that liquid, which she drank. But she still lingered in the shop, and presently asked for the oil again, when the chemist informed her that she had already taken it. "My gracious," she cried, "aa wanted it for a lodger!"

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

One of the workmen at a colliery situated a few miles north of Newcastle was completely nonplussed with the directions for filling up his census paper. So he took it to his neighbour, and said to him:—"Lyukah heor, Jim; gie's a hand wi' this confoonded thing." Jim at once saw what was the matter. "Noo," he said, "ansor ma questions. Forst—Hoo aad are ye?" "Thorty-fower," was the reply. "Noo, as regards the hoose, what are ye?" "Oh! aa's the man." "Aa knaa that, but what aa want te knaa is—whe's the heed o' the hoose or the family?" "The wife, begox, the wife—not me, onnyway!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 9th of May, Mr. Matthew Kearney, J.P., D.L., formerly of the Ford, Lanchester, and latterly of Ellsworth Terrace, Primrose Hill, London, died at Southsea. The deceased, who was 76 years of age, was descended from an old Roman Catholic family, and was a brother of the late Very Rev. Francis Kearney, of the Brooms, Lanchester, a Canon of St. Mary's Cathedral, Newcastle.

Mr. Joseph Walton, of West Mill Hills, Haydon Bridge, chief partner in the firm of Lee Walton and Co., timber merchants, Langley Mills, died on the 10th of May.

On the 11th of May Lady Elizabeth Grey, widow of Canon F. R. Grey, of Morpeth, and sister of the late and aunt of the present Earl of Carlisle, died at Woolbedding, Midhurst, Sussex, the residence of her sister-in-law, Lady Lanerton. The deceased lady acted in the capacity of bridesmaid at the marriage of the Queen on the 10th of February, 1840.

Mr. Joseph Snowball, who was for many years Chief Commissioner to the Duke of Northumberland, and land agent to the Earl of Eldon and others of the landed proprietors of Northumberland and Durham, died at his residence, Seaton Burn House, on the 12th of May, at the age of 81 years. The deceased gentleman was a magistrate for Northumberland, and a member of the County Council, and held many other public offices.

On the 12th of May, at her seat, Ford Castle, Northumberland, died Louisa, third Dowager Marchioness of Waterford. The deceased lady, who was born in April, 1818, was the second daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, Minister at Brussels at the time of Waterloo. Her sister, afterwards Lady Canning, of Indian fame, resembled her in being a most rare type of female beauty. As a girl, at the famous Eglinton Tournament, Lady Waterford only escaped being proclaimed Queen of Beauty through the force of an unwritten law, ruling that the honour be borne by a married lady. At Eglinton she met for the first time Henry, third Marquis of Waterford, to whom she was married in 1842. They had no children. He was killed in the hunting field near Curraghmore, Ireland, in 1859, and she left that country, making from this time forward her lonely home between Ford Castle, the dower-house "on the border," and Highcliffe, a Stuart family place left to her by her mother, on the coast of Hampshire. She did much for the improvement of both places. At Ford the Castle was restored, the village rebuilt, and the school-house decorated with masterly frescoes of Bible subjects, painted by herself. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 130; 1891, p. 127.)

Mr. Richard Wright, a famous racehorse breeder of the High Lodge Stud, Richmond, Yorkshire, died on the 12th of May, at the age of 86 years.

The death was announced on the 13th of May of Mrs. Harrison, widow of Mr. T. E. Harrison, the eminent railway engineer. She was a daughter of the late Rev. John Collinson, once rector of Gateshead.

On the 14th of May the remains of the late Mr. Robert

Smith, boot and shoemaker, and a noted violin player, were interred in Morpeth churchyard.

The death was announced, on the 15th of May, of "Shute" Ord, an eccentric character in the city of Durham.

On the 19th of May, Mrs. Mary Drummond, widow of Mr. Thomas Drummond, shipbuilder, and a lady of highly cultured mind, died at Waterloo, Blyth, in the 87th year of her age.

A writer in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of the 21st of May recorded the death of Mr. Alexander Gordon, an old and well-known second-hand bookseller in the Newcastle Market. Mr. Gordon was an M.A. of Aberdeen University.

On the 20th of May, the Rev. Augustus Frederic Dashwood Ruxton, vicar of Well, Bedale, died in London. The deceased gentleman was the eldest son of the late Rev. F. W. Ruxton, rector of Willington, in the county of Durham.

Mr. Thomas Dixon Stephenson, a retired gentleman, residing at Willington, Durham, in the public affairs of which place he took a prominent part, died on the 21st of May.

On the 22nd of May, Dr. McCuaig, police surgeon and consulting physician to the North Riding Infirmary, Middlesbrough, died from typhoid fever and congestion of the lungs. The deceased gentleman was at one time the finest golf player in the North of England.

Mr. Thomas Bowman, a well-known auctioneer, died at Darlington on the 23rd of May, at the age of 70 years.

At the age of 67 years, Mr. Henry Barry, shipowner and steamship manager, having extensive connections with the North of England, also died on the 23rd of May, at Whitby.

On the 22nd of May, at the advanced age of 81 years, Mrs. Emery, relict of Robert Emery, printer, died at her home in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle. Her husband was born in Edinburgh in 1794, but came to Newcastle at an early age, and served his apprenticeship as a printer in company with the late Thomas Binney, the eminent Nonconformist minister. Mr. Emery became famous as the writer of several clever humourous songs.

Mr. George Edward Steele, watchmaker and jeweller at Chester-le-Street, who took an active interest in local affairs, died on the 25th of May. He was 70 years of age.

On the 27th of May, the death was announced, at the age of 41, of Mr. A. T. Shillinglaw, a sculptor of considerable local distinction, at Gateshead.

The death was announced, on the 28th May, of Mr. John Gibson, shipowner, Blyth. The deceased belonged to an old family connected with that port.

On the 28th of May, Sir Horace St. Paul, Bart., died at Ewart Park, near Wooler, Northumberland. The deceased was born in 1812, and succeeded his father in 1840. He was High Sheriff in 1851. In receiving, in that year, one of her Majesty's Judges of Assize, he placed at the service of his lordship an old britzka without heraldic ornaments, and all the other paraphernalia usually attendant on such ceremonies were dispensed with. The deceased baronet married a daughter of Mr. G. A. Grey of Milfield, and left an only daughter heiress to his properties in Northumberland and Staffordshire. Sir Horace St. Paul was a Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

Miss Allan, a well-known member of the Society of Friends in the county of Durham, died at Bishop Auckland on the 30th of May.

On the 1st of June, the death was announced at Sunderland of Mr. George Foreman, who, many years ago, was identified with shipping at that port. He was 77 years of age.

Mr. Sebastian Henderson, of the firm of Messrs. S. and R. Henderson, tea dealers, Newcastle, died on the 1st of June. The deceased, who for over half a century had been associated with the business and social life of the city, was 74 years of age.

Mr. Robert Boston, fish-curer, and one of the oldest members of the Berwick Town Council, died on the 2nd of June.

Mr. F. W. Mildred, coal and lime merchant, and a member of the Middlesbrough Town Council, died on the 6th of June.

On the same day the death took place of Mr. Robert Summers, flour merchant and grocer, and a member of the Morpeth Town Council.

At the early age of 21, Mr. Septimus L. Reid, son of Mr. Andrew Reid, the well-known printer and publisher, Newcastle, died on the 8th of June.

On the 9th of June, Mr. William Clough, who for many years acted as postmaster of Longhorsley, and was a celebrated trainer of greyhounds, died in the 77th year of his age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MAY.

11.—At a meeting held at Alnwick, under the presidency of Mr. Albert Grey, a committee was appointed to raise the necessary funds for the erection of a memorial to the late Duchess of Northumberland.

—George Dixon, moulder, was fatally stabbed at South Shields, and a woman named Harriet Harleigh, who had been living with him, was apprehended on a charge of having caused his death. She was committed for trial on the capital charge by the coroner's warrant and by the borough magistrates.

12.—The order of the justices of the county of Durham committing Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., for trial on a charge of perjury in connection with the proceedings arising out of the evictions at Silksworth, was quashed by the Court of Queen's Bench, on the ground that the borough magistrates had been improperly refused permission by the county magistrates to join in hearing the case. On the 19th, a summons against Mr. Storey upon the same charge was granted by the Sunderland borough magistrates.

—The will of the late Mr. Joseph Bainbridge Fife, of Banks Terrace, Croft, Durham, was sworn at £28,444 17s.

13.—The Rev. S. Friedeberg was presented by the Hebrew community in Newcastle with an illuminated address and a gold hunting watch on his leaving the city for Liverpool.

—Dr. G. W. Weir was elected medical officer of health for the borough of Jarrow.

—In the church of St. John the Baptist, at Alnmouth,

Mr. John Fleming Morrison, son of Mr. Robert Morrison, late of Newcastle, and grandson of the late Mr. John Fleming, solicitor, was married to Miss Florence Emma Stanton, second daughter of Mr. Cornelius Harrison Stanton, of Newcastle.

14.—A recognition meeting was held in the Church of the Divine Unity, Newcastle, in connection with the induction of the Rev. Sydney Street to the pastorate of the Unitarian Mission at Byker. The charge to the new pastor was delivered by his father, the Rev. J. C. Street, of Birmingham, and formerly of Newcastle.

—At a sale of books in London, Surtees's "History of the County of Durham" was sold for £38, and Hodgson's "History of Northumberland" realised £43.

15.—It was announced that Mr. J. L. Hedley, of Chester, had been appointed Inspector of Mines for the Newcastle-upon-Tyne District in succession to the late Mr. Willis.

16.—Through the kindness of the Rev. R. Stewart Wright, who had recently returned from the Tanganyika district of Central Africa, a valuable and interesting collection of ethnological objects from that district was presented to the Natural History Museum in Newcastle.

—Owing to the somewhat improved condition of the coal trade, the colliery owners of Northumberland withdrew the demand, which they had made, of a reduction of 3¾ per cent. in the wages of the men.

—The annual convention of the Irish National League of Great Britain was opened in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. J. F. Xavier O'Brien, M.P. On the following day two public meetings were held, one in the Gaiety Theatre, and the other in the Lecture Room. The delegates were, on the third day, treated to a trip down the river, and the proceedings concluded with a dinner in the Grand Assembly Rooms, the chair being occupied by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P.

—The Rev. L. Mendelsohn, from Melbourne, Australia, entered upon duty as pastor of the Jewish Synagogue in Newcastle.

—Mr. Arthur Rousbey's English Opera Company commenced a series of performances in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

17.—An extraordinary meteorological phenomenon, the season of the year being considered, was witnessed to-day (Whit-Sunday). Snow and hail showers fell in Newcastle and throughout the North of England at intervals during the day, and the cold was exceedingly keen. The snowfall reached a depth of half-an-inch at Prudhoe, and the temperature at mid-day was 50 degrees. The 11th and 12th of the month were, on the other hand, abnormally warm, the thermometer, exposed to the full glare of the sun on the latter day, registering 116 degrees.

—Mr. H. M. Stanley, the eminent explorer, delivered to a large audience in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, his new lecture, entitled "Twenty-Three Years in Africa."

—The Rev. Charles Blackett Carr was inducted as the first Vicar of Longframlington with Brinkburne, on its separation from Felton and its formation into a new ecclesiastical district.

18.—After a lapse of two years, a horse procession, under the auspices of the society formed on the occasion of the Stephenson centenary in 1881, took place in Newcastle, Whit-Monday being, as usual, chosen for the display. The total number of entries was 352. The animals were divided into 17 classes, one of which was devoted to pit ponies, the prizes in this department being the gift of Uncle Toby of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. In the afternoon, the prizes were presented in the People's Palace by the Mayoress, Mrs. J. Barker Ellis, the chair being occupied by the Mayor (Mr. Jos. Baxter Ellis), who is also president of the society. A beautiful silver salver was, as a memento of the occasion, presented to the Mayoress. At a later hour, the Mayor entertained those who had taken a leading part in the arrangements to dinner at the Crown Hotel; and, in the course of the evening, his Worship was presented, on behalf of the subscribers, with a magnificent candelabra and epergne. On the same day, similar processions were held at Sunderland and West Hartlepool, and on the 25th, after a lapse of five years, at Jarrow.

—The Right Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, laid the foundation stone of a new Roman Catholic Church at Carlisle.

—The members of the Tyneside Geographical Society and their friends, to the number of about 200, held their first excursion for the season, visiting Rothbury and Cragside.

—Several friendly and other societies commenced their Whit-week meetings to-day. The Annual Movable Delegation of the Order of Druids was opened in Newcastle by a reception of delegates, the active business commencing in the Northumberland Hall, in the same city, on the following day, under the presidency of the Grand Master, Brother James Neal, of Newark-on-Trent. Mr. Robert Mellor was chosen Grand Master for the ensuing year. The sittings of the Annual Movable Delegation of the Ancient Order of Free Gardeners were held in the Irish Institute, Newcastle. The annual general meeting of the delegates of the National United Order of Free Gardeners was held at North Shields, under the presidency of the Grand Master, Bro. George Venables, Sandbach district. Bro. J. J. Wilson, Boldon district, was elected Grand Master for the ensuing year. The triennial conference of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers took place at Sunderland, Mr. James Henderson, of that town, being in the chair.

—A united gathering of the contributors to the *Weekly Chronicle*, the first of its kind, was held in Newcastle. Between four and five hundred ladies and gentlemen from various parts of the country took part in the interesting proceedings, which extended over the entire day. (See p. 311.)

19.—It was announced that the Queen had been pleased to approve the nomination of the Right Rev. Dr. William Dalrymple Maclagan, Bishop of Lichfield, to the Archbishopric of York. His lordship, who was born in Edinburgh in 1826, commenced life as a soldier, retiring with the rank of lieutenant in 1852. The right rev. gentleman was ordained deacon in 1856 and priest in 1857.

20.—At the village of Fawdon, near Gosforth, Mrs. Stoker (the wife of Mr. W. Stoker, coal hewer), was delivered of three sons.

—The Free Libraries Act was adopted at a public meeting at Hartlepool.

—During a brief thunderstorm at Alnwick, the lightning struck the chimney of the armoury magazine and stores of the 3rd Northumberland Fusiliers, demolishing it.

21.—In the New Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, Mrs. Albert Barker, of London, gave a series of recitals in aid of Dame Margaret's Home for Waifs and Strays, Washington.

—In continuation of the recitals in connection with the

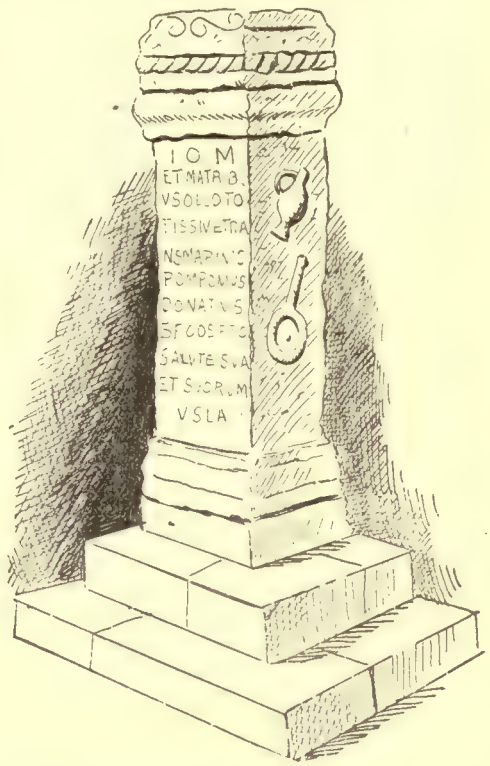
opening of the new organ in St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, a performance was given by Mr. Samuel Reay, Mus. Bac., organist of the Parish Church, Newark. (See p. 325.)

22.—A letter from the Rev. Dr. R. E. Hooppell, Byers Green Rectory, Spennymoor, appeared in *The Times*, stating that, within the past few days, a Roman altar had been unearthed by the workmen of Mr. J. E. Newby, of Binchester Hall, near Bishop Auckland, who was having water pipes laid through the heart of the old Roman town at that place. The altar was of large size, 4ft. 3in. in

height, by 1ft. 2½in. in breadth, and 1ft. 0½in. in depth, and it was in excellent preservation. It had, sculptured on its sides, the four principal sacrificial implements—the "securis," or axe, the "culter," or knife, the "patera," or dish, and the "praefericulum," or jug. Besides this it has a long inscription, the lettering of which was perfect. It ran as follows:—

I O M
ET MATRIB
VS OLLOTO
TIS SIVE TRA
NSMARINIS
POMPONIVS
DONATVS
BF COS PRO
SALVTE SVA
ET SVORVM
VSLA

Expanded the inscription reads:—"Jovi Optimo Maximo, et Matribus Ollototis, sive Transmarinis, Pomponius Donatus, Beneficiarius Consulis, Pro Salute Sua et Suorum, Votum solvit libenti animo." In English it signifies—"To Jupiter, the Best and Greatest, and to the Ollototian, or Transmarine, Mothers, Pomponius Donatus, a Beneficiary of the Consul, in gratitude for the safety of himself



and those belonging to him, has paid his vow with a willing mind."

—A large shoal of porpoises were seen at the mouth of the Tyne.

—The Russian Princess Tenigcheff, with her young son, paid a visit to Newcastle.

23.—It was found, as the result of the official ascertainment in connection with the North of England Iron Trade, that there would be a reduction of 3d. per ton on puddling, and 2½ per cent. on all other forge and mill wares, to take effect from the 30th of May.

—A new Primitive Methodist Chapel was opened at Throckley.

24.—A new Beth-Hamedrush (House of Learning), in Westgate Road, Newcastle, was opened by the president of the Hebrew congregation.

25.—During a severe storm, the steamer Napier ran ashore on the Black Middens at the mouth of the Tyne, but was eventually floated and taken up the river.

26.—St. Aidan's Parochial Hall, Newcastle, which had been erected at a cost of £1,000, Mr. Westmacott contributing £700 of the amount, was publicly opened, the chair being occupied by Mr. J. M. Falkner.

—Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., and son of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., addressed a public meeting, under the auspices of the Durham County Liberal Federation, at Sunderland.

—An Australian liner, named the Wooloomooloo, was

launched from the Neptune Shipyard of Messrs. Wigham Richardson and Co., Low Walker, the vessel being the eighth screw-steamer built by the same firm to the order of Mr. W. Lund, of London.

—It transpired that the portion of the library of the late Bishop Lightfoot left to the University of Durham consisted of about 1,700 volumes.

—Mr. Watson Askew-Robertson and the Hon. Mrs. Askew-Robertson were presented with handsome portraits in oil of themselves by the members of the Pallinsburn Reading Room.

27.—At the fifty-second annual meeting of the friends of the Newcastle Royal Asylum for the Blind, a report from the committee recommending the sale of the present premises in Northumberland Street, and the erection of a suitable building in the suburbs, was unanimously adopted.

—The Rev. Warren Trevor, Rector of Machynlleth, Wales, nominated the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry as his churchwarden, and her ladyship accepted the office.

—An inquiry, ordered by the Home Office, was held on board the Wellesley Training Ship by Colonel Inglis, her Majesty's Inspector of Reformatories and Industrial Schools, and Mr. Henry Rogers, assistant-inspector, into the system of punishment pursued on board that vessel for breaches of discipline.

28.—In the Lovaine Hall, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, Professor Arminius Vambery, the celebrated Eastern traveller, delivered a lecture, under the auspices of the Tyneside Geographical Society, on "Modern Asian Travellers."

—The first meeting of the Robson Trust was held in the Guildhall, Newcastle. The charity was the outcome of the liberality of James and Mary Elizabeth Robson, who carried on business some years ago as drapers and milliners in Mosley Street, and who left £11,000 to be devoted towards the maintenance of widows or elderly daughters of Newcastle or Gateshead tradesmen who might be in necessitous circumstances. Trustees were appointed, and Mr. Joseph Shepherdson was elected chairman of the fund.

29.—The annual meeting of the Midland branch of the British Dental Association was held at Darlington.

30.—The twenty-first annual meeting of subscribers to the Central Exchange News Room and Art Gallery was held in the reading-room, the chair being occupied by the Sheriff of Newcastle, Mr. Stephen Quin. Mr. Charles Barkas, the junior lessee, reported the recent formation of a chess club in connection with the gallery, Mr. G. C. Heywood, chess editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, being chosen as president.

—The second annual horse procession took place at Berwick.

31—Service was conducted for the last time, as a private place of worship, in the Lady Chapel, Seaton Delaval. The building was thereafter used as the parish church of Seaton Delaval.

—The first of the summer season's series of Sunday sacred concerts was given in the Rockcliff Cricket Field, Whitley, by Mr. Amers's Exhibition Band.

JUNE.

1.—Mr. W. S. Daglish, solicitor, was entertained to a banquet, and presented with a handsomely illuminated address, in recognition of his having completed twenty-five years of his connection with Jarrow in the capacity of Clerk to the Local Board, Town Clerk, and Magistrates' Clerk.

—Inspector Edward Harris was appointed Chief-Constable of Gateshead, in succession to Mr. John Elliott, resigned. Mr. Harris had been 17 years in the police force of the borough, and had passed through every grade of the service.

—The will of the late Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, of Rose Dene, Sunderland, and Alwinton, Northumberland, was sworn, and the personalty was valued at £45,124.

—David Eadington, 15 years of age, son of Mr. James Eadington, manager of the Blyth and Cowpen Gas Works, was drowned while bathing at Blyth.

2.—A destructive fire broke out in a joiners' shop connected with Messrs. J. T. Eltringham and Co.'s shipbuilding and boiler-making establishment at Stone Quay, East Holborn, South Shields.

—A marriage was solemnized in Holy Trinity Church, Stockton, between Mr. Edward Jones Trustram, son of the late Mr. W. P. Trustram, of Tunbridge Wells and London, and Miss Florence Elizabeth Appleton, eldest surviving daughter of the Mayor and Mayoress of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Appleton.

3.—At a meeting of the Newcastle City Council, a report of the Town Improvement Committee, recommending the provision of lodging-houses under Part III. of the Housing of the Working Classes Act, 1890, was unanimously adopted.

—At the monthly meeting of the Norham and Islandshire Petty Sessions, there were no cases for trial, and the chairman (Mr. Selby, Pawston), was presented with a pair of white kid gloves.

—The annual garden party given by the Vicar of Newcastle (Rev. Canon Lloyd) was held in Jesmond Dene.

—John Grehan, aged 47, a draughtsman, from Carlisle, died in Newcastle Infirmary from the effects of injuries alleged to have been received by being knocked down at Blaydon on the 14th of May, and a verdict of manslaughter was afterwards returned against a man named Felix Wood.

—It was stated that, as the outcome of the late census, the population of Newcastle had been found to be 186,300, being an increase in the ten years of 28·2 per cent. The enumeration of Sunderland showed a total of 130,900 inhabitants, or an increase of 12·3 per cent., but there were complaints of defective census-taking in the case that town.

4.—William Middlemiss, and another man named Brown, who had gone to sea to fish, were drowned by the upsetting of their boat off the Tyne. On the same day, David Deas, also a fisherman, was accidentally drowned in Shields harbour.

—The singular discovery was made, while the oil-painted portraits of Charles II. and James II., the property of the Corporation of Newcastle, were in process of being cleaned, that the head and part of the bust of each had, at some time or other, been cut out, and afterwards so neatly and skilfully restored that the mutilation had until now escaped detection.

—As the result of a poll of the ratepayers of Hartlepool, it was found that there had voted for the adoption of the Free Libraries Act 1,418, and against it 478.

—Chopwell School Board election took place, Mr. Oliver being at the head of the poll.

—The Rev. Jasper B. Sinclair was ordained and inducted

to the pastorate of Church Street Presbyterian Church, Berwick.

5.—A verdict of manslaughter was returned by the coroner's jury in Newcastle against Benjamin Pearson for having caused the death of Thomas Feargus O'Connor Townshend, by stabbing him in a public-house on the 2nd inst.

6.—A large number of workmen were suspended at the shipbuilding yard of Sir C. M. Palmer and Co., Jarrow, owing to a dispute between the fitters and plumbers as to the class of work which each should execute.

—The under-managers, fore-overmen, back-overmen, and masters-shifters connected with the Northumberland Coal Trade resolved to form themselves into an association.

—The foundation stone was laid of a new Primitive Methodist Church and Schools in Bank Street, Askew Road, Gateshead.

8.—A handsome drinking fountain, the gift of Mr. Adam Robertson, and erected on Bondgate Hill, Alnwick, was unveiled by Earl Percy.

9.—A new Roman Catholic Church, capable of accommodating 500 persons, was opened at South Stockton.

—The residential estate of Broadwood and Hamsteels, in the county of Durham, was sold to Mr. T. Taylor Smith, for £8,500.

—The annual meeting of the Incorporated Gas Institute commenced at Carlisle, under the presidency of Mr. Joseph Hepworth, manager of the Carlisle Corporation Gasworks.

10.—It was announced that the King of Sweden and Norway had conferred the order of Wasa of the first degree upon Mr. Thomas Bell, ex-Mayor of Newcastle, and a member of the firm of Pyman, Bell & Co.

—A cycling exhibition was opened in the Aquarium at Tynemouth by his Honour Judge Digby Seymour.

General Occurrences.

MAY.

11.—A native policeman attempted to assassinate the Czarewitch of Russia near Kioto, Japan.

16.—Mr. John Bratiano, the Roumanian statesman, died.

17.—Serious disturbances between Irish demonstrators occurred at Kanturk, county Cork.

18.—Lord Edward Cavendish, M.P., died at Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, in his 53rd year.

—Queen Natalie was expelled from Servia by the Government.

—Prince Angao Lena, known as Senaputti, was arrested in connection with the massacre of British subjects in Manipur.

19.—The mutilated remains of a boy named Nicholas Martin were found in the Liverpool Docks. A man named John Conway was arrested in connection with the affair, and at a coroner's inquest subsequently held a verdict of wilful murder was returned against him.

20.—Lord Salisbury was presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow.

21.—The Queen visited Derby and laid the foundation stone of a new Infirmary.

22.—Sir Robert Nicholas Fowler, Bart., M.P., died.

23.—News was received that serious fighting had taken place between an English expedition and the Portuguese on the river Masheke, in South-East Africa.

—A fire occurred at 38, Egerton Gardens, London, the residence of Lord Romilly, who upset a paraffin lamp. His lordship and two of his servants died from suffocation.

24.—M. Turpin, the inventor of melinite, and M. Triponé, who was employed in the manufacture of the new explosive, were arrested in Paris on a charge of having sold the secret of the manufacture to the firm of Sir William Armstrong & Co., of Newcastle.

26.—A fire broke out at the petroleum refinery at Condekerque, Dunkirk. Ten persons were killed, and numerous others severely injured.

29.—The result of a Parliamentary election for North Bucks was declared as follows:—Mr. H. S. Leon (Gladstonian Liberal), 5,013; Mr. Evelyn Hubbard (Conservative), 4,682.

30.—Serious disturbances arose at Bilbao in connection with the dispersal of a meeting of strikers by the authorities.

30.—The Orient express from Constantinople to Paris was wrecked by brigands near Adrianople. Four first-class passengers were captured, a ransom of £8,000 being afterwards claimed for their release.

31.—It was reported that, during a gale on Lake Ilmen, Russia, nineteen vessels were lost with all hands.

JUNE.

1.—The result of a Parliamentary election at Paisley was thus declared:—Mr. William Dunn (Gladstonian Liberal), 4,145; Mr. K. M. McKerrell (Unionist), 2,807.

—Sir William Gordon Cumming brought an action against Mrs. Arthur Wilson and her son Mr. Arthur Stanley Wilson, together with three guests who had visited their residence at Tranby Croft, near York, to recover damages for slander, the defendants having charged him with cheating at cards on September 8 and 9, 1890. Among the witnesses called was the Prince of Wales, who had acted as banker at the game of baccarat in which the alleged cheating took place. Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General, in summing up for the defence, delivered a most powerful speech. After seven days' hearing, the jury returned a verdict in favour of the defendants. Much excitement followed, the conduct of the parties to the transaction, especially that of the Prince of Wales, being made the subject of great censure in the press of the country.

5.—An action brought by Miss Josephine Smith, who claimed £20,000 under an alleged covenant in a will of Mr. J. W. Park, was dismissed by Mr. Justice Romer in the Chancery Division.

6.—A general strike of the drivers and conductors of omnibuses was commenced in London at midnight. A settlement was effected on the 12th.

—Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada, died, aged 76. The deceased was born in Scotland, and emigrated at an early age with his father to Canada.

7.—Several people were killed by an earthquake in the province of Verona, Italy.

10—The mutilated body of a little girl named Barbara Waterhouse was discovered in Leeds.

—News was received that the members of a French expedition to Lake Tchad, Africa, had been massacred by natives of the Matonga country.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. V.—No. 54. AUGUST, 1891. PRICE 6D.

The Rising in the North.

THE North of England was the scene of a formidable rebellion which broke out in the twelfth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1569). The re-establishment of the Reformed faith shortly after the Queen's accession had caused much dissatisfaction there. The old order of things, indeed, seemed passing away; but there were many thousands of Englishmen throughout Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham, Northumberland, and the other Northern Counties, still sincerely attached to the religion of their ancestors.

The arrival in England of that most unfortunate of queens, Mary of Scotland, who was at once a devout Catholic and the nearest heir to the English crown, gave the discontent of the Catholics a definite aim and purpose. A series of intrigues was therefore commenced, with a view not only to secure the quiet succession of the Queen of Scots on Elizabeth's demise, but to invest her with additional dignity by an honourable marriage.

The Duke of Norfolk was the only English peer who at that time enjoyed the highest title of nobility; and as there were then no princes of the blood, he was beyond comparison the first subject in England, owing to the splendour of his family, the opulence of his fortune, and the extent of his personal influence. His grandfather and father had long been regarded as the leaders of the Catholics, and this hereditary attachment, joined to the alliance of blood, had procured him the friendship of the most considerable men of that party; but as he had been educated among the Reformers, and was sincerely attached to their principles, he enjoyed the rare felicity of being popular with both factions in the State. The scheme now set on foot was to bring about a marriage between Norfolk, who was a widower and of a suitable age, and the beautiful and accomplished Queen of Scots, who was then imprisoned at Tutbury, under the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

This match was proposed to the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, both of whom were Catholics, and very powerful in the North. The plan was likewise communicated to the French and Spanish Courts, which warmly encouraged it. The Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favourite, undertook to break the matter to her Majesty; but before he could find an opportunity to do so, inklings of it had come to her ear by other hands, not in the most pleasant shape; and she was thrown into so violent a passion by the intelligence that all hope of getting her consent was dispelled.

The Duke of Norfolk, when the Queen taxed him with it as almost an act of treason, essayed to pacify her by a sneer, glancing at the fate of Mary's first husband, and affecting to prefer his own proud position, as an English nobleman, to that of king of so poor and miserable a realm as Scotland; but he did not succeed in reassuring her. On the contrary, he was committed to the Tower with several of his friends. Lesley, Bishop of Ross, the Queen of Scots' ambassador, was examined as to what he knew of the affair, and confronted with Norfolk, before the Council, in order to get at the truth. Arundel, Throgmorton, and Lumley were also taken into custody. The Queen of Scots herself was removed to Coventry; all access to her was, during some time, strictly prohibited; and Viscount Hereford was joined to the Earls of Shrewsbury and Huntingdon in the office of guarding her.

In the meantime, a rumour had been diffused in the

North of an intended rebellion, the leaders of which, it was stated, were to be the two earls above-named. Both these noblemen were in their way remarkable men. Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was the seventh who had borne the title. He is the Blandamount of Spenser's "Fairy Queen." His father, Sir Thomas Percy, had taken part in the Pilgrimage of Grace, or Aske's Rebellion, in 1536-7, and paid the last penalty of the law for doing so on the scaffold at Tyburn. The earl was, though by no means a craven, constitutionally no warrior. About ten years before the time we write of, he had been superseded in the wardenship of the Middle March. He was, therefore, not very well disposed towards Elizabeth's Government. Being privy to the intended match between the Queen of Scots and the Duke of Norfolk, and having discovered to the duke a design formed by Leonard Dacre—one of the Dacres of Naworth—to get Mary out of confinement, he grew sensible of his danger. So he submitted himself to the Earl of Sussex, at that time President of the North, begging the favour of his mediation with Elizabeth in his behalf. Sussex promised to do this; but, shortly afterwards, learning that Northumberland, Westmoreland, and others, were having frequent secret interviews, he suspected there was something wrong. Sussex sent for them, Camden tells us, and "examined them on that head." They flatly denied the existence of any plot, and made the most solemn asseverations that they were ready to venture their lives for the Queen. However, jealousies of their behaviour increased to such a degree that the Queen commanded Sussex to summon them to London, there to clear themselves of suspicion. The Lord-President seems to have wished to get the earls into his power before further alarming them, for he sent them word that he was desirous of seeing them at York, to "consult about the affairs of his province," "on what design it is hard to guess at," says Camden.

But the earls had already proceeded so far that they dared not trust themselves in the hands of the Queen's lieutenant. They had, it seems, prepared for a general rising—had communicated their designs to Mary and her Ministers—had entered into correspondence with the Duke of Alva, governor of the Low Countries—had obtained his promise of a reinforcement of troops, and of a supply of arms and ammunition—and had prevailed on him to send over Chiapino Vitelli, one of his most famous captains, on pretence of adjusting some differences with the Queen, but in reality with a view to his putting himself at the head of the Northern rebels as soon as the plot should be ripe.

The second summons sent to the earls precipitated the rising. They were far from being yet fully prepared, but the secret would keep no longer. The Queen's letter, containing her peremptory orders to appear presently before her, "all excuses and pretences apart," left them no alternative but unconditional submission, or the immediate hoisting of the standard in the face of all risk. As soon as the Earl of Northumberland, who was then staying at his house at Topcliffe, in Yorkshire, had read this letter, Camden tells us that "between the softness of his nature and the consciousness of his guilt—the bigotry of his persuasion and the violence of his resentment for a conceived wrong done to him in relation to a rich copper mine found upon his estate by virtue of the Queen's right to royal mines—he seemed to labour under very great suspense, whether it were best to apply to her Majesty or to seek his safety by flight, or to turn rebel." But all hesitation was soon as an end. For, as Camden relates, "the earl's friends and servants who were ripe for mischief and sedition, observing their master's irresolution, alarmed him at midnight with the surprising cry that Oswald, Ulstrop, and Vaughan, his enemies, were ready with arms and men to take him prisoner. They entreated him not to betray himself, his friends, and the faith of his ancestors; and represented to him that the Catholics were ready all England over to assert the Romish religion, and that the bells were being rung backwards, almost in every parish, to encourage people to an insurrection. The earl, getting out of bed, withdrew to a lodge in his own park, near Topcliffe; and the next night retired to Brancepeth, a seat of the Earl of Westmoreland, where he found a great number of people."

The Earl of Westmoreland, Charles Neville, the Paridal of the "Fairy Queen," was constitutionally about as unfit to lead an army as his cousin Northumberland was. But his friends and vassals had gathered round him on receipt of the Queen's letter. "To arms without delay! to York and London!" were the cries of the multitude. Numbers of the common people came in to swell the array, and the chiefs accordingly set up their standards.

The common banner of the rebels had a crucifix woven into it, with the representation of a chalice and of the five wounds of Christ, with the name of Jesus wrote in the middle. It was borne by an ancient gentleman, with venerable white hair, Richard Norton, Esquire, of Norton Conyers, who, with his nine sons, had devoted themselves to the cause, and whose daughter, "a solitary maid," had wrought it at the request of her father.

The insurgent earls lost no time in publishing a manifesto, in which they declared that they meant to attempt nothing against the Queen, to whom they still professed unshaken allegiance. Their sole aim, they said, was to re-establish the religion of their ancestors, to remove evil councillors from the royal presence, and to restore the Duke of Norfolk and other faithful peers, then in prison or disgrace, to their liberty and the Queen's favour. They likewise declared their intention to have the succession of the Crown firmly settled, and to obtain guarantees against the destruction of the ancient nobility, and the unwarrantable promotion of base-born persons by the abuse of the royal prerogative.

The malcontents, when they set out from Brancepeth,

amounted to some fifteen hundred men only, but in their progress southwards the number was swelled to about four thousand foot and sixteen hundred horse. Their leaders fully expected the concurrence of all the Catholics in England, so soon as the news should be spread abroad that they had raised the standard of the true cross. They had sent letters to the Catholic nobility and gentry all round the kingdom, advising them to come to their assistance; but most of the parties sent the letters they had received, with the bearers thereof, to the Queen.

When word was brought to Elizabeth that the earls had actually risen, we are told that—

> She turned her round about,
> And like a royal queen she swore:
> I will order them such a breakfast,
> As never was seen in the North before.

Whether true or not, this is quite in character, for her grace would sometimes swear at her bishops, let alone her nobles, as well as box their ears. At any rate she was not negligent in her own defence; and as she had beforehand, from her prudent and wise conduct, acquired the general goodwill of such of her people as preferred a steady, firm government to perpetual changes—the best security of a sovereign—even the Catholics in most counties, content in the meantime with the measure of toleration accorded to them, disapproved of this hasty, ill-advised rising. Indeed several of them went so far as to volunteer their services to help to put it down. Norfolk himself, though he had lost Elizabeth's favour, and lay in confinement, was not wanting, so far as his situation permitted, in the promotion of levies among his friends and retainers.

Still, the danger was very great, and the alarm corresponding. The Earl of Sussex wrote frankly to Elizabeth, a short time before the actual outbreak, that "there was not ten gentlemen in Yorkshire that did allow (approve) her proceedings in the cause of religion." Fortunately he was as brave as he was frank, and as cool as he was loyal, and he held York stoutly, giving way to no panic; while Elizabeth deprived the revolt of its most active weapon by hastily removing Mary to a new prison. It took all the heart out of the more powerful men of the party, when they learned that the Queen of Scots had been transferred from Tutbury to Coventry, a distant and strongly fortified town, in the midst of an unfriendly population, who would give no material or moral aid, but the contrary, for her deliverance.

The first efforts of the insurgents were directed against Durham. Entering that city unopposed on the 13th November, they caused high mass to be said once more on the altar of St. Cuthbert.

From Durham, the main body moved southwards by easy journeys, through Darlington, Richmond, Ripon, and Boroughbridge, reinstating the old religion as they went, their cry being to "reduce all causes of religion to the old custom and usage." A party was detached to occupy Hartlepool, in order that they might have a harbour in which to receive the Spanish succours which they looked for, but which never came. The furthest point the rebels reached was Bramham or Clifford Moor, near Weatherby, where, according to one ballad-writer, they numbered thirteen thousand, which another raises to sixteen thousand men, doubtless a gross exaggeration. Such as their numbers were, it was an undisciplined tumultuous force, totally unequal to cope with well-led regular troops.

Meanwhile, Sir George Bowes was raising a power in the bishopric in the rear of the insurgents. The Earl of Sussex was in their front, with three thousand picked men; and a short way behind him was a much larger array, under the Earl of Warwick, who had been busy levying troops in the Midland Counties.

The original intention had been to proceed direct to York, and thence to London, raising the country as they went; but, after a hasty council of war, held in a cottage on the moor-edge, they resolved to fall back upon Barnard Castle, the key to the natural fastnesses of Teesdale, Weardale, and South Tynedale. Indeed there was nothing else for it. For the two earls, who had spent their large incomes in old-fashioned hospitality, and were on that account extremely well liked, were masters of very little ready money. Northumberland had brought only 8,000 crowns with him, and Westmoreland nothing at all. So they had no means of maintaining their troops, and were unable to undertake any long march away from home. The mass of the Catholics, too, throughout the country showed no disposition to join them. In these circumstances Westmoreland, who, "though he bore a valiant name," had "a heart of a timid frame," began so visibly to despond that many of his men slunk away home. Barnard Castle was bravely held for eleven days by Sir George Bowes, by whose orders the bridge over the Tees had been broken down; and by the time the rebels had taken the old castle, all chance of making head against the royal troops was gone. Yet Northumberland, as well as Norton, still kept up his courage, and remained master of the field till the 13th of December, when the Earl of Sussex, who had marched out of York at the head of 7,000 men, reached the Aucklands, while a still larger army, under the command of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, was only a short way further off. The rebels, therefore, fearing to be cut to pieces, broke up their camp on the banks of the Tees, and fled northwards across the moors, "in great consternation," to Hexham. From the latter place they straggled in companies, over the dreary Northumbrian and Cumbrian wastes, to Naworth Castle, the ancient seat of the Dacres, within a few miles of Scotland. Here, receiving intelligence that they were closely pursued by 12,000 men, under the Earl of Warwick and Lord Clinton, the earls disbanded their remaining followers, and made their escape separately across the Debateable Land into Liddesdale and Teviotdale, beyond the reach of pursuit.

The bulk of the country folks who had joined the insur-

gents had already fled to their several homes. When Northumberland resolved to withdraw into Scotland, he hoped to find an inviolable asylum with one Hector of Harlaw—"a gentle Armstrong," the ballad calls him, but really a Graham—who dwelt close to the Border on the Scotch side. This man, who had been under great obligations to the earl, had engaged his honour, it seems, to be true to him. But the faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to the Earl of Moray, Regent of Scotland, who sent him a prisoner to Lochleven Castle, then belonging to William Douglas. Here he continued till the accession, after Moray's assassination, of his old friend James Douglas, Earl of Morton, to the Scottish Regency. Morton, forgetful of the kindnesses he had received from Northumberland during his exile in England, and intent only on pleasing Elizabeth, sold his unhappy prisoner to the Queen of England, "for a certain price agreed upon"; and the earl was accordingly handed over at Berwick, in May, 1572, to Lord Hunsdon, Warden of the East March; Sir John Foster, Warden of the Middle March, and Sir Robert Drury, Governor of Berwick. He was thence carried to York, and there suffered death, on the 22nd of August in the same year, avowing in his last hour the Pope's supremacy, affirming the realm to be in a state of schism, and stigmatising such Catholics as were the Queen's obedient subjects as no better than heretics.

All the writers of the time (Camden, Hollingshed, Carleton, &c.) assure us that Hector of Harlaw, who was "passing rich" before then, fell shortly after this act of treachery into squalid poverty, and became so infamous that to "take Hector's cloak" grew to be a proverb, to express a worthless fellow who betrays his friend.

The Earl of Westmoreland, more fortunate than his brother earl, got safe over the Fells into Jed Forest, where he found shelter at Ferniehirst, near Jedburgh, with Sir Thomas Ker, one of the chiefs of the clan of that name, who were devoted partisans of Queen Mary. He persuaded the allied Kers and Scots to make an inroad into England, with a view of exciting a quarrel between the two kingdoms. But after they had committed great ravages, they retreated to their own country, as was their usual custom, to secure the spoil they had gathered. In his wild sanctuary on the banks of the Jed, Westmoreland remained till the autumn of 1570, when he set sail from Aberdeen to seek the protection of Spain. He got safe across the sea to Flanders, and there went through a variety of adventures, which are detailed, with obvious exaggeration and a large spice of pure fiction, in a contemporary ballad. He died in extreme old age, as Sir Cuthbert Sharp has ascertained, in 1601.

The Nortons, four in number, the father and three sons. Francis, Sampson, and George, were among the fugitives demanded of the Regent of Scotland by Lord Sussex, The elder Norton, who was seventy-one years of age when he joined the insurrection, remained in hiding on the Borders for some time. After that, the old man, with Francis and Sampson, got over the water and partook of Spanish bounty—miserably scant, it is true. William Marmaduke and Christopher Norton were taken and executed, with their uncle Thomas. What came of George we do not know.

Sixty-six of the rebels were executed at Durham by Sussex's orders; many others at York and London. They were put to death under martial law, without any regular trial. Sir George Bowes made it his boast that, for sixty miles in length and twenty in breadth, between Newcastle and Weatherby, there was hardly a town or village where he had not executed at least one of the inhabitants. Among those who were put to death at Durham were Plumtree, a priest; Struther, an alderman; and several peace-officers or constables, who had acted under the insurgents' orders. No fewer than eight hundred persons are said to have suffered at the hands of the executioner.

Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone" deals with this unfortunate affair, which likewise became the subject of a great number of ballads.

Two Border Poetesses.

THE Elliots of Minto are an offshoot of an old Border house which gave in mediæval times a chief to the clan of the same name. In the fifteenth century they were settled in considerable numbers on both sides of the Tweed, and the leading family among them was held responsible for "good rule in Liddesdale."

Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, the first of the family of whose individuality we can be absolutely sure, was born about the end of the sixteenth century. The Borders were then passing through a troubled phase of their history—the old bonds which had held society together were broken, and internecine feuds had taken the place of a national cause. The young laird of Stobs, brought up in the midst of martial surroundings, grew up to manhood a tall, strapping fellow, guiltless of book-learning. In due course he found a suitable wife in Margaret Scot, of Harden, and the lawless state of the country may be gathered from the tradition that the bride's dowry consisted of "half a Michaelmas moon"—in other words, half the produce of a foray carried out under the bright light of a September moon. None of the guests assembled at the wedding were able to read or write; even their names, though among the best in the Border, were far less familiar to friends and neighbours than the appellations founded on personal qualities or peculiarities. Thus, for instance, Gilbert Elliot was known to everyone in the district as "Gibbie wi' the gowden garters," while his wife rejoiced in the soubri-

quet of Maggie Fendy (*Anglice*, handy). It is difficult to understand why these cognomens were given, as unfortunately no record can be found of any occasion on which Gibbie displayed his golden decorations, nor are we informed what particular form of dexterity caused his wife to be called "Fendy"; though the names of her mother, who was known as the "Flower of Yarrow," and that of her sister-in-law, "Muckle Mou'd Meg," are intelligible enough, and preserve for them with posterity the rough but kindly familiarity with which they were regarded by their contemporaries.

The rapidity with which these wild, untutored chieftains were converted into statesmen and soldiers was astonishing. We find, with some amazement, that two sons of this illiterate couple achieved hereditary distinction; others became members of Parliament and colonels in the army; and most of their descendants not only showed great native ability, but, aiming at a high standard of mental excellence, became celebrated for their intellectual gifts. Genius has many forms even in the same family, and in the heart of Yarrow was born in 1727 a gentle singer whose name has come down to us immortalised by a single song.

Jean, daughter of the second Sir Gilbert Elliot, shared to a large degree the cultured tastes and accomplishments of her father. Like him, she was a great reader, and to a considerable knowledge of the classic authors of France and England she added an intimate familiarity with the poetical legends of the surrounding hills and valleys. While her nature was enlarged by a kindly contact with the dwellers in the scattered hamlets and shiels of a countryside famous for its romantic associations, her acquaintance with country life and incidents taught her to sympathise with and express the feelings of men and women who were shepherds and small mountain farmers in the very language and phrase used at their firesides.

Jean also played her part in a little drama which must have revived recollections of the not so long by-past time when her forebears were either engaged in breaking the law or in evading it. In 1745, when Prince Charlie was on his way to Carlisle, a party of his followers suddenly arrived at Minto, the family seat of the Elliots. Sir Gilbert, who was extremely unpopular with the Jacobites, barely received notice of their approach when they appeared before the house. Happily his daughter Jean was equal to the occasion. Receiving her unwelcome guests with graceful hospitality, she detained them within doors until her father found time to reach the refuge of some neighbouring crags. There he lay concealed among boulders, ivy, and brushwood, nor did he leave his hiding place till he saw the last of the troop cross the ford over the Teviot and take the road leading to Cumberland. Afterwards Sir Gilbert was wont to say he owed his life to his daughter's presence of mind, for so exasperated were the rebels against him on account of his office as Lord Justice Clerk that he would not have been safe if he had fallen into their hands.

Brought up in the very sanctuary of song, the haunts of the Muse as yet unprofaned by the introduction of manufactures, Jean Elliot picked up from some old cottier the "owre word" or refrain which was all that remained of the lament dirge for the Ettrick Forest men who died at Flodden, and wove it into a pathetic strain which breathes the purest spirit of antiquity. The tune of the ballad is ancient, as well as the first line of the opening stanza, and the oft-recurring line which ends each verse—

> I've heard them lilting at the ewes milking
> . . . . . .
> The flowers of the forest are all wede away.

Admitting so much to be old, the merit of reviving a ballad in the ancient spirit seems to require as much skill as to create a completely new one. The clever and minute manner in which Jean copied the ancient turn of thought and speech led to its being taken by many as a genuine production of some long-forgotten minstrel. Burns, however, was not deceived. He pronounced it a palpable imitation, and Jean Elliot stood revealed as the writer of one of the most touching of all our Border ballads. "The whole lament," says Allen Cunningham, "comes with a cry in our ears as from the survivors of Flodden Field, and, when it is sung, we owe little to imagination when we associate it with the desolation of the Forest and hear in it the ancient wail of its maids and matrons." Indeed, it is so beautifully pathetic as almost to make up for the hopelessly lost original dirge.

Little is known of Jean Elliot's later life. She lived principally with her brother, Lord Minto, and died at his residence, Monteviot, in 1805. Previous to her death we find her spoken of as "a tall, stately old lady, conversing with a certain quiet dignity." The house she resided in, in Edinburgh, is occasionally pointed out; but, save for the memory of that one song, she passed away as though she had never been, if we except the compliment in verse paid to her by the Wizard of the North, who, in 'Marmion,' tells us of :—

> One of those flowers whom plaintive lay
> In Scotland mourns as "wede away."

A well known critic, when he was seeking for the original sources of our ballad poetry, asserted that "the lyric Muse has confined her melting and heroic breathings to a long, narrow, and sometimes barren strip of Border country." This seems strange, but it is even stranger to find that nearly all our pastoral poets not only spring from one part of the British Islands, but in many cases own a common kinship, generally on the maternal side. For instance, Jean Elliot was a cousin of Lady Grisel Baillie, through her grandmother, a Carr of Cavers; while Alison Rutherford —the author of the second set of verses written to the *original* air of "The Flowers of the Forest"—was a native of the same district, a connection of the Elliots, a

relative of Lady Anne Lindsay, and a distant cousin of Sir Walter Scott's mother. Fairnielee, the birthplace of Alison, is situated on the verge of Ettrick Forest. She took up the same strain as Jean Elliot, and adapted it to a calamity, recent in her time, which had overwhelmed with ruin many of the lairds of the Forest. Both songs are widely known and admired, and both are remarkable for elegiac tenderness. Of the two sets of verses Miss Rutherford's is perhaps the most popular, on account of the absence of many obsolete words found in the first version. It is said that a young gentleman, while roaming among the hills and valleys of Selkirkshire, lost his way, and, after long wandering, came in sight of an aged shepherd, seated by a nameless stream playing on a rustic pipe while he watched his flocks. Many were the wild and unknown tunes played by this moorland Orpheus. Luckily his wondering auditor had skill enough to carry away the air of one of the pleasing melodies. He next had the good fortune to meet with Miss Rutherford, who listened to, and admired, the sad, strange music, which she speedily wedded to suitable verse. Such is the story. The probability is that the air was a common one, that both the ladies heard it, as well as the fragment of the ancient dirge, and that each of them brooded over it to good purpose.

Miss Rutherford, at an early age, married Mr. Cockburn, of Ormiston. After his death, she took up her residence in Edinburgh, where she became a well-known and popular character in the most cultured society of her time. "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling," though the most celebrated, was by no means the only note she struck on the poetic harp. Other literary efforts followed, and her letters are numerous and brilliant. In one of them, dated "Edinburgh, Saturday night, 15th of the gloomy month when the people of England hang and drown themselves," she gives an amusing account of Walter Scott at the age of six. The precocious boy read, recited, and talked with an understanding and expression beyond his years. When taken to bed at night he said he "liked that lady." "What lady?" "Why, Mrs. Cockburn, for I think she is a virtuoso like myself!" "Dear Walter," said his aunt, "what is a virtuoso?" "Don't ye know? It's one who wishes and will know everything." Such was the child's verdict, and it is interesting to find that that greatest of all Border writers continued throughout his life to love and admire his early friend. Some years after her death, when quoting from her poem, Sir Walter paid the following touching tribute to her memory:—"Even at an age advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of the imagination and an activity of intellect which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but was almost preternatural at this period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration."

The old peel tower of Fairnielee, where Alison Rutherford passed her childhood, still adorns the bank of the Tweed. Forlorn and forsaken, the lonely mansion, with its mouldering walls and deserted chambers, not only affords a commentary on the sad verses penned there, but appears imbued with the very spirit of the plaintive poem first sung beneath its sheltering roof.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours and found its decay;
Sweet is her blessing and kind her caressing,
But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.

Sir Walter Scott expresses his astonishment at the number of good songs written by "North-Countrie" ladies of rank and position, and, after mentioning the compositions of Lady Grisel Baillie, Lady Anne Lindsay, Miss Elliot, and Mrs. Cockburn, adds: "I wonder if we masculine wretches can claim five or six songs equal in elegance or pathos out of the long list of Scottish minstrelsy."

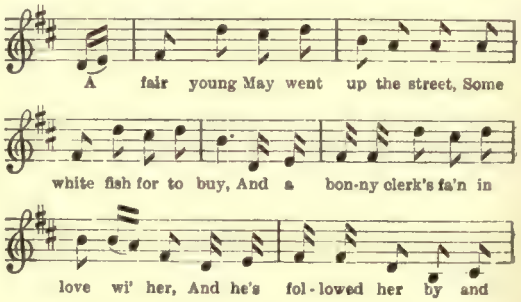
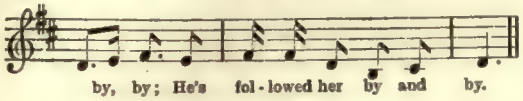
M. S. HARDCASTLE.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

THE KEACH I' THE CREEL.

THIS old and very humorous ballad has long been a favourite on both sides of the Border, but never appeared in print until about 1845, when a Northumbrian gentleman printed a few copies for private circulation, from one of which the following is taken. In the present impression some trifling typographical errors are corrected, and the phraseology has been rendered uniform throughout. "Keach i' the Creel" means the catch in the basket. When first printed, the ballad was unaccompanied by the melody, which is both lively and tuneful, and admirably suited to the humorous character of the piece. It was discovered by the writer in the manuscript book of tunes collected by the late Mr. James Telfer, the schoolmaster of Saughtree, in Liddesdale, now deposited in the archives of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries.


A fair young May went up the street, Some
white fish for to buy, And a bon-ny clerk's fa'n in
love wi' her, And he's fol-lowed her by and

A fair young May went up the street,
Some white fish for to buy;
And a bonny clerk's fa'in i' luve wi' her,
And he's followed her by and by, by,
And he's followed her by and by.

"O! where live ye, my bonny lass,
I pray thee tell to me;
For gin the nicht were ever sae mirk,
I wad come and visit thee."

"O! my father he aye locks the door,
My mother keeps the key,
And gin ye were ever sic a wily wicht,
Ye canna win in to me."

But the clerk he had ae true brother,
And a wily wicht was he;
And he has made a lang ladder
Was thirty steps and three.

He has made a creek but and a creel,
A creel but and a pin;
And he's away to the chimley-top,
And he's letten the bonny clerk in.

The auld wife, being not asleep,
Though late, late was the hour;
"I'll lay my life, quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man i' our dochter's bower."

The auld man he gat owre the bed
To see if the thing was true:
But she's ta'en the bonny clerk in her arms,
And covered him owre wi' blue.

"O! where are ye gaun now, father?" she says,
"And where are ye gaun sae late?
Ye've disturbed me at my evening prayers,
And O! but they were sweit"

"O! ill betide ye, silly auld wife,
"And an ill death may ye dee;
She has the muckle buik in her airms,
And she's prayin' for you and me."

. . . . . .

The auld wife she gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true;
But what the rack teuk the auld wife's fit?
For into the creel she flew.

The man that was at the chimley-top,
Finding the creel was fu',
He wrappit the rape round his left shouther,
And fast to him he drew.

"O, help! O, help! O, hinny, now, help!
O, help! O, hinny, do!
For *him* that ye aye wished me at,
He's carryin' me off, just noo."

"O! if the foul thief's getten ye,
I wish he may keep his haud;
For a' the lee lang winter nicht,
Ye'll never lie in your bed."

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's towed her through and through;
"O, Gude, assist," quo' the silly auld wife,
"For I'm just departin' noo."

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's gien her a right down fa';
Till every rib i' the auld wife's side
Played nick-nack on the wa'.

O! the blue, the bonny, bonny blue,
And I wish the blue may do weel;
And every auld wife that's sae jealous o' her dochter,
May she get a good keach i' the creel, creel;
May she get a good keach i' the creel.

Frank Pickering's Fatal Flight.

IT happened in the year 1840 that a poor fellow named Frank Pickering had the ill-luck to be sent to the House of Correction at Hexham for some breach of the poor-laws. The keeper of the prison, John Macpherson, who was a good, worthy man, was accustomed to indulge his prisoners, now and then, by getting them to carry in coals from the door. On July 23rd, when Pickering had been confined several weeks, but had yet a few more to wait, he was set to perform this little task; but, instead of returning to durance vile when it was done, he ran off, as fast as his legs could carry him, to Tyne Green. A local notability, Tom Jeffer, was at his usual post that day at the corner of the Green; and Tom, having often been in prison himself, felt kindly-disposed towards the runaway. So he advised him to take the water, though it was muddy and swollen with the late rains. Frank seemed to hesitate for a moment, but never stopped in his flight. At first he ran towards the Spital Lodge, but soon, hearing that Macpherson and his dog were getting threateningly close to his heels, he was forced to turn back, or double, like a hunted hare. So he crossed the Green, passed the mill-dam by the sluice at its higher end, and reached the main stream of the Tyne a little below the spot where, since 1771, a piece of the old bridge has marked the rise and fall of the water, as it appears or disappears. Necessity now obliged the fugitive to take the only course left for him, which was to ford the river where a number of large stones, set in order for crossing purposes when the water was low, and locally known as a penning, had been laid down across its bed. This he began at once to do, though already much exhausted by running. For a time he went on well, keeping his feet wonderfully. But on coming to a breach in the penning, which could not be forded, he felt for an instant as if he had finished his earthly race. Eagerly was he watched from the bank, however, as in sheer despair he attempted to clear the breach. The poor fellow was seen to disappear in the rushing waters. He was then visible for an instant only a little lower down the stream, and that was all. Three poplar trees on the north side of the Tyne used to be pointed out to visitors by that venerable Nonconformist, the late Mr. John Ridley, as marking the spot where Frank Pickering was drowned. Frank's mother, we are told, kept a small inn at Bardon Mill, and two or three men who felt deep sympathy for her came down from the west as soon as the news reached them, and

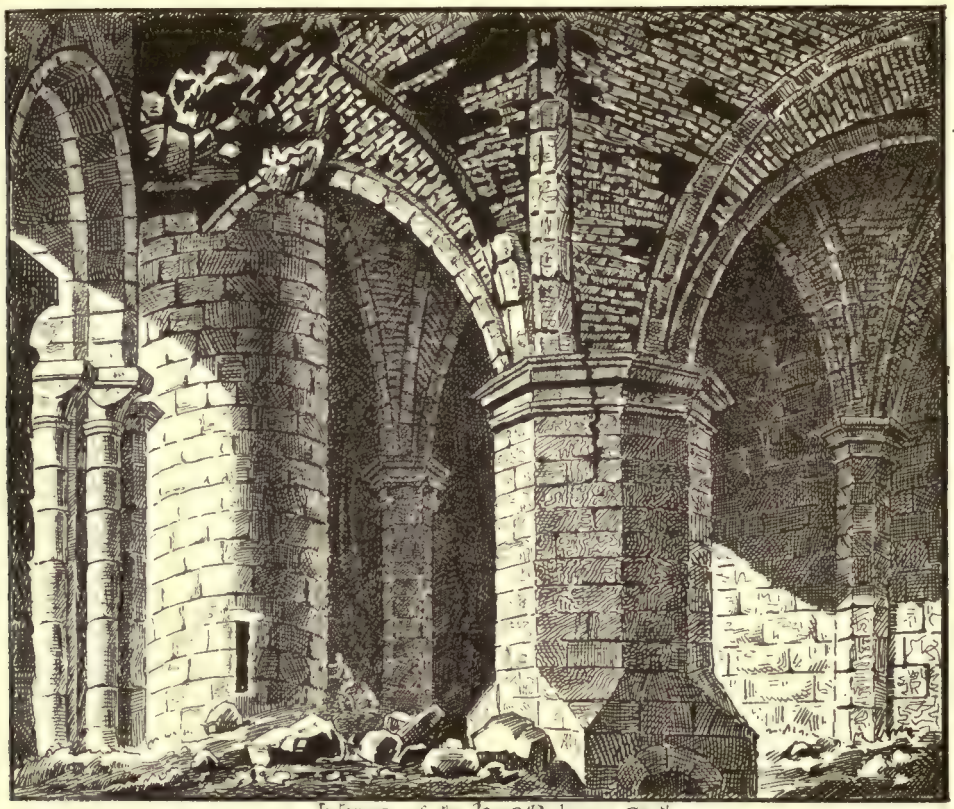
searched for his corpse next day. Some imagined, against all probability, that he had got out on the other side, and reached some safe hiding-place; and accordingly little seems to have been attempted the day after for the recovery of the body. But on the following Sunday morning Richard Muse, a tanner, working in Gilligate, Hexham, who had often done good service on occasions like this, being an expert diver, succeeded, with some help, in finding the body, which was fished out from near the Hermitage, a little below the place where the fugitive was drowned. It was taken to Tyne Mills in the first place, and subsequently, after the inquest, when a verdict of "Death by misadventure" was returned, interred in Haltwhistle parish churchyard.

The Keep of Richmond Castle.

VIEWS of Richmond have already been given in the *Monthly Chronicle* (see pp. 119, 151). The most prominent object in the town is the Norman keep, which rises above the other portions of the old castle in solitary grandeur. Though without external decoration, it is an interesting object on the score of its associations. It is one of the few great towers built by the chieftains of the Conqueror that now remain entire. The walls of the keep are of extraordinary thickness, and, though scarred and stained by the weather, they have undergone no material change since they were erected. The total height is ninety-nine feet. A massive octagonal column, with circular-groined arches springing from it, supports the lower storey in the centre. A well of water, which has evidently been formed when the tower was constructed, is found at the foot of the pillar. Our drawing, which has been reproduced from an etching kindly lent to us by Mr. Hick, of the firm of Messrs. Austin, Johnson, and Hick, architects, Royal Arcade, Newcastle, gives a very fair impression of this portion of the interior of the keep as it appeared previous to being adapted as a guard-room for the North York Rifle Regiment.

The Village of Mitford.

IN the olden times the town of Mitford, which was a place of greater importance than Morpeth, consisted of two parts, half a mile distant from each other. There was the "street called the Newgate," which abutted upon the castle lands in the vicinity of the old manor-house, the church, and the vicarage. Then there was the



Interior of the Keep Richmond Castle

"street leading to Newton Park," which was on the north side of the Wansbeck, seated across the angle formed by the junction of that river with the Font. The former has vanished, but the latter still remains, though much reduced in size, and at present consists of a quaint old inn and a few pretty cottages which are well represented in our sketch.

The picturesque bridge of one arch over the Font here is a very old one. It occupies the site of a bridge which was probably contemporaneous with the castle, as it is indirectly alluded to in 1377. In this year an inquest found that one Walter de Swinhoe held forty acres of land in the manor here by the service of guarding the *south bridge* of Mitford, which was then called the Fouse Bridge, on the eve and day of Ascension. "This Fouse Bridge," says Hodgson, "I suppose to have had its name from its standing across the Wansbeck, opposite to the outer gates of the castle, a little below the site of the present bridge, and where the river formed part of the *foss* of the castle. It was situated *south* of the bridge now called the Font Bridge."

The High-ford Bridge over the Wansbeck—a fine structure of two arches, which we cross in coming from Morpeth—only dates from 1829-30.

The history of the village cannot well be dissociated from that of the castle, which has been told in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1887, p. 152. An account of the church also appears in the volume for 1890, p. 150-2.

Three short stories, however, about the people of Mitford in the bygone centuries, may fitly find a place here.

The first story is from a work by Reginald, a monk of Durham, who lived in the reign of Stephen, and wrote about the miracles of St. Cuthbert after the time of Bede. About the year 1006 a preaching-friar named Silvanus, and his servant Udard, the bearer of some relics of St. Cuthbert, were passing through Mitford when a young man came after them and told them that an old matron in the place, who had lost her sight for fully six months, believed she could recover the use of her eyes if they were bathed with the water in which a portion of the relics of St. Cuthbert had been immersed. The dish of a neighbouring well was immediately filled with water, and the monks laid in it a piece of cloth that had wrapped the body of St. Cuthbert for the space of 418 years. Strange to relate, though covered with the water, it remained quite dry. Udard, perceiving the miracle, and having been for ten years afflicted with dysentery, drank of the liquid, and found himself instantly healed. The old woman, too, on her eyes being bathed with it, recovered, as she had anticipated, her former vision. These three miracles, the author gravely asserts, he could most certainly prove to have happened all on the same day. On the supposed site of the well where the miracles are averred to have taken place Colonel Mitford has erected a stone drinking-fountain.

The second story is taken from the Rolls of Parliament

for 1293, and is as follows :—In the year 1284, Hugh de Eure, of Throphill, and Robert de Stutteville, of Mitford, were at variance about a tenement at Throphill. While the dispute was pending certain persons of De Eure's household—Stephen the Baker, Roger le Ken, and Robert Scot—having come to Mitford on the evening of Sunday, March 26, 1284, Roger of Heley, Reynold the Brewer, Richard le Graper, and Robert of Tindale, four ruffianly fellows retained by De Stutteville, fell upon them with swords and bows and arrows, whereupon they took refuge in the house of Agnes of Benerigg, in the street in Mitford which led to Mitford Park, barring the door behind them. Reynold the Brewer then set fire to the house, several of De Stutteville's retainers and servants the meanwhile preventing the people of the village from extinguishing the flames. As the inmates attempted to escape, they were attacked by De Stutteville's hirelings again, and in the fray which ensued, Stephen the Baker was killed by Roger of Heley. The rascals, not content with this outrage, proceeded to ill-treat the owner of the house, Agnes of Benerigg, beating her with swords and clubs. They also broke into a coffer and took from it four deeds of tenements belonging to the lady and her brother, two tallies for half a mark each, four silver necklaces, and two gold rings. In the trials which followed Robert de Stutteville and his wife, who were indicted for aiding and abetting the perpetrators of this murder and felony, contrived to get themselues acquitted.

The third story is from the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Court at Durham. About 1570, the curate of Mitford had incurred the displeasure of some of his parishioners "concerninge the orderinge of certane stalles." One Sunday he was admonishing them to quietness when Gawen Lawson, one of the churchwardens, said openly, "Come downe and leave thy prathinge," causing, as we may readily imagine, a great disturbance in the church. Also, on Easter day this Gawen Lawson and George Walby, with several others, "at the redinge of the firste lesson did sckofe, laughe, & gest at such as did coughe then & ther, that the minister could not say fourth God's service, but was compelled to leave off for that time of praier, to the dishonouring of God & the defasinge of the Quenes lawes." The matter was brought before the Ecclesiastical Court. One of the persons examined, Edward Robinson, a weaver, of Mitford, accounted for the "sounding noise" in the church by the fact of its being "a very could yere, & many one ther evill trobled with a hoost (a short, tickling cough) which was so farvent that many other smiled & laught ther at."

A very unruly person in the parish of Mitford at this time was John Doffenby, of Pigdon. Being in the church at morning prayer, he commenced to brawl with one Roger Fenwick, threatening to break his head and calling him "theffe of kyne, and saying t——d in thy teithe, and that he wold lay his wyniarde on his pallet, with dyvers such like evill, ungodly, and unlawful words to the unquietinge of the hole parishe and evill example of others." Fenwick retorted with "divers other blasphemous and slanderous words in the church." Doffenby was excommunicated, but he still persisted in coming to church. Being requested to leave, he became very violent, saying that he cared not for the "commissary" and his laws, nor for the curate, and bidding those who durst come and carry him out of the church for they would "first have to bind his hands and his feet." Another charge against this man was that he did "quarrell, chide, and brall" with Mark Ogle, of Ponteland, in the churchyard, striking at him with a lance-staff or javelin, the other meanwhile drawing his sword. Doffenby is a type of parishioner that was very common during the 16th century in Northumberland. It was among people like Doffenby and Lawson that Bernard Gilpin, "the Apostle of the North," at this period accomplished so much good.

Looking at Mitford now as it lies so peacefully by the murmuring Font, it is difficult to realise that it should ever have been the scene of dissension and discord. In the earlier days of its history, when King John and his Flemish mercenaries ravaged the lands of his disaffected barons, when the kings of Scotland led their great armies across the Borders and wild bands of mosstroopers roamed over the country, Mitford lay too often in ruins, and the beautiful valley amid which it is seated was a picture of desolation. "But the times are changed, and we are changed with them"—yes, changed very much for the better we cannot but admit as we contrast the present with the past of a place like Mitford.

W. W. Tomlinson.

A Tyneside Showman.

James Crosbie Hunter, who died at South Bank, Yorkshire, on December 23, 1890, was born at North Shields, on October 26, 1820. Consequently, at the time of his death, he would be in his seventieth year.

From some interesting memoranda supplied by Mr. De Ville, a member of the late showman's company, it appears that, as early as 1843, Mr. Hunter commenced his career as a wandering showman by entering into partnership with Mr. W. H. Wynne, a noted actor of his time, which partnership was not prosperous, and soon ended. I recollect about that time Wynne's booth coming to the Forth, Newcastle, and opening near the Infirmary on ground now occupied by the North-Eastern Railway Company. If Mr. Hunter was a partner then, his experience must have been disheartening. I raised the necessary twopence, and entered the booth. The piece was "The Bride of Lammermoor," but so scanty was the audience that Mr. Wynne had to announce that the company could not play, but would give tickets to admit the

following night; but if any one preferred his money back, he could get it. I recollect that, small as the audience was, some individuals had contrived to slip in without paying by making an opening in the canvas at the side. These persons now made a great noise, and shouted, "Ne tickets—we want wor money back." It was the same Mr. Wynne who, a few years later, theatrically changed William Knowles, a Newcastle lamplighter, into a German. Knowles, who had a passion for the stage, acted as super at nights at the Theatre Royal. Knowles's favourite piece was the "Dumb Man of Manchester." When he was engaged to appear in it at Wynne's booth, the proprietor announced him as "Herr Knowlsey, the renowned artiste from Berlin."

For some five years after the partnership, Mr. Hunter "knocked about" in the profession. In July, 1850, he joined Mr. Du Piegn's travelling company at Glasgow, travelling on foot the best part of the distance between North Shields and Glasgow. Here he remained about five years, and, although his share or weekly salary for the first six weeks only ranged from 6s. 3d. to 16s., yet "love that laughs at locksmiths" appears not to have been frightened by the poor prospect. Towards the end of the year he married Miss Hurst, whom he met at Glasgow. Returning to North Shields in February, 1855, he contrived to raise his first booth, and opened at Newcastle, probably at the Easter hoppings. Billy Purvis had been dead a little over a year; his company was dispersed, leaving the field open for his young successor. With the usual theatrical ups-and-downs he pushed on until, in 1859, he arrived at Middlesbrough. Here he took the "flood that led to fortune," his portable theatre becoming a large permanent building. Mr. Hunter brought in turn the highest theatrical talent to Middlesborough, and had amongst the regular members of his company Mr. Wilson Barrett, then a young man, who was "doing the provinces." For ten years he ruled at Middlesborough. Then the tide of fortune turned. Middlesborough had to be left; from the wreck he contrived to raise a small portable theatre, and with it began again his old travelling life.

In the course of years his affairs became more prosperous. In 1883 he had a large booth again, and was doing a good business at High Walker, where he intended staying until the Temperance Festival on the Town Moor, Newcastle, began. How misfortune again overtook him many will remember. The *Weekly Chronicle* of June 4, 1883, recorded the fact that his large portable theatre, and a smaller one also, were burned to the ground.

Mr. Hunter's upright character now stood him in good stead. His friends rallied round him. Mr. Wilson Barrett, and many prominent theatrical people that had been engaged by him at Middlesbrough during his prosperous days, helped him, and at the Temperance Festival, although sadly shorn, he contrived to "come to time." Despite the kind help thus rendered, the fire was a heavy blow. He rallied but slowly; bad luck followed him, and at Bedlington his place was blown down. Then the great snowstorm of March, 1886, came when he was at Langley Moor, and closed him up so completely that it was November before he re-opened. So he struggled on, going into Yorkshire, where, as he said, he only contrived "to keep the wolf from the door," and had his booth lifted by a whirlwind. At Bedlington, in the summer of 1890, he had the only gleam of fortune which had brightened his path since 1884, so he wrote but a short time ago to a friend. And now his wanderings are over, the last act has been played, and he rests in South Eston Cemetery.

THESPIAN.

Newcastle and Carlisle: The Canal and the Railroad.

WE read in the "Memoirs of Ambrose Barnes," the famous Newcastle Alderman (Surtees Society, vol. 50), that "he set some useful methods on foot for advancing the trade of lead and coles, but he never cared for medling in chimerical projects. When it was proposed to make the river Tyne navigable to Hexham, sixteen miles above Newcastle, he dissuaded the projectors from their intention, showing that, besides the vast expense of making and upholding so many damms, locks, and sluices as such a work would require, the thing itself was impracticable, nor would it answer any useful end."

The date of the design in not given, but it must have been earlier than March 23, 1709-10; for on that day died Ambrose Barnes. There was afterwards a new Parliament, in which the enterprise was revived. On the 20th of February, 1710-11, a petition was presented to the House of Commons from the Justices of the Peace of Northumberland, and the Grand Jury, assembled at the quarter sessions in Morpeth on the 11th of January, setting forth that they conceived the making of the Tyne navigable from Newburn to Hexham would be of great advantage to the inhabitants of the county "in carrying their produce to Newcastle"; that John Errington, Esq., had proposed to undertake the navigation at his own charge, provided he might have the sole profits arising thereby; and praying that leave might be given to bring in a Bill for making the river navigable from Newburn, "the place to which it now flows," to Hexham. Leave was granted accordingly; and it was ordered that Mr. Wrightson, colleague of Sir William Blackett in the representation of Newcastle, and Sir Robert Eden, who, with Mr. William Lambton, "Old True Blue," represented the county of Durham, should prepare and bring in the Bill.

The Bill, prepared accordingly, was introduced by Mr. Wrightson on the 27th of February, conferring powers to

make the Tyne navigable from Newburn to Hexham, "or to any other places between." It was read a first time on the 28th, and order made for a second reading; of which, however, we find no mention in the Journals of the House of Commons.

All honour to Mr. Errington and the County Justices! Their project flourished not; it was before the time; but the object which they had in view in the first decade of the century was kept in view to the last, and had its accomplishment in a form which they had not foreseen. In the autumn of 1794, there was an agitation on foot for the construction of a navigable waterway from sea to sea. Public meetings were held in the East and the West; a subscription was opened for a survey; and there were sanguine hopes of "a practicable navigation between Newcastle and Carlisle, and from thence to Sandsfield."

Canals were among the great works of the time, and the North of England took part in the movement. Tyneside was keenly in earnest for the union of the seas. Controversy was eager. Some there were who preferred this side of the river, others advocated that; and there was also difference of opinion on the Tyne whence the canal should start. Mr. B. R. Dodd was active in the enterprise. With an admirable pen for a prospectus he portrayed its merits; and in one of his passages we have a picture of an excursion between Newcastle and Hexham:—"The canal will afford an opportunity for the establishment of market and passage boats between Hexham and Newcastle, which, in other concerns, have been attended with much profit and public convenience. The packets will be divided into different apartments, with corresponding prices. Tea, coffee, wines, &c., will be provided for the accommodation of the company, as usual at the Bridgewater, the Chester, the Ellesmere, the Forth and Clyde Canal; the price not more than half the fare by land, and totally free from the dust, heat, and fatigue incident thereto."

The effusion of words, however, all stopped short of action. Pen and speech were not followed by pick and spade. The year 1795 wore away without molestation of turf. Woodroof's "single-horse chaise" kept jogging quietly along, twice a week, at 4s. a passenger, between the White Hart in the Flesh Market and the town of Hexham, its equanimity undisturbed by the prospect of the rival barge; and there was "expeditious travelling" between Newcastle and Carlisle, by Mr. Sunderland's "new diligence," at 14s. a-head; the rapid vehicle, with its "three insides," leaving the Crown and Thistle in the Groat Market "at half-past 8 o'clock in the morning," and "arriving at the Bush Inn, Carlisle, at half-past 8 in the evening."

Ere the century expired, a sagacious citizen raised his voice in the agitation for a waterway, and asked its advocates whether it were not better to make a railroad. This suggestion came from Mr. William Thomas, of Denton Hall, an active member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, who read a paper on the subject to his fellow-members in the month of February, 1800. He proposed an adaptation of the old waggonway of the collieries to general traffic, including the transport of travellers. But the age was not yet ripe for the far-seeing proposal of William Thomas. Men went on canvassing the merits of a cross-country canal—a navigable way, accompanying the remains of the Roman Wall—till at last the rail came seriously to be considered as a rival road.

A county meeting was called in Newcastle on August 29, 1817, "to consider the comparative expediency of accomplishing the projected communication by canal, railway, or other means." All were agreed as to the necessity of canal or rail. Mr. William Armstrong (father of Lord Armstrong), who was friendly to a canal, stated the remarkable fact that corn could be brought to the Tyne more cheaply from the Cape of Good Hope than from Carlisle to Newcastle; and, in the same year, Mr. Curwen said that every stone of grain that passed between the two towns cost fourpence for transport! "The prevalent opinion," says the *Tyne Mercury*, "was in favour of a canal." The *Newcastle Chronicle*, commenting on the proceedings, remarked that among the county gentlemen there was a considerable bias for a railway: amongst the merchants of the town, a canal had the preference.

In the month of July, 1824, when the Stockton and Darlington Railroad was approaching completion, a requisition was addressed to the High Sheriff, Mr. Edward Collingwood, for "a meeting of the nobility, gentlemen, clergy, and freeholders of the county of Northumberland, to consider of the expediency of taking means to effect a communication by railway between the town of Newcastle and the city of Carlisle, to be held at the Moothall on a convenient day during the assizes." The requisitionists were twenty-one in number, viz.:—

Charles John Brandling, M.P., Charles Loraine, Thomas Clennell, Charles William Bigge, John Blenkinsopp Coulson, Thomas Wailes, Robert William Brandling, Henry Bell, William Wright, Dixon Brown, John Anderson, William Burrell, William Ord, M.P., George Duncombe Shafto, George Silvertop, John Davison, Charles John Clavering, John Wright, William Linskill, Thomas Burdon, Addison John Cresswell Baker.

The memorable meeting, thus influentially requested, was appointed for Saturday, the 21st of August. Colonel Coulson led the way for a railroad; Mr. Armstrong was for a ship canal; and Sir Matthew White Ridley proposed an inquiry by committee into the respective merits of the two modes of communication. The first resolution of the meeting was in favour of a more speedy and easy communication than the one in existence. The second was to inquire "whether it would be most advantageous to carry it into effect by a railway or a canal"; and a committee was appointed accordingly, and held a conference at the close of the meeting. The inquiry was thus fairly under way; canal and rail—water and fire—barge and horse—contended for supremacy; and on the 6th of November there

was an article in the *Mercury*, afterwards reprinted in a separate form, the editor taking for his topic the report of Mr. Chapman in October to the Canal and Railway Committee, "discovering a strong leaning in favour of a railway, and a disposition (as the writer thought) to magnify the impediments in the way of a canal."

Chapman's report, made in the autumn of 1824, was followed on the 4th of March, 1825, by one from Josias Jessop, who "gives the sum of his opinion in few words; which is, that a railway in such a situation is greatly to be preferred to a canal."

Within about three weeks of the date of this report, there was another county meeting at the Moot Hall. The chair was occupied by the High Sheriff, Mr. Anthony Gregson. This was on the 26th of March, 1825; and the Chairman of the Committee, Sir John Swinburne, presented the report. The committee had consulted, first, Mr. Chapman, and afterwards Mr. Jessop; and both the one and the other had come to a conclusion in favour of a railroad. "We think that it is not only practicable, but that the undertaking will be advantageous to those who may embark in it; and we consider it an object of great importance both to the landed and commercial interests of this part of the kingdom. Its execution will open a country rich in mineral produce, and tend materially to promote agriculture, manufactures, and commerce." On the motion of Mr. A. J. Cresswell Baker, seconded by Mr. Edward Collingwood, it was unanimously resolved:—"That this meeting, concurring in the view taken of the subject by the committee, considers the formation of a railroad between Newcastle and Carlisle an object of great importance, both to the landed and commercial interests in this part of the kingdom, and worthy of the countenance and encouragement of the county."

The decision of March 26, 1825, brought the long controversy of canal or rail to a close. No time was now lost in taking action. The county meeting was followed on the instant by "a meeting of the gentlemen disposed to embark in the undertaking of a railroad" (Mr. Cresswell Baker in the chair). A company was constituted on the spot; a prospectus issued. "The whole line of way" was described as "peculiarly favourable for taking the utmost advantage of steam power, abounding as it does with coal, which may be obtained at a cheap rate." Union had now taken the place of division. "Since the parties of weight and influence in the case," frankly remarked the *Tyne Mercury*, "have decided for a railroad, let us have a railroad by all means." This was the general feeling, and the course of the enterprise was clear. The subscription went satisfactorily forward; and on the 9th of April there was a meeting of the shareholders, with Mr. Charles William Bigge in the chair, at which twelve directors were appointed, viz.:—John George Lambton, M.P., John Brandling, Matthew Bell, Thomas Fenwick, Isaac Cookson, Jun., Martin Morrison, James Losh, John Blenkinsopp Coulson, Nathaniel Clayton, Benjamin Thompson, Matthew Atkinson, and Thomas Crawhall.

It was resolved, moreover, that a further meeting should be held for the purpose of increasing the number to twenty-four; and twelve other directors were in accordance with this determination subsequently added (May 21), viz.:—The Mayor of Newcastle for the time being; with also George Anderson, James Graham Clarke, William Cuthbert, Matthew Plummer, Alfred Hall, William Woods, Joseph Lamb, Robert Walters, William Losh, Christopher Cookson, and John Anderson.

Such was the Board of Directors chosen within less than a couple of months of the county meeting that had decided the long question of a communication between Newcastle and Carlisle. A detailed prospectus of the intended line was now printed; and from a newspaper paragraph of the period we extract a sentence or two that will be curious to the reader of the present day:—"It is to commence at the High Crane on Newcastle Quay; pass behind the abutment and under the roadway of Newcastle Bridge; and thence upon gears to the further side of the Javel Group, where it will enter upon a new quay to be erected in a direct line to the wharf of Messrs. Parker and Co., at Low Elswick." "There will be no inclined planes or stationary engines; and the whole labour upon the line will be performed by horses, the directors having resolved to introduce a clause into the Bill to prohibit the use of locomotive engines, in consideration of the prejudice of landowners against these machines."

The first application for an Act was unsuccessful, and another was forthwith made. "A Statement in Support of the Bill" was printed for Parliament in the month of February, 1829, in which there was no mention of passenger traffic, if we except the remark that "troops and military stores" would be "transported across the island in a few hours, instead of by a fatiguing march of four days." Horses were to be used as the motive power. "The plan of making use of locomotive steam engines, found to be obnoxious to many of the landowners, has (it is hoped without any sacrifice of the interests of the public) been abandoned." Such was the decision the directors had felt it expedient to adopt in the year of the historic Rocket; and the Act of 1829 contains also the following clause:—"No locomotive or moveable steam-engine shall be used on the said railways or tramroads for drawing waggons or other carriages, or for any other purpose whatsoever; and no steam-engine shall be erected or used for any of the purposes aforesaid, within view of the Castle of Naworth, or Corby Castle, or of the several mansion-houses of Charles Bacon, Esq., at Styford, John Hodgson, Esq., at Elswick, James Kirsopp, Esq., at the Spital, Robert Pearson, Esq., at Unthank, Nicholas Leadbitter, Esq., at Warden, or any of them; nor within the distance of one thousand yards to the east of Stella Hall; nor nearer, on the west,

than the point where the line of the said railways or tramroads will be intersected by a certain common highway called the Water Lane."

The preamble of the Act sets forth that the railway "will be of great advantage to the agricultural and commercial interests of the district, by facilitating the conveyance of lead, coal, lime, slates, and other products of the land, and articles of merchandise," with also "manufactured goods and foreign merchandise." "Generally it will be of great public utility." The company contemplated no passenger traffic of their own; but they took powers to levy tolls on the conveyance of passengers in vehicles belonging to others. It was to be lawful for the company "to ask, demand, take, recover, and receive, or cause to be asked, demanded, taken, recovered, and received, to and for the use and benefit of the company, for and in respect of coaches, chariots, chaises, cars, gigs, landaus, waggons, carts, or other carriages, which should be used upon the said railways or tramroads for the conveyance of passengers or cattle, the several tolls hereinafter mentioned." Passengers to pay sixpence for a distance not exceeding five miles; a shilling for five and not more than ten; and so on, with no distinction of first, second, or third class; for at this time passenger trains were nowhere known. Travellers were riding in old stage coaches on the Stockton and Darlington line, and the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was not open.

The construction of the line went simultaneously forward in a succession of sections; and on the 9th of March, 1835, as may be read in Latimer's "Local Records," came the first opening for traffic, extending over a distance of seventeen miles. Two trains, drawn by the Rapid and the Comet, started from Blaydon for Hexham, with banners and bands, triumphal arches, loud cheers and louder cannon. Swiftly flew the iron horse; and spectators with good memories quoted the words of Erasmus Darwin:—

> Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
> Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car.

The "rapid car" brought back the passengers to Blaydon in an hour and a quarter—a feat into which the "slow barge" could hardly have been whipped even by "unconquered steam." Everybody was duly delighted and surprised with the success of the day. Among the "Views" engraved from Carmichael's drawings, and published in 1835, we get a glimpse of one of the trains, careering alongside "The River Wall at Wylam Scars," with passengers inside and out; the roofs of two of the carriages being closely crowded, omnibus fashion.

Next day (March 10) regular traffic began. Passengers were conveyed from Newcastle to Blaydon by 'bus, and merchandise was forwarded by steamboat. Landaus and the like had neither part nor lot in the matter, and the landowners allowed the clause of 1829 as to locomotives to pass into practical repeal. How, indeed, was it possible that trains should be suffered to run without steam within sight of the cottage by the riverside in which George Stephenson was born? One dissentient, however, there was; and the traffic was brought to a stand, on the 28th of March, by an injunction from the Court of Chancery. Steam was stopped—the engine arrested. Great was the excitement. There was a public meeting in Newcastle on the 6th of April, at the instance of upwards of two thousand requisitionists; one of the speakers hazarding a prediction, which Time has more than fulfilled, that a passenger might, perchance, go up from the Tyne to the Thames on one day, and return the next. The resistance to the locomotive engine was withdrawn, and the running resumed. So triumphant was the experiment that the receipts of August were bountiful beyond expectation, the number of passengers during the month exceeding fourteen thousand, and the mileage mounting up to 150,000.

Here, having reached as far as 1835, we may introduce a circular note of that year, preserved for us by a patient collector. It manifests the anxiety of the directors, at that early period, to have a terminus where now the Central Railway Station has its site.

Newcastle, July 16, 1835.

Sir,—The Committee appointed to treat with the Directors of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company for the interest of the Corporation in any of the property which may be necessary in bringing the termination of such railway into the Spital, will meet the Directors to-morrow (Friday), in the Spital, at 12 o'clock at noon.

THOMAS FORSYTH, Town Marshal.

When another year had gone round, arches, bands, and banners were again in demand. The running of trains was on the 28th of June, 1836, extended westward from Hexham to Haydon Bridge; and on the 19th of next month, trains were in motion, to and fro, between Carlisle and Greenhead, a distance of over twenty miles. Carlisle had also a shorter opening, on the 9th of March, 1837, to the Canal Basin; and on the 1st of the same month the line had been brought into public use from Redheugh (Gateshead) to Blaydon; after which, "travellers from Newcastle were conveyed to Redheugh by a steamer, which (says Latimer) plied from the station to the company's offices in the Close."

The Great Opening came in the year of the first meeting of the British Association in Newcastle. The appointed day was the 18th of June, 1838, the twenty-third anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; for it was the fashion, fifty years ago, to celebrate victories of peace in association with this achievement of war.

In 1839, the company were enabled, by their bridge at Scotswood, to pass the river. On the 21st of May, the portion of the line from Blaydon to the depot near the Elswick Shot Tower was thrown open for mineral and merchandise traffic, and for passenger traffic on the 21st of October; and about seven years later, on the 6th of November, 1846, there was a further extension, from the temporary station on Scotswood Road to the Forth.

Let us pause for a moment to recapitulate the several openings of our first Tyneside passenger railway.

1835. March 9, Blaydon to Hexham.
1836. June 28, Hexham to Haydon Bridge.
July 19, Carlisle to Greenhead.
1837. March 1, Redheugh to Blaydon.
March 9, Carlisle to Canal Basin.
1838. June 18, Redheugh to Carlisle.
1839. May 31, Newcastle to Blaydon for minerals, &c.
October 21, Newcastle to Blaydon for passengers.
1846. November 6, Scotswood Road to the Forth.

The card of the "Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Coaches," printed for the Blaydon and Hexham traffic, begun in 1835, shows that trains left the two towns at 8, 11, 2, and 5 o'clock, forenoon and afternoon, "every day, Sunday excepted," and that on Sundays there were trains both ways, at 8 in the morning and 5 in the afternoon.

Another card states the "Railway Coach Fares," and closes with a *Nota Bene* disallowing gratuities. There were two rates of charge, viz., "First Class," and "Second Class or Outside." Here are the fares "Going West."

	s. d.	s. d.
From Blaydon to		
Ryton	0 6	0 6
From Blaydon or Ryton to		
Wylam	0 9	0 6
Prudhoe, Ovingham, Stocksfield, Bywell	1 0	0 9
Broomhaugh, Riding Mill, or Corbridge	1 6	1 0
Hexham	2 0	1 6
From Wylam to		
Prudhoe or Ovingham	0 6	0 6
Stocksfield or Bywell	0 9	0 6
Broomhaugh, Riding Mill, or Corbridge	1 0	0 9
Hexham	1 6	1 0
From Prudhoe or Ovingham to		
Stocksfield or Bywell	0 6	0 6
Broomhaugh or Riding Mill	0 9	0 6
Corbridge	1 0	0 9
Hexham	1 6	1 0
From Stocksfield or Bywell to		
Broomhaugh or Riding Mill	0 6	0 6
Corbridge	0 9	0 6
Hexham	1 0	0 9
From Broomhaugh or Riding Mill to		
Corbridge	0 6	0 6
Hexham	1 0	0 9
From Corbridge to		
Hexham	0 6	0 6

JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).

Lilburn Tower.

ABOUT three miles to the south of Wooler the turnpike road is crossed by a small stream, the Lilburn (*i.e.*, Little Burn), which runs eastward through a pretty dene to join the Till. From the streamlet the townships of East and West Lilburn have derived their name. Lilburn Tower, the subject of our sketch, is seated amid beautiful grounds, on the north bank of the stream. It was designed by John Dobson, and is in the Tudor style of architecture—a style which the architect greatly admired. "He thought," writes Miss Dobson in her memoir of her father, "that much might be said of the advantages of Tudor architecture in the construction of buildings for domestic purposes in producing varied and picturesque outlines when the forms appear to arise out of necessity, and he did not see that there could be any objection to adapting the decorative style of detail to a Tudor outline, provided it harmonised with the building." The foundation stone of the mansion was laid on January 3rd, 1829, by H. J. W. Collingwood, Esq.

The Lilburn estate was originally held under the barony of Wark by the Ros family. In consequence of the rebellion of Robert de Ros, in 1296, it was forfeited, and afterwards came into the possession of the Lilburns, who held it from the 14th to the beginning of the 18th century, when it became the property of the Clennells of Clennell. On the death of Thomas Clennell, it devolved to his nephew, Henry Collingwood, who was High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1793, from whom it descended to its present proprietor, Mr. Edward John Collingwood.

Very different is this stately mansion from the old Border towers in which the former owners of Lilburn resided. In the beginning of the 16th century, there were two of these towers standing at West Lilburn, the most ancient of which—mentioned in 1415 as being then in the occupation of John Carr—is thought by Mr. C. J. Bates to have been built by Sir John de Lilburn, a famous knight who was at the battle of Otterburn, and who died about the year 1400. In 1438, a feud had arisen between the Lilburns and Revelys and the Carrs, which not only led to proceedings at law, but also to acts of a more violent character. Thomas Revely having broken down the close of John Carr at West Lilburn, the Carrs retaliated in 1442 and 1449 by breaking down his close at Middleton Hall. Then, in the latter year, Revely caused —it is said "by carelessness"—the house of Thomas Carr of West Lilburn to be totally destroyed by fire. In 1509, the two towers of West Lilburn belonged to Jeffrey Prokter, but their "rewler" was one Lyell Graye. In 1541, Sir Robert Bowes and Sir Ralph Ellerker report that the two towers in the town of West Lilburn were still both farmed and occupied by Lionel Gray, porter of Berwick (younger brother of Sir Roger Gray, of Horton Castle). The western tower, belonging to Cuthbert Proctor, had been allowed to fall into such a state of ruin for lack of necessary repairs that nothing but the walls were standing; the eastern one, the property of Cuthbert Ogle, rector of Ford, had recently been burnt by sudden fire. It was recommended that both towers should be again repaired, as they stood in a place commodious for the defence of the country in time of peace, and in time of war could receive and lodge a hundred soldiers in garrison. One of these towers stands in ruins on a hill a little to the south-west of the mansion. It measures inside about 30 feet by 18 feet. This was probably the later tower; for, says Mr. Bates, "judging from the external ashlar work, the ruins are those of a tower built at the end of the fifteenth century."

At the foot of the hill occupied by the tower is an

ancient chapel, which is in ruins. It somewhat resembles in general plan the beautiful chapel at Old Bewick. The burial ground surrounding it, which is very old, is still used for interments. A few old headstones are standing, one bearing the date 1684, and another 1693. Some prehistoric graves were opened on the Lilburn Tower estate in 1883 and 1886, when several urns and other antiquities were found. W. W. T.

"Lang Jack," a Tyneside Samson.

JOHN ENGLISH, the proper name of a noted character on Tyneside called "Lang Jack," came to Whickham when Scotswood Suspension Bridge was being built (in the year 1830), and worked as a mason on that structure. Prior to this time, he lived at Chester-le-Street, but whether he was a native of that place I am not prepared to say. While he lived at Chester-le-Street, he worked at the Newcastle Gaol and St. Thomas's Church, Barras Bridge, travelling between the two places every day.

When he came to Whickham, he resided at the Wood House, and, being then in the prime of life, he was physically a splendid specimen of a man. His height was 6 feet 4½ inches in his stockings, this being the reason why he was called "Lang Jack." After living at the Wood House a few years, he erected a house for himself on the road to Shotley Bridge, which is still called "Lang Jack's." The stones used in the building of the house he drew on a bogey from a quarry at the Wood House, the road being rough and uneven, and about three-quarters of a mile distant. The bogey itself was sufficient for an ordinary man to draw, and yet this work was all done after serving his employer until six o'clock at night. The chimney tops were made at Blaydon Banks Quarry while Jack was working there. They weighed about twelve stones each, and were carried by him from the quarry to the house, a distance of four miles.

While working at the quarry, he accomplished an extraordinary feat of strength. He had a favourite dog named Bob, and one of the cartmen, leading stones from the quarry, unfortunately ran over Bob and killed him. Jack was so exasperated at the death of his dog that, taking hold of one of the wheels, he capsized the cart, the stones, and the horse over a bank.

After his house was finished, whenever he required a load of coals he placed a "coop" on his bogey and brought them from Crookgate, a distance of two miles. This feat of strength can only be understood by those who have walked up the bank from "Lang Jack's" to Fellside, this bank being one of the steepest in the district.

Jack was often on the "spree." Sometimes, when drinking with a number of companions, he would say to them, "Now, my lads, clear out! There's going to be war in the camp"—meaning that he was going to display some feat of strength with chairs and tables. I scarcely need say there was soon a general stampede, the men leaving their "drinks" behind them. It was Jack's habit at dances to startle his companions by jumping and pushing his head through the ceiling. One particular dance was held in a barn, and Jack gave one of his accustomed jumps; but, having no ceiling to break, the flooring gave way when he came down upon it, and he

and his friends found themselves among the cattle in the byre below!

Jack died, I think, about the year 1860, at the age of sixty years. The house which he built is situated at the bottom of Fellside Bank, near the principal entrance to the Gibside estate. It stands in an open space about two hundred yards from the main road, and is surrounded by the woods of Gibside. In a small garden opposite to the house stands a monument about eighteen feet high with a bust of Jack, which is certainly an excellent likeness. It was designed and finished by John Norvell, of Swalwell, during the lifetime of the original, and upon it is inscribed "J. English, 1854." WM. BOURN.

***

Lang Jack may be fairly described as a giant. His regular walking step measured 3 feet 3 inches. Jack used to take an interest in political matters, and sometimes walked at the head of processions when attending reform meetings about 1832. His skill as a workman, and his kindly disposition, brought him under the notice of the Claverings, of Axwell, who granted him a piece of land near Gibside, on which Jack soon built himself a cottage and laid out a garden. The bust of Jack, erected opposite his cottage, is known as Lang Jack's Monument.

R. N. C.

A Riot on the Town Moor.

FROISSART declared, about five hundred years ago, that the English took their pleasures sadly. If he could have witnessed the Great Northern Carnival of Race Week on the Town Moor, Newcastle-on-Tyne, say a quarter of a century ago, he would probably have altered his opinion. He would have noticed, doubtless, a great amount of excitement, intense interest in the races, a great deal of noise and shouting, and perhaps some little drunkenness and coarse language. Race Week was the one great holiday in the year for thousands of "poor, patient, hard-working men," as Dickens calls them, and, as a rule, it was seldom marred by any blackguardism or disorderly conduct. There are exceptions to all rules, however, and the riot on the Town Moor in the Race Week of 1866 was a very remarkable and unpleasant exception.

On Wednesday, June 27, 1866 (the Fenian agitation was just then at its height), the last race for the day had just been run, and most of the sight-seers were preparing to leave for home, when a number of Irishmen (about 300 strong) made a terrific onslaught on nearly every person that crossed their path. Some hours before this, they had attracted attention by roving about the Town Moor, flourishing shillalaghs, and yelling "Garibaldi, or the Pope!" The disturbers mainly hailed from Jarrow, Walker, and neighbouring places; and most of them were dressed in light-coloured coats or jackets. At first the eccentric proceedings of this shouting and roaring crowd caused only amusement or derision; but late in the afternoon matters took a different turn. The row began by some men shouting to a group of Irishmen who were playing at "Aunt Sally," "Here are the Fenians!" A terrible scrimmage commenced at once, the Irishmen seizing their sticks and attacking every Englishman they met with. Very soon, about a dozen persons were so badly injured that they had to be removed to the Infirmary, and a number of policemen who had interfered also suffered severely. News of the riot, sent at once to the various police stations, brought the Chief-Constable (Mr. Sabbage) with about forty officers upon the spot. As soon as the rioters saw this large force, they "made tracks," flying in all directions, some hiding under carts, others behind the shows, tents, and other places of

LANG JACK'S CASTLE.

concealment. The police succeeded in arresting seven of the ringleaders at once, and two others were taken shortly after. The prisoners were taken to the Manors Police Station, together with a pitman who had received shocking injuries. Arrests continued to be made, and the wounded to be brought in, until far on in the evening, and Dr. Rayne (then the police surgeon), with his assistants, was kept very busy attending to the injured. Several of these presented pitiable sights, one man having nine wounds on his head, another seven cuts about his head and face, others again being covered with blood Altogether, eighteen Irishmen were taken into custody before the night was over.

Next morning, the eighteen men who had been arrested were brought before the magistrates, and the following week eleven of them were committed for trial at the Summer Assizes. The case was tried by the late Mr. Baron Martin, and all the prisoners, save one, being found guilty, were sentenced to imprisonment for twelve months with hard labour. So ended the Fenian Riot on the Town Moor. W. W. W.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

The Sir George Greys of Falloden.

TWO ILLUSTRIOUS NORTHUMBRIANS.

The Greys of Howick and Falloden are the descendants of a union between two ancient North-Country families—the Greys of Heton and Chillingham, and the Greys of Horton. Sir Ralph Grey of Chillingham, grandson of the Sir Ralph who was beheaded at Doncaster, married Isabel, co-heir of Sir Thomas Grey of Horton, and their third son, Sir Edward Grey (constable of Morpeth Castle in 1584 and 1589, and high sheriff of Northumberland in 1597-98), acquiring Howick, founded the family that, ever since his time, have taken their territorial designation from that place. One of Sir Edward's descendants, Sir Henry Grey of Howick, married Hannah, daughter of Thomas Wood of Falloden, and this lady brought the Falloden estate to the Greys as her jointure or dowry. Of that union came four sons, one of whom, Sir Charles Grey, a general in the army, was raised to the peerage by the title of Earl Grey. The earl married Elizabeth, heiress of George Grey of Southwick, granddaughter of George Grey, the diarist, and left, among other issue, Charles, second Earl Grey, the Prime Minister who carried the Reform Bill, and George Grey of Falloden, with whose life, and that of his son, it now remains to deal.

SIR GEORGE GREY.—I.

George Grey, younger brother of the second earl, was born at Falloden on the 10th of October, 1767. He entered the navy as soon as he left school, and at the early age of fifteen, being a lieutenant in the Resolution, took part in Rodney's famous engagement against the fleet of Spain. In 1793 he obtained post rank in the Boyne, 98 guns, bearing the flag of Sir John Jervis. He served under Sir John throughout the campaign in the West Indies—his brother Charles, afterwards the first Earl Grey, being in chief command of the land forces—and at the siege of Guadaloupe he headed a detachment of 500 seamen and marines which were landed to co-operate with his brother's forces ashore. Subsequently he had command of the Victory, and he remained under Jervis's orders until the great exploit off Cape Vincent, on the 14th February, 1797, raised that gallant admiral to the peerage. Three years later, when Sir John Jervis, as Earl St. Vincent, took charge of the Channel Fleet, Mr. Grey joined him as captain of the Ville de Paris. In 1801 he was appointed to one of the yachts in attendance upon the royal family at Weymouth, and continued in that service till 1804, when he succeeded Sir Isaac Coffin as Commissioner of Sheerness Dockyard ; from thence he was appointed to a similar position at Portsmouth. When the allied sovereigns visited the fleet at Spithead, in 1814, George IV. presented him with a patent of baronetcy; six years later he was made a K.C.B. He remained at Portsmouth as resident commissioner of the dockyard till his death, which occurred on the 8th of October, 1828. Besides his captaincy and commissionership he held, at his decease, the offices of Marshal of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Barbadoes, Vice-President of the Naval and Military Bible Society, and alderman of the borough of Portsmouth. Sir George married in June, 1795, Mary, daughter of Samuel Whitbread by Lady Mary Cornwallis, and sister to Samuel Whitbread, M.P. for Bedford, who had espoused Lady Elizabeth Grey, Sir George's sister. By this lady he had two sons, the eldest of whom, Sir George Grey of our own time, succeeded him.

SIR GEORGE GREY.—II.

Born at Gibraltar on the 11th May, 1799, the second Sir George Grey received his education at Oriel College, Oxford, where he matriculated, June 25, 1817, gained a first-class in classics, and took his arts degrees—that of B.A. in 1821, and that of M.A. in 1824 From Oriel his course was steered to Lincoln's Inn, and in 1826 he was called to the Bar. At that time to be a Grey was to be a politician, and Sir George, succeeding his father in the title and estates within two years after his call, found more attraction in the pursuit of politics than in the profession of the law. At the general election which

followed the Reform Act (December, 1832) he was returned to Parliament by the borough of Devonport, a new constituency that had been created outside the ancient borough of Plymouth.

Shortly after Sir George Grey had taken his seat he made his mark in the House in a maiden speech on a Coercion Bill for Ireland. The following year (1834) he received his first Ministerial appointment—that of Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Scarcely had he settled down to the duties of his office when his uncle, the Prime Minister, resigned. Lord Melbourne, who succeeded to the Premiership, carried on the Government till December, and then the Whigs gave place to the Tories. Sir Robert Peel

became Prime Minister, but was unable to hold the reins of office more than three or four months and upon the return of Lord Melbourne, in April, 1835, Sir George resumed his post at the Colonial Office. There he remained, taking an active part in the heated discussions respecting Canadian affairs and their administration by Lord Durham, till 1839, when he accepted the quiet and practically sinecure office of Judge Advocate General, and in June, 1841, the irresponsible post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In September of that year the Whigs were defeated upon the question of the sugar duties, and Sir George retired, with his colleagues, to make way for Sir Robert Peel and the Tories. The latter obtained a much longer lease of office this time. They retained the confidence of Parliament and the country till June, 1846, when Sir Robert, who had passed his Free Trade measures, was defeated upon another phase of the everlasting Irish question, and the Whigs, with Lord John Russell as Premier, came back to power. Lord John appointed Sir George Grey to the high office of Home Secretary, and he was occupying that responsible position when, in the summer of 1847, Parliament was dissolved, and an appeal was mode to the country.

Anticipating a dissolution, the Whig leaders in the Northern Division of Northumberland, who had suffered a heavy reverse in 1841 by the rejection of Earl Grey's heir, Lord Howick, invited Sir George to assist them in retrieving their loss. Although reluctant to abandon Devonport, where he had been on six separate occasions during fifteen years returned in triumph—four times at general elections, and twice on accepting office—he acceded to their request. His opponents were Lord Ossulston, now Earl of Tankerville, one of the retiring members, and Lord Lovaine (the present Duke of Northumberland), who was brought forward to retain the seat which Mr. Addison John Baker Cresswell had wrested from the Whigs at the previous election. The Tories had some advantage in personal canvassing, for Sir George was detained in London by his ministerial duties as Home Secretary till the 26th July, and the nomination was to take place on the 7th of August. But his friends worked hard on his behalf, and when he himself arrived the constituency was literally "devoured by his activity." His was not the cold, aristocratic temperament of the Grey family. On the contrary, he was full of fire and enthusiasm. From the Town Hall steps at Alnwick, a rustic platform at Belford, and the Market Place of Morpeth, he delivered stirring speeches, which not only quickened the pulses of Whigs that were staunch and true, but won over the half-hearted and the wavering.

Although not so exciting a contest as that of 1826, the election was conducted with the greatest possible enthusiasm and the most strenuous efforts on both sides. Out of 3,030 registered electors, 2,490 went to the poll, of whom 1,084 plumped straight for "Grey and Independence." Sir George headed the poll throughout, and when, after two days' polling, the figures were added up, it was found that he had secured 1,366, Lord Ossulston 1,247, and Lord Lovaine 1,236 votes.

The year 1848 was a year of revolution and of trial, and it was during this stormy period that Home Secretary Sir George Grey attained the height of his fame as a statesman. By his firmness and vigour he secured the preservation of peace and order while barricades were rising in the streets of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, physical force chartists were training and drilling all over Great Britain, and Ireland was in a state of insurrection. It fell to his lot to introduce

bills considered necessary for public security—the Felony Bill, Alien Bill, and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. In piloting these measures through Parliament, he won the respect of all parties, and gave offence to none; not even, it is said, to those against whose proceedings the Acts were directed. In the following year, 1849, the Queen conferred upon him the honorary distinction of G.C.B. When he went out of office, on the defeat of the Ministry in the early part of 1852, he was regarded as the most successful administrator in the ranks of the Liberal party.

At the general election which followed, Sir George was unfortunate. In conjunction with Lord Ossulston, Lord Lovaine again came forward for North Northumberland, and the electors, reversing the verdict they had given in 1847, placed him at the top of the poll. Although 1,030 voters plumped for Grey—only 54 short of the previous number—the Liberals were defeated. Lord Lovaine obtained 1,414, Lord Ossulston 1,335, and Sir George, only 1,300 votes. For the remainder of the year he remained out of Parliament, but in January, 1853, room was made for him at Morpeth. The Hon. E. G. G. Howard accepted the stewardship of the Manor of Northstead and Sir George took his place. Meanwhile, the Coalition Ministry of the Earl of Aberdeen had come into power, and all the offices of state had been filled by Whigs and Peelites. Sir George entered the House as an unattached member, and remained without a portfolio till February, 1854, when he accepted the seals of the Colonial Office. In the heated discussions upon the Crimean War he took no active part, but upon Mr. Roebuck introducing a motion for an inquiry into the condition of the army before Sebastopol, he warmly opposed the proposal. Mr. Roebuck carried everything before him; his motion was adopted by a large majority; the Coalition Ministry was destroyed; Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister; and under his leadership, in 1855, Sir George returned to the Home Office. There he remained till 1858, when Lord Palmerston, being defeated on the Conspiracy Bill, made way for Lord Derby and the Conservatives. They, in turn, were defeated the following year upon their Reform Bill, and after an appeal to the country, resigned office. In June, 1859, Lord Palmerston returned to the Premiership and Sir George, accepting the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, resumed his place in the Ministry. He held the Chancellorship till, in 1861, Sir G. C. Lewis's transference to the War Department recalled him once more to hold his old office of Home Secretary. This was the position for which he was best qualified, and he held it, with increasing reputation, till the defeat of the Russell Government in 1866. Two years later, when the Liberals returned to power under Mr. Gladstone, he did not accept office. From that date to the general election of 1874, Sir George spoke and acted as an independent Liberal, and then, gracefully yielding to the wishes of an extended constituency for a working man representative, he made way for Mr. Thomas Burt, closed his connection with the borough that had returned him to Parliament for twenty-two years, and withdrew from public life.

By his marriage (August 14, 1827) with Anna Sophia, daughter of Dr. Ryder, Bishop of Lichfield, Sir George Grey had a son and heir—George Henry Grey, equerry to the Prince of Wales, and lieutenant-colonel of the Northumberland Militia. Lieutenant-Colonel Grey died within a few months of his father's retirement from the representation of Morpeth, leaving a young family. Thenceforth Sir George devoted himself to the upbringing of his grandchildren, and the supervision of his estate. Sir George passed away on the 9th of September, 1882, at the venerable age of 83, and was succeeded in the title and estates by his grandson, Sir Edward Grey, now M.P. for the Berwick Division of Northumberland.

Henry Grey, D.D.

AN EVANGELICAL DIVINE.

The Rev. Henry Grey, an eminent preacher in the Church of Scotland, and of exceeding popularity on this side the Border, was born at Alnwick on the 11th of February, 1778. His father was an apothecary in that town, who, after a family quarrel which occurred soon after the boy was born, left home, and never returned to it. Though he went no further away than Morpeth, where he carried on his business, it does not appear that this obstinate scion of the Border family of Grey took any further interest in his offspring. The deserted mother, returning to her relatives, devoted herself to the up-bringing of the boy so sadly deprived of a father's care. She sent him to school in Newcastle, and when he was old enough obtained his admission to the University of Edinburgh. He was a youth of great promise—studious, bookish, and religious. Soon after he had become a student, he attached himself to West, or St. Cuthbert's Church, where the Rev. Sir Harry Moncrieff, leader of the Evangelical section of the Church of Scotland, officiated. Under the influence of that celebrated preacher he formed the design of entering the ministry, and, being encouraged thereto by his mother and his friends, he closed his literary studies, and passed into the theological classes. In due course he obtained a license to preach, and in 1801 he was presented to his first charge, the living of Stenton, in East Lothian.

Although deserted by his father, Mr. Grey was

not forsaken by his father's relatives. While at college he had been a frequent guest at the house of his uncle, George Grey of Milfield, and upon terms of affectionate friendship with his cousins there—the eldest of whom in after years was known throughout the Northern Counties, and to half the world besides, as John Grey of Dilston. To Milfield the Rev. Henry Grey went for a wife, and a few years after he had entered into possession of the manse of Stenton, he took home his cousin Margaretta as his bride.

At Stenton Mr. Grey remained till 1813, when an opportunity arose of placing him in a more conspicuous station. Sir Harry Moncrieff had been interesting himself in the establishment of "chapels-of-ease" in various parts of Scotland, and for some years,

with the aid of his colleague in the ministry, had revived public worship in a corner of his own parish, utilising for the purpose an old building known as the original St. Cuthbert's Chapel. The work had been successful, and it was resolved to appoint a permanent minister. Sir Harry's choice fell upon his friend Mr. Grey, and he, responding to the call, left his rural flock to assume the charge of a more cultured congregation in the metropolis of Scotland. Seven years later he was elected by the magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh to the ministry of the New North Church, as it was called—one of the several distinct churches to whose services the old Cathedral of St. Giles was devoted. In 1827 he was translated to the Church of St. Mary, a new edifice just then completed on the northern outskirts of the city.

Shortly after his induction at St. Mary's, one of those curious controversies which every now and then disturb Christian communities, broke out and raged with much violence. It was a dispute as to the conduct of the Bible Society in permitting the Apocrypha to be circulated along with the canonical books of the Scriptures. Mr. Grey, or rather Dr. Grey, for by this time he had become a Doctor of Divinity, took up the cudgels on behalf of the society; Dr. Andrew Thompson, another Edinburgh minister, espoused the opposite side. The death of the latter in February, 1831, ended the strife, which was painfully personal while it lasted, though it is said that the friendship of the two disputants was not seriously ruffled by the storms of controversy. When this temporary disquietude had passed away, Dr. Grey recovered the confidence of the friends who had taken sides against him, and became the popular preacher of modern Athens.

At the great disruption in 1843 Dr. Grey followed Dr. Chalmers, and gave up his preferment. He quitted the house in which he had so long resided for one of narrower dimensions, left the beautiful Church of St. Mary for a humble tabernacle, and began his clerical life afresh as a minister of the Free Church of Scotland. Next to Dr. Chalmers he was the secessionist whose self-sacrifice was most highly honoured and appreciated. Over the first General Assembly of the Free Church Dr. Chalmers presided as Moderator; at the second Assembly Dr. Grey occupied that exalted position. In 1851 the jubilee of his ministry was celebrated in Edinburgh, and the commemoration was made of permanent interest by the establishment of a "Grey Scholarship in Divinity" and the execution of a marble bust of himself which now adorns the library of the Free Church College.

During all this time active correspondence and frequent interchange of visits had taken place between Dr. Grey and his wife and the families at Milfield and Dilston. Mrs. Butler's Memoir contains many references to their affectionate intercourse, and several examples of the vigorous letters on public questions which Dr. Grey's wife addressed to them. Another of John Grey's sisters had married, first Mr. Lundi, of Kelso (friend and associate of Scott, Leyden, and Brougham), and after his death Dr. Duncan, the founder of Savings Banks in Scotland, a brother minister of Dr. Grey's, and like him a seceder from the National Church. With her also correspondence was maintained, and for many years the family circle remained unbroken. Soon after the celebration of his jubilee, domestic sorrows fell upon Dr. Grey in quick succession. In 1854 he lost his eldest son, the Rev. Henry C. Grey, M.A., rector of Wartling, Sussex; in 1857 his eldest daughter, married to the Rev. J. Hampden Gurney, M.A., rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone; and in 1858 his

wife. Mrs. Grey's death was immediately preceded and followed by the death of two young relatives in whom he took an affectionate interest; first a grandniece, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Horatio Bonar, who died while on a visit to his house; the other his grandson, son of the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, whose studies at Edinburgh Academy he was supervising. A few months later Dr. Grey himself was called away. He died on the 13th January, 1859, in the eighty-first year of his age, and the fifty-ninth of his ministry, and was buried in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard, Edinburgh.

Timothy Hackworth,

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER AND SUPERINTENDENT.

Three natives of Tyneside, born in adjoining parishes, with less than eight years interval separating the oldest from the youngest of them, were the chief instruments in creating a social and commercial revolution to which the history of mankind offers no parallel. Whatsoever may be their respective claims to priority of invention or utility of design, whatsoever opinion may be formed as to the degree in which each of them contributed to the general result, these three industrial heroes —William Hedley, George Stephenson, and Timothy Hackworth—undoubtedly solved amongst them a problem that had lingered long in the lap of experiment and expectation; they demonstrated the practical and profitable adaptation of the power of steam to locomotion, and gave us our present railway system.

Timothy Hackworth was born at Wylam (where his father, John Hackworth, was foreman of the colliery blacksmiths), on the 22nd December, 1786. He received his education, such as it was, at the village school, and, at the age of 14, was apprenticed to the owners of the colliery to learn his father's trade. Two years after he had entered upon his indentures the father died, and upon Timothy devolved the care of providing for his mother and family. As soon as his apprenticeship expired, in 1807, the colliery authorities raised him to his father's post of foreman smith.

While Timothy Hackworth was serving under indentures, colliery managers were speculating upon the probabilities of using steam as a motive power in the haulage of coal. Christopher Blackett, the owner, and William Hedley, the viewer, of Wylam Colliery, took a lively and intelligent interest in the matter. So early as 1805 a locomotive engine had been made to Mr. Blackett's order at Whinfield's Foundry in Gateshead. It was a failure, but Mr. Blackett was not discouraged. Mr. Hedley had proved to him that smooth wheels would work upon smooth rails by pressure of the weight above them. In 1812, Mr. Blackett directed that Hackworth and his smiths, assisted by Thomas Waters, a Gateshead ironfounder, should build a locomotive from Mr. Hedley's design. This engine proved defective. Another engine was put in hand, and Hackworth, helped by Jonathan Forster, the colliery engine-wright, succeeded to admiration. The engine drew eight loaded coal waggons after it, at the rate of four miles an hour. The victory was won. Mr. Hedley had demonstrated the soundness of his ideas; Hackworth had brought them into effective operation; the era of steam locomotion had begun.

While these experiments were in progress Timothy Hackworth had received serious impressions on the subject of religion. At the beginning of the year 1811 he united himself to the Methodist body, and soon afterwards, having developed considerable gifts of speaking and exhorting, his name was entered in the Circuit Plan as a local preacher. Fidelity to his religious convictions severed the tie which bound him to Wylam Colliery. One Sunday, in 1815, as we read in Lawson's "Wesleyan Local Preachers," he was passing the pit to fulfil a preaching appointment, when a fellow-workman accosted him with, "Where's thee gannin'?" Hackworth answered, "I am going to preach." "Is thee not gannin to de this wark?" "I have other work than that to do to-day." "Weel, if thou'll not, somebody else will, and thou'll lose thee job." "Lose, or not lose, I shall not break the Sabbath," rejoined Hackworth, and passed on to his engagement. The man's prediction proved to be accurate. The owner of Wylam Colliery, or his representative, discharged a most faithful servant because he refused to work on a Sunday.

Dismissed from Wylam, Mr. Hackworth obtained the foremanship of the smiths at Walbottle Colliery, and there he remained till 1824. In the meantime, George Stephenson, improving upon the Wylam experiments, had established a great reputation as a railway pioneer, and had his hands full of business. At the date just mentioned, he was undertaking a survey for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and required a competent man to superintend, during his absence, the manufactory of steam engines which he had opened in Newcastle. He applied to the agent of Walbottle Colliery for the loan of Timothy Hackworth, and the latter, nothing loth, accepted the position. So well did he manage the concern that Stephenson offered him strong inducements—half his own share in the manufactory, it is said—to remain. For reasons of his own, Hackworth declined, refused at the same time an offer to accompany an exploring expedition to the gold and silver mines of Venezuela, New Granada, and Trinidad, and determined to start in business for himself. His arrangements for that

purpose were approaching completion when he received, through Mr. Stephenson's recommendation, an offer of the post of resident engineer to the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company. This was an office worthy of his acceptance, and he closed with the offer.

At Darlington, Timothy Hackworth began a system of laborious research and rigorous investigation into the principles of locomotive mechanism and their adaptation to the requirements of traffic, which made the Stockton and Darlington line famous in the history of railway enterprise. Five miles of the railway consisted of inclined planes, worked with stationary engines, and to the safe and effectual arrangements of these planes, he devoted in the first instance the greater part of his time and energies. He designed double-acting drums for the Brusselton Incline, and so fixed a drum upon the Etherley Incline that it worked the coal-waggons, up and down a long bank and a short bank, with a minimum of strain upon the engine. Among other of his devices were the discharge-hook by which the ropes could be detached from waggons in motion, the drag-frame attached to last carriages in ascending inclines, with the object of arresting precipitate descent in case of accident, and the switch, fixed a short distance from the top of inclines, by which waggons could be thrown off the line if they happen to run over the bank head. But his greatest achievement on the Stockton and Darlington was the construction of an engine on a new principle, "the boldest step in mechanical construction ever concentrated in a single effort." The locomotives in use upon the line worked so badly that the directors contemplated the use of fixed engines over the whole of their mileage. Hackworth expressed confidence in his own ability to build a locomotive that would travel with greater speed, draw a heavier load, and consume less fuel than the imperfect specimens which the company were running. Permission was granted, and he constructed, in 1827, the engine celebrated in railway history as the "Royal George." The "Royal George" was "the first of a new type of engine, and the nearest approach to the modern locomotive of any that had yet been built."

In the celebrated trial of locomotives upon the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1829, Hackworth entered the "Sansparell," an engine built upon the same principle as the "Royal George," but it broke down, and the prize of £500 was awarded to the "Rocket," built by George and Robert Stephenson. The "Sansparell" is described as "a marvel of mechanism, considering the conditions under which it was made." It was sold to the Bolton Railway Company, after it had done some service elsewhere, and gave great satisfaction. In another competition, Hackworth was more successful. The Stockton and Darlington Company offered 150 and 75 guineas respectively for the best and second best plans, sections, and estimates for staiths, machinery, &c., to be used in the shipment of coals at Middlesbrough, and he obtained the first prize. Other remarkable achievements in locomotive engineering followed. A new engine, the "Globe," with which he opened the branch line from Stockton to Middlesbrough, showed a marked improvement, and still further ingenuity was displayed in the "Majestic," "Lord Brougham," "William IV.," &c.

When Mr. Hackworth had given to the Stockton and Darlington line nine years of service as engineer and locomotive manager, the conditions of his engagement was changed. He had won the entire confidence of the directors, and in 1834 they placed their machinery and workshops at his disposal, and contracted with him for the entire haulage of the line. The arrangement lasted till 1840, when he erected the Soho Engine Works, Shildon, and commenced business on his own account.

Throughout his career, Mr. Hackworth retained his connection as a Methodist class leader and local preacher. "Naturally endowed with great moral courage and fortitude of mind," writes one who knew him, "he possessed a fluency and happiness of expression, with a thread of delicate humour and anecdote pervading his discourses, which charmed all who listened to his artless eloquence. He loved retirement, and preferred the joys of private life to worldly honours, which caused him, though a public character, not to be universally known. Constitutionally healthy and robust, his life was one of great activity, both mental and physical; every moment was pressed into service." Thus he continued till his death, which occurred, after a few days' illness, on the 7th of July, 1850, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Interior of Cragside.

VIEWS of the exterior of Cragside, Lord Armstrong's stately mansion at Rothbury, have already appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. i., p. 360-1.) And now we present the reader with two sketches from the interior.

Cragside is celebrated for its splendid collection of pictures by modern masters. These costly works of art are to be found in all the principal rooms; but the gems are hung in the drawing-room. Lighted from the roof, this magnificent apartment is well adapted for the display of fine paintings. On referring

Drawing Room, Osgood Hall.

to our drawing, which is copied from a photograph by Mr. Worsnop, of Rothbury, five large canvases will be seen fronting the observer. That to the left and nearest the ceiling is regarded as one of the best works of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., being no other than the well-known "Venetian Lady." Below it is one of William Muller's most noteworthy examples. The centre picture is the world-famed "Chill October," by Sir John Millais. Next to the ceiling to the right is the "Spanish Flower Girl," by John Philip, R.A., often facetiously termed "Philip of Spain," from the circumstance that he obtained most of his subjects from that country. Immediately below is one of J. C. Hook's seascapes—in every sense worthy of Cragside. The large picture on the wall to the right, adjoining the small ones in the corner, is a noble landscape by John Linnell, Sen., entitled "A Storm in Autumn." The next two pictures are marine pieces by E. W. Cooke, R.A., and W. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., a native of Sunderland. A portion of the painting known as the "Death of Raphael," by H. O'Neil, R.A., is shown to the right. On the opposite side of the room, and nearest to the spectator, is "The Primrose Gatherers," a characteristic example by C. R. Leslie, R.A. The other pictures are all fine specimens of the art of the nineteenth century, one of them being a very superior oil-painting by David Cox. In

Fireplace in Drawing Room, Cragside

appropriate positions will be seen many rare specimens of the potter's art, including the two celebrated Hawthorne vases of great beauty and value. Many of these choice articles were presented to Lord Armstrong by members of the foreign embassies.

The drawing-room is situated in that part of the building known as "Gilknockie Tower." The most noticeable object, perhaps, in this apartment is the marble mantelpiece. The drawing made by our artist, which is also copied from a photograph taken by Mr. Woranop, shows the elaborate carvings, which were adapted by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., the designer of Cragside (and also, it may be stated, of many lordly residences in the metropolis), from the works of Michael Angelo. The Gothic arch to the right leads to a recess and large window, whence there is a magnificent view of the park and fields, with the glorious background of the Simonside Hills. Lord Armstrong's coat-of-arms has been inserted at the lower corner of the drawing.

The Battle of Otterburn.

I.

FEW English battles are so full of pathetic incidents or dramatic situations as that of Otterburn. No martial display in our history is better remembered. It was highly romantic in its conception, was fought between chivalrous foes, and has since formed a theme for some of the grandest ballads in our language. Yet it can scarcely be considered of great importance. No kingly strife throws a glamour over the story, no vexed question was solved by those engaged. The warriors, it is true, were men of Scotch and English descent—men who had long regarded each other as natural foes—but, at the period of their sanguinary struggle, there was nothing in the aspect of national affairs to account for the rupture. For once in a way, the kingdoms were at peace. Yet so fierce and powerful were the leading chieftains—especially those located near the Border-land—that they could gather their followers, organise them, equip them, and retaliate upon each other unchecked.

Otterburn is, by some authorities, spoken of as a skirmish; by others as a foray; by others, again, as a mere quarrel between the rival houses of Douglass and Percy. Some learned narrators have ventured to doubt the authenticity of the fight; some have treated it as a genuine though unimportant phase of Northern barbarism; some, while accepting the current versions, have been content to dismiss them with a passing reference. But, however designated, the occurrence throws a remarkable light on the condition of a district of undoubted interest, as well as on the manners and customs of a people who had long been inured to all the horrors of internecine war.

Though there is considerable doubt as to the date on which the battle of Otterburn was fought, most authorities agree that it was somewhere about the middle of August, 1388. At that time, Richard II. was spending his substance in riotous living, and the great Border barons—when not plotting for their own aggrandisement—were wont to amuse themselves by hunting and hawking expeditions that frequently led to bloodshed. They lived in wild, swampy, well wooded districts, and possessed bodies of retainers who were as rude, savage, and relentless as themselves. Though separated by the Cheviots, the condition of the dwellers on each side of this natural barrier was not greatly dissimilar. Both districts were populous; both sets of people sadly prone to raiding and thieving. The commoners lived in slenderly constructed hovels without windows. They were possessed of little furniture and few comforts, and they stored up their wealth in cattle which all men seemed anxious to steal. The chiefs occupied castles or peel towers, in which, during periods of danger, it was customary for their dependants to gather for mutual protection. This, in a sentence, was the state of matters for many centuries. An excursion from one side of the hills led to retaliation from the other, and seldom failed to produce scenes of rapine that were truly deplorable. It was a raid of this character, though on a scale of unusual magnitude, that led to the incident we are about to describe. The English, under Richard, had swarmed across the Border in 1385; and the Scots were yearning to wipe out the disgrace at the earliest possible moment. This, at least, is the reason assigned for their tactics. But it was not until the summer of 1388 that the enterprise was deemed ripe for accomplishment. The Dukes of Argyll and Fife, supported by James, Earl of Douglass, had long been fostering their plans, and on St. Oswald's Day, the 5th of August, they arranged for an assembly of their adherents in the Forest of Jedburgh. No fewer than 30,000 men are said to have responded to the call, and nothing seemed likely to interfere with the full success of their schemes. Being too numerous for a single column, however, the leaders divided their forces—one section, under the Duke of Argyll, entering England by way of Carlisle; the other, under Douglass, crossing the Cheviots near the head of Redesdale.

As it is entirely with the latter section that our recital has to deal, a few details concerning the force are necessary. It consisted of 400 knights, squires, and men-at-arms, together with 2,000 chosen infantry. These were the actual fighting men; but, taking into account the grooms and camp followers, the army is supposed to have numbered nearly 6,000. In all respects these warriors must have constituted an attractive party. Plates of steel—over which were tabards of cloth or fur—formed the chief defensive armour of the knights, who, with coarsly finished helmets, long lances, two-edged swords, and battle axes, were a truly formidable array. Coming next were the men-at-arms in similarly

heavy metal; and after them the infantry—in skull-caps and stuffed jackets—all armed with long spears, maces, and short swords. As nearly every man possessed a horse of some kind, there was no difficulty in the way of rapid transit, and it is this circumstance, perhaps, that accounts for the extraordinary facility with which they seem to have covered the invaded land. It was on the 7th of August that they made their way down Redesdale—with the Earl of March and the Earl of Moray by the side of Douglass; and famous knights like those of Lindsay, Ramsay, Montgomery, Hepburn, and Swinton, ever in the van. They swept through Northumberland as expeditiously as they could, crossed the Tyne above Newburn, and from the hamlets of Durham and North York gathered a rich harvest of cattle and other spoil. Blazing homesteads marked the path of this domineering horde, and startled peasants soon carried information to the negligent defenders of the frontier.

No less a person than Sir Henry Percy—the redoubtable Hotspur—was at this period acting as warden of the marches, and his fiery temper was not improved by the knowledge that he had been caught napping. It was terrible to think that the Scots had taken the war-path while he was dallying at Alnwick, but still more galling to imagine that they might return without a check to their depredations. After scattering messengers to all parts of the county for aid, and gathering every available follower from his own neighbourhood, he at once proceeded to Newcastle to await reinforcements. He was only just in time, for about Friday, the 14th of August, the Douglass—intoxicated by his previous successes—made an attempt to get possession of that stronghold also. Though too weak to attack his assailant, Percy was strong enough to hold the town, and could, therefore, await developments with something like equanimity. The situation, from a military point of view, was extremely interesting. Having failed to surprise the place, the Scots took up their position on the Leazes—from whence they could overlook the defences of the burghers—and there considered the desirability of storming the walls. It would have proved a hazardous enterprise under any circumstances; but to the Scots, who were imperfectly equipped for so hazardous an undertaking, the prospect might well seem hopeless. Almost in front of them lay the "massive fabric of Newgate, with its barbican and bridge"; while sweeping round to the river on either side were walls, and towers, and turrets that were guarded by stalwart and determined men. Beneath them lay the outward fosse, 22 yards broad, on any point of which the archers could concentrate a shower of arrows. No wonder, then, that the inhabitants felt tolerably secure from a direct attack; though they were galled, no doubt, by their inability to meet the foe in the open. But while a general engagement was not deemed prudent, there were several exciting skirmishes between the most ardent partizans of the respective leaders. Precisely what happened during this period of siege is unknown. It is probable, however, that many personal encounters took place at the northern barrier, where doughty champions would gladly enter the lists against each other. Hotspur and his brother Ralph are said to have contended in this way against the Scottish leaders; and, as the result of one joust, the Northumbrian chief was unhorsed by the Douglass, who thereupon got possession of the silken pennon of the Percies. Waving it above his head, the vanquisher declared that he would convey it to Scotland, and place it on his castle at Dalkeith as a symbol of his enemy's downfall. Hotspur was rendered furious by the thought of such an indignity, and emphatically asserted that the exploit should never be accomplished; whereupon the Douglass, with equal warmth, replied—"Then thou must come and seek it to-night, for I shall place it in the ground before my tent, and see if thou wilt venture to take it away."

What followed on the banks of the Tyne is not very material to the story, though in all probability the victory over Hotspur was followed by an unsuccessful attempt to scale the walls of the town. There are one or two records that are supposed to lend colour to this view. One of these asserts, on the authority of an old writer, that the Douglass "consoled his followers" for their want of success at Newcastle, and attributed the failure to a lack of scaling ladders. As a second confirmation, we may cite an old ballad—believed to have been written within a hundred years of the fight—in which there is an allusion to Hotspur that says:—

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles
Forsoth, as I yow saye;
Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke
And all hys oste that daye.

But there is another record that may also have reference to this unexpected attack on the town of Newcastle. It is known, for instance, that Richard II., in 1390, decreed that "a sword—the ensign of royal state and authority—should be carried before the Mayor of Newcastle." This honour, in the opinion of some historians, "may have been conferred as a mark of his majesty's approval of the bravery which the inhabitants had previously shown in defending the town."

Without inquiring too closely into the motives that precipitated the movement, there can be no doubt that the Scots had left their quarters before daybreak on the morning following the skirmish, and were well on their way to the hill districts before the harassed townsmen were stirring. After plundering a tower at Ponteland, the retiring host reached the vicinity of Otterburn in the afternoon. They did not stay in the village; but marched up the open valley to Greenchesters, whence they debouched to the right, and took possession of a disused camp on the eminence in front of them. "This," says Mr. Robert White, "forms a kind of promontory, jutting-out to the south-west from the the high land behind; and to the Scots it commanded a good view, both up Redesdale

and around the central part thereof, for several miles. The tower of Otterburn was situated about a mile and a half below them, and they had an open prospect to the south-east—the direction whence they might reasonably expect the approach of the English." Without losing a moment's time, they entered their camp, sent the raided cattle for safety into the marshy ground along the banks of the Rede, and then made the best preparations they could for guarding the chosen ground. In all respects the place was well adapted for defence—being protected on the west and south by natural growths of wood, and having an entrance on the east similarly sheltered. On the north appeared evidences of weakness; but these were quickly made secure by earthworks and felled trees. It was on this spot that the Scots passed the night without molestation. Early on the following morning, the 19th of August, they made an ineffectual attempt to capture the tower of Otterburn, and were so impressed by the miscarriage of their plans that a numerous party urged an immediate retreat across the Cheviots. The Douglass, however, would listen to no retrograde movement. He had promised to give Hotspur an opportunity of regaining his pennon, and, in spite of all risks or auguries, he felt bound to remain a little longer on English ground.

Though fatigued by the struggles of the day, the Scots were constrained to take rest in close proximity to their armour. It is quite as well they did so, for a visitor was approaching who was sure to strike hard and quickly.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

Four Members of the Crake Family.

THE corncrake, or landrail (*Crex pratensis*, Yarrell; *Gallinula crex*, Bewick), is a regular summer visitor to the Northern Counties, where its harsh cry may often be heard, though the bird itself is seldom to be seen, in the grass and corn fields. It arrives in April, and departs in September or October.

Though this interesting bird seems to be a poor flyer when forced to take wing in the meadows, which it will only do when hard pressed, it nevertheless crosses the Mediterranean to and from Africa in great numbers during the spring and autumn migrations. Its favourite haunts are low grass meadows, clover and corn fields, willow beds, and other places which afford a secure shelter. When seen, it is easily recognized by its high body, with much compressed sides.

The length of the bird is nearly ten inches. The smooth but not very thick plumage is of a blackish brown above, spotted with yellowish grey; the throat and fore parts of the neck are ash grey, with brownish grey sides, spotted with yellowish white. The female is not so brightly coloured. The call of the corncrake, as most schoolboys are aware, can be very closely imitated by passing the edge of the thumb nail, or a piece of wood, briskly along the points of the teeth of a comb, and so similar is the sound that the bird may be decoyed by it to within a very short distance. The male bird is the caller, and he continues to utter his discordant cry until a mate is found, and incubation commences, after which he is heard less frequently.

The bird is stealthy and cunning in its movements, and will simulate death if suddenly surprised. Mr. Jesse relates the following interesting anecdote in corroboration of this fact:—"A gentleman had a corncrake brought to him by his dog, to all appearance lifeless. As it lay on the ground, he turned it over with his foot, and felt

convinced that it was dead. Standing by, however, in silence, he suddenly saw it open an eye. He then took it up; its head fell, its legs hung loose, and it again appeared quite dead. He then put it in his pocket, but before long he felt it all alive and struggling to escape. He then took it out, and it was apparently lifeless as before. Having laid it again on the ground and retired to some distance, the bird in about five minutes warily raised its head, looked around, and decamped at full speed."

The corncrake can run with great swiftness, and threads its way through grass or standing corn, when disturbed, with the utmost celerity. Its food consists chiefly of worms, snails, slugs, insects, grass seeds, &c. It is an accomplished ventriloquist, and while quite near at hand the note may sometimes sound as if it were a

long way off, and *vice versa*. The nest, which contains from eight to twelve eggs, is usually placed amid standing grass or corn, and occasionally in a furrow or natural hollow.

The water rail (*Rallus aquaticus*) is not uncommon in the Northern Counties, though rarely seen, on account of

its retiring habits. "It is a resident," says Mr. John Hancock, "but to a considerable extent is migratory, and is most numerous during autumn and winter. Its nest was taken by Mr. C. M. Adamson, on the 12th July, 1867, at Grindon Lough; it was built amidst reeds, about knee deep in water, and contained seven eggs."

The adult male has the crown and upper parts generally of a fulfous brown colour, with a blackish centre to each of the feathers; quills, dusky brown; tail feathers, dark brown, bordered with olive brown; chin, whitish; sides of head, neck, and under parts to centre of abdomen, uniform slate grey; flanks, black, transversely barred with white; vent, buff; some of the under tail coverts white. Length, from ten to eleven inches. The female is slightly duller in colour than the male, but is otherwise similar.

Like its land relative, the water rail is not much of a flyer, but it can run with much swiftness amid the grass and reeds on the margins of ponds and lakes. Its chief food consists of various kinds of insects, worms, small frogs, slugs, snails, and sometimes mice and small fish.

The spotted crake (*Gallinula porzana*, Bewick—*Crex porzana*, Yarrell) is stated by Mr. Hancock to be a resident in the Northern Counties. A nest of eggs, he says, was taken at Prestwick Car, many years ago, by the gamekeeper of the late Sir Matthew White Ridley; another nest of young, just hatched, was taken at the same place, by Mr. Turner, of Prestwick; and, according to the late Mr. W. Proctor, it formerly bred at Framwellgate Cars, Durham.

All the *Gallinulæ*, as Dr. Brehm observes, are inhabitants of marshy districts, and some of them might even be called water fowl. They usually prefer sedgy lakes, swampy morasses and brooks, or ponds and rivers well stocked with vegetation, but are, without exception, restricted to fresh water. They run with less agility than the rails, but far surpass them in their powers of swimming and diving. As soon as the young are capable of exertion, they and their parents quit the place of their birth and wend their way, in some instances, further south, or merely to a more favourable situation, where they remain till after the moulting season.

These birds appear to begin to arrive about the middle or end of March, their journeys taking place by night. The return migration takes place about the middle or end of October. The bird flies in an unsteady, awkward manner, with the legs hanging down, like the landrail when on the wing. When the migratory period approaches, the bird may sometimes be seen rising high into the air. Its chief food consists of worms, slugs, aquatic insects, and the seeds of water and land plants.

The adult male spotted crake has the upper parts olive-brown, with blackish centres to the feathers and spotted or streaked with white; wings, brown, with outer web of first primary white; lores, brown; chin, throat, sides of head, and chest, slate-grey, shaded with olive on chest and more or less spotted with white; abdomen, white; flanks, brown, conspicuously barred with white; under

tail-coverts, buff; bill, yellow, orange at base; legs and feet, olive green; irides, hazel. Length, between eight and nine inches. The female is slightly smaller in size and duller in colour than the male bird, and has more brown on the sides of the head and flanks.

The nest is usually built in a clump of rushes or amongst reeds.

The little crake (*Poranza parva*), Seebohm tells us, is a rare visitor to our islands. It has occurred in England between thirty and forty times. A few examples have been seen and taken in the Northern Counties. The

general colour of the upper parts of the adult male in spring plumage is buffish brown, most of the feathers, except those of the head, nape, and the wing-coverts, having obscurely defined dark centres. The primaries and secondaries are brown; the forehead, a line over the

eye, the sides of the head and neck, and the rest of the underparts are slate-grey; the shortest under tail-coverts are brown tipped with white; the longest, black tipped with white. Bill, green, tinged with red at the base; legs and feet, green; irides, deep carmine. The female differs a little from the male in general colouration.

The French Dragoon and the Newcastle Editor.

IN the month of October, 1858, the highly responsible situation of French Consul in the port of Newcastle was filled by a peer of France, Count Louis de Maricourt, and the still more delicate position of editor of the now defunct *Northern Daily Express*, then a professedly religious paper, by the late James Bolivar Manson. Party spirit ran high at the time; municipal elections were in progress; and the *Express* took up the cudgels for or against particular candidates in the several contested wards according to the will and pleasure of its conductor. One of the gentlemen most obnoxious to its ire was an adherent of the Roman Catholic Church, and a prominent member of one of the oldest Northumbrian families attached to the old faith. This was Mr. William Dunn, who was opposed for Westgate Ward by Mr. George Charlton, afterwards Mayor of Gateshead.

The Count de Maricourt, who had, during his residence in Newcastle, endeared himself to many by his marked beneficence, especially to the Roman Catholic poor, incurred the displeasure of the Protestant *Express* through ently twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, dashed in an act of courtesy, which was perhaps inconsiderate, but which there was no reason to believe sprung from any bad motive. During the heat of the contest, the count called upon one of the voters in the ward for which Mr. Dunn had put up, in company with a friend who was actively canvassing for that gentleman. According to his own subsequent account, he did not ask the man for his vote, though the man alleged that he did. The affair was of course soon bruited abroad, and a letter appeared in the columns of the *Express*, in which M. de Maricourt was very severely taken to task for interfering, foreigner as he was, and foreign official to boot, in an English election. The terms used by the letter-writer were, it may be inferred, not particularly choice; but there was perhaps nothing positively libellous either in them or in the editor's subsequent remarks. That they gave great offence, however, to the parties criticised, was immediately made clear. For late on the evening of Tuesday, October 12th, the day on which the letter appeared, the following card written by a son of Count de Maricourt, then on a visit to his father in Newcastle, was left at the office of the *Express* after the editor had gone away for the night:—

F. DE MARICOURT,
11eme DRAGONS.

Fera l'honneur a l'editeur a de l'attendre demain a huit houres du matin au smoking-room de l'Exchange Hotel. Si l'editeur ne vient pas, il aura le plaisir de l'aller cravacher chez lui.

The following is a translation of the missive:—

F. DE MARICOURT,
11TH DRAGOONS,

Will do the editor the honour to wait for him at the smoking-room of the Exchange Hotel to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. If the editor does not come, he will have the pleasure to chastise him at his own house.

This note was not seen by Mr. Manson, it appears, until the evening of the following day; but on the Wednesday morning the writer called at the *Express* office, and demanded to see the editor, at the same time pulling out a pistol, which, according to their account, he swung alternately in the faces of the accountant and the clerk. One of these gentlemen understood the language of the excited foreigner; but the other, supposing that the expression of blowing out some one's brains referred to themselves, gave him the editor's private address. M. de Maricourt was told that the editor would probably be at the office about 1 o'clock, and at that "wee short hour" he walked right upstairs to the editorial sanctum, entering it so silently that a boy, who was arranging some papers at a table, only became aware of his presence by finding a hand laid upon his shoulder. He expressed his intention to remain there some time, to await the editor's arrival. And there he did remain until about twenty minutes to 2. The remaining portion of the narrative will now be best given as drawn up by Mr. Manson himself in the first person:—

Sitting in my own house in Ravensworth Terrace, Gateshead, and engaged writing, I heard a knock at the door a few minutes past 2. The servant opened it, and, without waiting to be announced, a person appeared

with a bound, saluting me interrogatively—"Monsieur le redacteur du *Northern Chronicle?*" I corrected him, and said "*Express*"—on which he broke out into a torrent of French, articulating so vehemently and fast that I did not catch a single word he said, and could only suppose that my visitor was a lunatic from the neighbouring asylum at Bensham. At last I caught the word "Maricourt," and asked "Are you from the Count de Maricourt?" He answered in the affirmative. By this time I had risen, and he again commenced a vehement volley of French—of which the only words I caught were too few to enable me to conjecture his meaning. He observed that I did not understand him, and said—enunciating slowly as if feeling for his words—"I speak English. You insult Count de Maricourt—I kill you"—pulling out of his pocket a small pistol, cocking it at the same moment, and bringing it round with his finger on the trigger to within a few inches of my own head. He exclaimed, "Don't scream. Don't make a noise. You're a dead man." I replied, "I am not going to scream; put down your pistol and tell me what you want."

"I want to kill you," he said.

"Now do be calm and tell me why you have come here."

"I am calm—I am calm," he repeated, as fast as he possibly could, his lips and the muscles of his face quivering convulsively, "I am calm, calm, calm, calm, calm; I kill you in sang froid." And forthwith he burst into another torrent of rapid and unintelligible French, of which I only caught the word "ecraser," and the frequent exclamation "Je te tuerai."

All this time he stood leaning with his left hand on a massive walking stick, with the pistol in its original position, a few inches from my right eye. I saw that if he did fire I should never know what hurt me, and the agitation of his countenance and voice was so great that I began to fear that he might draw the trigger involuntarily.

I said, "Count Maricourt cannot have sent you here in this state. I shall be at the office at 7 o'clock, when you or he may see me there with any friend you may bring, Mr. Dunn himself if you like."

He replied that he had been at the office, that I had slighted his carte (card), and that he had no confidence in me. He was somewhat calmer, and went on in French to explain that he had invited me to meet him at the smoking room of the Exchange Hotel. My answer was that I had never heard of his card, nor received any such invitation. I requested to know if Count Maricourt sent him here, and what the count really wanted. He said he would not be interrogated.

I then repeated that I would be in Newcastle in the evening, when he ought to come to the office, leaving me in the meantime to my work. He said the count would not come, and he had come in his name.

"Then," said I, "if the count does wish to see me I shall call upon him." He replied, "Come and see the count just now. My brother is here with a cab." This was the first intimation I had that there were two of them. I said, "I shall not leave this till I finish my article." He answered, "I don't take this pistol from your head till you accompany me, but if you are busy you may have the cab back." "Then," said I, "if I must go with you, I shall, on your undertaking to drive at once to the French Consulate." He replied, "I give you my word," lowering his arm, uncocking the pistol, and returning it to his pocket. I said he must allow me to dress. "With pleasure, Monsieur. I wait you." On leaving the room, I first saw his brother, who stood in the door with a stout walking-stick in his hand.

Proceeding with the two brothers to the cab, I heard the man receive instructions to drive to the office of the French Consul in Grey Street. On my way thither I had time to decide on my course of action, and I purposed to call immediately upon Mr. Dunn, offering him the alternative of either taking care of his friends or seeing them entrusted to the authorities. On entering Count de Maricourt's room, a few words, which I failed to hear, passed between his son, the French officer, and himself, on which he rose. I remarked that I understood he wished to see me. "No, no," he said, "it's my son's doing. He is an officer in the French army, and won't see his father insulted." "But there is no insult," I said; "do you deny the statement in the letter you complain of?" His answer was "I don't want to meddle with your institutions, and I defy the man to say that I asked his vote." "In that case," I replied, "I can only express my regret if I have hurt your feelings on the matter; yet, though I don't question your word, it is right you should know that I had the statement corroborated by three most respectable gentlemen. But as there must be some mistake, I am quite willing to put it right by stating that you deny having canvassed." On this the son again addressed him, and he said, "My son says there must be no justification. What I want is a statement of the facts." I said, "I shall give the statement in your own words," and left the count, who again reminded me that his son was an officer of cavalry in the French army, and could not do otherwise than he had done.

It was not my intention, as I have said, to expose the affair unnecessarily, and the son expressed so much satisfaction at my having seen his father that I felt my resolution confirmed, until I reached the office, and learned what had been the conduct of young Maricourt there, and the terms of his infamous card. Constrained by this manifestation of intended violence throughout to place the affair in the hands of professional advisers, before I had an opportunity of seeing these gentlemen, I received another missive, which was brought to the office by a person attached to the French consulate. It ran as follows:—

Sir,—After having reflected, the only reparation which I require from you is that you should insert, without observation, in your paper of to-morrow the article I send you with this letter—I mean both article and letter.—I salute you and expect,

VISCOMTE F. DE MARICOURT.

P.S.—If you do not judge proper to insert these lines, I shall have the pleasure of returning to see you.

Neither the article nor the letter was of course inserted. The article itself is a succinct account of what he had done, with two transparent mis-statements in it which sufficiently explain his desire to have it published "without observation." He was told when he called first at the office that I had not received his card, and yet this French officer conceives his appearance sufficiently terrible to induce the editor of an English newspaper to acknowledge that he had got the invitation, and therefore kept out of the way. The substance of the facts here recorded was sworn to in the presence of the Gateshead Magistracy, and a warrant taken out for the apprehension of the French officer, who has found himself for once on the wrong side of the Channel.

Thus far Mr. Manson.

The viscount was apprehended at Blyth on the following Saturday, and brought up before the Gateshead bench on the Monday, summarily charged with assaulting and attempting to shoot James Bolivar Manson. Mr. Scaife appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Edward Glynn for the defence. The evidence of Mr. John Henry Rutherford, manager of the *Express*, and of Mr. John Lowther, reader, was first taken. It was to the same effect as the statement above quoted, the viscount having been very excited when he burst into their presence, and terrified them by his vapouring with the pistol. Mr. Manson then made a long statement, recapitulating the circumstances as already given. In cross-examination, he confessed that he required French to be very slowly spoken to him before he could understand it; and the inference was that he might have misapprehended the purport of the gallant viscount's words. The pocket pistol, however, spoke a language that any man above the grade of an idiot could understand, for, as Mr. Glynn remarked to their worships—

It has a sharp, strange sound upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know

A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your body twelve yards off or so,
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
At which to greet a former friend or foe.

Mr. Glynn, for the defence, admitted that the Viscount de Maricourt had acted with some little imprudence, but urged the strong provocation he had received, through the insult to his father the consul. If he had taken a horse-whip instead of a pistol, he would have acted much better; but great allowance should be made for him as a foreigner who did not understand our English manners and customs. If he (Mr. Glynn) had been upon the bench instead of pleading at the bar that day, he would have said he disapproved of the viscount's conduct as a magistrate, but approved of it as a man; for it was perfectly intolerable that honourable gentlemen like the Count de Maricourt should have base motives imputed to them. He could not resist the evidence that violence had been used, or justify that violence under any ordinary circumstances; but he submitted to their worships that, if they found the defendant guilty, their decision should be such as to mark their lively sense of the great provocation he had received. In conclusion, he took the liberty to direct the attention of the bench to a precedent which he thought they might without the least impropriety follow, or which might, at any rate, serve to guide them in their judgment. They would find it in that invaluable digest, the "Ingoldsby Legends," for which the learned world were indebted to Mr. Barham. It was the celebrated case of Mrs. Winifred Price, killed by an unlucky "lick" given her by her husband, David, whom she had provoked by her pungent taunts to hurl his stick at her. The conclusion ran thus:—

There came up Mr. ap Thomas, the coroner,
With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on her.
The jury retired, and sat on the body,
And after discussing the case in gin toddy,
They returned to the room, at eleven at night,
A unanimous verdict of—Served her right.

The Gateshead magistrates, like the Welsh jury, retired for a while, and after a short consultation, returned to the hall of justice, when the chairman announced the decision to which they had come—not unanimous indeed, but by a majority. It was that the defendant be fined £5 and costs. There was some hissing in the court at this, which was at once sternly repressed. The penalty was of course paid at once, and the defendant and his friends left the court, and had the gratification of receiving some cheers from the crowd congregated outside, which included a number of Irish Catholics.

And so ended this tragi-comical episode in the life of a Newcastle editor.

Scawfell Pikes.

THE great central mass of mountains from which the Cumbrian hills branch off, as Wordsworth puts it, "like the spokes of a wheel from an axle," may be approached from all the main points of the compass. Experience, however, teaches that the ascent may be made more quickly from Wastdale Head than from any other point: but, as this is the steepest "way to the top," it is only recommended to the young and hardy. Much easier routes are those from Borrowdale or Langdale—both converge near the great precipice called the Great End. The ascents are longer and much easier, being adapted to middle-aged men and women who may wish to ride part of the journey on a mountain pony.

On arriving at the top of Scawfell Pike—the highest

SCAWFELL PIKE.

mountain in England, and for that reason oftener visited than any other in the country—the tourist soon finds that there are four summits: that on which he stands, Scawfell, the Great End, and Lingmell, which overhangs Wastdale Head. Only the two principal heights, Scawfell Pike and Scawfell, concern us. They have often been mistaken the one for the other, and for many years the lesser eminence, Scawfell, was alleged to be the higher of the two. In regard to the latter supposition it may be remarked that the mistake would appear to have arisen from the mental impression received as the visitor approaches Wastdale Head along the margin of Wastwater. From the bridge which crosses the Bowdersdale Beck, Scawfell presents a very bold front, and on the sky line looks higher than its greater neighbour, Scawfell Pike, which from this point appears to retire. The matter has been put to rest of late years by the members of the Geological Survey, and the respective heights are declared to be as follows:—Scawfell Pike, 3,208 feet; Scawfell, 3,161 feet.

There is always more or less danger in undertaking the ascent of the Scawfell Pikes. None should attempt it alone for the first time. Even experienced mountaineers often become bewildered in the blinding mists so prevalent in these altitudes. But during the wild winter time the farmers are frequently compelled to go in search of the sheep that have been overwhelmed by the snow, or that are slowly dying of starvation through having gradually strayed on to precipices from which they do not attempt to move—crag-fast, the shepherds say. When the Scawfell Pikes have a thin coating of ice upon them, it taxes all the ingenuity of the dalesman to move along those awful declivities without faltering. Should he make a false step, his death is nearly certain; though, if only severely injured, he would not slowly die of hunger like lonely tourists are said to have done, for, if his absence were prolonged, all his native hamlet would be aroused, and few would be the Cumbrian dalesmen who would refuse to enter upon a lengthy and hazardous search for a missing comrade. Even more threatening to life and limb are the Scawfell Pikes during a snowstorm, when rocks and projections are hidden by nature's pale mantle. Under these conditions the pikes have a stranger and more impressive beauty than at other times. In milder seasons, the aspect is that of dull lavender grey rock, unrelieved by verdure, the lichens and moss that grow in the crevices having little perceptible effect on the colouring of the huge boulders that are strewn about with cyclopean prodigality. During the time of snow and frost the great icicles that hang from the beetling crags are often lighted by the golden rays of the setting sun with wonderful spectacular effect. Such sights as this are sufficient inducement to the artist to dare the ascent in winter, though, if he always depended upon the sunshine, he might have to wait a considerable time in that region of mist and storm. Our drawing of Scawfell on page 308 (taken from a photograph by Mr. Bell, of Ambleside) gives a tolerably good impression of the winter aspect of the mountain.

The two principal eminences—Scawfell and Scawfell Pike—are separated by a deep gorge called Mickledore. Some 1,200 yards divide the two; but a distance of a couple of miles must be traversed before the journey from one to the other can be accomplished on foot. The view of Scawfell shown below is copied from a photograph by Mr. Alfred Pettit, of Keswick. To reach the top from Scawfell Pike three routes may be taken—that by the Lord's Rake, a gully covered with "screes"; that of

SCAWFELL.

"The Chimney," on the east side; and that known as the "Broad Stand" route. Whichever way is selected, the task is no easy one.

By general consent the view from Scawfell Pike commands the grandest prospect in the Lake District, No better description has been written than that of Wordsworth, which is as follows:—

We ascended (he says) from Seathwaite to the top of the ridge called Esk Haws, and thence beheld three distinct views—on one side the continuous vale of Borrowdale, Keswick, and Bassenthwaite, with Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Saddleback, and numerous other mountains, and in the distance the Solway Frith and the mountains of Scotland; on the other side, and below us, the Langdale Pikes, their own vale below them, Windermere, and, far beyond Windermere, Ingleborough in Yorkshire. But how shall I speak of the deliciousness of the third prospect? At this time it was most favoured by sunshine and shade. The green vale of Esk, deep and green, with its glittering serpent stream, lay below us; and on we looked to the mountains near the sea—Black Combe pre-eminent—and still beyond to the sea itself, in dazzling brightness. Turning round we saw the mountains of Wastdale in tumult; to our right, Great Gable, the loftiest, a distinct and huge form, though the middle of the mountain was, to our eyes, as its base.

We had attained the object of this journey, but our ambition now mounted higher. We saw the summit of Scawfell apparently very near to us, and we shaped our course towards it; but, discovering that it could not be reached without first making a considerable descent, we resolved instead to aim at another point of the same mountain, called the Pikes. On the summit of this, which we gained after much toil, though without difficulty, there was not a breath of air to stir even the papers containing our refreshment as they lay spread out upon a rock. The stillness seemed to be not of this world. We paused and kept silence to listen, and no sound could be heard. The Scawfell cataracts were voiceless to us; and there was not an insect to hum in the air. The vales which we had seen from Esk Haws lay yet in view; and, side by side with Eskdale, we now saw the sister vale of Donnerdale, terminated by the Duddon Sands. But the majesty of the mountains below, and close to us, is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gable from its base; the den of Wastdale at our feet, a gulf immeasurable; Grasmoor, and the mountains of Crummock, Ennerdale and its mountains, and the sea beyond.

While we were gazing around, "Look," I exclaimed, "at yon ship upon the glittering sea!" "Is it a ship?" replied our shepherd guide. "It can be nothing else," interposed my companion; "I cannot be mistaken, I am so accustomed to the appearance of ships at sea." The guide dropped the argument, but before a minute was gone he quietly said, "Now look at your ship; it is changed into a horse!" So it was—a horse with a gallant neck and head! We laughed heartily; and I hope, when again inclined to be positive, I may remember the ship and the horse upon the glittering sea, and the calm confidence, yet submissiveness, of our wise man of the mountain, who certainly had more knowledge of clouds than we, whatever might be our knowledge of ships. I know not how long we might have remained on the summit of the Pike without a thought of moving had not our guide warned us that we must not linger, for a storm was coming. We looked in vain to espy the signs of it. Mountains, vales, and sea were touched with the clear light of the sun. "It is there," said he, pointing to the sea beyond Whitehaven; and there we perceived a light vapour, unnoticeable but to a shepherd accustomed to watch all mountain bodings. We gazed around again, and yet again, unwilling to lose the remembrance of what lay before us in lofty solitude, and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile, the air changed to cold, and we saw the tiny vapour swelled to mighty masses of cloud, which came boiling over the mountains. Great Gable, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw were wrapped in storm; yet Langdale and the mountains in that quarter remained all bright in sunshine. Soon the storm reached us; we sheltered under a crag, and almost as rapidly as it had come it passed away, and left us free to observe the struggles of gloom and sunshine in other quarters. Langdale now had its share, and the Pikes of Langdale were decorated by two splendid rainbows. Before we again reached Esk Haws, every cloud had vanished from every summit.

The Whitworth Doctors.

THE curious statement made in the Life of Archbishop Tate, that the distinguished churchman was cured of a club foot in 1819 by a family of "bone-setters," James Taylor and his two nephews, known as the Whitworth Doctors, justifies the reproduction of part of an article which Mr. H. Kerr contributed to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1884.

The Whitworth Doctors have enjoyed a high reputation since the days when George III. was king, down to the present time, though the last of the direct line died a few years ago. Indeed, the original doctor, John Taylor, though residing in the then small and obscure town of Whitworth, in Lancashire, a few miles from Rochdale, was sent for to London to doctor "Farmer George," members of the Royal family, and dignitaries of the Church and the Law. Many are the wonderful stories yet told in the Rossendale and Whitworth Valleys of the remarkable cures effected by "Doctor John" and his descendants. Some fifty years ago, the late William Howitt wrote a spirited sketch of his "Visit to the Whitworth Doctors," which was published in *Tait's Magazine*, in the year 1839; and it is said by the people of the district that Tait himself was one of Dr. Taylor's patients. The original "Doctor John," of whom many humorous local and general anecdotes are related, practised as a farrier at Whitworth about a century ago. Doctor John was no respecter of persons; he was brusque and curt alike at times to high and low; and if lords or ladies, as was often the case, came to consult him, they had to take their turns with the poorest people who sought his aid. Some of the "grumpy" stories told of Abernethy may indeed be traced to the original Whitworth Doctor.

Before referring to Howitt's visit in 1839, it may be well to know what Hone has to say on the same subject in his "Every-Day Book." The subjoined sketch was no doubt furnished by one of Hone's correspondents:—"Country people, who are usually plain in notion and straightforward in conduct, frequently commit the care of their health to a very odd sort of practitioners. A late celebrated empiric, at Whitworth, near Rochdale, called the Whitworth Doctor, was of so great fame as to have the honour of attending the brother of Lord Thurlow (Thurlow, Bishop of Durham). The name of this doctor was Taylor; and he and his brother were farriers by profession; and, to the last, if both a two-legged and a four-legged patient were presented at the same time, the doctor always preferred the four-legged one. Their practice was immense, as may well be imagined from the orders they gave to the druggist; they dealt principally with Ewbank and Wallis, of York, and a ton of Glauber's salts, with other articles in proportion, was their usual order. On a Sunday morning at Whitworth, the doctors used to bleed gratis. The patients, often to the number of a hundred, were seated on benches round a room, where troughs were placed to receive the blood. One of the doctors then went and tied up the arm of each patient, and was immediately followed by the other, who opened the vein. Such a scene is easier conceived than described. From their medical practice, the

nice formality of scales and weights was banished—all was 'rule of thumb.' An example of their practice may elucidate their claim to celebrity. Being sent to a patient who was in the last stage of consumption, the learned doctors prescribed a leg of mutton to be boiled *secundum artem*, into very strong broth, a quart of which was to be taken at proper intervals. What might have been its success is not related, as the patient died before the first dose was gotten down. As bone-setters they were remarkably skilful, and perhaps to their real merit in this, and the cheapness of their medicines, they were indebted for their great local fame." So far Hone.

Jeafferson, in his "Book about Doctors," published in 1860, gives the following characteristic sketch :—"Empirics as the Taylors were, they attended people of the first importance. The elder Taylor was called to London to attend Thurlow, Bishop of Durham, brother of Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The representative men of the London Faculty received him at the bishop's residence. The Whitworth doctor, however, would not commence the consultation till the arrival of John Hunter, the celebrated anatomist. 'I won't say a word till Hunter comes!' roared the Whitworth doctor; 'he's the only man of you who knows anything!' When Hunter arrived, Taylor proceeded to his examination of the bishop's state, and in the course of it he used some ointment which he took from a box. 'What is it made of?' Hunter asked. 'That's not a fair question,' snapped Taylor, turning to the Lord Chancellor, who happened to be present. Addressing the great anatomist, 'No, no, Jack,' cried the bold Whitworth Doctor. 'I'll send you as much as you please, but I won't tell you what it's made of!' Doctor John had two sons who succeeded him, George and James. Howitt says George was married, and Mrs. George acted as the compounder of Doctor John's medicines. The principal remedies used were a diet drink to purify the blood; an active caustic called by the appropriate name of 'Keen,' by which they eradicated cancers; a spirituous liniment, called Whitworth Red-bottle; a black salve; a snuff of wondrous virtues, for the head; and blisters. All these Mrs. George found abundant occupation in preparing, and in the most primitive manner. They used to boil a whole kettle of the ingredients for the black salve; then mop the floor, and fling the salve out upon it while it was wet; after which they cut it into portions and rolled it up into little sticks. They made diet drinks by gallons and pills by the thousand."

Howitt thus describes his visit to Whitworth in 1839, then an insignificant moorland village, now a respectable-sized manufacturing town, like many in the cotton districts of Lancashire :—"When I visited Whitworth old John Taylor was dead, and his son James, and the two sons of George (then dead, too) were the doctors. I remember James as a stout man, in a blue coat, about fifty years of age, having much the appearance of a respectable farrier. I well remember approaching Whitworth from Rochdale. The way lay along a very miry winding road, which it would not have been easy to traverse on foot but for a raised footpath with one single row of flagstones. The country round is of the wildest description; desolate moors and moorland hills, with scattered fields of the most deserted aspect, with banks with a flagstone here and there raised on the top of them, and a few bramble bushes for fences. The poor patients, such as lodged beyond the precincts of the village, were just coming away from the dressing-room; and never did I see such a sight on any other occasion. It appeared to me that the allegory of the 'Mountain of Miseries' was here become a reality, and was pouring out all its evils in a bodily and human shape. A crew of the poorest and most emaciated creatures came hobbling along, some on crutches and some on sticks, with shrunken forms and ghostly countenances, bearing on them all the signs of physical suffering. What rendered their wretched aspect still more wretched was that most of them were clad in that coarse grey cloth in which the parish authorities now generally array paupers." Howitt afterwards visited the doctor's house. "On entering the dressing-room," he says, "a scene still more singular than that without presented itself. (Doctor James, son of the original Doctor John, as will be seen from what is said above, was at the head of the firm in 1839.) In the village there were at that time more than a hundred patients. In this room there were at least fifty waiting to be dressed or examined. They were all arranged in a row round the room, and in one corner sat James Taylor with his surgical apparatus—such apparatus, as I suppose, was never seen in any other surgery. It was, in plain truth, the old shoeing box of the blacksmith—such as, I presume, most of my readers have seen; an oblong, shallow box, with an iron handle in the shape of a bow, rising over the middle of it to carry it by—the very box, no doubt, which served on many an occasion of shoeing a horse before doctoring became James Taylor's trade. In this box were a few bottles and pots of their invariable remedies—'Keen,' green salve, red bottle, some blisters and plaisters ready spread, a large wooden skewer or two, and some herbs. The patients came in succession before the doctor, and he rapidly examined and dismissed them."

But the original Doctor John and his sons had many titled and even royal patients, as already mentioned. Doctor John was sent for to Cheltenham to attend a duchess, and he cured her ladyship almost off-hand, and after the most eminent doctors of the day had failed. This, Mr. Howitt tells us, raised such an opinion of his skill, that George III., who was then at Cheltenham with his family, afterwards sent for him to attend the Princess Elizabeth, who had a complaint in the head which quite resisted the skill of the royal physicians. Doctor John was again successful, and he cured the princess with some of his famous snuff. Doctor James, in his home at Whitworth, was wont to relate, with great gusto, his father's visit to the Royal Family to prescribe for the Princess Elizabeth. As soon as he (Dr. John) saw the princess, and learnt her symptoms, he ordered her to take his famous snuff. This potent snuff was said to be made from the powdered leaves of the Assarabecca (*Asarum Europœum*), which was grown in plenty in the garden at Whitworth. John, having given his order, and delivered the snuff, looked about him, and, seeing the princesses all there, he clapped the Queen (the frugal and snuff-loving Charlotte) familiarly on the back, and said: —"Well, thou art a farrantly [good-looking] woman to be the mother of such a set of straight-backed lasses!" Charlotte took this unusual familiarity with a very good grace, smiling, and replying, "Yes, Mr. Taylor, and I was once as straight-backed a lass as any of them." John had not, however, retired from the presence of royalty very long when he was sent for again in great haste. "Well, and what is the matter now?" asked he on entering. "Oh! the princess is taken with such a continual sneezing that we are quite alarmed." "Is that all?" said John; "then let the girl sneeze; that is the very thing that will do her good." And the princess, we are told, was speedily cured.

Howitt says Doctor John and his sons charged rich and poor alike, and exclaims, "Hear it, O ye doctors!—eighteenpence a week for medicine and attendance!" Many of the poor patients were, however, unable to pay even modest charges, and these he treated gratis, being able to do so by the handsome presents often made him by wealthy and grateful patients. In the surgery at Whitworth, there was a subscription box kept to help such of the poor as could not support themselves while under treatment and staying in the village, and many such came from a great distance. When Doctor John heard of any cases of great need, he was wont to carry round the box himself amongst the most affluent of his patients awaiting their turn, and also contributed liberally himself. Under these circumstances, and owing to the remarkable and authentic "perfect cures" effected, it is not strange that the eccentric practitioner had hosts of patients from all parts of the country. That Doctor John effected many extraordinary cures is certain. A lady well known to William Howitt was suffering from a disease—cancer in the breast—which had been pronounced incurable by the ablest physicians of the day. Though living a hundred miles from Whitworth, she resolved, as a last resource, to go to Doctor John. When the latter examined the breast, he looked at her and said, in his Lancashire vernacular, "What art *thou* come here for, woman?"

The lady, who was a woman of courage, replied, "To be cured, to be sure." "Cured!" rejoined John, in a stern voice, "not all the doctors in England can cure thee; thou may go home again and dee!" "I tell you, John Taylor," replied the lady, "I shall do no such thing. I am come here to see whether you are as much cleverer than other men as you are represented. Try your hand, John Taylor, on me. You think I am afraid of being hurt, but you are mistaken; I can bear what you can inflict; and I say, try you hand—let it be kill or cure. I can but die at last." "Thou art a brave lass," replied Doctor John, in evident surprise; "then I will try, and God prosper us both!" Howitt thus gives the result of this desperate case:—"The lady remained there six months, and during that period she suffered as much as it is perhaps possible for a human creature to bear; but she came home a sound woman, and lived thirty years afterwards. I have often sat, when a boy, and heard her tell what passed at Whitworth."

Doctor John's sons and grandsons seem to have inherited much of the skill, and some of the eccentricities, of the original Whitworth Doctor. When Howitt visited Whitworth in 1839, Doctor John and his eldest son George were then dead, and the business was carried on by the second son—James, then about fifty years of age, and his two nephews, sons of the deceased George. Howitt thus describes a "heroic" operation of George the younger:—"The young George was one who took the department of bone-setting, and he went all round the country, often to great distances, for that purpose. He had a capital horse, and rode anywhere to set a bone, at the simple charge of one shilling a mile, operation included! A gentleman who had been there some time told me that he saw this George have the arm of a strong man strapped to the iron palisades on the garden wall, and two strong fellows pulling at the man, while he himself took a run-jump and struck the man on the arm in order to break again an ill-set fracture, which was, however, too firmly knit to give way to any gentle means; and that, fearful as the operation appeared, the man's arm was soon reset and did well." Of the other nephew, Howitt has also a story to tell:—"To complete the picture of this singular place (Whitworth), we must see, while these things are going on, numbers of patients walking about, having all the appearance of violent colds in their heads, the effect of taking the head-snuff; now and then a horse coming up to be doctored, which the doctor would walk out to, leaving all his 'humans' to wait his return within. The younger James, however, appeared, whilst I was there, to take the horse department. I saw him order a horse to be put in the stocks one morning, with his head fixed fast aloft, and, coming out of the house with a red-hot iron, he bored, very deliberately, five or six holes with it under the horse's jaws, and as coolly then said:—'Take him away, and keep him from any other horses; the disease is contagious, and he'll never be any better.' 'If he will never be any better,' I asked, 'why put the poor creature to that torment?' 'Ah,' said James, 'but how did I know that till I had tried how far the disease had gone.'"

Here is a piquant sketch of the appearance and occupation of this Doctor James the Second when "at home," and with it may fitly conclude these anecdotes of the famous Whitworth Doctors, though the budget is by no means exhausted:—"This James," says Mr. Howitt, "might often be seen walking about before the house, with an old hat slung before him by a cord over his shoulders. In this hat he had a large lump of some compound, which he worked into pills as he went about. The hat was fairly saturated through and through with the drug, and appeared to have been used for that purpose for years. When he had made a hat full of pills, he went again and commenced his walk and his pill-making. These curious, primitive people by this time were become very wealthy, the place, and a great deal of land round it, belonging to them. They kept a pack of hounds, and were very fond of hunting; and often would the doctor leave the dressing-room without a word, mount his horse, and be off after the hounds before the patients were aware of his intentions."

The last direct representative of this remarkable family died some years ago, and the property was sold. The fame of the original John and his sons and grandsons is still fresh in the Whitworth and Rossendale Valleys, and many singular and unpublished stories are yet told of their extraordinary cures and occasional eccentricities.

The Nestor of the Tobacco Trade.

A PORTRAIT and biographical sketch of a venerable townsman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne were printed in a recent number of a trade journal entitled *Tobacco*.

Mr. John Harvey, who may be regarded, says the writer of the sketch, as the Nestor of the Tobacco Trade, entered the family business at the Head of the Side, Newcastle,

over seventy years ago, and he has continued to direct it ever since. He is now in his eighty-eighth year; yet till a few months ago he was as hale and hearty as he had ever been in his life.

Besides his intimate association with the tobacco trade, Mr. Harvey was for a long period connected with the South Durham Hunt, being master for some years. On his retirement, nine or ten years ago, he was presented by the Marquis of Londonderry, on behalf of the members of the hunt, with a large oil portrait and a piece of plate.

With reference to the foundation of his firm, Mr. Harvey lately wrote a friend:—"My deeds and old letters show that John Harvey began business in 1762, in premises just opposite the Collingwood property. He died about seven years afterwards, and his widow carried it on till 1783 in the first premises, when she bought the

Collingwood premises." The founder of the business was the grandfather of the present head of the firm.

The following is a copy of an advertisement which appeared in a Newcastle newspaper on February 10, 1762:—

JOHN HARVEY, *Tobacconist*, at the sign of the BLACK BOY, *Head of the Side, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, takes this method to acquaint the public that he has just opened shop, and manufactures and sells all sorts of cut *Tobacco*, *Bright Roll*, and *Pigtail* of all kinds; together with all sorts of *Scots* and *Rappee Snuffs*, upon the very lowest terms, WHOLESALE & RETAIL. Proper allowance made to all shopkeepers, or dealers, who take quantities, &c.

It was in the "Collingwood property," which was bought by the widow of the first John Harvey, that Admiral Lord Collingwood first saw the light. A tablet erected by Mr. Harvey on the front of the house records the interesting fact.

Thomas Eyre Macklin, Artist.

AMONGST the exhibitors at the Royal Academy this year is Mr. Thomas Eyre Macklin, son of Lieut. John Eyre Macklin, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is some seven years since he left the district to reside in London for the purpose of prosecuting his art studies. Born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne some eight-and-twenty years ago, young Macklin showed from childhood a remarkable aptitude for drawing. His father encouraged him in every way, and at the early age of ten he placed him under Mr. W. C. Way, the local art-master. His progress was eminently satisfactory, and he secured a number of prizes, on one occasion gaining the first four prizes of the year. Mr. Macklin spent two or three years in studying the antique at the British Museum and at Mr. Calderon's art schools at St. John's Wood. Admission to the Royal Academy he gained some four years ago. A short time ago Mr. Macklin won a silver medal for a painting done under certain conditions. A couple of years ago he exhibited a portrait of a lady at the Royal Academy exhibition, and this year has been also successful in having hung upon the walls the only picture he sent. Since his residence in the metropolis Mr. Macklin has executed several important commissions. He painted the portraits of the principal members of the Kimberly family, of Leighton Hall, Shropshire; more recently he has been putting the finishing touches to a portrait of his father; and he has just completed a large presentation portrait of Colonel Capel Cure, of Badger Hall, Shropshire.

MR. THOMAS EYRE MACKLIN.

Reminiscences of Billy Purvis.

FROM time to time during the last twenty years, readers of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* have had their memories refreshed regarding the celebrated "clown and jester of the North," Billy Purvis. The general story of Billy's career has already been told in these pages. But we may now supplement that story with the narrative of one of his daughters, as well as with some recollections by Mr. C. H. Stephenson, who was a member of Purvis's company. It should be explained that the interview with Catherine Purvis took place in 1886 in St. Andrew's Court, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, where she and her sister Bell then resided, and that the record was printed in the *Weekly Chronicle* at the time.

His Daughter's Narrative.

"Well sir," said Catherine, "thor's been a lot o' lees i' the papers aboot Billy. They're aall wrang, aa tell ye."

"Let us begin at the beginning, then," said I. "You are the second surviving daughter, I believe?"

"Yes, aa am, sor. Ma sister Bell was the ouldest o' ten, and she's seventy-five. Aa'm the youngest, and aa'm fifty-seven. Thor wor two married, and aa was yen o' them; but aa'm still called Miss Porvis. Aa've come from Stockton, whor aa've been livin' for the last ten or eleven years."

Catherine spoke in the full brogue of "canny Newcassel," of which it is impossible, for me at least, to give a literal representation.

"Billy"—Catherine, carried away with the interest of her narrative, frequently gave her father his proper name—"Billy was born, aa've hard him say, at Auchindinny, near Edinburgh, an' he came to Newcastle when he was a baby. He lived i' the Close, and we'd that hoose, of course, till ma mother was carried to the Jesus Hospital. Aa mind it was i' the papers aboot me followin' the remains to the cemetery."

"Well, do you know much about Billy's journeys?"

"Oh! sartinlies. We'd a proper travellin' company o' thorty people—a reg'lar travellin' booth wiv a canvas top. Our companies stayed wiv us years an' years, an' never left us."

Catherine evidently intended to have her own way of telling the story, and, after several vain attempts to lead

the conversation, I was, therefore, obliged to become merely a listener.

"Yes, oors was a proper good company," she continued, "a reg'lar theatrical lot, playin' Hamlet, Othello, an' aall Shakspeare's plays. We used to be stationed in Hartlepool for six months, and we went te Shields, Sunderland, Blyth, Bedlin'ton, an' aall doon by that part. We used to go to Sunderland for the Fair, as it happened in October. We stayed for the season in Hartlepool till Easter came on. My father was goin' to be licensed for the theatre in Hartlepool, but he died, ye knaa."

"I suppose he was a great favourite on the stage?"

"That he was, noo! He was liked for his dáncin', an' singin', an' conjurin', and aall kind o' things. He was varry fond o' them, an' he cud de onny mortal thing! Then," continued Catherine, "he was in the Northumberland Volunteers. Wasn't ma father drummer in the Northumberland Volunteers?" she repeated, addressing her sister Bell. There was no response.

"Ay, poor thing," said Catherine, "she's varry deef. Well, ma father was drummer-boy, and then he had the big drum. He cud play either the fiddle or the Northumberland pipes. He used to go to Alnwick Castle—he was sent for—to play the pipes before yen o' the aad dukes."

"But when did he go on to the stage?"

"Well, ye'll get that in his 'Life,'" alluding to the autobiography which was published by the late J. P. Robson in 1849; "but he was varry young, and when he made his first appearance he played in 'Young Norval.' Aa mind fine o' hearin' that when he was sayin'—

My name is Norval,
On the Grampian Hills—

a fellow he kenned i' the pit shooted oot, 'Na, na, Billy, ye tell a lee; yor faither an' mother sells apples an' peers in Denton Chare!' Billy ran clean off the stage an' spoilt the piece.'

Here Catherine indulged in a hearty laugh at the recollection of her father's theatrical *debut*.

"But before he took to the stage regularly had he any other occupation?"

"Oh! yes," replied Catherine. "He was a carpenter to trade. He was a dancing master as weel, an' had a school i' the Yaller Doors i' the Close, so aa've hard them say. Ye had a picture o' the Yaller Doors i' the *Weekly Chronicle* a little bit since."

"He made a lot of money, I believe?"

"Ay, that he did; but he was so generous he would gi'e away nearly everything he had. We waddent ha' been as we are noo if he hadn't been so free. Aall that aa'm anxious for noo is te get some honest wark, cleanin' offices or the likes, that aa may keep these poor things," pointing, as she spoke, to the tea-table. "Luik at the money ma father used to gi'e away te the Informary at Newcastle. He nivvor was happy unless he wes givin' benefits for the poor foaks. A footman once came te me," Catherine proceeded, "an' he says, 'Miss Porvis, aa've got somethin' te say aboot yor father.' 'Well,' says aa, 'it's nothing wrang—nebody can say anythin' against Billy Porvis.' 'No,' says the footman, 'but when aa wes at a hoose aa wes expectin' a tip, as it were, from the gentlemen. One gentleman passed, an' another passed, until oot came Billy Porvis. "Here, ma man," said he, emptying his troosers pockets, "that's aall the coppers aa ha'e."' It wes *varry* like him that."

"I have heard that your mother was opposed to Billy's stage career: is that so?"

"Yes, that's aall true. Ma mother was aall against the profession; she waddent travel wiv him for a lang time—many years—an' he didn't knaa hoo to keep money. But he was liked by everybody."

"When did your mother travel with the company?"

"Oh! we aall went into Scotland in 1840. Aa wes only ten yors aad then. Ma mother used to be in such a way aboot ma father being in the profession. Her family were varry religious people, an' went to Torner's chapel in Hanover Square. Ma father was a varry good livin' man. When he returned from the theatre he made it a practice to have family worship, and we always had grace at meal times. We had a seat in St. Nicholas's, and went to chorch reg'lar. We were aall christened in St. Nicholas's. Ma father spent his Sundays in reading his Bible. He waddent let us bide oot onny neet after nine o'clock, wivoot it was the theatre, and he waddent let us go onnywhere wivoot first askin' his consent."

"Was Billy ever drunk?" said I, referring to a statement which had appeared.

"No, that he wasn't—but yence! He used to be aall against drink, an' never took anything but peppermint an' whisky, an' peppermint an' water. He *was* drunk yence, an' that was when he got his silver snuff-box. Aall tell ye the story," and here Catherine settled herself to recount it with gusto. "Well, we were doin' a tremendous business in Cook's Circus in Dundee, an' the company thought they would make him a present. So they sent the stage manager to him. 'Well, Purvis,' he said, "I want to speak to you privately. You are doing a first-class business, and the company want their salaries raised.' Of course, ma father," said Catherine, "got into an awful passion, and said they would get no rise from him. 'Well,' said the manager, 'you will have to meet them to-night at the Castle Inn, Castle Street.' Mr. Sims, a great acquaintance of ma father's, was there. He was a trader from Newcastle Quay. Well, ma father was a varry strong speaker when he liked, an' he told them a varry plain story. After that, an' the company had enjoyed the joke, poor Tom Matthews presented ma father — 'William Purvis, *Esquire!*'—with the silver snuff-box in the name of the company of the Victoria Theatre. Ma mother," Catherine added regretfully, "had te pairt wiv it after he died. Then thor was a supper, and after they had

enjoyed theirsels they hoisted Billy into an arm-chair an' carried him home singing, 'For he's a jolly good fellow.' He was *mortal!*"

"What is that story about your mother finding Billy on the stage?"

"Oh! he would go on to Newcastle Moor, and what should happen but ma mother went wiv two young ladies from Berwick. They went on to the race-course, an' one o' the ladies said, 'Yonder's Mr. Purvis!' And there he was on the stage, dressed as a clown. Ma mother took varry bad, and she was led away hyem. When he came hyem that night, she said to him, 'Billy, where ha' ye been?' Ma father put his hand into his pocket, and gave her a guinea, his day's pay. 'Aa'm not goin' to have any *devil's money*,' said mother, as she tossed the guinea under the bars."

"I suppose he was very ingenious—he could make a lot of things for the stage?"

"Ay, he *was* a man for cuttin' oot figures. He used to make them all te wark himself, moving them with black silk. In fact," she repeated, "he could de onny mortal thing!"

"What do you remember of his death?"

"Oh! aa mind weel. It was nine o'clock on a Friday night, when aa was at the theatre, an' of course we dismissed the house. That was at Hartlepool. He died three months after his favourite girl—he took to heart about her. As he couldn't be barried in the Ballast Hills opposite his father an' mother, he used to say, 'I'll go to Hartlepool, and where the tree falls there let it lie.' On the day of his funeral, the ships wor half-mast, and the shuttors wor up for him. Ye nivvor saa sic a funeral as he had."

"Have you no relic of Billy?"

"Nothin', nothin', but this." And Catherine took from a drawer a battered and dingy little photo-frame, having a newspaper cutting, stained and dirty, pasted within.

This was what I read :—

"Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

Here lies
WILLIAM PURVIS,
better known as Billy Purvis,
Clown and Jester of the North,
who departed this life the 16th Dec., 1853,
Aged 70 years.

"Where be your gibes now? Your gambols?
Not one now—quite chap-fallen."

This stone was erected by J. G. Sangers, circus proprietor, May, 1860, to mark the last resting-place of him who was always a friend of the fatherless, the widow, and the distressed.

Requiescat in pace.

So closed my interview with the daughter of Billy Purvis.

Mr. Stephenson's Recollections.

What's that you say—pen, ink, and paper? Well, there you are, now get to work.

Get to work?

Well, you know you promised to tell us something about the wonderful Billy Purvis, so let us have it without any more fuss.

Now, what interest can you possibly take in the sayings or doings of a man who has been lying with the dead thirty-six years?

Because we have heard our fathers and mothers talk so much about him and his clever actors—Tom Matthews, Ned Corvan, Billy Thompson, and others.

Well, he certainly was a dear, big-hearted, comical old man; and if he were alive now I am certain all the members of the D.B.S. would love him; aye, and he would have loved them—Father Chirpie and Uncle Toby into the bargain.

Why, was he so very fond of dumb animals and children?

Eh! my word, but he was that. I can remember him once picking up a "bit bairn"—about two and a half years old—that had strayed from its "calf-yard," and just ready to "blair" its "bonny blinkers" because it could not find its way "hyem" again, or tell its "aan nyem." To keep it quiet Billy "bowt claggum" for "the poor bairn" to suck at, while he wandered up one chare and down another, asking every woman he met if the "bit laddie" was hers. Unsuccessful in his efforts to discover the parents of the child, Billy handed it over to the "pollis at the kitty," together with "a pund o' brandy snaps or scranshem" to keep it in good humour until it was claimed.

And Purvis was really funny as a clown, eh?

The word "funny" scarcely conveys the richness of his humour. To begin with, his dress was different from all then and now worn by clowns, alike in fashion, cut, and material. The shape? Well, it was not unlike the present knickerbockers and vest in one—very baggy from just above the knees up to the hips. A loose "fly," or sleeveless jacket, rather short, fell over the shoulders; the sleeves, of white calico or cambric, were large and puffed; a big white square-cut lay over the collar. A white skull-cap, with a red comb running from the nape of the neck to the crown of his head, cream-coloured stockings, with narrow crimson rings and buff shoes and red rosettes, completed Billy's dress.

The material? Well, that is not so easily described. The groundwork was a rich, chocolate coloured serge or flannel, on which was laid strips of yellow braid or serge, running cork-screw fashion from the inside of the thighs and upwards round the front of the figure and meeting at

the back. Between each strip were rows of small red tufts of worsted that dangled like so many diminutive tennis-balls.

No, he did not smother his face with whitewash and geometrical figures in vermillion. He used just a patch of red on each cheek, one in the centre of forehead and chin, none much larger than a shilling. For an elderly man he was a very nimble dancer. He had a good leg, and a natty, well-shaped foot, of which he was not a little proud. Unlike most clowns, Purvis trusted rather to the force of his natural humour than to the aid of astonishing leaps, feats of strength, or the contortions of an acrobat. Stilt-dancing and barrel-rolling were left to the funambulist of the circus.

Billy's favourite pantomime was "The House that Jack Built," in which he usually played his famous, "ever-to-be-remembered stealing-the-bundle scene"—a piece of foolery that defies description—Tom Matthews being left in possession of the rest, with Harry Wadforth, his sister, and Emma Atkinson for harlequin, harlequina, and columbine. The production, full of uproarious fun, was never overlaid with showy dresses, gaudy banners, or the gorgeous effects of dazzling scenery, or the adjuncts of

BILLY PURVIS.

processions of armour-clad ballet-dancers, such as pervade the pantomimes of to-day.

Crack, the cobbler, in the "Turnpike Gate," was a very favourite character with Billy, and was generally reserved for his benefit or a grand bespeak night.

The comic scenes in Billy Purvis's fantoccini show, his own invention, were always very smart. One, I remember, was unusually so. It was called "Pantaloon's Picture Gallery." Most of the figures were full length, which on being approached became animated. A description of two or three will give you an idea of all the rest. A Dutch broom girl, over whose lips the clown used to draw the tips of his fingers, then pretending to kiss and lick them with gusto, at which she dropped a curtsey. A falconer, with bird perched on raised left hand, the right one grasping a stick. Clown teases the bird, which snapped his finger and held him tight, while the figure raised its arm and belaboured him with the stick. The centre of the scene was occupied with a colossal head of the Mogul, with arms folded across the chest. Clown and pantaloon arrange to have breakfast, but the viands disappear down the Mogul's throat as fast as they are placed on the table. This led to great confusion, ending with the Mogul seizing the Buttons, or page boy, and swallowing him head first. Clown, in his fright, bobbed against a full-length brigand, who raised his gun and fired, and so ended the scene.

I will attempt to describe another funny scene. The banks of a river, with cottage, donkey, stable, etc. A woman busy washing clothes, at which she is disturbed by clown and pantaloon; the rogues eventually determine to have a sail. They launched a large circular washing-tub (generally a brewer's mash-tub); they then purloined the clothes-line, a house broom for a mast, and a—a—well, a lady's undergarment for a sail, with a pair of bellows to blow a fair wind. The great fun was as they sailed away their craft whirled round and round, the new method of circular sailing being accompanied by the braying of the donkey over the half-door of his stable, the barking of the dog Hector in his kennel, from the top of which crows "the cock that crow'd i' the morn, that waked the priest, all shaven and shorn," etc. This last series of tricks was, I believe, the invention of Purvis himself. At all events the mechanical arrangement was very clever and caused roars of laughter, as did also some of his hand-tricks, used in front scenes, such as a flute and sheet of music changing into a gridiron and large mutton-chop, while the pandean-pipes turned into a huge padlock grasping the jaws of the player.

Oh, yes! he was an excellent performer on the union pipes, and a very dexterous manipulator of fantoccini figures, to say nothing of his skill in the art of legerdemain. Purvis, as a caterer for public amusement, was always looked up to as a most deserving, honourable, and worthy person, beloved by those in his employ, and received by the public with enthusiasm wherever he appeared.

During the early part of 1848, two amateur gentlemen belonging to Hartlepool bothered Billy to let them play Grindoff and Lothair in the melodrama of "The Miller and his Men." One was a shoemaker, and the other, I think, was a shipwright. At all events, the night being fixed, the drama was put into rehearsal, and, as results proved, the partisans of these aspiring histrions mustered in goodly numbers to decide the contest.

The drama proceeded with varying emotions, interrupted now and again with ejaculations of "Well done, Lothair!" "At him again, Grindoff," and cautions from

Billy to the audience, such as "Had yor tongue! we want nyen o' yor jokes or jibes here!" or, pointing to his wife by his side, "Lucka, Geordie, mysel' an' ma sweet composed canna' hear nowt for yor row: se shoot oop, or by gox aa'll huff some on ye wiv a whap o' the heed; bud aa'll be varry sorry ef aa hev te de owt o' the kind." "Sarve 'em reet, Billy!" "What are ye gan te hev?" shouted two or three voices. Through this and similar badinage the rival amateurs acted against each other with wonderful vigour until the last scene was reached, when the mill has to be destroyed by an explosion. Up to this point the tempers of the two tragedians had been held in something like subjection by their surroundings, but their jealousy culminated when Purvis declared that "yen acted as well as the other, and much *bettor*." At this the miller blew up his own mill before the proper time, and then sturdily refused to remain on the stage to be killed by the shoemaker. Before anyone could realise this *crux*, the cobbler, disappointed of his explosion, and having no rival to kill, threw one leg over the river bank set-piece, stretched his arm across the stream, tore down a small working mill fastened to the edge of a painted rock-piece—supposed to be, at least, a quarter of a mile away—rushed down to the footlights, threw the profile toy to the ground, and, placing his foot on it, exclaimed in triumph, "Noo aa's revenged!" As the curtain descended amidst peals of laughter, Billy—shaking his fist at the destroyer of his property—shouted out, "Oh, you villain! aa'll marcycree ye!" By the time Billy got behind the scenes the offender had, with the help of Ned Corvan and others, made good his escape. Tom Matthews mollified the irate manager, apologised to the audience for the *contre-temps*, and Purvis finished the night's fun with his inimitable scene of "Stealing the Bundle."

The way Billy stole the bundle was something after this fashion:—The scene was a nice country view, with a cottage on the right hand of the stage. A plough-boy (generally Tom Matthews) comes from the opposite side, peeps through the window, expresses in pantomimic action he sees his sweetheart inside. Placing the bundle he carries by the door, he claps his hands together three times as a signal for his lady-love to come out. She does so; then pantomimic love-making; and then they enter the cottage. Enter Billy, the clown, dancing round the stage until his toes kick the bundle left by the plough-boy. He looks at it, then glances slyly around to make sure he

is not observed, picks it up, says "By gox! it's a bundle!" and begins to undo knots with his teeth. P.-B. opens cottage door; they look at each other; Billy drops the bundle, whistles, and with a shuffling step dances off. P.-B. watches him, then indicates his doubts as to the clown's honesty, and determines to watch him. Billy returns cautiously; in a loud whisper exclaims "By gox! it's there yet; aa mun ha' it!"—wags his finger, and whistles to the bundle as if to a dog he wanted to entice. Just as he reaches the door it is opened suddenly, and the P.-B. deals him a blow on the mouth, at which Billy stammers out, "Da—da—da—am the man! Wha—wha—wha—t did ye de that for?" then sneaks off, holding his hand to his mouth. When the stage is clear, he returns, says, "By gox, the beggor is there yet; aa mun ha' it this time," dances cautiously round in the opposite direction to his former movements, succeeds in kicking the bundle away, then calls out, "Stop, thief!" P.-B. runs on, misses the bundle. Billy points off, shouting, "Stop, thief! stop, thief!" P.B. runs off one side, Billy picks up the bundle, and runs off the other, saying, "By gox, some gentleman has lost his bundle, and another gentleman has fund it!" C. H. STEPHENSON.

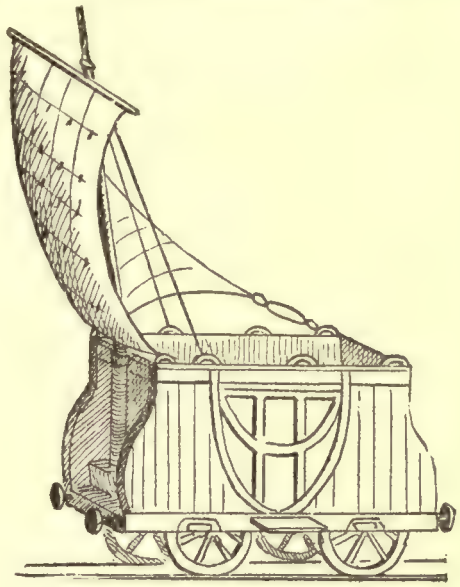
Notes and Commentaries.

JAMES CROSBIE HUNTER.

The date mentioned on page 346 as that of the commencement of Mr. Hunter's career as a showman is an error. It should have been 1845, not 1843. Mr. Hugh R. Roddam, writing to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in July, 1891, says he became acquainted with Mr. Hunter under the following circumstances:—"A news-room was established in Tyne Street, North Shields, about 1845 or 1846. The entrance was opposite to the end of Stephenson Street, down a few steps; the room was a fair-sized one, and had a bay window looking on to the Tyne, and very pleasant it was to sit and look out on to the river on a fine summer's evening. Discussions took place on various political topics, and on papers prepared by the members. Amongst the individuals who took part in the debate were James C. Hunter, Thomas Farmer, and John Rennison, son of the late Mr. John Rennison, tobacco manufacturer. Hunter was always to the fore in these discussions. At that time he was thought to be a Chartist. I think he was a mason to trade." EDITOR.

SAILING COACHES.

Sails as a means of propulsion were some forty or fifty years ago applied to railway carriages. As far as I can fix the date, it would be in the year 1845 or 1846. The contrivance was due to an ingenious old sailor called Joseph Taylor, who had abandoned the dangers of our Northern seas for the safer paths of business. He kept a provision shop at the extreme west end of Commercial Street, Middlesbrough, just opposite the old coal staiths which did duty before the construction of the dock, and close to the little shed which at that time served as the railway station. In those early days of railway enterprise there were no Sunday trains, and Mr. Taylor, who was a member of the Society of Friends, used regularly every Sunday morning to harness a horse to one of the railway carriages, and with his family drive up the line to South Stockton to attend his place of worship. The railway carriage of that date was a much less ponderous affair than it is at present, but I rather think the one Mr. Taylor used was of an even earlier type. The distance between Middlesbrough and South Stock-



ton would be about four miles. The line was level and nearly straight, and there were no over bridges or other obstructions on the section. So, when there was sufficient wind, and the direction served for the double journey, Mr. Taylor on several occasions provided the carriage with a mast and lug sail, and so made the journey without the aid of horseflesh. On more than one occasion on Sunday mornings, from the high ground at Mandale Bank which overlooks the present Stockton racecourse from the south, I have watched this curious ship upon land bowling merrily along and making a good eight knots an hour. MANDALE MILL, Newcastle.

THE LEE PENNY: A CHARM STONE.

When the Aryan or Indo-European races of mankind spread their mighty waves of people over Europe, they carried with them a multitude of beliefs and customs which for hundreds of years have existed, as Kelley says, "in Greece and in Scandinavia, in the Scottish Highlands, the Forests of Bohemia, and the Steppes of Russia,

on the banks of the Shannon, the Rhine, and the Ganges." This lore of the people has practically remained unchanged since the Aryans occupied Europe and settled, in addition to other places, in the British Isles. Amongst this immense wealth of folk-lore that of attributing supernatural powers to certain mysterious stones or pebbles and other articles was very common amongst the people of the secluded dales and uplands of the North of England and North Britain.

Perhaps few charm stones have gained such a popularity as the celebrated Lee Penny. This stone is described as of a dark red colour, triangular in shape, and its size about half an inch each side. It is supposed to have been in the possession of the family of Lockhart of Lee since the year 1329, when Sir Simon Lockhart accompanied Sir James Douglas in his expedition to the Holy Land with the heart of King Robert the Bruce. The story goes that, in the course of the journey to Palestine, Sir Simon took prisoner a Saracen chief, for whose ransom the chief's wife offered a large sum of money. During the transaction of paying the ransom, which was large, a considerable amount of time was taken up in counting the money. In the course of the process the lady dropped a gem, evidently of great value, as it was anxiously picked up and carefully returned to her purse. This aroused the curiosity of the knight, who, on making inquiries, was informed of its virtues. He then refused to give up the chief unless the gem was added to the ransom-money. With great reluctance the chief's wife complied, and this important talisman became the property of the Lee family. The gem on being brought home appears to have been at some time set in a silver coin, described in the year 1645 as being much defaced, but evidently a shilling of Edward I., the cross peculiar to these shillings being very plain. Napier, however, writing in 1879, states in his book on folk-lore that this famous charm is a stone set in gold, that it cannot be lost, and that it is still in the Lee family.

When the plague broke out in Newcastle in 1645, it is recorded by Sykes that the inhabitants sent for the Lee Penny, gave a bond for a large sum in trust for the loan, and thought it did so much good that they offered to pay the money and keep the charm. A copy of the bond is said to be among the papers of the Lee family. At this time, its virtues are recorded thus:—"It cures all diseases in men and cattle, and the bite of a mad dog both in man and beast. It is used by dipping the stone in water, which is given to the diseased cattle to drink and the person who has been bit, and the wound or part affected is washed with the water. Many cures are said to have been performed by it; and the people came from all parts of Scotland, and even as far up in England as Yorkshire, to get the water in which the stone had been dipped." During the seventeenth century, we are informed in Rogers's interesting volume, "Scotland, Social and Domestic," that the superstitious use of the Lee Penny was so common that it came before the Presbytery of Lanark for consideration under the Superior Judicatory.

The Lee Penny must have been held in great repute for over five centuries. In the eighteenth century, or a little over one hundred years ago, it is on record that Lady Baird, of Saughton Hall, having been bitten by a mad dog, a messenger was despatched to Lee Castle for the far-famed charm stone, and her ladyship, having drunk of the water in which the marvellous gem had been dipped, was supposed to have been cured, as no symptoms of hydrophobia were developed. Then a recent writer on folk-lore says that many people from various parts of Scotland whose cattle were affected have made application within these few years for water in which the stone has been dipped. W. M. Egglestone, Stanhope.

THE BATTLE-FIELD, NEWCASTLE.

This name is stated to be of comparatively recent origin. Originally known as St. Anne's Close, it became, about forty-two years ago, a place famous for dog-fights, and was popularly called "The Battle Field" in consequence. The Ordnance Survey adopted the popular title, and the name thus became stereotyped. At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, in January, 1861, Mr. Henry Turner complained of the looseness with which the survey was being completed. He especially instanced this "Battle-Field" as a name which had originated only a dozen years before.

Richard Oliver Heslop, Corbridge-on-Tyne.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

BULLION AND BOUILLON.

Passing a well-known lead works on the Tyne, one workman said to another, "Aa suppose lots of bullion comes oot of this place." "Noa," was the reply, "aa divvent think se. Aa've nivvor seed onny deed horses gan in!"

THE DRILL INSTRUCTOR.

A pitman who was being drilled by the drill-sergeant of a regiment of militia was told to turn to the right. He did so, but at once received the command, "Left turn.' "Hoots, man," said Geordy, "ye divvent knaa yor aan mind twe minutes!"

RAW RADISHES.

A tipsy pitman entered a fruiterer's shop in South Shields one Saturday morning "Ha'porth of radish, please," said he. Having been served, he asked, "Hev ye onny salt?" No," replied the shopkeeper. "Then," said the pitman, "aa'll eat 'em raa!"

A DEFINITION.

A school teacher in Newcastle was recently asking questions of a class of small boys, one of them being the

inquiry what was the meaning or definition of the word "free." "Aa knaa," shouted one youngster, holding up his hand—"it means when ye get intiv a treat for nowt!"

A LIBERAL GIVER.

During a conversation on the subject of systematic beneficence, the wife of a leading Newcastle Methodist remarked that her husband faithfully and religiously devoted a tenth part of his income to religious purposes. "Oh," said another lady of the party, "wor John gives far mair nor that; he gives a twentieth!"

THE PORTER POKEMAN AND THE FRENCHMAN.

A porter pokeman, who had carried a bag from Quayside to Central Station for a Frenchman: "Aa want twe bob; aa's not gannin' te bring yor bag aall that way for yen an' a tannor." The Frenchman spread out his hands, shrugged his shoulders, and remarked:—"Outré!" "Ay," was the pokeman's disgusted remark, "thet's the oney way ye confounded Frenchmen can taak—wi' yor hands!"

THE FORGOTTEN NAME.

A short time ago a woman with a baby in her arms and a girl of a dozen summers at her side, entered a local registrar's office. The public officer at once guessed her mission, so he asked, "Birth or death?" "It's a borth, canny man," replied the mother, "but aa's that flustered that aa've forgotten the nyem." Then, turning to her daughter, she said, "Janey, what is't we're gan to caall wor Liza—oh, aa hev hor noo, it's Liza!"

THE DREDGER.

A miner, who was taking a sail down the Tyne a few years ago, was surprised at seeing for the first time in his life a dredger at work. After putting a lot of questions concerning it to a gentleman who stood by, he at last asked, "Hoo much dis the cheps get that wark thor?" "I am not certain," was the reply, "but I think about twenty-seven shillings per week." "But, marra," said the other, "them 'at's doon belaw filling, they'll surely get mair!"

GRAVY WITHOUT MEAT.

A public dinner was recently held at a place not fifty miles from Tynemouth. The first course was, as usual, soup, and a limited quantity of the liquid was placed before one of the guests. He had displayed some little impatience for something to eat, but when he showed no signs of commencing with his soup, a friend hinted that he should make a start before it became cold. "Man," he replied, "it's ne use; heor's gravy wivoot meat; aa's waiting for ma beef an' tetties!"

SNUFF COLOUR.

A pitman went into the shop of a Newcastle tailor and said to the attendant:—"Aa want a suit of claes—a bonny cullor, noo!" Thereupon he was shown several patterns and lengths. Taking up a piece of cloth, the knight of the needle held it to the light and exclaimed:—"Heor's a nice bit suiting, an' a good durable snuff colour!" "Mercy on us!" shouted the pitman, "that'll nivvor da. D'ye think aa want to myek ivvorbody sneeze when they come alangside us?"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 11th of June, the death was announced as having taken place in the United States, on the 12th of the previous month, of Mr. John Fulton, formerly Borough Engineer of Newcastle. He was 72 years of age.

On the same day, the death was reported of Mr. Alexander Brown, a promising young journalist belonging to Sunderland, who had died during his passage from Australia for England on the 29th of May.

Mr. John Reed, a well-known local football player, died in Sunderland Infirmary on the 11th of June.

The death was recorded, on the 12th of June, of Mr. Joseph Symm, agricultural implement maker, of Newton, Stocksfield.

Mr. William Henry Benington, Justice of the Peace and ex-Mayor of Stockton, died on the 13th of June.

On the same day occurred the death of Mr. Charles Lilburn, of Glenside, Sunderland. The deceased was the son of Mr. William Lilburn, a Sunderland tradesman, and said to be a descendant of Colonel Lilburn, one of the most famous of Cromwell's officers in the Parliamentary army. Mr. Charles Lilburn was a magistrate of Sunderland, a member of the River Wear Commission, of the River Wear Watch Committee, and of the Board of Guardians.

The death was announced on the 15th of June of Mr. William James Blyth, chemist, of Holmside, Sunderland. The deceased was the publisher of "Blyth's Almanac."

Mr. George C. Barron, who was well known on Tyneside as a commercial traveller, but more especially as a public entertainer, died at North Shields on the 16th of June. He was 43 years of age.

Mr. John Parker, a well known Team Valley farmer, died at Ouston on the 18th of June.

On the 19th of June, the death was announced as having taken place on the 29th of May, at Port Hope, Ontario, of Mr. William Craig. The deceased served his apprenticeship at Messrs. Arundale's (now R. Pattinson and Son's) Gallowgate Tannery, Newcastle; and in early life he was connected with Tuthill Stairs Baptist Chapel in the same town. He emigrated to Canada in 1843, and for several years he was a member of the Port Hope Town Council, while on three occasions he filled the office of Mayor of that town. Mr. Craig was 72 years of age.

Dr. Broadbent, of Bamburgh, died on the 22nd of June.

Mr. James Outterside, a well known engine driver on the Newcastle and Carlisle branch of the North-Eastern Railway, and for several years a local preacher on the plan of the Hexham Wesleyan Circuit, died on the 23rd of June.

On the 23rd of June, the death was reported of Mr. John Wilson, refreshment-house keeper, Newcastle, and an official of the Primitive Methodist body.

Mrs. Mary Davison died at Brunton Bank, near Wall, Northumberland, on June 24th, at the advanced age of 97.

At the age of 56, Mr. William Lee, formerly of Haydon Bridge, died at Benwell, Newcastle, on the 25th of June. He was well kown as a local antiquary, and was the author of an interesting history of the Chapelry of Haydon.

The deceased was also an ardent collector of curios and scraps of local lore, and was a frequent contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

Mr. George Storey, who for a period of about twelve years represented the East Central Ward in the Gateshead Town Council, died on the 24th of June, in the 55th year of his age.

On the 29th of June, was announced the death, at the age of 78 years, of Mrs. Gibson, widow of Mr. W. W. Gibson, of Hexham, and mother of Mr. J. P. Gibson, the well-known photographer and antiquary.

The death was reported on the same day of Mr. R. H. Wheatley, butcher and farmer, of Choppington, and a prominent local preacher in connection with the Primitive Methodists.

The death took place on the 29th of June of Mr. Ald. Henry Nelson, J.P., of South Shields. As the head of the firm of Messrs. Nelson, Donkin, and Co., shipowners, and as partner in several important concerns in the North, he occupied a prominent place in the trade and public life of the district He had been a member of South Shields Town Council since 1874, and in 1890 he filled the office of Mayor. He was also president of the South Shields Swimming Club. The deceased alderman was 80 years of age.

ALD. HENRY NELSON, J.P.

Mr. Hubert Laws, a leading member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and who had been identified with the carrying out of many local projects, died at Ryton on the 30th of June. The deceased gentleman was also an enthusiastic Freemason, and was a brother of the City Engineer of Newcastle.

Mr. William Kell, who had been for about fifty years connected with the Poor-Law service at Gateshead, Blaydon, and Hexham, died on the 1st of July at his residence in Cotfield Street, Bensham, aged 75 years.

On the 3rd of July, the death was announced, in his fiftieth year, of the Rev. Edward H. Smart, M.A., for the last ten years vicar of Kirby-in-Cleveland, Northallerton.

It was reported on the same day that Mr. Thomas Caisley, of St. Kilda, Melbourne, Australia, who was at one time a police inspector at Winlaton, in the county of Durham, had been killed by falling downstairs in a fit of somnambulism on the 19th of May.

Mr. James Runciman, a native of Northumberland and an author of books relating to the North, died at Kingston-on-Thames, on the 4th of July.

The death was announced, at Glasgow, on the 8th of July, of Mr. I. C. Fowler, colliery manager, son of Mr. Thomas Fowler, of Sunderland.

Mr. George Hawdon, one of the most prominent inhabitants of Consett, died on the 10th of July, at the age of 64 years.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JUNE.

11.—Professor Sumerville, of the Durham College of Science, delivered at Haltwhistle the first of a series of county lectures on "Technical Education in Relation to Agriculture."

—The Tyne Steam Shipping Company's new steamer Londoner arrived at Newcastle Quay on her first return voyage from London. There were between 60 and 70 passengers on board, and the vessel, which was under the command of Captain Cracknell, carried about 700 tons of cargo.

CAPTAIN CRACKNELL.

12.—An explosion, followed by a fire, took place at the Tramway Company's stables, Percy Street, Newcastle; and G. Baxendale, engineman, was so seriously injured, that he died shortly afterwards at the Infirmary.

—George White, 23 years of age, fisherman, and William Edmed, 25, engineer, fell overboard from the steam line-fishing boat John George, off the mouth of the Tyne, and were drowned.

13.—A fire occurred in the large paper warehouse, belonging to Sweetapple and Co., Elswick Court, Newcastle. The damage was estimated at £10,000.

—Two men, named Robert Shotton and William Pearson, were killed through an accident in the winding machinery at Edmondsley Colliery, near Durham.

—A married woman named Mary Ann Blake, aged 56, was accidentally run over and killed by a bicycle at Sunderland.

—Sapper J. Bates, a member of the Newcastle Engineer Volunteers, was so severely injured by the bursting of an explosive on the Town Moor that he died in the Infirmary on the following day.

14.—The Bishop of Durham addressed a crowded public meeting against betting and gambling in the Town Hall, Gateshead.

15.—The chief office for parcel post business in Newcastle was transferred from the premises in St. John Street, to the new wing at the head Post Office in Westgate Road.

—Mr. H. Crisp, of White House, Scotswood, caught in

the Tyne a salmon weighing 45 lbs., this being believed to be the largest salmon taken from the river for a great number of years.

16.—In the windows of the publishing office, Westgate Road, there were exhibited two copies of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* and two copies of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, containing articles which had been erased by the press censor officials in Russia.

—It was announced that the Lamperts freehold estate in Northumberland, consisting of 2,520 acres, had been purchased by Colonel C. J. Briggs, J.P., D.L., of Hylton Castle, county Durham.

—Mr. John Daglish was presented with several valuable articles as tokens of esteem on the occasion of his retirement from the management of the Whitburn Coal Company, Mrs. Daglish also being made the recipient of a handsome star composed of diamonds.

18.—A settlement of the dispute in the engineering and plumbing trades at Messrs. Palmer's shipyard, Jarrow, was effected through the intervention of Mr T. Bell, ex-Mayor of Newcastle.

—On this and the following day the Congress of the British Gynæcological Society, an association of surgeons and doctors for the special study of women's ailments, was held in Newcastle.

19—The following statistics as to populations of the boroughs and Parliamentary divisions of the counties of Northumberland and Durham, as ascertained by the late census, with the comparative returns of 1881, were now published :—

Parliamentary Divisions & Boroughs.	1881. Inhabited Houses.	1881. Population.	1891. Inhabited Houses.	1891. Population.
NORTHUMBERLAND.				
Wansbeck Division	9,733	51,438	11,047	59,701
Tyneside Division.....	7,068	49,557	9,396	69,642
Hexham Division.....	10,472	53,941	10,275	51,587
Berwick-on-Tweed Division	10,585	55,839	10,105	52,442
Borough of Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	20,264	145,359	26,227	186,332
Borough of Tynemouth.	6,244	44,118	6,328	46,267
Borough of Morpeth....	6,242	33,459	7,273	40,133
Total of Northumberland	70,608	433,711	80,651	506,104
DURHAM.				
Jarrow Division.....	9,350	62,795	10,808	80,532
Houghton-le-Spring Division	11,479	60,776	12,886	69,235
Chester-le-Street Division	11,597	59,858	13,263	70,202
North-Western Division	10,554	58,675	11,878	65,987
Mid Division.....	11,423	59,179	12,860	67,639
South-Eastern Division	10,699	59,329	11,593	63,830
Bp. Auckland Division	11,500	59,923	12,031	61,833
Barnard Castle Division	11,706	58,245	11,982	59,459
Borough of Darlington...	6,441	34,831	7,210	38,033
Borough of Durham.....	2,468	14,932	2,793	15,287
Borough of Gateshead...	9,114	65,803	10,792	85,712
Borough of Hartlepool...	8,201	46,990	10,875	64,914
Borough of South Shields	7,381	56,875	9,893	78,431
Borough of Stockton ...	8,102	44,605	9,493	53,258
Borough of Sunderland	17,330	124,760	20,249	142,097
Total for Durham.....	147,145	867,576	168,606	1,016,449

20.—It was announced that, through the instrumentality of Mr. William Gray, of Durham, a marble tombstone had been erected over the grave of the late Mr. Alexander Blyth, secretary to the Northumberland and Durham Miners' Permanent Relief Fund, in Gibraltar Cemetery.

—A new charity was instituted at Durham. The will of the late Mr. Thomas Hutton, of Durham, who was formerly a bookbinder in that city, and who died recently, provides that his personal property shall be realised, and the proceeds invested by the Dean and Chapter of Durham for what shall be known as the Hutton Charity. The income arising from the fund is to be distributed annually on the 8th of July (the date of the testator's birth) in equal shares to the three most deserving poor men and women *bona fide* residents of the village of Shincliffe. None of the recipients is to be under 60 years of age. The recipients, who are to be selected by the rector and churchwardens for the time being of Shincliffe, must have led a sober, steady, and industrious life, and must be members of the Church of England.

—The foundation stone of a new hall for the miners of Usworth Colliery was laid by Mr. W. H. Patterson.

—There was launched from the Low Walker shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., the Ruthenia, a steel twin-screw ship, and one of the largest vessels, if not the largest, ever built on the Tyne.

—The memorial stones of a new Christian Lay Church were laid at Ashington.

—The Northumberland colliery owners intimated that the state of trade did not warrant an increase of 10 per cent. in wages asked for by the men.

21.—Sermons were preached in Rye Hill Baptist Church, Newcastle, by the Rev. Dr. T. Harwood Pattison, formerly pastor of that place of worship, but now professor of Homiletics in Rochester Seminary, U.S.

22.—It was intimated that by her will the late Mrs. Elizabeth Trevelyan, of Tyneholm, East Lothian, had left, among other bequests, £1,000 in trust, to the owner of Wallington estate, Northumberland, and the vicar of Cambo parish, and their respective successors, to found a scholarship for higher education at some university, public school, or other institution, to be called "The Arthur Trevelyan Scholarship," and to be open and tenable for a period not exceeding three years by any boy who has been, or is being, educated at Cambo School, and whose parents have resided in the parish of Cambo for a period of not less than three years preceding the election of such boy to the scholorship.

23.—At a Convocation of the University of Durham, a degree was conferred upon a lady, for the first time in the history of that seat of learning, the recipient of the honour being Miss Ella Bryant, of the Newcastle College of Science. On the same occasion, the honorary degree of D.D. was conferred upon Bishop Sandford and Bishop Tucker. The honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., and Temporal Chancellor of the County Palatine of Durham.

—On this and the two following days, the tenth annual Temperance Festival was held on the Town Moor, Newcastle. The opening ceremony was performed by Ald. W. D. Stephens, and the Rev. Canon Lloyd, Newcastle, also took part in the proceedings. In addition to the contests and pastimes of previous years, several new features, owing to the increased public subscriptions, were introduced, and the gathering, favoured throughout by delightful weather, was of a most successful character. The street arabs were, as usual, entertained through the exertions of Mr. T. S. Alder. On the 6th of July the prizes were presented to the successful competitors in connexion with the festival by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis).

—Camps for the various brigades of local volunteers were established at Morpeth, Whitley, Cullercoats, and Newbiggin-by-the-Sea, and remained occupied for several days.

24.—The Northumberland Plate, in connection with the Newcastle Races at Gosforth Park, was carried off by Queen's Birthday. The winner was sold to Major Joicey for 4,000 guineas.

—The new district church of St. Polycarp, erected in the parish of St. Ignatius the Martyr, Sunderland, was opened by the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, LL.D.

—The will of Captain Theodore Williams, J.P., of Heatherslaw House, Northumberland, and late of H.M. Body Guard, was proved, the personal estate being valued at £8,431. The bequests included £4,000 to the Governors of the Bounty of Queen Anne, in augmentation of the stipend of the minister of the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Etal, Ford, Northumberland. The will provided for the further sum of £1,500, if the testator had not given it in his life-time, to the said governors, especially for the purpose of building a parsonage house for the said minister.

—A gentleman named George Leitch, of Heaton, Newcastle, was drowned while bathing in the sea at North Sunderland. On the following day, Harry Colbeck, a young volunteer in camp at Morpeth, was drowned, under similar circumstances, in the River Wansbeck. The deceased also belonged to Heaton.

25.—Mr. R. Oliver was appointed first chairman of the newly-constituted School Board for the district of Chopwell and Spen.

—Lord Hastings entertained the whole of the small tenants on his estate at Seaton Delaval Hall.

25.—On this and the following day was celebrated the jubilee of the Friends' School at Ayton, in North Yorkshire.

26.—A handsomely illuminated address was presented to Mr. William Duncan, senior, upon the occasion of his retirement from the sub-editorial staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, after a service of upwards of thirty years. He was also presented with a diamond brooch for Mrs. Duncan. The proceedings took place in the *Chronicle* Office Library, and the presentations were made by Mr. Joseph Cowen on behalf of the proprietors and the members of the literary staff.

—It was ascertained that 1,963 ratepayers had voted for and 985 against the adoption of the Public Libraries Act for West Hartlepool.

—The *London Gazette* published an order in Council sanctioning a scheme for the re-arrangement of the rural deaneries of Auckland and Stanhope, and the discontinuance of the rural deanery of Ryton. Two new rural deaneries were formed, to be called the rural deanery of Gateshead, carved out of that of Chester-le-Street, and the rural deanery of Lanchester, formed out of that of Durham.

—During an unusually heavy fog, the iron steamer Gothenburg City, owned by Mr. Christopher Furness, M.P., and loaded with cattle and timber, ran upon St. Mary's Island, off the mouth of the Tyne, and subsequently became a wreck.

27.—The wages of masons in Newcastle and district were advanced from 8½d. to 9d. per hour.

29.—It was resolved to prohibit bicycle-riding in the Armstrong and Heaton Parks, Newcastle.

—Mr. John Elliott, who recently resigned the office of Chief-Constable of Gateshead, took a formal farewell of the magistrates and solicitors in the Police Court. (See page 286.)

30.—The Lightfoot Scholarship in connection with Durham University, and of the value of £50, was, for the first time, awarded to Frederick B. Smith, as the result of the recent B.A. examination.

JULY.

1.—The Earl of Eldon entertained his tenantry in the county of Durham at the North-Eastern Hotel, Darlington, in celebration of the coming of age of his eldest son, Viscount Encombe.

—At a meeting of the Newcastle City Council, it was unanimously resolved to offer the honorary freedom of the city to the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P., during his expected visit to Newcastle in October.

2.—The Lord Bishop of Durham formally opened the new Mission Room connected with St. Matthew's Church, Silksworth.

—Mr. William Hall, Mayor of Springhill, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, and formerly a working pitman in the North of England, paid a visit to Ryhope Colliery.

—A stained glass window, in memory of the late Bishop Lightfoot, was unveiled in the church of St. Ignatius the Martyr, Sunderland.

—Mr. Justice Day arrived in Newcastle as one of the judges of assize, and on the following day he was joined by Mr. Justice Grantham.

—It was announced that the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis) was one of a committee formed for the purpose of promoting the erection of a statue of the Queen in some prominent position in London, and that his Worship was also prominent in the list of subscribers.

—In the Grand Jury Room, at the Moot Hall, Newcastle, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., M.P., chairman of the Northumberland County Council and of the County Justices, was presented by the magistrates with a life-size portrait of himself, painted by Professor Herkomer. A *replica* of the work was afterwards placed in the Grand Jury Room attached to the Moot Hall Courts in Newcastle.

3.—Mr. C. Francis Lloyd, journalist and musician, of South Shields, was entertained to a complimentary supper previous to his leaving the North of England for Bristol.

4.—The annual demonstration of the miners in the county of Durham was held on Durham Racecourse. The speakers were Messrs. S. Storey, Atherley Jones, T. Burt, and W. R. Cremer, M.P.'s, in addition to the agents and leading members of the Miners' Executive. The amount of the Miners' Fund was stated to be £52,260.

—Dorothy Sinclair, aged 44, was convicted, at the Northumberland Assizes, of the manslaughter of her husband, Thomas Sinclair, on the 11th of March, and was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. (See p. 237.)

—The large glass works belonging to Mr. Edward Moore, J.P., situated at West Holborn, South Shields, were destroyed by fire, the damage being estimated at 45,000.

5.—The screw-steamer Dunholme, of West Hartlepool, bound from Middlesbrough for Rio Janeiro, was sunk by collision near Dover. Seventeen of the crew were drowned.

—The Rev. Allen Dennis Jeffery, successor to the late Dr. Rutherford, commenced his ministry in the Bath Lane Church, Newcastle. Mr. Jeffery, who is a native of Northampton, was born on the 1st of August, 1864. The rev. gentleman had successfully passed through the course of study at Rotherham College. Mr. Jeffery was welcomed by the congregation and friends at a public tea meeting in the Bath Lane Hall on the 6th.

REV. ALLEN DENNIS JEFFERY.

6.—In connection with the College of Science, Newcastle, it was announced that Dr. Wm. C. Mackenzie had been appointed lecturer in agricultural chemistry, and Mr. C. H. Thompson, M.A., student of Christ Church, Oxford, mathematical lecturer.

7.—Benjamin Pearson, 41, clerk, was charged at the Newcastle Assizes that he, on the 2nd ult., in the parish of St. Nicholas, feloniously did kill and slay one Thomas Feargus O'Connor Townshend Prisoner was found not guilty. At the same time and place, Albert Law, 33, plumber (on bail), was charged with having, on the 9th of May, feloniously killed Robert Ashley at Spital Tongues. The jury found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to one month's imprisonment. At the same assizes, William White Greaves, 56, fitter, charged that he, on the 2nd of May, "unlawfully and maliciously and feloniously did wound one William Smith, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm," was sentenced to 15 calendar months' hard labour.

—Robert Smith, aged 27, engine driver, engaged on the South Shields and Marsden Railway, was killed through his head coming in contact with the wooden footbridge which spans the line near the Trow Rocks.

—Probate of the will of Sir Horace St. Paul, late of Ewart Park, Northumberland, Bart., who died on the 28th of May last, aged 79 years, was granted to the acting executor, Mr. George Grey, of Millfield, Wooler. Testator appointed Olivia, Countess of Tankerville, guardian of his only child, Maria St. Paul, to whom on her attainment of the age of 21 years he bequeathed all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate, the personalty being of the value of £3,287 2s. 1d.

10.—At Gateshead Borough Police Court, Frank Stoker, apparently 35 years of age, was charged with wounding Mary Brooke, with intent to kill and murder her, while in Fenwick's lodging-house, Pipewellgate, on the 27th ult. The prisoner was remanded until the 13th, when he was committed for trial.

General Occurrences.

JUNE.

12.—A man named Walter Lewis Turner and his mother were arrested on a charge of horribly mutilating and murdering a child at Horsforth, near Leeds.

—The Senaputty of Manipur, India, was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged for being concerned in a massacre of British officers.

14.—At Bridgeport, California, a Chinaman upon being acquitted of a charge of murder, was dragged from the court by a mob, and handed over to Indians, who cut him to pieces.

—While a heavy train drawn by two locomotives was crossing a bridge over the river Boise, a tributary of the Rhine, the structure collapsed, the engines and three carriages being precipitated into the river. About thirty-five people were killed.

16.—The O'Gorman Mahon, member for county Carlow, died in his 88th year, after a most extraordinary career.

17.—Intelligence was received of an outbreak in Hayti, during which the President and two hundred of the Government supporters were killed.

—M. Turpin, M. Triponé, M. Feuvrier, and M. Fasseler were found guilty by the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine of communicating to the agents of a foreign Government the secret of the composition of melinite, and were all fined and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, except M. Feuvrier, whose imprisonment was limited to two years.

—In an action for breach of promise brought by Miss Valerie Wiedemann against the Hon. Robert Horace Walpole, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £300.

19.—The returns for the census in Scotland were issued, showing the total population to be 4,033,103.

29.—During gunnery practice in the Pacific Ocean a gun exploded on board H.M. cruiser Cordelia. Five men were killed, and other twelve wounded.

JULY.

3.—The Emperor of Germany stated that the Triple Alliance between Austria, Italy, and Germany had been renewed for a term of seven years.

4.—Mr. W. H. Gladstone, eldest son of the ex-Premier, died at Lord Blantyre's residence in London. He was 51 years of age, and had sat in Parliament for Chester, Whitby, and East Worcestershire.

—The German Emperor and the Empress arrived at Sheerness on a State visit to this country. Subsequently the Emperor visited London, and attended a State performance at the Royal Italian Opera, together with many other important functions organised in his honour.

7.—Four men named Slocum, Smiler, Wood, and Jugiro were executed by electricity at Sing Sing prison, New York.

8.—The result of a Parliamentary election for Carlow Ireland, was declared as follows:—Hammond (anti-Parnellite), 3,755; Kettle (Parnellite), 1,539.

10.—The census returns for England and Wales were issued, the total population being placed at 29,001,018.

—The Glenburn Hydropathic establishment at Rothsay was destroyed by fire.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY·LORE·AND·LEGEND

Vol. V.—No. 55. SEPTEMBER, 1891. Price 6d.

The Derwentwater Veteran and Recluse.

IN a little bay on the western side of Derwentwater, at a place called Waterend, is a picturesquely-situated mansion which was built not quite a century ago by Lord William Gordon. For a period of forty years, until 1879, it was occupied by an aged recluse—Major-General Sir John George Woodford, K.C.B., who, when a young man, had stood by the side of Sir John Moore during his last moments at Corunna, and had served on the personal staff of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo.

This venerable solitary never visited the neighbouring gentry, or welcomed them beneath his roof. Such visitors as did call he received in front of his house. Towards the latter end of his life a favoured few who had business to transact with him were admitted inside. So jealous was he of his privacy that he had hoardings placed around the mansion, lest inquisitive tourists should stare into his windows. His walks were often taken by moonlight, the solemn grandeur of the mountains by night affecting him more powerfully than by day.

With those who encountered him in his rambles he would converse in an agreeable manner. He could talk well on a variety of topics, for he was an accomplished scholar, linguist, and archæologist, and had a clear and accurate memory. Children were sure of a kindly word and pleasant smile from the old veteran: he took pleasure in their simple prattle, and showed them many little kindnesses.

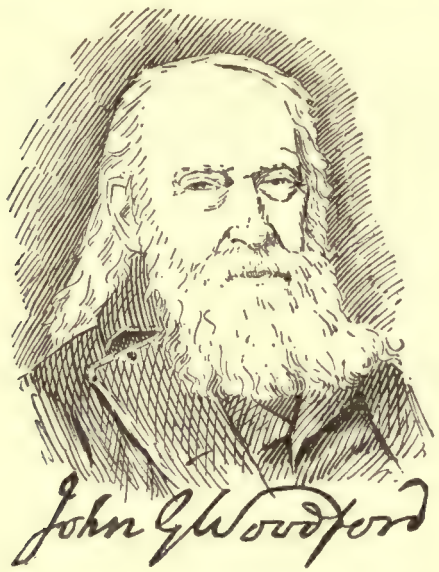
His house was a museum of antiquities and articles of vertu. The rooms and passages were crowded with books of a miscellaneous character, works on military science in all languages, maps, plans, models, arms, coins, engravings, &c. He would have nothing disturbed, and, when the process of dusting became inevitable, everything had to be put back in its place again. The furniture was old-fashioned, being that used by Lord William Gordon. Any additions which Sir John made to it were of unvarnished and unpainted deal of the simplest kind.

It was the old general's intention at one time to enlarge his house. He had no definite plan, however, and gave his workmen instructions by word of mouth, illustrating them by a rough sketch on the ground with his staff. A building was soon run up to a height of three storeys, and then, as the rough-and-ready architect knew not how to proceed further, it was left unfinished, without staircases, windows, or doors.

A good story is told of some inquisitive persons who by means of a rude ladder climbed to the top of this building, expecting to obtain from it an extensive view. Nothing, however, was to be seen on account of the trees, and so, disappointed, they prepared to descend, when, with some consternation, they discovered that there was no apparent egress. For a long time they examined the floors and the walls in vain. It almost seemed as if Sir John had got them all prisoners by some ingenious contrivance invented for the discomfiture of the curious. At length they found by the aid of a match a closely-fitting trap-door, which had fallen down without anyone observing it after the last man had scrambled up the ladder.

Sir John was particularly fond of animals and birds. Any rats or mice caught in the house or stables were carried, by his orders, a mile or two away, and then set at liberty. Moles he allowed to burrow unmolested in his land, and jays and jackdaws to build in his chimneys. If one anecdote which is told about him be correct, his regard for his feathered friends was carried beyond the

verge of eccentricity. Some jackdaws, so the story runs, having taken up their quarters about the house, in course of time every chimney was choked up with their nests and the various odds and ends which they pilfer and hide, the result being that master and servants were smoked out. The butler, housekeeper, and gardener begged to have the obstruction removed, so that the rooms might be made habitable, but the old man was inexorable. Sooner than



resort to such a harsh measure he would leave the house. And so, it is said, he actually did. He rented or leased another house in Keswick, sold part of his furniture, and removed the remainder, abandoning Waterend to the graceless jackdaws.

Some account of the eventful life of Sir John George Woodford cannot fail to be of interest, and I am indebted to an excellent little memoir of the kindly recluse, published in 1881 by Mr. J. Fisher Crosthwaite, of Keswick, for the particulars which follow.

John George Woodford was born at Chartham Deanery, near Canterbury, on the 28th of February, 1785. His father, Colonel John Woodford, had served under General Wolfe, and, during the Gordon riots in 1780, had gained some notoriety by ordering sóldiers, on his own responsibility, to fire upon the rioters when they attacked and set fire to Lord Mansfield's house. His mother was the eldest daughter of Cosmo George Duke of Gordon, and sister of Lord George Gordon, the leader of the great riots. She had been previously married to John, ninth Earl of Westmoreland, and was the mother of Lady Susan Drummond, Lady Elizabeth Lowther (wife of Sir John Lowther, Bart., of Swillington), and Lady Mary Fluyder, of Ayston, in the county of Rutland.

Young Woodford was educated at Harrow, where he was contemporary with Sir Robert Peel, the Earl of Aberdeen, and William, second Earl of Lonsdale. He afterwards went to Brunswick to receive a military education. There he was appointed by the Duke of Gloucester an ensign in the 1st Regiment of Guards. On his return to England at the age of sixteen, he attracted the notice and esteem of the last Duke of Queensberry, "Old Q" as he was called, who took him to Windsor and presented him to George III., afterwards showing his regard for the young soldier by leaving him a legacy of £10,000.

Our hero joined his regiment in 1801. Young Woodford was first engaged in active service at the siege of Copenhagen in 1807. On the 13th October, 1808, he arrived at Corunna with the expedition under Sir David Baird. These reinforcements effected a junction with Sir John Moore at Majorca. The whole British force amounted to only 23,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry, and was so overwhelmingly outnumbered that it would have been folly to have risked an engagement. On December 24th, 1808, began the memorable retreat by the passage of the river Aslar. After traversing a distance of 250 miles over a mountainous district, which was covered with snow, suffering much from exposure to the cold and from insufficiency of food, and continually being harassed by the enemy, the troops arrived at Corunna on January 11th, 1809. Unfortunately the transports, which were to convey them from their perilous position, had not arrived, and they were unable to embark for some days. In the meantime the French had come up, and were preparing

to attack them. Captain Woodford, as aide-de-camp of Sir John Moore, was in constant attendance upon the ill-fated general at this time. Entering a cottage together, Sir John lay down to rest, and Woodford kept a look out through a lattice. The former had just fallen asleep when Woodford saw the enemy in motion, and aroused his chief, who flew to the field, and was in the act of calling up the guards when a cannon ball struck his left shoulder and inflicted a terrible wound. Woodford assisted to remove the dying hero, and remained with him till the last. Later in the day he had his horse shot under him, and at dusk was wounded in the instep of the right foot by a musket ball—the last, as he affirmed, that was fired that day. The doctors were all too busy to attend upon him for some time. Ultimately a stranger came up, removed with his finger the pieces of splintered bone, bound up the wound, and left him, saying, "Now you will not lose your foot." He was in the twenty-fourth year of his age when he received this wound, and suffered pains from it at times over a period of seventy years.

Woodford returned to England until his foot was healed in some measure, and then joined the Duke of Wellington's army after it had crossed the Ebro. He was present at the battle of Nivelle (Nov. 10th, 1813), of Nive (Dec. 10th, 1813), of Orthes (Feb. 27, 1814), and of Toulouse (April 10th, 1814). In this last-named battle, the sixth division, to which he was attached, under Sir Henry Clinton, distinguished itself. At the close of the war he returned to England, arriving there about the end of September, 1814.

During the memorable June of the following year we find Woodford serving as assistant quarter-master general in the 4th division of the army assembled in the Netherlands under Lieutenant-General Sir William Colville. Prince Frederick of Orange was stationed at Hal with 18,000 men, and awaited Wellington's orders. Colville therefore sent Woodford from Hal to Waterloo for the Duke's instructions. Threading his way through the forest of Soignes during the night of the 17th of June, he arrived early in the morning of the 18th. The Duke told him that a battle was imminent, and said it was too late for the division at Hal to move up, but added, "Now that you are here, keep with me." Thus it was that Woodford served on the Duke's personal staff at Waterloo. The first officer he met on the field was Sir Henry Hardinge, who said, "You are just in time to see a glorious fight." His brother, Colonel Alexander Woodford, held the house of Hougoumont throughout the day, though the copse around it was captured by the French. When at last the great struggle was decided in favour of the British arms, Woodford, who had been actively engaged in the battle, and had been more than 20 hours in the saddle, galloped off with the welcome news to Hal, arriving there early in the morning.

On his return to England, he took a house near London in May, 1819. In 1821 he was entrusted with the command of the 3rd Battalion of Grenadier Guards at Dublin, and finally he was posted to it as Colonel, Nov. 23rd, 1823. In 1825 he seems to have visited Naples and Florence. During the next few years, much of his attention was given to reforming the system of military punishment and to ameliorating the condition of the soldier. He had the command of all the household troops, and was consequently often at Knightsbridge and Windsor. Here he gained the favour of William IV., who invited him to dinner, and presented him with the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order of Knighthood.

In 1834 the widow of Lord William Gordon gave to Colonel Woodford the beautiful Derwent Bay estate, comprising the whole western side of Derwentwater, some of the smaller islets, and Swinside mountain, which had been bought by her husband and planted with oak, spruce, silver fir, Weymouth pine, beeches, and other trees. Without having seen the property, he entered into negotiations with Mr. John Marshall to sell it, but that gentleman died before the arrangements were completed. When Sir John did visit this estate, he was so much struck with its beauty that he made up his mind not to part with it at any price.

The veteran asked for the command of the Northern District, the headquarters of which were at Chester, but he was refused, probably because his persistent advocacy of military reforms was not approved by the authorities. He decided now to take a step he had already contemplated, viz., to sell his commission as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. The Government gave him £4,500 for it, which was just half its market value. He expressed his willingness to take a command whenever his services might be required. An offer of one was made to him in 1840; but, as his destination could not then be communicated to him, he declined to accept it on these conditions. When he found that it was the command of the China expedition, which was of all others what he would have most liked, his mortification was extreme.

Sir John Woodford now finally left the army, and resided on his Cumberland estate, spending the remainder of his long life—a period of over forty years—in the pursuit of his favourite studies, and in the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery of the Lake District. During these years of retirement, he was in constant communication with the War Office on matters relating to the army, and he also kept up a large correspondence with his friends—one of them being Lamartine, whose wife was a connexion of the Woodford family.

His brother, Sir Alexander Woodford, died in 1870, full of honours, at the age of 88, after a period of 76 years of distinguished service. Sir Alexander had fought under Wellington in several of the battles of the Peninsula, and had been present at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. He was the President of the Crimean Inquiry Commission, and in 1868 was appointed a Field Marshal.

The brothers wrote to each other every day. So

regular was the correspondence that on one occasion, when Sir Alexander's letter did not come, Sir John feared he was ill, and, without waiting for another post, set off to London to see him.

Sir John survived his brother nine years, dying on the 22nd of March, 1879, at the great age of 94 years.

Our portrait is taken from a photograph of the old general taken when he was 90 years of age, while the sketch of the veteran's house is copied from an engraving in Mr. Crosthwaite's memoir. WM. W. TOMLINSON.

Aerial Armies.

SPECTRAL warriors seen in the air may be said to form some of the strangest phenomena that have from time to time produced in men's minds mingled feelings of awe and alarm, and the accounts of these wonderful visions have been so circumstantially recorded that it is difficult to dispose of the appearances on any ground of deception or illusion.

Aerial armies are declared to have been observed in the county of Durham towards the end of the last century. Myriads of fighting men, it is said, were seen in the sky, night after night, all through the county before the French Revolution. Indeed, some people, according to Canon Humble, averred that they had distinctly heard the cries of the combatants and the groans of the wounded!

But the Lake District was apparently much more frequented. Souter Fell, a spur of Saddleback, was the place at which these strange spectres are recorded to have made periodical appearances. It was on this fell that the astonishing phenomena of the years 1735, 1737, and 1745 appeared. There lived at Blakehills, in Grisdale, on the east side of Souter Fell, a farmer of the name of William Lancaster. One of his hinds, Daniel Strickett, afterwards an auctioneer, came home on Midsummer Eve, 1735, with an incredible account of the appearance of spectres. He said that when alone on the hills, after sunset and when the twilight was deepening, he was terrified at beholding on the top of Souter Fell an army of spirits marching silently towards the west side. Though scarcely a mile distant from the fell, he could hear no noise or sound of marching whatsoever. The strangers had continued to stream over the top of the mountain till darkness set in, when Strickett, in a state of great terror and alarm, ran home as fast as his legs would carry him. The neighbours concluded that he had been drinking, but two years later he was no longer laughed at for his story.

On Midsummer Eve, 1737, between the hours of eight and nine, Mr. Lancaster himself observed, as he thought, several gentlemen on horseback returning from hunting. Ten minutes later, looking towards Souter Fell, he observed, to his consternation, a large body of cavalry debouching from an eminence at the north end, and proceeding through a notch in the ridge. His cries at once brought the members of his family to the spot, and they all saw the same spectacle. The spectre dragoons cantered along the top, and disappeared in the gloom of the valleys. They were evidently an advanced guard, for they were followed after a time by compact companies of foot soldiers marching from the same eminence, and vanishing in the distance. These battalions comprised a vast army of spectres, marching generally five deep in admirable order. The onlookers frequently saw, as they imagined, officers encouraging the other spectres, with vehement gestures, to quicken their movements. As it grew darker, the spectre soldiers had the appearance of people returning from market, rather than an army on the line of march.

Regularly every Midsummer Eve, the Lancasters kept a strict look-out for the ghostly warriors of Souter Fell, but these ceased their perambulations, or rather were not observed. However, on the Midsummer Eve preceding the Rebellion, when the sky was yet red and the tops of the surrounding mountains were fast disappearing in the darkness, the dwellers at Blakehills once more observed the spectre horsemen patrolling the fell. The Lancasters, hastening to Wilton Hill and Souter Fell side, gathered together some two dozen persons. This little company witnessed the same march of spectres as that of 1737. From their account, it was not conducted with the usual regularity, but had the appearance of an army in retreat. Interspersed amongst the soldiery were what seemed to be powder-tumbrils and baggage waggons. The spirits continued their march into the western valleys till the increasing darkness hid them from view.

In the year 1745 the air was full of wars and rumours of wars, and some of the spectators at Blakehills were convinced that they had seen a real army on its way to Scotland. Accordingly next morning they climbed the mountain in the expectation of finding horse shoes, cast in the progress of so numerous an army. Not only did they find none of these, but they saw not the vestige or print of a foot. Mr. Lancaster said that he never concluded they were real beings, because of the impracticability of a march over the precipices. The spectators of this extraordinary appearance of spirits, however, swore that their affirmation was true, and appended their names to a document to that effect. Their accounts of the spectral march varied in details, but agreed in all substantial particulars.

"These extraordinary sights," says Sir David Brewster in his "Letters on Natural Magic," "were received not only with distrust, but with absolute incredulity. They were not even honoured with a place in the records of natural phenomena, and the philosophers of the day were neither in possession of analogous facts, nor were they

acquainted with those principles of atmospherical refraction upon which they depend."

Besides the County of Durham and the Lake District, the Firth of Forth was at one time remarkable as a place invaded by aerial spectres. The Scottish papers recorded, a few years ago, some instances of mirages in the Firth of Forth, exactly like the freaks of the Fata Morgana in the Straits of Messina. On three distinct occasions the Bass Rock is said to have assumed, to the eyes of the crowds upon the sands of Dunbar, the form of a giant sugar-loaf crowned by battlements, while the Island of May seemed broken into several portions, which appeared to be perforated by caverns, where none, in fact, exist.

Such are a few of the atmospheric wonders that are alleged to have been observed in the North Country.

A Quaker Lieutenant.

MR. JOSEPH FOSTER'S "Pedigree of the Forsters of Cold Hesledon, Durham," published by William Henry Hills at Sunderland in 1862, contains an interesting memoir of a rather remarkable person connected with the North of England—one Robert Foster. The memoir, which was written by Robert Foster's son, Myles Birket Foster, in 1860, runs as follows:—

Robert Foster, son of Dodshon and Elizabeth Foster, was sent at an early age to John Jenkins's school, at Yealand Conyers, where he remained for several years; he completed his education at the Free Grammar School at Sedbergh.

When he was about eighteen years old, he went to sea, and after making three voyages to the West Indies with Captain Roper, in the Marquis of Rockingham, he was appointed storekeeper in Antigua by his grandfather and great-uncle, Myles and James Birkett, who were then West India merchants.

About the end of May, 1776, he entered on board the brig Endeavour, Lieut. Francis Tinsley commander, carrying four guns, which was fitted out in Antigua to cruise against the American privateers. On the 20th June, 1778, he left the Endeavour at Spithead, and went on board the Defiance, 64 guns, Samuel Cranston Goodall, Esq., commander. On the 8th of July, he entered as master's mate on board the Jupiter, 50 guns, Francis Reynolds, commander.

From an entry in his log-book, we learn that, on the 21st October, 1778, the Jupiter had a severe engagement with the Triton, 64 guns. Mr. Roberts, the master, and eight men were wounded. Mr. Roberts died the following day, and Robert Foster succeeded him.

On 21st April, 1779, his only brother Myles died at Ulverston. In September, he obtained leave to visit his friends in Lancaster, which visit brought forth the following letter, supposed to have been written by the Vicar of Lancaster:—

"Last Sunday, the Quakers at their meeting-house were thrown into a state of great surprise by the appearance of a young man in the uniform of a lieutenant of a man-of-war. This young man's father and grandfather are Quakers, and, being the principal merchants of the place, bred him to the sea, and afterwards appointed him their storekeeper in the West Indies, where he was when the American dispute began; and being moved by the spirit (not the peaceable one of the Quaker, but the true spirit of an Englishman), he made up his accounts, quitted his store, collected together a few sailors from the Lancaster ships, laid aside the Quaker, mounted a cockade, and joined a Lieut Tinsley, then fitting out a small armed vessel against the Americans, in which he had several severe actions; and coming over in her to Portsmouth, got himself recommended to Captain Reynolds as an officer likely to show him some business; was with him in the Jupiter of 50 guns, when they went close alongside the Triton, a French 64, at the very time she saw her consort going off; and in the heat of that close and desperate action, on the master being killed, Captain Reynolds immediately sent for Foster from his quarters, and appointed him master; and managing the ship for the remainder of the action, as well as acquitting himself afterwards to the satisfaction of the captain, upon a vacancy happening lately at Lisbon, where Captain Reynolds had the command, from the just and honest principle of rewarding merit, Captain Reynolds deprived himself of a useful officer by appointing Foster lieutenant of the Pelican. Foster got leave on the Pelican coming to England to visit his friends at Lancaster for a few days, where he has withstood all the remonstrances and solicitation to quit the service, and has gone back to his ship. I hope he will earn preferment, and be a credit to the place; as well as an example to some others of that society to break through the principle established by them, 'to enjoy all the advantages of peace, but to leave it to others to fight their battles.'"

On his return to Portsmouth, the Pelican had probably gone to sea without him, as it appears from his log-book that he went on board the Hornet, sloop-of-war, 14 guns.

He remained in the navy a very short time after his visit to Lancaster. His friends, who had been greatly distressed by his desertion from those peaceable principles in which he had been carefully educated, no doubt laboured earnestly while he was with them to induce him to leave the service; and their labours, seconded by his own convictions, seem to have wrought a wonderful change in this young officer. He became a man of peace, and in after life avoided conversation about his naval career, and certainly never gloried in his former exploits.

Soon after he left the navy, his maternal grandfather, wanting a manager for his estate near Sedbergh, in Yorkshire, which Robert Foster afterwards inherited, he went to reside at Hebblethwaite Hall, and settled down as an agriculturist. He erected a mill on the estate for the better employment of the poor; established a school for their education; and became a sort of father, physician, lawyer, and judge among his dependents and country neighbours.

He continued an active, useful, and benevolent life at Hebblethwaite, in the enjoyment of domestic happiness and of social intercourse with the worthies around, who were attracted by his genial disposition to his hospitable dwelling, till the autumn of 1812, when he removed to Newcastle-on-Tyne, to be near his children, who had most of them removed to that locality. Here he maintained the same character of active usefulness and benevolence as long as his health permitted.

In 1824 he had a slight attack of paralysis, after which his bodily powers gradually gave way.

The following is an extract from a letter of Robert Southey to Richard Duppa, dated February 23rd, 1806:—

Oh! Wordsworth sent me a man the other day who was worth seeing; he looked like a first assassin in "Macbeth" as to his costume—but he was a rare man. He had been a lieutenant in the navy; was scholar enough to quote Virgil aptly; he turned Quaker, or semi-Quaker, and was now a dealer in wool somewhere about twenty miles off. He had seen much and thought much; his head was well stored, and his heart in the right place. It is five or six and twenty years since he was at Lisbon, and he gave me as vivid a description of the Belem Convent as if the impression on his memory was not half a day old. Edridge's acquaintance, Thomas Wilkinson, came with him. They had been visiting an old man of a hundred in the vale of Lorton, and it was a fine thing to hear this Robert Foster describe him.

The writer of the memoir printed in Joseph Foster's

"Pedigree" was born at Hebblethwaite Hall in 1785, was married to Ann King, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and died in 1861, at the age of 76. Six of his seven children were born at North Shields. Among these was the celebrated artist who bears the same name as himself—Myles Birket Foster, who was born at North Shields on February 4, 1824, and who married at Earsdon in 1850 a daughter of Robert and Mary Spence. When Birket Foster was five years of age, his father removed to London, and it was in the metropolis or the vicinity that the youth developed his talent for drawing. Originally apprenticed to a wood engraver, he soon relinquished that craft to become an illustrator of books. Here his success was immediate; and orders flowed in of a most lucrative character, even during his teens. Devoting himself afterwards to water-colour painting, he soon attained the great and distinguished position he still occupies in the world of art.

Sir Walter Scott in the North.

CURIOUS readers may learn from Sir Walter Scott's journal how the great poet and novelist comported himself amongst his fellow-men, how he was received by the people whose houses he visited, and what were the main incidents of those visits. Therein, too, we have interesting descriptions of the scenery through which he passed, and character delineations of the more prominent people with whom he came in contact.

Intensely interesting as Scott's journal is throughout, that part of it which deals with his visit to Northumberland and Durham has necessarily a special attraction for North-Country readers. Altogether "the soundest piece of British manhood that was put together in the eighteenth century of time," to borrow Carlyle's estimate of Scott, spent five days in the North. It was on Tuesday the 2nd of October, 1827, that he arrived at Ravensworth Castle, which is situated near to Gateshead. He had been invited by Lord Ravensworth to meet the Duke of Wellington, who was at that time the hero of the hour. When the author of "Waverley" reached the castle, it was late in the evening. The family had just retired, but Lord Ravensworth and Mr. Liddle, to quote from Sir Walter's journal, "came down and really received him as kind as possible."

Next morning Lord Ravensworth and his guest set out for Durham, in order to take part in the interesting ceremony connected with the Duke of Wellington's visit to that city.

We will let Scott tell what took place at Durham in his own inimitable and graphic style.

Oct. 3, 1827.—Rose about eight or later. My morals begin to be corrupted by travelling and fine company. Went to Durham with Lord Ravensworth betwixt one and two. Found the gentlemen of Durham town and county assembled to receive the Duke of Wellington. I saw several old friends, and with difficulty suited names to faces, and faces to names. There was Headlam, Dr. Gilly and his wife, and a world of acquaintance besides—Sir Thomas Lawrence, too, with Lord Londonderry. I asked him to come on with me, but he could not. He is, from habit of coaxing his subjects I suppose, a little too fair-spoken, otherwise very pleasant. The Duke arrived very late. There were bells and cannon and drums, trumpets and banners, besides a fine troop of yeomanry. The address was well expressed, and as well answered by the duke. The enthusiasm of the ladies and gentry was great—the common people were lukewarm. The duke has lost popularity in accepting political power. He will be more useful to his country it may be than ever, but will scarce be so gracious in the people's eyes; and he will not care a curse for what outward show he has lost. But I must not talk of curses, for we are going to take our dinner with the Bishop of Durham (Van Mildert), a man of amiable and courteous manners, who becomes his station well, but has traces of bad health on his countenance.

We dined, about one hundred and forty or fifty men, a distinguished company of rank and property. Marshal Beresford, and Sir John, amongst others, Marquis of Lothian, Lord Duncombe, Marquis Londonderry, and I know not who besides :—

> Lords and dukes and noble princes,
> All the pride and flower of Spain.

We dined in the rude old baronial hall, impressive from its antiquity, and fortunately free from the plaster of former improvement, as I trust it will, from the gingerbread taste of modern Gothicisers. The bright moon streaming in through the old Gothic windows made a light which contrasted strangely with the artificial lights within; spears, banners and armour were intermixed with the pictures of old, and the whole had a singular mixture of baronial pomp with the graver and more chastened dignity of prelacy. The conduct of our reverend entertainer suited the character remarkably well. Amid the welcome of a Count Palatine he did not for an instant forget the gravity of the church dignitary. All his toasts were gracefully given, and his little speeches well made, and the more affecting that the failing voice sometimes reminded us that our aged host laboured under the infirmities of advanced life. To me personally the bishop was very civil, and paid me his public compliments by proposing my health in the most gratifying manner.

The Bishop's lady received a sort of drawing room after we rose from table, at which a great many ladies attended. I ought not to forget that the singers of the choir attended at dinner, and sang the anthem, *Non nobis Domine*, as they said who understood them, very well; and, as I think, who did not understand the music, with an unusual degree of spirit and interest. It is odd how this can be distinguished from the notes of fellows who use their throats with as little feeling of the notes they utter as if they were composed of the same metal as their bugle-horns.

After the drawing room we went to the assembly rooms, which were crowded with company. I saw some very pretty girls dancing merrily that old-fashioned thing called a country dance, which Old England has now thrown aside, as she would do her creed if there were some foreign frippery offered instead. We got away after midnight, a large party, and reached Ravensworth Castle about half-one. Soda water and to bed by two.

The next day (Thursday, October 4) found Scott, in company with the Duke of Wellington and Lord Ravensworth, at Sunderland, where his grace received addresses and was entertained in much the same manner as on the previous day at Durham. It was estimated that from fifteen to twenty thousand persons turned out on this occasion to cheer the Duke as he passed along the streets, followed by a lengthy procession. At the dinner held at night

in the newsroom of the Exchange, the Marquis of Londonderry occupied the chair, Earl Bathurst, the Marquis of Douro, Lord Beresford, &c., being seated on his right, while the Duke of Wellington, Lord Ravensworth, Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Wellesley, and the Hon. H. T. Liddell were placed on his left. Among the toasts submitted to the assembly was the health of Sir Walter Scott, proposed by the chairman, who paid a warm tribute to the novelist's genius. Sir Walter, on rising to reply, was received with such deafening cheers as to render the remarks he made inaudible to the reporters. The following is Scott's account of the day's proceedings :—

October 4.—Slept till nigh 10, fatigued by our toils of yesterday, and the unwonted late hours. Still too early for this Castle of Indolence, for I found few of the last night's party yet appearing. I had an opportunity of some talk with the Duke. Our party went to-day to Sunderland, where the Duke was brilliantly received by an immense population, chiefly of seamen. The difficulty of getting in the rooms was dreadful, for we chanced to march in the rear of an immense Gibraltar gun, etc., all composed of glass, which is here manufactured in great quantities. The disturbance created by this thing, which, by the way, I never saw atterwards, occasioned an ebbing and flowing of the crowd, which nearly took me off my legs. I have seen the day when I would have minded it little. The entertainment was handsome; about two hundred dined, and appeared most hearty in the cause which had convened them—some, indeed, so much so, that finding themselves so far on the way to perfect happiness, they e'en . . . After the dinner party broke up, there was a ball, numerously attended, where there was a prodigious anxiety discovered for shaking hands. The Duke had enough of it, and I came in for my share; for, though as jackal to the lion, I got some part in whatever was going. We got home about half-past 2 in the morning, sufficiently tired. The Duke went to Seaham, a house of Lord Londonderry's. After all, this Sunderland trip might have been spared.

The account of how Sir Walter spent his third day in the North, as narrated in his diary, introduces us to an important trait in his character—love of domestic enjoyment and comfort. In addition to the racy account of the manner in which he utilised the evening at Ravensworth Castle, there is also in this entry a sample of his descriptive powers. The castle and woods surrounding it attracted the eye of the novelist, the castle being at the time but half built, "elections having come between." This phrase is interpreted in a footnote by the editor of the journal as follows:—"The present generation are apt to forget the enormous sums spent in Parliamentary elections, *e.g.*, Mme. de Lieven tells Earl Grey (Cor. ii. p. 215) that Lord Ravensworth's neighbour, the Duke of Northumberland, will subscribe £100,000 towards the election of 1831."

Oct. 5.—A quiet day at Ravensworth Castle, giggling and making giggle among the kind and frank-hearted young people. Ravensworth Castle is chiefly modern, excepting always two towers of great antiquity. Lord Ravensworth manages his woods admirably well, and with good taste. His castle is but half built. Elections have come between. In the evening, plenty of fine music, with heart as well as voice and instrument. Much of the music was the spontaneous effusions of Mrs. Arkwright, who had set "Hohenlinden" and other pieces of poetry. Her music was of a highly gifted character. She was the daughter of Stephen Kemble. The genius she must have inherited from her mother, who was a capital actress. The Miss Liddells and Mrs. Barrington sang "The Campbells are coming" in a tone that might have waked the dead.

The next day Sir Walter Scott visited Alnwick Castle. Here, too, he was heartily received by his host—Hugh, the third Duke of Northumberland. As in the case of Ravensworth Castle, the "fine old pile" at Alnwick came under his observant eye. The Bishop of Gloucester mentioned in the following entry was Dr. Bethell, who had at one time been tutor to the duke :—

October 6.—Left Ravensworth this morning, and travelled as far as Wittingham with Marquis of Lothian. Arrived at Alnwick to dinner, where I was very kindly received. The duke is a handsome man, who will be corpulent if he does not continue to take hard exercise. The duchess very pretty and lively, but her liveliness is of that kind which shows at once it is connected with thorough principle, and it is not likely to be influenced by fashionable caprice. The habits of the family are early and regular; I conceive they may be termed formal and old-fashioned by such visitors as claim to be the pink of the mode. The castle is a fine old pile, with various courts and towers, and the entrance is magnificent. It wants, however, the splendid feature of a keep. The inside fitting up is an attempt at Gothic, but the taste is meagre and poor, and done over with too much gilding. It was done half a century ago, when this kind of taste was ill-understood. I found here the Bishop of [Gloucester], etc., etc.

Sir Walter's second day's stay at Alnwick Castle was evidently well utilized. Beginning the day by attending church and listening to a sermon by the Bishop of Gloucester, the Duke takes Scott through Hulne Park. Scott tells us how it was laid out, how it should have been laid out, and how the Duke would have benefited had he caused certain other trees to be planted instead of those which met his eye. The visitor's verdict on Hulne Park is not by any means flattering to its planter, who was no other than the celebrated Lancelot Brown, better known as "Capability Brown"—a native of Northumberland and the most eminent landscape gardener of his day. Brown is described by Lord Orford as the "restorer of the science of architecture," the father of modern gardening, and the "inventor of an art that realises painting and improves nature." There were, however, others besides Sir Walter Scott who did not appreciate the method of landscape gardening of which "the capability villain" was the father. Among such may be mentioned the poet Cowper, who, in the third book of the "Task," satirises the eminent gardener and his supposed improvements. By way of a memento of his visit to Alnwick Castle, the duchess presents Scott with a book of her own drawings—a quarto volume containing thirty-nine etchings (privately printed in 1823), which is still preserved at Abbotsford. The Archdeacon mentioned in the following entry was Archdeacon Singleton :—

October 7.—This morning went to church and heard an excellent sermon from the Bishop of Gloucester; he has great diginity of manner, and his accent and delivery were forcible. Drove out with the duke in a phaeton, and saw part of the park, which is a fine one, lying a long the Alne. But it has been ill-planted. It was laid out by the celebrated Brown, who substituted clumps of birch and

Scottish firs for the beautiful oaks and copse, which grow nowhere so freely as in Northumberland. To complete this, the late duke did not thin, so the wood is in poor state. All that the duke cut down is so much waste, for people will not buy it where coals are so cheap. Had they been oak-wood, the bark would have fetched its value; had they been grown oaks, the sea-port would have found a market. Had they been [larch], the country demands for ruder purposes would have been unanswerable. The duke does the best he can to retrieve his woods, but seems to despond more than a young man ought to do. It is refreshing to see a man in his situation give so much of his time and thoughts to the improvement of his estates, and the welfare of the people. The duke tells me his people in Keeldar were all quite wild the first time his father went up to shoot there. The women had no other dress than a bed-gown and petticoat. The men were savage and could hardly be brought to rise from the heath, either from sullenness or fear. They sung a wild tune, the burden of which was Ourina, Ourina, Ourina. The females sing, the men danced round, and at a certain part of the tune they drew their dirks, which they always wore. We came by the remains of the old Carmelite Monastery of Hulne, which is a very fine object in the park. It was finished by De Vesci. The gateway of Alnwick Abbey, also a fine specimen, is standing about a mile distant. The trees are much finer on left side of the Alne, where they have been let alone by the capability-villain. Visited the enceinte of the Castle, and passed into the dungeon. There is also an armoury, but the arms are in indifferent order. One odd pedart-looking thing struck me.—Then to consult Grose. I had had the honour to sit in Hotspur's seat, and to see the Bloody Gap, where the external wall must have been breached. The duchess g·ve me a book of etchings of the antiquities of Alnwick and Warkworth from her own drawings. I had half a mind to stay and see Warkworth, but Anne is alone. We had prayers in the evening read by the archdeacon.

The last date, October 8, brings us to the close of Scott's sojourn in the North. Doubtless the intimation in his journal of a former visit to Percy's Leap refers to his ballad-hunting days—a happy and joyous period in the novelist's life which Lockhart's has interestingly described.

October 8.—Left Alnwick, where I have experienced a very kind reception, and took coach at Wittingham at eleven o'clock. I find there is a new road between Alnwick and Wooler, which will make the communication much easier, and avoid Rimside Moor. Saw some fine young plantations about Wittingham suffering from neglect, which is not the case under the duke's own eye. He has made two neat cottages at Percy Cross, to preserve the ancient monument of the fatal battle of Hedgeley Moor. The stones] marking the adjacent spot called Percy's Leap are thirty-three feet asunder. To show the uncertainty of human testimony, I measured the distance (many years since, it is true), and would have said, and almost sworn, that it was but eighteen feet. Dined at Wooler, and reached home about 7 o'clock, having left Alnwick at half past 9. So it would be easy to go there to dinner from Abbotsford, starting at 6 in the morning, or 7 would do very well.

AS most North-Country people know, Cleadon Village is situated about a mile and a half west-north-west from Whitburn, on the turnpike road leading from Sunderland to South Shields. The first object that meets the eye of the visitor as he enters the village by the road from Cleadon Lane—a station on the North-Eastern Railway between Newcastle and Sunderland—is a quaint, picturesque residence on the right, partly secluded by trees, which has already figured in the *Monthly Chronicle*. This residence, known as Cleadon House, was at one time occupied by Mr. Dagnia, an Italian gentleman, who built it and laid out the gardens and grounds. In 1813, the house and estate came into the possession of Mr. Bryan Abbs. After the death of this gentleman, his eldest son, the Rev. George Cooper Abbs

(or Abbes, as he preferred it) inhabited the dwelling. It is now the residence of Mr. H. C. Abbs.

Leaving Cleadon House, we commence our walk through the village. As will be seen from our artist's sketches, Cleadon does not materially differ from the ordinary country village. There are the usual low cottages with red-tiled roofs, then larger dwellings, many of which are made picturesque and bright by trim gardens. The sketch on page 392 is taken from the guide post placed in the middle of the village street indicating the roads to South Shields and Sunderland. The imposing structure on the left is part of a farmer's residence known as Cleadon Towers. Although its architecture is suggestive of mediæval times, it was only erected in the March of 1890. The small sketch at the head of the present article represents the Britannia Inn. This hostelry differs from most country inns in that its front and east walls are, in the blossoming time, covered with one mass of bloom. Indeed, were it not for the signboard underneath the eaves, the passer-by would not be able to distinguish it from an ordinary residence. Besides the Britannia Inn, Cleadon possesses two more hostelries, named respectively the Ship Inn and the Cottage Tavern. The sketch on this page takes us to the lower end of Cleadon, where there are still to be seen two characteristics peculiar to old English villages. There is still a strip of village green left, and the duck pond, as will be seen from our drawing, is still intact. The building to the right of the pond is the village school, which bears on its gable the inscription "Cleadon School, 1830." Beyond the pond can be seen the steeple of the parish church.

History does not tell much of Cleadon, or Clivedon, as it was anciently called. The name most remembered by Cleadon's old standards is that of the Rev. George Cooper Abbs, who was born in 1798, and died on March 28, 1878. An interesting account of Mr. Abbs and his connection with Cleadon appears in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888. But, in addition to the biographical sketch given therein, we elicited, on the occasion of our visit to the village, some interesting information respecting this learned and benevolent man. Besides being absorbed in other studies—so much so that it is recorded of him that he often forgot the day of the week—Mr. Abbs was a great lover of all living things. His interest in such an uninviting member of the natural history world as the common toad took an extraordinary form. Whenever any mason work had to be done about the estate, the rev. gentleman always took care to tell the masons to save the toads—to bring them, in fact, to the front of the house. Indeed, we were told by an old villager that, so great was Mr. Abbs's solicitude for the preservation of toads, that he often carried them home in his pocket!

There are many interesting anecdotes to tell about this kind and good man. Here is one which, so far as we are aware, has not as yet been published:—On one occasion, Mr. Abbs was instructing his mason in regard to certain improvements which he desired to effect on his estate. While talking together, Mr. Abbs and the mason observed a man, apparently a tramp, take off his boots and stockings at some distance from where they were standing, bury them in the ground, and then walk towards them. Now, the rev. gentleman was known to be very generous towards tramps, and the mason and he conjectured, from what they had witnessed, that this beggar intended, if possible, to practise imposition. They surmised rightly, for as soon as the mendicant knew it was Mr. Abbs whom he had accosted, he at once requested to be supplied with a pair of boots and stockings. "Yes," replied Mr. Abbs, "come with me, and I'll see what I can do for you." He then led the way to the place where the tramp had concealed his belongings, and compelled him to take them

out of the hole in which he had hidden them. Mr. Abbs then upbraided the beggar for endeavouring to impose upon him, and laughed heartily at the fellow's discomfiture.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

William Anthony Hails,

A POLEMICAL SCHOOLMASTER.

THE self-taught genius who bore the name of William Anthony Hails, and was known to our forefathers at the beginning of the century as one of the keenest controversialists in the North of England, was born in Newcastle on the 24th of May, 1766. His father was a working shipwright a man of good sense and simple manners; his mother was a woman of great natural ability, though of delicate constitution; his godfather was a clergyman—the Rev. Emanuel Potter, lecturer at St. Thomas's Chapel, Bridge End, and afterwards Vicar of Tynemouth. A crippled arm and an obstinate internal disorder kept him at home at the time when other boys were receiving their preliminary education, and it was not until he reached his eleventh year that he was able to attend school. Meanwhile, his mother taught him his letters, and his father gave him some instruction in writing and arithmetic, so that when the time arrived for him to begin school life he could read, write, and sum, though imperfectly. He was making satisfactory progress in repairing these defects of his childhood when his mother died (June, 1778), and he was taken to Howdon Dock, where his father was employed in the construction of the Syren frigate of twenty-four guns. A brief term of schooling at Wallsend ended his educational course, and in his sixteenth year he was bound apprentice to the Dock Company to learn his father's trade of a shipwright.

Three years, or the best part of it, at school had given young Hails a desire for knowledge, which he determined to gratify by self-culture. He had obtained there some smattering of geometry, algebra, trigonometry, &c., and now he went deeper into those subjects, adding the study of hydrography and nautical astronomy, with the object of following in manhood the life of a seaman. These recreations led him into natural history, and the pursuit of that branch of knowledge induced him to attempt drawings of the subjects illustrated in ornithology, entomology, and botany. Handling the adze and the auger was not favourable to delicacy of touch; absence of verbal instruction was not conducive to accuracy of detail and colouring; yet, considering the source from which they came, his drawings of plants, flowers, and birds, and especially of lepidopterous insects, were remarkable for boldness and fidelity. His father, who had been a schoolfellow and companion of Charles Hutton, the mathematician, encouraged him in his studies, and gave him such pecuniary aids to improvements as could be spared from the scanty family income. Before he had attained his nineteenth year he was considered a sort of local prodigy.

About this time young Hails came under the influence of the Methodist revival. Under the guidance of the Wesleyan preachers he commenced a serious study of the Scriptures, and while so engaged it happened that a converted Jew was announced to preach in Newcastle. Young Hails walked up from Wallsend to the Groat

Market Presbyterian Chapel to hear him. The preacher quoted Hebrew, and gave to a passage in the Psalms a translation differing from the authorised version. Thereupon the Wallsend apprentice became fired with a passion to learn Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. He managed to acquire a knowledge of these three languages—knowledge which improved in after years, enabled him to exchange the drudgery of his occupation for lighter toil, and to become a man of mark in Newcastle.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship, Mr. Hails removed from Howdon to South Shields, married, and settled down to work in the shipyards. Marriage did not interfere with his studies; on the contrary, the responsibilities which it entailed nerved him to higher endeavour. Having formed a resolution of obtaining a clerkship in some commercial house, he cultivated a clear and legible handwriting, and made himself acquainted with approved systems of bookkeeping. But, although his undoubted

genius brought him friends and admirers, it did not enable him to realise his wishes. It was not until the summer of 1798 that he saw his way to utilise the knowledge he had acquired as a means of earning his daily bread. The post of writing-master in a Newcastle boarding school became vacant; through the influence of the French teacher in the establishment—one of the numerous exiles who found shelter in this country from the fury of the Revolution—he obtained it, and, returning to his native town, began life anew as a schoolmaster. In due time the opportunity of opening a school of his own came to him. A schoolroom, which had been erected by his father's friend, Dr. Charles Hutton, wanted a tenant. Mr. Hails took it, his friends gave him a fair start, and thenceforward, for many years, Hails's School, No. 11, Westgate Street, held its place among the educational establishments of Newcastle.

Being thus comfortably launched upon an entirely new career, he turned his thoughts to authorship. He began to contribute to periodical literature, and in 1806 printed a volume of poetry with the title of

Nugæ Poeticæ. Consisting of a Serio-Comic Poem on the Pursuits of Mankind: With several small Original Pieces on Various Subjects. By W. A. Hails, Writing-Master, and Teacher of various Branches of the Mathematics. "Ex urbe Nazaretha potest aliquid boni esse? Dicit ei Philippus, veni et vide—*John.*" Gateshead: Printed and Sold by J. Marshall: Sold also by the Booksellers in Newcastle and its Vicinity; and by Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, London. Price Three Shillings. (88 pages 8vo.)

Later in the same year he issued "An Inquiry Concerning the Invention of the Life Boat," in which, as an eyewitness of the famous experiments at South Shields with the competing models of Greathead and Wouldhave, he enthusiastically advocated the claims of Wouldhave. (See *Monthly Chronicle* i., 306.) The following year he published a rhapsodical pamphlet of 24 pages entitled "A Voice from the Ocean: The ruins of Tyre to the Inhabitants of Great Britain," and in 1809 a tract with a title in Hebrew, forming No. 6 of the series issued by the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. His knowledge of Hebrew and cognate Oriental languages brought him under the notice of the Rev. Abraham John Valpy, editor of the "Delphin Latin Classics," and conductor of "Valpy's Classical Journal." Through the influence of this accomplished scholar he was induced to contribute to the "Journal" a number of letters on Biblical criticism. The learning which Mr. Hails displayed in these contributions, the tenacity with which he maintained his views, and the dogmatic style in which he expressed himself, excited surprise in the world of letters. It seemed incredible that so much erudition and self-confidence could emanate from a man who had missed even the ordinary schooling of an artizan, who had worked the greater part of his life as a journeyman shipwright, had received little or no private tuition, and had never been more than a few miles away from his native river.

Having flushed his pen in religious controversy, Mr. Hails entered the field against all sorts of combatants. If anybody ventured to question the accuracy of the accepted translation of the Scriptures, suggested preferable readings of obscure passages therein, or expounded heterodox views of Evangelical doctrine, he was ready with volleys of Hebrew and Greek to defend the authorised version and maintain the rigid accuracy of his own orthodoxy. In 1813 he commenced an attack upon the Unitarians, to which body, under the ministry of the Rev. William Turner, most of the leaders of thought and action in Newcastle belonged. He opened fire with a pamphlet of 84 pages, bearing the title of

The Pre-existence and Deity of the Messiah Defended on the Indubitable Evidence of the Prophets and Apostles, in answer to a Socinian Pamphlet entitled "A Short Statement of the Scripture Doctrine of the Unity of God, &c." Newcastle: J. Marshall, Old Flesh Market.

The "Socinian Pamphlet" had been written by a Unitarian minister named Campbell, who, venturing to defend his position against Mr. Hails's strictures, was answered in a still larger tractate, extending to 130 pages, entitled

Socinianism Unscriptural: Being an Examination of Mr. Campbell's attempt to explode the Scripture Doctrine of Human Depravity, the Atonement, &c. By W. A. Hails. Newcastle: J. Marshall. 1813.

Into a notable local dispute in 1817 between two Antinomian preachers (the Rev. Mr. Briggs and the Rev. Mr. Jamieson), a sarcastic writer, using the *nom de plume* of "Timothy Search-Truth," obtruded himself. As this gentleman enunciated advanced, not to say heterodox, views upon the burning question of everlasting punishment, Mr. Hails set to work to reply to him. Thirty-six pages of trenchant criticism were levelled at Timothy, with a title page headed—

The Scorner Reproved, or an Examination of Timothy Search-Truth's Strictures on the Controversy between Mess. Briggs and Jamieson. By W. A. Hails. Newcastle: J. Marshall. 1817.

The following year Mr. Hails returned to his attack upon Unitarianism in the form of

A Letter to the Rev. Wm. Turner, Occasioned by the Publication of Two Discourses Preached at the 6th Annual Meeting of the Association of Scottish Unitarian Christians at Glasgow. Newcastle: J. Marshall. 1818.

Mr. Turner was busy at this time with his seventeenth yearly series of lectures at the Literary and Philosophical Society, and as he took no notice of the "Letter," Mr. Hails fired a parting arrow from his ever-strung bow, quitting the field with

The Claim of Christianity to the Respect of Mankind, or Unitarian Principles Investigated. Together with Remarks on Mr. Tyrrwhitt's two Tracts, republished by the Unitarian Tract Society of Newcastle, in a Second Letter to the Rev. Wm. Turner. Newcastle: J. Marshall, &c. 1819.

In 1820 Mr. Hails wrote several letters to the *Congregational Magazine* in defence of Dr. Kennicott's translations of certain passages in the Old Testament, and later on he contributed similar articles to the *Jewish Expositor* and

other periodicals. His last and greatest effort was a volume of 400 pages in reply to Volney's "Ruins of Empires." Of this elaborate work Bishop Barrington is said to have written in terms of commendation, describing the author as "the best Hebrew scholar in the North of England," while a reviewer in the *Newcastle Magazine* remarked that it might with propriety have been entitled "The Ruin of Volney's Ruins," for a more complete refutation of the French philosopher had never been offered to the public.

Although tending towards Calvinism in his religious views, Mr. Hails associated himself throughout his life with the Methodist denomination. He was for many years a class-leader and local preacher in that body, and secretary of the "Newcastle Benevolent Society for Visiting and Relieving the Sick and Distressed Poor"—an institution which, although undenominational in its character, was chiefly supported by Methodist people. Those who knew him describe him as "somewhat angular in his mental formation" and of a retiring and distant disposition, with a "stiff air of independence in his manners which disqualified him for courting public favour, and permitted less able but more obsequious persons to overtop him in his profession." He died on the 30th August, 1845, at the age of 79 years.

George Hall, D.D.,

BISHOP OF DROMORE.

While the brothers Christopher and Robert Hall were running their ministerial course in the Baptist denomination, two brothers, bearing the same patronymic, but baptized by the Christian names of William and George, were making their way as clergymen of the church of England. They were the sons of the Rev. Mark Hall, perpetual curate of Earsdon, their mother being a sister of Dr. John Brown, vicar of Newcastle. One of their sisters lived in after years with the vicar, and kept his house; another married Mr. Smith of Whitchester, near Haltwhistle, whose daughter became the wife of Taylor Gibson, of Newcastle, druggist.

William Hall, born in 1740, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A., and in due time became a Fellow. At the age of twenty-three he obtained an appointment as sub-master of Morpeth Grammar School, under Humphrey Holden, M.A. The following year a vacancy occurred in the Royal Free Grammar School of Newcastle, an institution that was then at the height of its efficiency and popularity, governed by the great headmaster, Hugh Moises, and attended by a promising pupil, John Scott, the future Lord Chancellor. One of the under-ushers had resigned his office, and Mr. Hall, seeking for the berth as an advance upon his position at Morpeth, was appointed. Two years later, on the 15th December, 1766, a few months after John Scott had left for Oxford, he succeeded to the higher post of usher, and that position he occupied for fifteen years. During part of that time, he obtained local preferment. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the headmastership of Morpeth School in April, 1772, but in December following he was appointed sole afternoon lecturer at the Chapel of St. Thomas, Bridge End, Newcastle, and, soon afterwards, preacher at St. Ann's. In 1781 he was elected headmaster of Haydon Bridge Grammar School, where he died, June 4, 1803. He is described as a man of great acuteness and learning, the friend and companion of his uncle, Vicar Brown, who bequeathed to him his books and manuscripts (see *Monthly Chronicle*, iii., 124), and author or editor of a pamphlet "On the Neglect of Public Worship, in a Letter to a Young Gentleman." Newcastle: 1776.

George Hall, brother of William, was educated by the Rev. Hugh Moises, at the old school in the Spital, but instead of proceeding to Cambridge, as his brother had done, he went over to Ireland and became an assistant in Dr. Darby's school at Loughgall. After a time he entered himself as a student in Trinity College, Dublin, and having established, whilst an under graduate, considerable reputation as a scientific and classical scholar, he was unanimously elected a fellow. In 1800 he accepted a benefice in Tyrone, whence, six years later, he was called to assume the high office of Provost of Trinity, with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Before Mr. Hall went to Tyrone the rector of the parish in which his brother William had obtained his first situation as usher, the Rev. Frederick Ekins, of Morpeth, received an offer of the bishopric of Dromore. He declined it, but was allowed to make a bargain by which Dr. Percy, the learned editor of the "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," became bishop of Dromore, and Mr. Ekins became Dean of Carlisle. Dr. Percy occupied the episcopal chair for nearly twenty years, and at his decease, in September, 1811, the see was conferred upon Dr. Hall. He was consecrated on the 17th November in that year, and, taking cold during the ceremony, died on the morning of the following Saturday, "leaving to the world an affecting proof of the frailty of that tenure by which earthly happiness and earthly honours are held."

Thomas Young Hall,

MINING ENGINEER.

A well known figure in Newcastle thirty years ago was Thomas Young Hall, mining engineer, inventor, colliery proprietor, and author of innumerable papers and reports upon various branches of mining industry. He was a son of James Hall, engineer at Wallsend Colliery under the Buddles, and, in later life, mining agent for owners of various royalties to the west of Newcastle. Born at Greenside, near Ryton, on the 25th of October, 1802, his childhood was one of hardship, if not of privation. After a few months' instruction by an old woman who kept the

village school, he was sent down the pit to earn his living. Working in the pits he continued till he approached the age of manhood. Then the great John Buddle began to take an interest in him; his father, too, evinced a disposition to entrust him with more responsible duties; between them they trained him to the work of a practical viewer. When he was 22 years of age he had a choice of situations—an underviewership in the Marquis of Bute's Welsh collieries, or the same position at North Hetton. He chose the latter, and at North Hetton T. Y. Hall commenced the serious business of life.

After four years' active experience in colliery management at Hetton, Mr. Hall transferred his services to Mr.

Jonathan Backhouse, owner of Black Boy and other collieries adjoining. Mr. Backhouse, finding out his abilities, summoned him to new and more important duties. Railway enterprise had opened out fresh possibilities to the coal trade, and Mr. Hall was instructed to report upon sites for new collieries, and accessible places for shipment of their produce. He reported favourably upon Coxhoe, Shadforth, Sherburn, and other partly developed districts, as suitable for colliery extension, and Jarrow Slake, Hartlepool, and Redcar as convenient shipping places. Shortly afterwards, his proposals relative to Hartlepool assumed definite shape. A scheme was drawn up, an Act of Parliament obtained, and Mr. Hall became one of the first directors of a company which brought to the old port of Hartlepool many years' prosperity.

In the latter part of 1832, Mr. Hall, in addition to his duties at Mr. Backhouse's pits, assumed the position of mining engineer to the South Hetton Coal Company, and it was here that he introduced a series of marvellous improvements. Before his time mining produce in the North of England was brought to the surface in wicker baskets called corves. They were high, and could not be filled without difficulty; they were fragile, and could not be emptied without danger. During their transference to the top of the shaft they were constantly broken and rendered incapable of holding the required quantity. Hence arose innumerable disputes, frequently ending in strikes, and loss to all parties. The manner in which the pitmen were lowered and raised in the shaft also was exceedingly dangerous. The general practice was for a couple of men to sit each with a leg in the loop of the chain, and frequently five or six boys clinging to the rope, one above another, their lives depending upon their capability of holding on while the rope traversed a distance of 1,500 or 1,600 feet, and their agility in successfully springing off when the rope came to bank. Altogether the method of bringing up both coal and men was insecure and unsatisfactory in the highest degree.

Mr. Hall saw all these defects, and set about devising remedies. Abolishing the use of corves, he supplied the hewers with oblong tubs, mounted upon wheels, and of shallow depth, to admit of rapid filling. At the bottom of the shaft he emptied the contents of four of them—about a ton and a quarter—into a large iron tub, which was drawn to the surface. The big tub was found to be inconvenient, but Mr. Hall's ingenuity overcame the difficulty. He abolished it as he had abolished the corves, and brought the small tubs direct to the surface in a framework of iron, which he called a cage. This was an immense improvement: still something was wanting. The cage in its upward journey occasionally stuck fast; its ironwork, colliding with the sides of the shaft, bent, twisted, or broke. One Mr. Curr, of Sheffield, had invented a sort of guide-rod to facilitate ascent and descent in coal pits. Mr. Hall heard of it, adopted the principle, and after that his cages slid up and down with ease and safety. Within a few years every pit of importance contained its guides, its cages, its bogie-wheeled tubs. The immense saving to the coal trade which resulted from these improvements has never been fully estimated. Mr. Hall himself, in papers contributed to the North of England Institute of Mining Engineers, put it down at not less than 1s. 6d. upon every ton of coal raised in the Great Northern coalfield.

Mr. Hall left Hetton in 1836, and, entering into partnership with Mr. Buddle and Mr. A. L. Potter, of Newcastle, re-commenced working collieries near Ryton which had remained dormant for nearly a century. Later the partners acquired the adjoining collieries of Townley Main and Whitefield, and afterwards, by leasing royalties in township of Crawcrook, Messrs. Hall, Buddle, and Potter—known in the trade as the Stella Coal Company—became possessed of the privilege of working the whole of the coal in the parish of Ryton.

In the year 1839, certain mines near Richmond, in the State of Virginia, fired, and between 60 and 70 persons lost their lives. Various ineffectual attempts were made to restore the ventilation, and the managing owner, Colonel Heth, was sent over to England to negotiate a sale of the property. Mr. Robert Stephenson, whom he consulted, recommended him to obtain a valuation of the mines, and nominated Mr. T. Y. Hall and Mr. Frank Forster as suitable for the work. Messrs. Hall and Forster accordingly went over to America. They ascertained that the mines contained most valuable beds of coal, but that the workings were filled with gas, and the task of clearing them was one of the greatest difficulty and danger. Several engineers had abandoned the work in despair. Mr. Hall had seen a great deal of practice in clearing foul workings, and, in company of a miner whom he had taken out with him, he descended the shaft and commenced operations. In a month he had restored the ventilation and brought the mines into a satisfactory condition. On his return to England, his report was so favourable that the entire concern was purchased by an English company for £50,000. His services were rewarded by shares of the value of £10,000, and he was appointed resident superintendent and manager for five years at a salary of £2,000 a-year.

After his American experience, Mr. Hall settled down in Newcastle as a coalowner and consulting engineer. To provide occupation for a particularly active mind, he carried on a bleaching mill at Ovingham, which had been for a long time in the hands of Mr. Newton, whose daughter his father married; patented inventions, dabbled in farming, and indulged in authorship.

In politics Mr. Hall was a Liberal of the Earl Grey type; in religion, he was a Churchman. But neither his political nor his religious convictions were very strong, and he never obtruded them in conversation, or took part in discussions respecting them. For what is termed public life he had no taste, and could never be induced to become a candidate for election to municipal or other local office. He had a similar aversion to matrimony, and died unmarried on the 3rd February, 1870.

Mr. Alderman Barkas.

ONE of Newcastle's best known and most respected citizens—Thomas Pallister Barkas—passed away on the 13th of July, 1891. Mr. Barkas was a native of Newcastle, to which, in all its highest interests, he was deeply attached, and in the streets of which he was to almost every inhabitant a familiar and pleasing figure. His birthplace was a room above Sherwood's Court (recently rebuilt and now occupied by Messrs. Bainbridge and Co.), in the Bigg Market. There it was that, on the 5th of March, 1819, he first saw the light, so that at the time of his death he was in the 73rd year of his age.

From boyhood he devoted much of his time to reading and study, the first book of any real value which came into his hands being a volume of the *Penny Magazine*, which he purchased for 3s. 6d. at Charnley's celebrated book-shop, near his early home in the Bigg Market. This, however, was but the precursor to a more varied and extensive course of mental culture; and by-and-bye he had equipped himself with a store of scientific and general information, to which he ever kept adding with advancing years. When educational facilities were very far from being such as they now are, he determined to bring his self-acquired treasures within the reach of his fellows. With this aim, on Saturday evenings, from the 16th of May to the 27th of July, 1840, he delivered to large audiences in the Lecture Room, Nelson Street, a series of lectures on Electricity, Magnetism, and Galvanism. In the same place, on the 3rd of July, 1841, Mr. Isaac Pitman, of Bath, lectured on Phonography, following up that step by a second lecture on the 5th, in the Mechanics' Institute; and one of the first and most ardent students of the new system of shorthand was Mr. Barkas, who, having acquired a practical acquaintance with the art, established a number of classes for its dissemination in Newcastle and other parts of the North of England.

MR. ALDERMAN BARKAS.

Mr. Barkas was at first connected with the building trade; but in 1843 he purchased from Mr. Robert Fletcher a bookselling business in Grainger Street. He was thus brought into more immediate contact with the subjects and associations which lay nearer his heart; and he continued to prosecute, with undiminished vigour and earnestness, his scientific and literary pursuits. In this way, he became conversant with physiology, biology, astronomy, and geology, the last of these sciences being brought practically to bear upon the coal measures of the district; and, in the course of years, he had amassed a large collection of fossil remains, many of which he presented to local and national museums. It was his distinction in this department of study and research that secured his election, on the 9th of June, 1860, as a Fellow of the Geological Society. Mr. Barkas also worked diligently for several years with the microscope, the chief object of his study being *Diatomaceæ*, a large

variety of which he gathered, mounted, and classified. Another subject with which he conspicuously identified himself was that of Spiritualism, on which, between the years 1860 and 1873, he delivered many lectures, answering all relevant questions at the close. On the same theme he published one or two pamphlets; but his principal literary work was a "Manual of Coal Measure Palæontology," issued in 1873, with an atlas containing numerous illustrations. To the columns of the *Daily*, *Weekly*, and *Monthly Chronicle*, as well as to other local journals, he was, moreover, a frequent contributor; and he took a prominent part in the proceedings of the Contributors' Gathering in connection with the *Weekly Chronicle* on the 18th of May, 1891.

Despite his many other avocations, Mr. Barkas ungrudgingly devoted a considerable amount of time to the public service. On the 6th of March, 1866, he was returned to the Town Council, as one of the members for South St. Andrew's Ward, in the room of his intimate friend, the late Mr. John Benson. At each triennial term, he was re-elected without opposition; and on the 31st of October, 1883, he was chosen as the first alderman of the city of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It was perhaps, however, in his capacity of lessee of the Central Exchange News Room that Mr. Barkas was, in later years, known to the largest number of people. In 1870, in partnership with the late Mr. Tweedy, he entered upon the occupation of that establishment. With the added attractions of an Art Gallery, the spacious hall in Grainger Street soon became one of the most popular places of resort in the town. On the 12th of January, 1881, Mr. Barkas was presented by a few members of the establishment with an elegant tea-service, not only as a compliment to his able and satisfactory management, but out of respect and admiration for his character and abilities as a man. About this time his work was rendered more onerous by the retirement of Mr. Tweedy; and, with advancing years, he himself felt that the cares and responsibilities of the position were too exacting. In the early part of 1890, he consequently resigned the more active duties of the office into the hands of his son, Mr. Charles E. Barkas. It was felt that the occasion was a fitting one on which to mark, in a yet more tangible manner, the high esteem in which the Alderman was personally held, as well as the appreciation of his long and spirited public services. A movement with this end in view was initiated by the then Mayor, Mr. T. Bell, and the worthiness and popularity of the object were attested by the generous response which it evoked. The outcome of the effort was the presentation to the esteemed and venerable gentleman, on the 10th of September, 1890, of a handsome illuminated address, and a cheque for £345.

So long ago as the 20th of March, 1837, Mr. Barkas had espoused the cause of total abstinence from intoxicating liquor; and he was probably the last survivor of the early band of temperance reformers in Newcastle. Personally, he was one of the most kind-hearted and genial of men; while his courteous and obliging disposition, coupled with an invariable placidity and evenness of temper, rendered him a great favourite with all classes of the community.

W. D.

The Weardale Linns.

THE lower reaches of the three North of England rivers—the Tees, the Tyne, and the Wear—display in shipping and other trades an amazing activity that is specially interesting to the merchant and the capitalist. Naturalists and holiday seekers, however, would prefer to turn their attention up river, and follow the great arteries of old Northumbria to their cradle amongst the moss and heather in the neighbourhood of Cross Fell, 2,799 feet above sea level. The Tees, the Tyne, and the Wear all rise in the immediate vicinity of this mountain, and gather into their embrace in the upland dales a number of tributary streams which, in their headlong course down hopes and cleughs, leap over many a shelving rock. These breaks, with their sheltering woods and solid crag, present beautiful and bewitching waterfalls that inspire alike the poet and the painter.

In the western confines of St. Cuthbert's land, in the parish of Stanhope-in-Weardale, famed as the rectory of Bishop Butler and as the birthplace of the inimitable "Analogy," a few worthy gems in Nature's great picture book are hidden 'midst the bleak and barren mountains of the historic bishopric. Weardale forest was the great hunting ground of the princes of the palatine. The revenue of the see, with its "cathedral huge and vast," which, as Sir Walter Scott sings, "looks down upon the Wear," was enriched by the lead and silver mines of the dale, and the yeomanry of the valley, under military tenure, guarded the sacred land with its forest game against Scottish marauders. The forest has now been cleared of its oak and its ash, and the red deer supplanted by hardy sheep and fattening cattle, which require no watch and ward to prevent them from being driven over the Borders by the mosstrooper. The dale of the Wear is dotted with peaceful homesteads, and the progress of farming and industrial operations bids us search the mountain streams for pictures unadorned by man. The rains, gathering on the upland moors, where the red grouse finds its home, form tiny rills and babbling burns that finally empty their waters into the Wear. These streams pass many a craggy nook and wooded bend as they tumble their moss-stained waters over rocky ledges and pretty linns.

Amongst the most interesting of Weardale pictures of rock, wood, and water, are the Eastgate Linns, near the lovely village that preserves the name of the east gate of the old deer park of Stanhope, the home of the early

Emersons. These linns are on a tributary of the Wear, the Rookhope Burn, the gathered waters of a vale associated with Border broils. The bishopric ballad of "Rookhope Ryde," in rehearsing a foraying excursion into Weardale during the rising in the North in 1569, says of the moss-troopers :—

Then in at Rookhope-head they came;
They ran the forest but a mile;
They gathered together in four hours
Six hundred sheep within a while.

But the pillagers were seen by the watch, and—

The cry it came down Rookhope Burn,
And spread through Weardale hastily,

when the Bailiff of Eastgate, George Emerson, and his trusty men, chased the intruders home again.

The wild beauty of Rookhope, with its bracken banks and wooded glens, attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott. Here the foxglove tall and waving fern bedeck the rocky brow.

Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,

as Scott sings in the second canto of "Harold the Dauntless." It was by a mountain spring in this vale that Metelill, the fair and beautiful daughter of Wulfstane of Rookhope,

Sate her down, unseen, to thread
The scarlet berry's mimic braid,

and sang of her lord of Witton's lofty tower, who loved to "roam beneath wild Rookhope's brow," when Harold laid a weighty hand, a glove of steel, upon the shoulders of the woodland maid, and followed her to her home, where the fair maid's mother, Jutta, was employed with the distaff, and "Wulfstane trimm'd his shafts and bow," for his archery was well known, "through wooded Weardale's glens," and "beside Stanhope's wildwood tree."

Beyond the wood-fringed stream, visible from Eastgate stone bridge, the burn presents some pretty scenery. Close by the old water corn mill is the Low Linn, seen in our illustration, while the pretty Dunter Linn, with its surroundings of hanging wood and beetling crag, is seen in the distance. On the eastern side of the burn, the tall firs, 'midst rugged boulders, shadowing the silver-crested waters and darksome pools, make a fitting throne for Silvanus, the god of woods. Here by Dunter Linn was found in 1869 a Roman altar inscribed "DEO SILVANO AVRELIVS QVIRINVS P.R.F." The stone had been erected to Silvanus by Aurelius Quirinus, Prefect of the First Cohort of the Gordian Legion, A.D. 238-244.

In the high forest of Weardale, near St. John's Chapel, the Linny sports its waters on Harthope Burn. The hope of the hart, suggestive of lodging ground for St. Cuthbert's game, recalls the great forest hunts of centuries ago, when the prince bishops of the palatine, even in

Pudsey's day, hied to the wild green woods of Weardale. There, at the echoing from hill to hill of the sounding horn—

"The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprang from his heathery couch in haste;
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared;
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths" of Harthope Carr.

Durham's great forest of Weardale was as rich in silver and lead as in venison. Here, at Black Dean, the Dick Whittington of the North—Roger Thornton, of Newcastle-on-Tyne—mined silver and lead when Henry the Fourth was King. The city on the coaly northern river sings—

At the Westgate came Thornton in,
With a hap, and a halfpenny, and a lamb's skin.

But Roger's Weardale lead mines, from 1401 onward, contributed much to his wealth, so that he became one of the most opulent merchants of his time. On the banks of Harthope Burn, too, a wealthy fellow-citizen of Thornton's—Robert Rhodes, a great founder of churches—endowed, in 1465, the chapel of St. John's, under the shadow of which sprung up the lead mining town of Upper Weardale—St. John's Chapel.

As the foot of the eastern slope of the Pennine range is neared at the head of the dale, we have Burtree Linn on Kilhope Burn. Immediately above the linn the river bed exposes one of the best sections of strata found in the rocky North of England. Here is Burtreeford Dyke, a

basaltic barrier of whin causing a difference in the strata on the sides of the dyke of four hundred and eighty feet. Here the water ripples over the upturned sandstones, shales, and limestones set on edge by some remote upheaval. Not far below, the burn tumbles its waters over the linn at Burtreeford, a small hamlet close by the

stream, where an old corn mill helps to make the scene of rock and wood and water one of the pictures of the dale.

W. M. EGGLESTONE.

The Battle of Otterburn.

II.

SINCE the departure of the Northern host from Newcastle, as related in our first paper, Hotspur had been kept acquainted with all their movements, and no sooner did he learn of their encampment at Otterburn than he completed his plans for their intended discomfiture. Having been joined by Sir Thomas Umphraville, Sir Thomas Grey, Sir Robert Ogle, Sir John Lilburn, the Baron of Hilton, and Sir Matthew Redmond, governor of Berwick, he found himself, on Wednesday morning, August 20, 1388, at the head of 600 knights, squires, and men-at-arms, together with 8,000 infantry. With this force he felt quite strong enough to beat the Scots; and, therefore, determined not to wait for the Bishop of Durham, who was marching towards the Tyne with all the spearmen and archers he could raise. After partaking of an early dinner, Hotspur got his following in readiness, and, being mostly mounted, made all haste towards the Border. In many respects the cavalcade resembled that of the Scots—the only difference being a little more taste in the armour of the knights, and a greater variety of weapons amongst the rank and file. They could certainly boast of one great advantage over their adversaries, inasmuch as the English force was possessed of many famous wielders of the long and cross bow. Properly handled, and in a sufficient light, these men could have played havoc amongst troops closely packed behind entrenchments; but when compelled to fight at close quarters, their leather jerkins and short swords afforded only slight protection against the spears and clubs of any fierce opponents. Hence the necessity of always supporting the archers with companies of glaive and billmen, whose curiously shaped knives, at the end of long poles, were not the least effective instruments in mediæval carnage. It is to the neglect of well-established principles—combined with a woful error of tactics—that England owes the reverse she was so speedily to sustain.

The sun was setting when Percy neared the higher reaches of the Otter, and, as it seemed desirable to surprise the enemy, he massed his tired followers somewhat cautiously behind the adjacent hills. Had this prudence continued throughout the night, a certain victory seemed assured, as the Scots could easily have been driven from their position by the bowmen in the morning. But the English leader was too impetuous. We are told that he no sooner reached his halting ground, than—

> He lighted dowyn upon his foote,
> And schoote hys horsse clene away.

All his knights and men-at-arms did likewise. Having arranged for an immediate attack—which meant a night battle—they at once abandoned their steeds, shortened their lances, and made ready for a deadly fray. Though they had traversed thirty miles since mid-day—over roads of the most rugged description—they seemed to have no misgivings either as to their own endurance, or as to the propriety of transforming their jaded archers into sword and pike men. Yet the old ballad tells us that—

> The Ynglyshe men let their bowys be,
> And pulde owt brandes that were bright.

This haste proved a fatal mistake, and it can only be accounted for by Hotspur's burning desire to wipe out the disgrace inflicted upon him at Newcastle. But, in addition to several other errors of judgment, the doughty chieftain committed the terrible blunder of holding his enemy too cheaply. Being anxious to make certain of his prey, he sent Sir Thomas Umphraville, Sir Thomas Grey, Sir Robert Ogle, and Sir Matthew Redmond round to the northward to "holde them in yt they fled not away." It was while thus reduced—with tired men, and without the benefit of his archers—that Hotspur led his followers across the ridge, and bore down directly on the entrance to the camp.

They came, says Mr. Robert White, with cries of "Percy, Percy—Esperance, Percy!" and he says this, as he naively admits, because such was the cry at Shrewsbury, fifteen years later. But the historian overlooks a very important difference. At Shrewsbury, Hotspur was in full sight of his royal rival, and any attempt at concealment would have been as useless as it was impossible. At Otterburn, on the other hand, every move was made with a view to surprise, and it is not unreasonable to infer that there would be no sound raised till the earliest victims of the onslaught uttered their death cry. This, however, is merely a note by the way. There would be no secrecy after the initial shock of battle, as the aggressor—though delivering his attack at an inconvenient moment—was far from being unexpected. Having dashed among the Scottish serving men, the English had a comparatively easy task at the commencement. But, in a few minutes, the northern pikemen were to the fore, and checked the attack till the men-at-arms were ready more effectually to resist it. While the fight was thus proceeding at the entrance to the camp, the Douglass—who throughout displayed the better strategy—selected a number of trusty knights, led them up the northern slope, and then, wheeling sharply to the right, fell upon the flank of his assailants. It was a splendid move, admirably timed, and saved the camp from destruction. The immediate effect was to compel Hotspur to recall his leading contingents, and bring them as quickly as possible into a more effective line. But the reverse was not without a disastrous effect. It turned the assailants into the assailed, brought the badly equipped archers into close conflict with the mailclad warriors of Scotland, and exposed them to terrible butchery. Then, as a sort of

final calamity, Umphraville—who found no Scots in retreat to the northward—returned towards the position of the English, and, in the partial darkness, is said to have committed the serious blunder of attacking a detachment of his own friends. Though it is difficult to determine whether the accounts of this strange exploit are well or ill founded, there can be little doubt that the combatants were speedily separated into groups, and that fighting of a fierce character was simultaneously proceeding on all parts of the ground. There were banners flying, swords flashing, axes resounding on plate armour, war cries rising above the groans of dying men. The only light was that of a full moon—now shining brightly, now dimmed by passing clouds, and eventually obscured to such a degree that the fighting had to cease.

In reality, however, it was only a temporary lull. No sooner did the moon reappear than hostilities were renewed, and the English, having re-formed their line, delivered such a brilliant and well-sustained attack that it seemed likely to secure an easy victory. This was the crucial moment of the struggle. The Douglass was quick to realise the danger, and, seizing a mighty axe, took up a position at the weakest point. For a time he succeeded in hurling back all opponents; but, venturing too far into the English ranks, he was borne to the ground by no fewer than three spears—one piercing his shoulder, another entering the stomach, and the third going clean through the thigh. In this plight he was found by Sir John Sinclair, with a ring of dead around him, and had barely time to give a few directions before he died. His downfall, he said, must remain a secret; his banner must be kept aloft by some other champion; his name must continue to be heard upon the breeze, because, he added, "there is an old prophecy in my family that *a dead man shall gain a field*, and, to-night, I trust it will be accomplished." Then more plaintively, as the ballad tells, he murmured—

> My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
> Take thou the vanguard of the three;
> And hide me by the braken bush,
> That grows on yonder lilye lee.
>
> Oh! bury me by the braken bush,
> Beneath the blooming brier,
> Let never a living mortal ken
> That ere a kindly Scot lies here.

The hero's instructions were obeyed to the letter, and his followers, fighting valiantly, began to advance. As though to cheer their exertions, a series of disasters for the English soon ensued. Sir Ralph Percy, badly wounded, was made prisoner by Sir Henry Preston; Hotspur himself was shortly afterwards overpowered by Sir John Montgomery, and sent with all haste towards the Border. Then, with the dawn of morning, the English began to lose heart. Having travelled all day, having fought all night—being utterly weary and almost hopeless—they at last gave way. The indecision quickly resulted in panic, and, in a short time, the remnant of Percy's gallant force was flying in all directions from the ground.

Though there were many other picturesque incidents of the fight, they need not be enumerated here. It is sufficient to know that a splendid opportunity was lost through the indiscretion of a hot-blooded chief; that every Englishman of distinction was taken prisoner; and that the list of casualties on the losing side amounted to nearly three thousand men. The total is a big one, no doubt, but when we remember the conditions under which the battle was fought—with so many poorly equipped archers opposed to men in complete armour—it is not surprising that they should have been cut down in such vast numbers. The Scottish reverses, which are said to have been below four hundred, require to be taken *cum grano salis*. Their men, it is true, were fresher than those of the attacking host; they were, for a part of the time, behind entrenchments; and they were always on the higher ground. But still, taking all these advantages into account, it is probable that the losses of the party were much more serious than they felt disposed to acknowledge.

Looking at the matter from almost any standpoint, it is impossible to deny the sublime courage which the Scots displayed, or to question the tenacity with which they stuck to the position and the treasure they had won. After scattering the forces of Hotspur, after taking captives whose ransom has been estimated at more than half a million of money, they showed no disposition to leave the country till they were ready. Their chivalrous attitude after Otterburn is in striking contrast to the pusillanimity of the English. Absolutely no excuse can be made for the vacillation of the Percy reserves. Hotspur, as we have said, made a grievous mistake in not waiting for them at the outset; but, having decided to allow them to follow him, we are presented with a picture rare in history. The king of France, on a famous occasion, is said to have had ten thousand men, whom he first marched up a hill, and then marched down again. But Walter Skirlaw, one of the princely Bishops of Durham, did something infinitely more absurd. Having gathered "5,000 foot, and 2,000 horse," he proceeded to Newcastle, where he arrived a few hours after Percy's departure. He gave his men a supper, and then, in the cool of evening, set off to augment the preceding force. It thus happened that, as the Bishop was marching over the moonlit landscape, Hotspur was making his hurried assault on the camp at Otterburn. As the "column of succour" reached the scene, the remnant of the English force was in full retreat, and the reports of the defeated men were so discouraging that they effectually damped the ardour of the Bishop's followers. Numerically they would have exceeded the strength of the Scots even before the recent fighting; but, coming, as they did, at the end of a night-long struggle, they might by a prompt attack have completely avenged the previous disaster.

There was, however, no stomach for an exploit of the kind, and the reserves, without striking a blow, went back to Newcastle with all conceivable alacrity. Here they met more fresh troops, and as the sight somewhat restored the waning courage of the party, it was agreed that the combined force—now exceeding 10,000 men—should once more make haste to Otterburn, in the hope of still retrieving their laurels. The Scots received early information of this new onslaught, and at once began to discuss the desirability of crossing the Border with their plunder; but as this would have exposed them to attack in the open, they resolved to await events in the shelter that had already served them so well. Having repaired the defences, having irritated the horses of the approaching force by blowing horns and turning rattles, they once more armed themselves for the anticipated assault. But it was never delivered. For the second time the Bishop came, saw, and—instead of conquering—went ignominiously away. His courage evaporated at the sight of the entrenchments, and the Scots were left to carry their cattle, their prisoners, and the rest of their plunder in quietness from the land.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

Allan Ramsay.

OWING to the comparative silence of contemporary writers, little is commonly known of an author whose name is yet a household word on the Borders, and who enriched our literature with a pastoral drama in which shepherds and shepherdesses are depicted, not as inhabitants of Arcadia, but as real, sentient, hard-working beings, who kept their sheep, milked their cows, and made love—earnest love—in their own flexible Doric, not forgetting even in their courtship to calculate, with a true touch of Scotch "canniness," the pros and cons. for and against matrimony, the cost of "plenishin" a house, and a probable provision for a possible family. The truest proof of the lasting merit of "The Gentle Shepherd" is that now, after the lapse of more than a hundred and fifty years, it is still universally read and relished by the people whose habits and manners are therein described, while the scenery is so accurately delineated that the hinds and ploughboys of the Pentland Hills can yet point out to the inquiring stranger

> The hills, the woods, the stream
> Where beauteous Peggy strayed listening the while
> Her gentle shepherd's tale of love.

Proud of the local associations with a poem which is as familiar to them as their catechism, they eagerly show the cottages of Claud and Symon, the ancient tower of Woodhouse Lee and Habbies' Howe, where

> A trottin' burnie, wimplin' throw the ground,
> Its channel peebles shining smooth and round,

attests the truth of the poet's picture; while the pretty tale, so carefully identified with the classic neighbourhood of Tweeddale and North Esk lends another charm to a district which, from its countless memories, is sacred ground to all lovers of poetry and tradition.

A zealous genealogist would have little difficulty in proving that Allan Ramsay was descended from the family of the Earl of Dalhousie, and he himself claims that, through his grandmother Janet Douglas, of Muthill,

> He was a poet sprung from a Douglas loin.

His father, however, was not in a very exalted position. At the time of Allan's birth, in 1686, he was employed in a lead mine belonging to Lord Hopetoun, of Crauford Moor, Lanarkshire. Allan Ramsay had the misfortune to lose his parent while he was yet an infant, and his mother, who was left in poor circumstances, married a few months after her widowhood a Mr. Crighton, a cock laird or small proprietor in a county mainly owned by the great families of Hamilton and Douglas. In this wild district the future bard remained for fourteen years. Here, from personal experience "amang the heather whin," he acquired that knowledge of pastoral pursuits, and imbibed that love of rustic life which was afterwards so markedly a characteristic of his writings. Nor was his general education neglected. As usual in Scotland, there was a good parish school at Crauford Moor, where he learned to read and write, and made some progress in Latin; but the death of his mother put a stop to further instruction at school. After this sad event, his stepfather was not long in discovering that it was high time for the lad to earn his own living. The boy, who had already developed that fine perception of the beautiful in nature which coloured all his life, earnestly desired to become a landscape painter. This wish met with no encouragement; success seemed doubtful and distant; and Mr. Crighton, who was not only niggardly but needy, took Allan with him to Edinburgh, and there apprenticed him to a wigmaker, in order that he might learn a handicraft which was likely soon to provide him with a livelihood.

A periwig was then an indispensable ornament to the heads of lawyers, doctors, and clergymen, and was in general use among the upper-classes of both sexes. Wigmakers were not then, as now, barbers and hairdressers, and, though the position was a humble one, Allan entered into his new life with a fair character and an honest trade which gave him opportunities, of which he adroitly took advantage, for making himself known to the best educated and best born people in "Auld Reekie." Industriously learning his business, years flew on with the usual rapidity. Allan grew up to manhood. His apprenticeship was a thing of the past. He set up wigmaking on his own account, and in the course of business made a peruque for an Edinburgh lawyer named Ross. Now, this gentleman was very particular about his wig, and had it curled once a fortnight by Ramsay, who, somehow or other, formed the acquaintance of the old gentleman's daughter Christian. Up to this time the bard had not

published a single verse, and was absolutely obscure, unfriended, and unknown. What induced a pretty young lady to take a fancy to a stunted, black-visaged young fellow in an inferior station I cannot say. She made numerous visits to Allan's shop all about "papa's wig." The youth soon discovered how matters stood, and, in spite of opposition from parents and rivals, carried off the prize, and made her his wife.

About the time of his marriage Allan, who was of a lively disposition, and ambitious to rise in the social scale, joined the Easy Club, and found there an opportunity of making friends and acquaintances of a better standing than those he had previously known. The members were all young men, possessing talent and vivacity, and they met regularly two or three times a week, and passed the evenings in harmless mirth and conversation. As one of the fundamental conditions of the society was that each member should assume some characteristic name, he chose the poetical appellation of Gavin Douglas. The club, however, was suppressed during the rebellion of 1715, being suspected of fostering Stuart proclivities. One of its last acts was to declare that Dr. Pitcairn and Gavin Douglas (Ramsay), having behaved themselves for three years as members of this club, were adjudged to be "gentlemen." While this association was in existence the future laureate wrote his earliest poems, and found the Easy Club a convenient place for their publication. As he became more practised in the art of versifying, he wrote many songs and ballads, which he issued printed on coarse, loose sheets of paper. In this way his poetry first became popular. It was a common thing for women of the humbler classes in Edinburgh to send their children out with a penny to buy "Ramsay's last piece."

His first important venture was the publication, in a cheap form, of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," an almost forgotten poem by James I., to which he added a second canto, written in the same obsolete style. This second part having stood its ground, he, fearless of criticism, had confidence enough in his own powers to add a third canto. In spite of a certain coarseness, this publication took the fancy of the multitude, and speedily ran through three editions. It was not, however, till 1721, when Ramsay was thirty-five years of age, that he gathered together his various scattered compositions, and issued them in the more dignified form of a quarto, to which was prefixed a print of himself from a portrait by Snibert, a painter, who afterwards emigrated to America. This volume, now extremely rare, brought the author a profit of £400. His personal popularity at that epoch may be inferred from the fact that the subscription list included the names of almost every person of eminence in Scot land.

Ramsay was now on the high road to success; wig-making was abandoned; and he pursued his conjoint avocations of author, editor, and bookseller, at the sign of the Mercury, in a small house on the north side of the High Street, below the Tron Church. Here he produced in rapid succession the "Fables and Tales," the "Poem on Health," and the "Tea Table Miscellany," a collection of English and Scotch songs, which was dedicated to

> Ilka lovely British lass
> Frae Lady Charlotte Anne and Jean
> Down to ilk bonny singing Bess
> Whae dances barefoot on the green.

The time chosen for the publication of this, the first collection of Scotch tunes ever brought together, was a most fortunate one; for never in its palmiest days was Edinburgh so crowded by members of the aristocracy and their families as it was then. Jealous of the privileges of the English House of Lords, the Scotch nobility refused to take their seats as representative peers, or to attend the Court of St. James's, preferring to make the ancient capital their winter resort and the scene of their social festivities. Mingling freely with each other, they admitted the respectable portion of the citizens to their parties and assemblies, where, in the less complex and healthier state of society, the singing of simple ballads without any accompaniment was an amusement against which cards and gambling could not compete.

How far Ramsay mingled in such assemblages one cannot ascertain; but the allusions in his songs, not only to the personal attractions of the reigning belles of the day, but to the charms of their singing, are so special and frequent, that one naturally comes to the conclusion that he was acquainted with them, and had many opportunities of hearing them sing. The fairest ladies in the land took part in these unconventional concerts, and when the lovely Lady Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow," to whom Ramsay dedicated several poems, sang his ballad of "Lochabar," she did it, says Stenhouse, "with such feeling and effect as to draw tears from all who heard her." Music and song were then indeed in their golden prime, and formed a great portion of the entertainment of the better classes, and honest Allan, with a keen eye to the main chance, as he published volume after volume of the "Miscellany" and "Evergreen," seized every fair opportunity of dedicating his verses to young ladies of birth and position. These noble beauties were only too glad to sing the pretty trifles, wherein their sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks were so tenderly described, at all the fashionable assemblies they attended. For example, Lady Grissel Baillie, whose tea parties, given at her house in Parliament Street, were esteemed the most delightful affairs possible, was very partial to Ramsay's compositions, and frequently induced her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, to sing his set of "Tweedside." This she did with such thrilling effect that, at the end of each mournful cadence, a sob of tenderness was heard from the company, who were not ashamed of being found in tears when she concluded.

In 1725, our poet, then in the plenitude of his powers and the zenith of his success, published the work on which his fame rests—"The Gentle Shepherd," which is

one of the finest pastoral dramas in any language. It was dedicated to Susannah, Countess of Eglinton, a celebrated patron of poets, who fifty years after retained her powers of pleasing so little impaired that Dr. Johnson, who then paid the stately old dame a visit, though he rarely praised anyone, is reported by Boswell to have said that in visiting such a woman he had spent the day well. Scotchmen in that age generally wrote English, and that Allan was able to express himself in Anglo-Saxon many of his poems show. But he wrote with greater ease in his native dialect, avowing that he did so not only from inclination, but "at the desire of my best and wisest friends and most reasonable." He felt that, when he wanted to portray with fidelity the manners of his countrymen, it was only natural to make them speak in their own idiom—an idiom which, with its simplicity and strength, has been more successfully employed in poetic composition than that of any other part of the country, and which was, as a matter of fact, at that time the common speech of all the Border counties from Edinburgh to York.

Ramsay's nature had two sides—the poetic and the practical. And as, after the publication of "The Gentle Shepherd," his desire for fame was fully gratified, a desire for profit determined him to busy himself, not by writing, but by selling and circulating books. He, therefore, removed to a house at the end of the Luckenbooth. Change of house brought change of sign, and, instead of the original Mercury, he now adopted the heads of two poets—Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden. With this adornment to his new abode, he opened the first circulating library that had ever been attempted in Scotland. This undertaking met with some censure from the stricter members of the Kirk, who feared that vice might be propagated by the profane books of plays brought down from London and lent out to anyone for a few pence. Ramsay's popularity was, however, too firmly established for his detractors to do him any real harm. His shop became the daily haunt of all the wits and *literati*, who amused themselves by discussing the news of the day and the most recent intelligence in the world of books. Gay, the poet, who was for many years installed in the family of the Duchess of Queensberry at her house in the Canongate, was a frequent visitor, and is said to have much enjoyed Allan's humorous descriptions of the leading citizens as they gathered daily at the Cross in sight of his windows.

In 1736 Ramsay, at a great expense, built a theatre in Carubber's Close, but in vain did his troop of players

> Preach from moral fable
> The best instruction they were able.

The magistrates, refusing to believe that amusement and religion could exist together, shut up the playhouse, and left our dramatist without relief for what the law considered was a damage without an injury. Nor was pecuniary loss the only mortification which followed the non-success of his theatrical undertaking. Like all successful men, he had enemies, and they seized the opportunity to publish a vile series of lampoons which professed to give an account of the "Flight of Religious Piety" from Scotland consequent on the circulation of Ramsay's "lewd books," and the importation into Edina of his "hell bred playhouse comedians, who debauch the soul of our rising generation." The language seems strong, but pious. Puritans of that period did not scruple to express their opinion in words more emphatic than decent.

Many editions of "The Gentle Shepherd" were published, but Ramsay wrote no more, and in course of time he moved with his family to a house on the North Castle Bank. This house was of a fantastic shape, and it is said that Ramsay, who was devotedly attached to his wife, applied to the Crown for as much ground from the Castle Hill as would enable him to build a cage for his "burd." This accounts for the strange shape of the building. His wife, however, did not live to share its comforts and glories, her death having occurred in 1743. She bore him many children, and passed to her grave without an elegy, as his grief at losing her was too deep to find expression in rhyme. After relinquishing his shop, he lived in this absurd-looking octagon house, which he indeed thought a paragon. Showing it to his friend Lord Elibank one day, he indignantly remarked that some foolish people thought it resembled a goose pie, to which his lordship readily replied: "Indeed, Allan, now that I see you in it, I think the term very properly applied." Notwithstanding such jokes, Ramsay was highly respected. He numbered among his familiar friends men of rank and talent, and was generally regarded as a man whose genius reflected honour on his native country.

Ramsay, although a short, fat man, with a figure like Falstaff, a smiling face and a round wig, was by no means dissatisfied with his own appearance, and tells us that he, a little man who loved his ease, was always popular with the fair sex. A good father, a loving husband, this wigmaker, dramatist, and shopkeeper, was not only the first man who made poetry pay, but was also able, at the close of a life of honest endeavour, to proudly declare that, though he had made an ample provision for his family, he could still thank a merciful Providence that he had been enabled, through all the trials and successes of life, to hold fast his integrity and keep his conscience white and sound.

Singularly enough his son, Allan Ramsay, afterwards portrait painter to George III., though inheriting much of his father's genius, had little or no admiration for his father's works; and on one occasion at the house of Lady Strange, widow of the celebrated engraver, Sir Robt. Strange, he is said to have declared that if he could purchase every copy of his father's writings, even at the cost of a thousand pounds, he would commit them all to

the flames. "Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "then let me tell you that, if you could and should do so, your labour would be lost, for I can repeat from memory every word of 'The Gentle Shepherd;' and were you to consume every copy of it I should write out that matchless poem with my own hand and cause it to be printed at my own charges." Though the author of "The Gentle Shepherd" died in 1758, and was buried in the churchyard of the Grey Friars, the images of rustic life are as truthful as they were when the jocund little man, true to his early love of nature, penned the famous pastoral which has since been the delight of so many generations of North-Country folk. M. S. HARDCASTLE.

The Picktree Brag.

PICKTREE, near Chester-le-Street, is famous for two reasons—first, because it was the home of the heroine of the popular song, "Ailsie Marley"; and, secondly, because it was the haunt of one of those mischievous goblins that were formerly supposed to infest almost every old inhabited place in the North Countrie.

The existence of the Picktree Brag was as firmly accepted in the early part of the century by many of the people in the neighbourhood as any article of the Apostle's Creed. Sir Cuthbert Sharp gives an account of the apparition, taken verbatim "from the deposition of an old woman of respectable appearance, of about ninety years of age, living near the spot"—at Pelton, we presume. The old woman said :—

I never saw the Brag very distinctly, but I frequently heard it. It sometimes appeared like a calf, with a white handkerchief about its neck, and a bushy tail. It came also like a galloway, but more often like a coach horse, and went trotting alonng the lonnin, afore folks, settin' up a great nicker and a whinney every now and then; and it came frequently like a dickass, and it always stopped at the pond at the four lonnin ends, and nickered and whinnied. My brother saw it like four men holding up a white sheet. I was then sure that some near relation was going to die, which was true. My husband once saw it in the image of a naked man without a head. I knew a man of the name of Bewick that was so frightened that he hanged himself for fear on't. Whenever the midwife was sent for, it always came up with her in the shape of a galloway. Dr. Harrison wouldn't believe in it; but he met it one night as was going home, and it maist killed him, but he never would tell what happened, and didn't like to talk about it; and whenever the Brag was mentioned he sat tremblin' and shaking by the fireside. My husband had a white suit of clothes, and the first time he ever put them on he met the Brag, and he never had them on afterwards but he met with some misfortune; and once when he met the Brag, and he had his white suit on (being a bold man) and having been at a christening, he was determined to get on the Brag's back; but when he came to the four lonnin ends, the Brag joggled him so sore that he could hardly keep his seat, and at last it threw him off into the middle of the pond, and then ran away setting up a great nicker and laugh, just for all the world like a Christian. But this I know to be true of my own knowledge, that when my father was dying the Brag was heard coming up the lonnin like a coach and six, and it stood before the house, and the room shaked, and it gave a terrible yell when my father died, and then it went clatterin' and gallopin' down the lonnin as if "yeben and yerth was comin' together."

Mr. Henderson, in his "Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England," says, the northern spirite was closely akin to Robin Goodfellow, whom Ben Jonson represented as speaking thus :—

Sometimes I meete them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound,
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go;
O'er ridge and lands,
Through pools and ponds
I whinny laughing, ho! ho! ho!

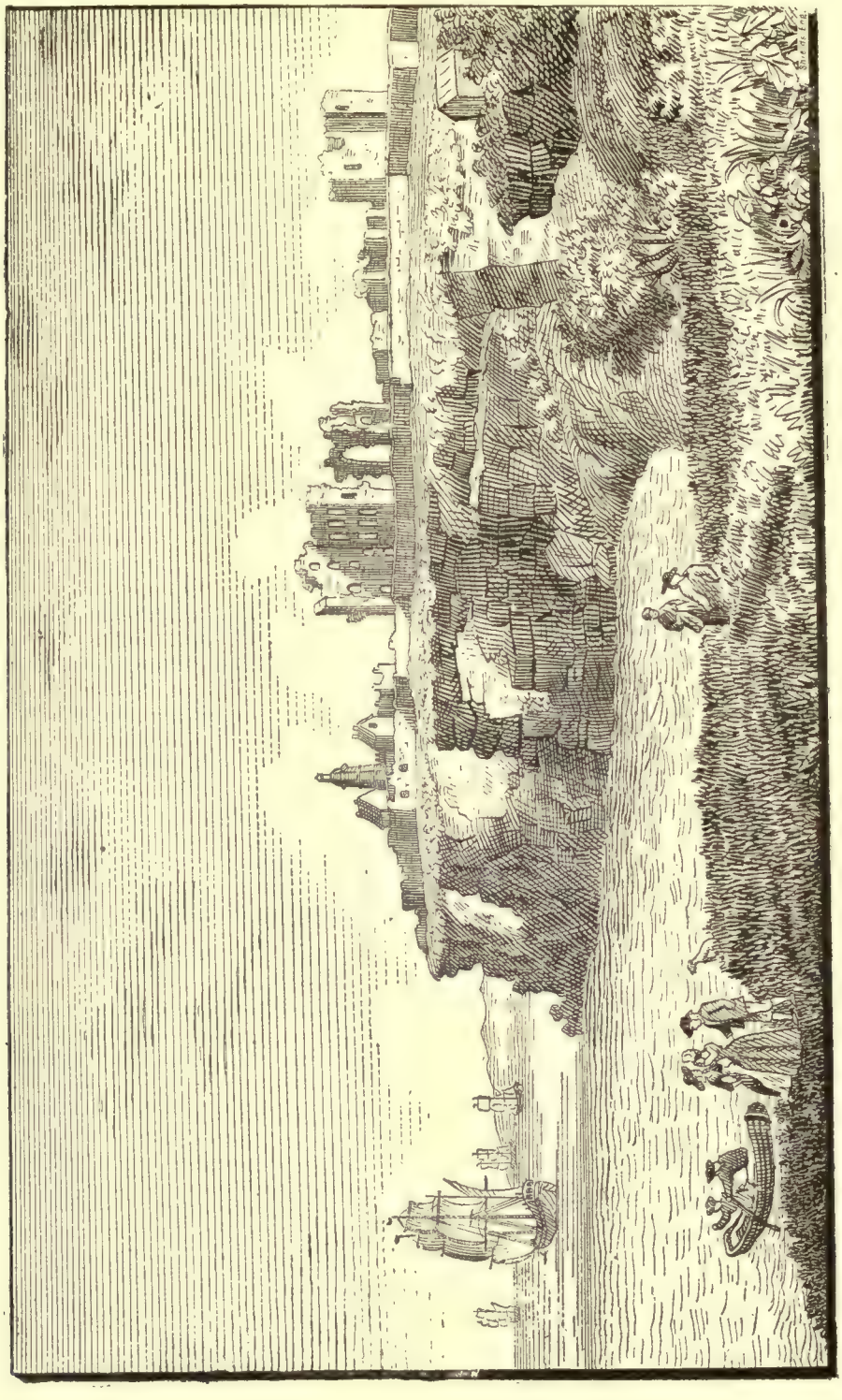
But there was another goblin that haunted a neighbouring district—or was it the same?—the Portobello Brag. About this goblin, Thomas Wilson, author of the "Pitman's Pay," has the following note:—"The description of the Pelton *Brag* by Sir Cuthbert Sharp, in his 'Bishoprick Garland,' induces me to believe that it must have been the same roguish sprite that played such tricks at Portobello. It delighted in mischief, and whoever mounted it (for it always appeared in the shape of an ass) was sure to be thrown into some bog or whin bush at the last, when the creature, as if enjoying the mischief, would run off 'nickerin' and laffin'.'"

As to the word "brag," it is a common North-Country term for ghost or goblin. There is a goblin called bar-guest, but it does not seem to haunt Northumberland, unless brag be the local equivalent of the name. Dealing with the term bar-guest in his "Northumberland Words," Mr. R. O. Heslop says brag sounds like a shortened form of that word, brag and bar-ghaist being both of them local "boggles."

Tynemouth Cliffs a Hundred Years Ago.

A SKETCH of Tynemouth Cliffs, crowned with the picturesque old priory and castle, appeared in a bulky tome entitled "The Modern Universal British Traveller; or, a New, Complete, and Accurate Tour through England, Wales, and Scotland." As the work was published in 1779, the view may be accepted as a fair representation of what the place was like a little more than a hundred years ago. Not being without interest, the sketch is reproduced on page 408.

Looking at the scene from an artistic point of view, we see that the general aspect of Tynemouth at that time accorded more with the painter's taste than it does now. The castle was a picturesque ruin, not an unsuitable companion for the grand old priory. Now the castle has been enlarged to such an extent that it is difficult to define its true character: it may be anything—a gaol, a work-

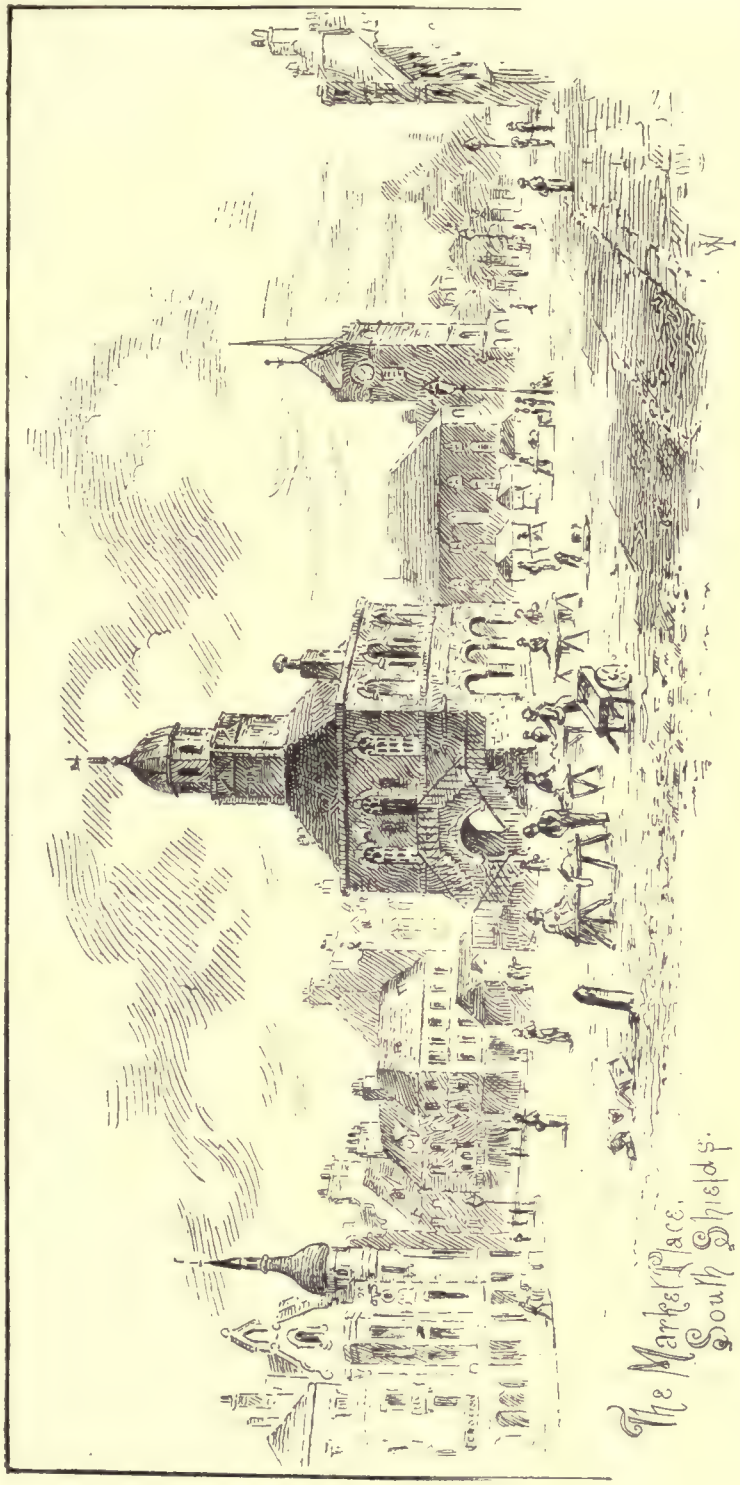


TYNEMOUTH CASTLE AND CLIFF, 1779.

house, a barracks—in fact, anything but a castle. It can hardly be regarded as a fortification; for modern artillery would make short work of it.

As a place of defence, Tynemouth Castle dates back to the time of William Rufus, who besieged it. Previous to that, it is thought that the Romans had a strong fortress on the rocks. During the civil war, it was a place of considerable importance; for we find that in 1642 it was placed in a posture of defence, and in 1645 it withstood a short siege, when the defenders were allowed to march out with their baggage. The following year, Colonel Lilburn, the deputy-governor of the castle, revolted in favour of the King, and the stronghold was taken by storm, the garrison put to the sword, and Lilburn executed, his head being stuck on a pole. The castle appears to have been neglected until 1783, when it was made a depôt for arms and military stores.

As to the priory, we find that Edwin, King of Northumberland, built a wooden chapel at Tynemouth in 625, which was plundered and destroyed by the Danes. Tostig, Earl of Northumberland, rebuilt the monastery from the foundations. In 1090 Earl Mowbray refounded it, and filled it with black canons. Having revolted against William Rufus, Mowbray converted the monastery into a fortress, which was taken by storm. The earl then fled to Bamborough Castle; but, finding himself insecure there, returned to the sanctuary at Tynemouth, whence he was dragged to prison. During this siege, the edifice was reduced to a ruin: it was, however, rebuilt in 1110. The monastery was plundered by the Scots in 1389, but does not appear to have suffered from pillage after that date. At the Dissolution the



church became parochial, and continued so until 1657, when the roof began to fall in, and a new church was erected at North Shields. Cromwell's iconoclastic soldiers showed little respect for the old building, and it suffered much at their hands. Besides, the exigencies of military occupation rendered it necessary to pull some of the out-buildings down and utilise others. Thus the little oratory of the Virgin at the east end of the chancel was converted into a magazine for military stores. But sufficient remains to show the extent and magnificence of the structure.

It is a matter of regret that the old ruins occupy their present position; for at some future date it may be necessary to fortify the rock, and mount artillery of large calibre, in which case the ruins would perhaps have to be removed altogether.

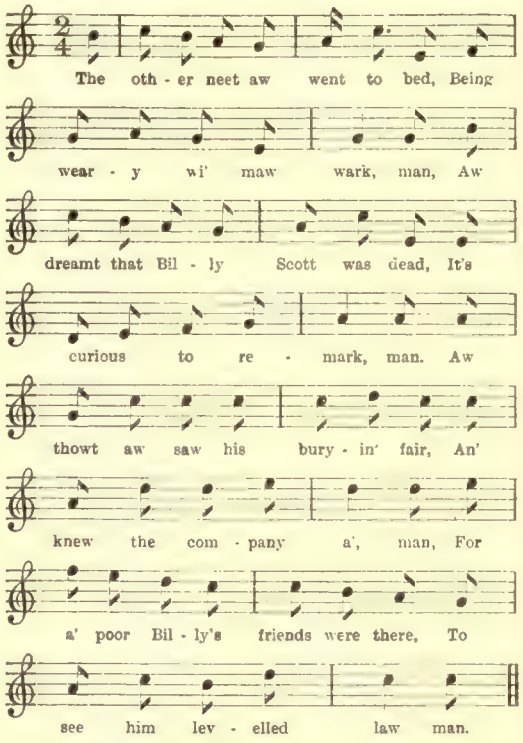
The Market Place, South Shields.

A SCENE familiar to "the folks o' Shields" is depicted in the accompanying illustration. The Market Place is the gathering ground for all demonstrations held in South Shields. The principal object of interest in the square is the Town Hall. It was erected in 1768 by the Dean and Chapter of Durham. The building was purchased in 1853 by the Corporation for five hundred pounds; but it still presents the appearance it wore in the days of George III. Another prominent feature in the Market Place is St. Hilda's Church, shown on the right of the Town Hall. The edifice can boast of great antiquity, being supposed to be contemporaneous with Jarrow Church, to which it was, until some fifty years ago, a chapel-of-ease; but it is devoid of architectural grace, though it was almost entirely rebuilt in 1810-11, and again restored in 1879. The tower is a part of the original building. In the churchyard of St. Hilda's lie the remains of Willie Wouldhave, the inventor of the lifeboat.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

LUCKEY'S DREAM.

THOMAS MARSHALL, most favourably known as a local writer, was a native of Newcastle, where he was born in the year 1809. He was a brush-maker to trade, having both served his time and afterwards worked for many years as a journeyman with Mr. Robert Laidlaw. In 1829 he published a collection of his songs, which are full of allusions to local eccentrics, of whom Newcastle in his day had a famous supply, and in his songs he appears to have delighted in recording their grotesque bye-names and preserving their most marked peculiarities. Marshall died suddenly about the year 1869, having attained a little ever his 60th year.

The oth - er neet aw went to bed, Being
wear - y wi' maw wark, man, Aw
dreamt that Bil - ly Scott was dead, It's
curious to re - mark, man. Aw
thowt aw saw his bury - in' fair, An'
knew the com - pany a', man, For
a' poor Bil - ly's friends were there, To
see him lev - elled law man.

Blind Willy slawly led the band,
As beagle o' the way, man;
A staff he carried in his hand,
An' shook his head se grey, man.
At his reet hand was Buggy Jack,
With his hat brim set broad, man.
An' on his left was Billy the Black,
To lead him on the road, man.

Big Bob, X Y, and other two,
That leeves upon the deed, man.
They bore his corpse before the crew,
Expecting to be fee'd, man.
His namesake Euphy Scott was there,
Her bonny Geordy, tee, man;
Distress'd, they cried, this happy pair,
"Ne mair we will him see, man."

Bold Jocker was amang them, tee,
Brave Cuckoo Jack, and a', man;
An' Hairy Tom, the Keelman's Son,
An' bonny Dolly Raw, man.
An' Bella Roy, an' Tatie Bet,
They cried till oot o' breeth, man,
For sair these twosome did regret
For canny Billy's deeth, man.

But Hangy luickt above them a',
He is se sma' an' lang, man;
An' Bobby Knox, the Dogbank ox,
Was sobbin' i' the thrang, man;
An' Corner, wi' his swill an' shull,
Was squeakin' like a bairn, man;
An' knack-kneed Mat, that drucken fyul,
Like a monkey he did gairn, man.

Tally-i-ho, that dirty wretch,
Wes then the next aw saw, man;
An' Peggy Powell, Step-and-Fetch,
Wes haddin' up her jaw, man;
An' frae the Close was Bobby Hush,
Wi' his greet gob se wide, man;
Alang wi' him was Push-Peg-Push,
Lamentin' by his side, man.

An' Roguish Ralph, an' Busy Bruce,
That leeves upon their prey, man,
Did not neglect, but did protect
Their friends upon the way, man.
An' Jimmy Liddle, drest in black,
Behint them a' did droop, man;
He had a coat on like the quack
That feeds us a' wi' soup, man.

Noo, when they got him tiv his grave,
He then began to shoot, man,
For Billy, being but in a trance,
Be this time cam aboot, man.
Then Jocker wi' a sandy styen
The coffin split wi' speed, man—
They a' rejoiced to see agyen
Poor Bill they thowt was deed, man.

When a' his friends that roond him stood
Had gettin' him put reet, man,
They a' went tiv the Robin Hood,
To spend a jovial neet, man.
Ne mair for Billy they did weep,
But happy they did seem, man;
Just then aw waken'd frae my sleep,
An' fund it was a dream, man.

Mrs. Arkwright.

ABOUT the beginning of the present century the theatre at Durham, which had then been in existence about ten years, was under the management of Mr. Stephen Kemble, a brother of the famous John Philip Kemble. Stephen resided at Durham for many years, and varied his professional duties there by travelling with his company to Newcastle, Sunderland, and other neighbouring towns. His domestic life seems, from all that we can learn of it, to have been of the happiest character. His household included himself, his wife, his daughter Fanny, and very often, and for long periods, a sister of Mrs. John Philip Kemble, Miss Adelaide De Camp.

The whole family was engaged in theatrical duties; and of the way in which they, or rather the ladies, succeeded in blending their Thespian and domestic employments Mr. Kemble's niece has given a most charming account. "They learned and acted their parts; devised and executed, with small means and great industry, their dresses; made pies and puddings, and patched and darned, in the morning; and by dint of paste and rouge became heroines in the evening." When Miss De Camp was at Durham she and Miss Kemble were constant companions and fast friends. "A merrier life than that of these lasses, in the midst of their quaint theatrical tasks and homely household duties, was seldom led by two girls in any sphere of life." Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Kemble were most worthy people, and afforded to the two young ladies guardianship which, whilst encouraging their inherent leaning towards merriment, did not forget to prepare them for the serious duties and responsibilities of life. The girls, we are told, "were well conducted, good young things, full of the irrepressible spirits of their age, and turning alike their hard home work and light stage labour into fun." Like most gay people at that period, they were addicted to practical jokes. Of those which they perpetrated, one has been thought sufficiently good to be recorded. It had at all events the merit, possessed by very few practical jokes, of injuring no one. The two young ladies were proceeding alone to Newcastle in a post chaise to fulfil an engagement. Amongst the stage

properties which they were taking with them in the coach was part of a military equipment, intended to be employed in some farce. Miss De Camp "accoutred her upper woman in a soldier's cap, stock, and jacket, and, with heavily corked moustaches, persisted in embracing her companion, whose frantic resistance, screams of laughter, and besmirched cheeks, elicited comments of boundless amazement, in broad, North-Country dialect, from the market folk they passed on the road, to whom they must have appeared the most violent runaway couple that ever travelled."

Miss Kemble was, at least on one occasion, the instrument of a joke perpetrated by another. For a considerable time Liston, the famous comedian of the first part of this century, was a member of the Durham company. One evening he painted Fanny Kemble's face like a clown's, and then planted her at one of the stage side doors, so that her mother, who was just about to enter from the opposite side, to perform a pathetic part in some very serious scene, should see her just as she reached the stage. She, "on suddenly beholding this grotesque apparition of her daughter, fell into convulsions of laughter and coughing, and half audible exclamations of 'Go

away, Fanny, I'll tell your father, miss!' which must have had the effect of sudden seizure of madness to the audience, accustomed to the rigid decorum of the worthy woman in the discharge of her theatrical duties."

Miss Kemble must have been a very charming young lady. The Kemble's were a family of striking personal appearance. It is of Fanny that her cousin, the better known Fanny (Frances Ann) Kemble, thus writes:—"She had inherited the beauty of her father's family, which in her most lovely countenance had a character of childlike simplicity and serene sweetness that made it almost angelic. Far on in middle age she retained this singularly tender beauty." But she was gifted as well as pretty. She composed many charming ballads, both the verses and the music being hers, and these she herself sang in a way which, at one time, was the one great topic of society in London. Her voice was exquisitely pathetic, and her manner charmed everyone who saw or heard her. "It was in vain that far better musicians, with far finer voices, attempted to copy her inimitable musical recitation; nobody ever sang like her, and still less did anybody ever look like her while she sang."

In time, as might reasonably be expected, the inevitable lovers appeared upon the scene, and wooed and won the hearts of the two charming belles of the Durham theatre. Both the young men were officers in a militia regiment, and both belonged to families of wealth. It was quite natural that they should fall in love with two young ladies of great personal charms, each combining the character of actress and belle of a country town. But the young ladies were, if not poor, at least portionless, and it was therefore just as natural that their lovers' matrimonial intentions should be resisted by their families. The tale of Miss De Camp's lover is short and disastrous. His father was a wealthy Yorkshire squire. On hearing of his son's attachment, he summoned him home, and peremptorily demanded he should give up his mistress. This he refused to do, whereupon his father called together all his servants and tenants, and declared before them all that the self willed young man, his son, and also his supposed heir, was illegitimate, and was thenceforth to be disowned and disinherited. The son enlisted, went to India, and never saw his Durham sweetheart again.

The course of Miss Kemble's love, though far from smooth, came to a happier consummation. Her lover was the son of a man whose name is known to fame. He was originally a poor barber in Bolton, Lancashire, but became an inventor, or, as has been contended, an appropriator of other men's inventions. Be this as it may, he certainly got the credit of inventing valuable machines for the spinning of cotton, for which he was knighted, and by which he acquired enormous wealth. This was no other than Sir Richard Arkwright. Fanny Kemble's lover was his son and heir. Forgetting his own lowly origin, he also opposed his son's project of marrying a poor actress. The son, however, would have his way; the young people were married; and Sir Richard, to his credit, accepted the inevitable with a good grace.

Fanny Kemble exchanged her modest home at Durham for wealth and luxury in a splendid mansion in one of the most charming parts of the Peak of Derbyshire. First at Stoke, and afterwards at Sutton, she realised the enjoyment of everything that riches could supply. Her domestic relations were all that she could desire; but the shadow of death again and again crossed her home, and the gaiety of her youthful years gave place, in mature life, to a tender habitual sadness. Later in her life, she had the advantage of the intimate friendship of the two great magnates of Derbyshire, the Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland. Of her character at this period her cousin says:—"In the society of the high-born and gay and gifted with whom she now mixed, and among whom her singular gifts made her remarkable, the enthusiasm she excited never impaired the transparent and childlike simplicity and sincerity of her nature. There was something very peculiar about the single-minded, simple-hearted genuineness of Mrs. Arkwright, which gave an unusual charm of unconventionality and fervid earnestness to her manner and conversation." Her voice and face are described as being still heavenly sweet. With the then Duke of Devonshire, a man of great intellectual attainments, she was an especial favourite, and with him she maintained a long and most cordial friendship.

In the later years of her life, she renewed her acquaintance with the North, spending a considerable part of every year at the village of Cullercoats, which was then almost exclusively the abode of fisher folk, and had not come to be heard of as a summer resort. In choosing this quiet and then secluded spot, she was solacing her sorrows in the remembrance of her happy early days; for, after her marriage, she was in the habit of spending a few days in every summer with her father and mother "by the rocks and sands and breakers of the Northumbrian shore." The Duke of Devonshire, who was many years her senior, remained her constant and attached friend to the end of her life. He enjoyed her conversation, but he was an ardent lover of music, and was always delighted to hear the fine and sweet voice which never left her. Although he was in his later years very deaf to a spoken voice, her softest notes were always perfectly audible to him. Her residence at Cullercoats brought him, like a true knight errant, thither also, and for a time the fisher folks lived beneath the smile of "good society" in the truest sense of the words. There, in her own North-Countrie, Mrs. Arkwright died, leaving a sad memory of her beauty, her virtues, her gifts and her talents, in the hearts of all who knew her, and in no heart was the sorrow keener than in that of the venerable Duke of Devonshire.

The house which Mrs. Arkwight occupied at Cullercoats was afterwards the residence of Mr. William Bainbridge, author of "Fata Morgana"—Cliff House, close to the

rocks above the north pier. It is still occupied by Mr. Bainbridge's family. There is a story current that Mrs. Arkwright, when a member of her husband's family died, put her drawing-room at Cullercoats into mourning.

JACOB BEE.

Edward Elliott, of Earsdon.

EDWARD ELLIOTT was a familiar figure from my earliest recollection. I do not know whether he was born in Earsdon, but my memory does not carry me back to a time when he did *not* live there, and I know that he died there. Edward was a man—and a married man—when I was a boy. The only offspring he ever had, I believe, was a daughter. The daughter and I were school-fellows, and at one time took our lessons in the same class. She pied in early womanhood. Elliott lived several years in a small cottage on the north side of the centre of Earsdon village. He was a stonemason to trade. Sometimes he was his own master, and sometimes he worked for another master. I only remember two masons in Earsdon when I was a boy—"Ned Elliott" and "Tom Brown." Sometimes Ned worked for Tom, sometimes Tom worked for Ned, and sometimes they worked for nobody The only competition between them was who could swallow the most beer! Occasionally they would be "on the spree" for several days. And those were grand days for spreeing! There was no "close time" then for public-houses. A paternal Parliament had not then begun to interfere with the liberties of free-born Britons in the matter of getting drunk. Publicans could keep their houses open when they liked, and as long as they liked. At the week-ends especially, the business was conducted on the "double shift" system, either on the pitmatic plan of "follow'n in," or "stannen her through," night and day. If the customers wanted victuals with their drink, they were supplied with penny-rolls and cheese; and they could have clean straw for nothing.

EDWARD ELLIOTT.

"Ned Elliott," with all his drinking, never, so far as I am aware, descended to the low level of the drunken blackguard. When on the spree, he took a hobby in practical joking, but now and then got the "wrong sow by the ear." Sometimes, when he had been on the spree for two or three days, he would take it into his head to go home, and would walk up to his own door, take his hat off, and throw it in. If the hat was allowed to remain, he followed the hat; but if the hat was thrown out, he would take it up and march back to his welcome quarters and jolly companions. All these years, when Ned worked when he liked and drank when he liked, he had a select and particular business in Earsdon in which he had no competitor. Earsdon was then a large parish, and the inhabitants of "God's Acre" required tombstones to tell their virtues to future generations. Elliott was a skilful hand at making and lettering tombstones, and the evidences of his skill are plentiful at the head of "many a mouldering heap" in Earsdon Churchyard. It was he who executed the monument to the victims of the great Hartley Accident. When not busy with other work, he could always occupy his time in preparing tombstones, with the certainty that there would be a market for them at no distant time.

But it is a long lane that never has a turning. The turn in the right direction came at length to Edward Elliott. Where the practice of moderation in the use of intoxicating drink was impossible with the habitual drunkard, teetotalism brought an infallible remedy. The principle adopted by the Preston cock-fighters spread all over the country. It reached Newcastle and Northumberland, and Elliott became a teetotaller. Then, from being a "jobbing mason," he became a builder and contractor. Soon afterwards, the Taylors and partners commenced East Holywell Colliery, and Edward Elliott built the engine-house, and, I think, all the workmen's houses, except one row. The houses were all built of freestone. Elliott opened a quarry in Holywell Dene, to which he laid down a light railway. This gave him a fair start in business, and he never looked back either in business or teetotalism. He joined the teetotallers in their efforts to spread their principles. He was soon induced to go on the platform, and his ready wit, expressed in his Northumbrian Doric, with his exhaustless reportoire of droll stories, soon made him a great favourite all over Northumberland, Durham, and even Cumberland. If Yorick could "set the table in a roar," Edward Elliott could set the hall in a ferment when on a platform; so much so, indeed, that the meeting was sometimes almost broken up with irrepressible laughter. He never attempted to refine his mother tongue, knowing full well that any attempt of the kind would only spoil the diamond. It must not, however, be supposed that because he was rough he was an ignorant man. On the contrary, he was not only a good business man, and a man of sound common sense, but he was, comparatively, well read. He was even a composer of local songs. I

have heard him, times out of number, in teetotal meetings, and I have met him many times in private, in his own house and elsewhere. In every instance he was pleasant company.

I have heard him give two reasons for becoming a teetotaller (both amusing, of course)—one in public, the other in private. On one occasion he was speaking at a teetotal meeting, when he told about being "on the spree." He said he either could not find his way home, or was unable to walk there; and, seeing a "pig-cree," he managed to get inside, and crept in beside the pig—where there was some nice clean straw. Next morning, the good woman to whom the pig belonged came to feed it. When she caught sight of Ned, she made him out to be a hundred degrees worse than her pig. By this time he was getting sober, and he thought if he was not fit company for a pig he was "ower bad for owt." He never went back to the public-house. On the other occasion, in private company, I heard him give the second reason for being a teetotaller. One day as he was about to go on to the bridle road between West Holywell and Earsdon, he was joined by Mr. Tom John Taylor, the eminent mining engineer. Mr. Taylor, doubtless expecting some amusement, said to Elliott, "Well, Elliott, what made you turn teetotaller?" Elliott replied—"Aa've hard it said there's a sartin quantity of drink brewed for ivvory man, and a'am sure aa've drunk ma share lang since."

Mr. Elliott died suddenly at Earsdon, of disease of the heart, on the 29th of April, 1867, at the age of 67.

G. HALLIWELL.

The Busty Seam.

A FEW facts about the origin of the name of this famous seam of coals may not be without interest. Many readers will have climbed the hill from Rowland's Gill Station to Burnopfield. Not far below where the footpath enters the plantation, the road is crossed by a lane, leading in one direction to Bryan's Leap, in the other downwards towards Gibside Woods. Near the place where the lane crosses a stream of water, is the mouth of an old coal drift, now connected with workings of the Marley Hill Colliery at Byermoor, by which horses are occasionally taken in and out of the workings. Formerly, a small farm-house stood at the foot of this lane. The name of the farm-house was Busty Bank. How it got this name the writer cannot say, unless the following offers any solution to the question:—Not far from the mouth of the dritt, the road which now leads into Gibside Woods is cut out of the side of a rather steep bank. In the formation of this road the outcrop of the Busty Seam is laid bare. The coal and shale above it, being thus exposed to the influences of frosts and rains, are frequently seen crumbling on to the road. The idea is suggested that this may have been known as a *bursting* bank; or, as is frequently the case, *bursty* bank. *Bust* is not infrequently used for *burst*; so that this bank may have become known as the *Busty* Bank. Busty Bank is also the name of a farm-house belonging to the Marquis of Bute.

It is quite certain that the seam took its name from the title of these two farm-houses, for the reason that, with perhaps one exception, this was the earliest place where the Busty Seam, as known by this name, was worked. The coal worked here was for the use of the occupier of the Hall at Gibside, and possibly for the use of some of the tenants. It continued to be used for this purpose until some time about the commencement of the present century, when it ceased to be worked from the fact that either one or both of the two men who were getting the coal were killed by a fall of stone. Probably from superstitious fears men objected to again work in the place, as it would be very lonely in the early winter mornings. Coal for the Gibside Hall and tenants was afterwards worked from the same seam in Snipe's Dean, also in the Gibside Woods. This drift was discontinued from the same causes, an accident having happened to the men who were working in it. A little coal seems to have been worked from the Busty Seam on the Bryan's Leap estate, probably in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

An old shaft, partly open within the memory of the writer, was to be seen just within the wood where the footpath to Burnopfield enters the plantation. The old waggonway from Pontop to Derwent Haugh passed close to this shaft: so that possibly some Busty coal may have been shipped before the seam was sunk to and worked at Marley Hill by the present owners. But this probably did not succeed, as the Busty Seam at this part is rather a coking and manufacturing coal than one adapted for household consumption. The foot of this old shaft was not long ago reached from Byermoor Colliery, when some of the gear of the former workmen was found. Not far to the west from here the Busty Seam is found to have a thick band of stone in it, which band increases in thickness to the west and north to such an extent that the seam can no longer be worked as one seam, but has to be worked as two different seams, known locally as the Top Busty and the Bottom Busty. Across the Derwent it is known by other names. The seam crops to the surface in different parts of the vales of Derwent and Pont, especially on those portions of the valleys which have been exposed to the denuding agents of frost and water. Not much further to the west it disappears altogether, from the rise of the coal measures to the west by northwards. What may be its limit to the south and east will not be known yet, as, independently of the upper coal measures lying upon it, it

may possibly dip under the Permian strata which cover these measures in the south-eastern parts of the county of Durham. JAS. F. ROBINSON.

Jane and Anna Maria Porter.

FAMOUS in the history of fiction are the names of two ladies who were born in Durham towards the end of the last century—Jane and Anna Maria Porter.

These two ladies were the daughters of a retired army surgeon, who, after leaving the service, resided for some years in Durham, where the sisters and a brother (who also became famous, Sir Robert Ker Porter) were born—Jane in 1776; Anna Maria in 1780; and Sir Robert Ker Porter also in 1780. The mother, it is said, was well connected in the North of England, "being allied with the Anglo-Saxon Barons of Blenkinsopp and Hilton, the learned Adamsons of the North, and the celebrated John Tweddle, the Grecian traveller." At the death of

Jane Porter

the father, Mrs. Porter retired to Edinburgh with her three children, for the benefit of good education at a moderate expense.

It was in the capital of Scotland that the names of Wallace and Bruce and other Scottish heroes were made familiar to them, the maids of the nursery lulling the children to sleep with songs of "Wallace Wight," and the serving men entertaining the brother with tales of Bannockburn and Cambus Kenneth. An elderly female, Luckie Forbes, is said to have been the chief instructress of the sisters in legendary lore. It was no doubt to these legends and traditions that we owe the existence of "The Scottish Chiefs," as Miss Porter says of herself that "for long, long after I heard these things I never thought of becoming a writer at all."

Whilst residing in Edinburgh, they became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, who at that time was "a light-hearted youth," the mothers being on terms of intimacy. This intimacy was broken off for some time owing to Mrs. Porter returning with her family to the North of England (Durham), "where their residence happened to be near that of a venerable bishop, and where they had free

Anna Maria Porter

access to the Episcopal Library. Here they first read Spenser's 'Faëry Queen,' and here they studied many old black-letter chronicles." Some time after this they removed to London, where they soon became acquainted with West, Flaxman, Northcote, Shee, and other artists. Their society was also sought by several naval and military veterans, old friends of their father's. As a rule, they lived in a quiet and retired manner, until their genius became known to the world by its published manifestations.

The works of the sisters are so numerous that it would occupy considerable space even to mention them. Anna Maria died near Bristol in 1832; the brother, who had made himself so distinguished in arts, in diplomacy, in war, and in literature, died suddenly at St. Petersburg, in 1842; and Jane died in 1850. WEST END LANE.

***

The following anecdote, illustrative of the early days of

the celebrated authoress of "The Scottish Chiefs," and other historical romances, is told by William Henderson (himself an old resident of Durham) in his work "My Life as an Angler":—

I have always felt a keen interest in my mother's girlish friendship for Jane Porter, whom I myself remember when a child. I recollect the arrival of a note from the Waterloo Hotel, with a request that it should be delivered immediately to my mother. The note was from the authoress in question, conveying an affectionate request that the friend of her early days would come and pass a few hours with her at the hotel, while she was resting on her way to London. It appeared that the lady was returning from Scotland, where she had been collecting materials for her well-known work "The Scottish Chiefs," and she was glad to pause for a short time in the home of her childhood. For Miss Porter, her sister Anna Maria, and their brother Robert, had been brought up at Durham, and were such near neighbours of my mother, herself an only child, that they were constant companions, occupied together in pursuits which have not failed to leave their mark in history. I have often heard my mother describe the following scene:—The little party was collected in a low room with long windows looking into Bow Lane, then, as now, the quietest and most ancient looking part of the city. Miss Porter and my mother were engaged in needlework; Robert, stretched on the floor, was busy painting battle scenes on tissue paper; while Anna Maria, with a timid glance at her sister, drew from her pocket a manuscript which she was to read aloud, according to promise. It was the first part of that charming volume afterwards known as "Artless Tales"—certainly a remarkable production for a girl of (I believe) only fourteen years of age. The listeners were loud in their praises, till at last Miss Porter rose with an air worthy of Mrs. Siddons, a manner which clung to her through life. "Anna," she said, "you have written well." There was a pause of some moments. "When I write," she added, "I shall write history," and she swept out of the room with the air of a duchess. The reading of this, the first "Artless Tale," decided the future of the elder sister; from that day she applied herself to literature, in which she has left a not unhonoured name. A. H.

The Pitman's Saturday Night.

GREAT is the contrast shown in the two pictures which are here reproduced. The artist, Mr. Hedley, has realistically delineated two important epochs in the social and domestic history of Northern miners. These pictures depict the customs which obtained amongst them at the beginning of the century, and the habits which characterise them to-day.

The first picture—"The Pitman's Pay: Old Style"—recalls to mind a time when the working day was excessively long, and when the calling of a coal hewer was pursued under vastly more dangerous and disadvantageous conditions than it is now. It was a time, too, which was singularly void of educational facilities—when, even if these facilities had existed, the sons of miners could not have benefited by them, because it was then a common thing for boys to commence work in the pits at six years of age. With no reading-rooms or mechanics' institutes to which they could resort after their day's toil was over—

with no means or opportunity for social relaxation—it was quite natural that, when the Saturday night came round, and with it the cessation of work, the miners of an earlier day should gather at the village tavern. It was this custom which Thomas Wilson described in "The Pitman's Pay," and which Ralph Hedley has illustrated—

> And though the yel's resistless power
> Had silenced many a noisy tongue,
> Two vet'rans still, 'midst dust and stour,
> Conn'd o'er the days when they were young.

But the advance of time has brought with it the social and industrial advancement of the mining population. Mr. Hedley's second picture—"The Pitman's Pay: New Style"—forms a striking contrast to its companion. Here we see the miners receiving their fortnight's pay, not as of old in a public-house, but at the pay office connected with the colliery. The picture also reveals a prominent trait in the miner's character—his readiness to assist the poor and indigent. Thrift, a desire for intellectual improvement, a love of music, literature, art, science, and athletic sports—all these have in a very great measure taken the place of the revels, sports, and pastimes favoured by the pitmen of a past age.

Wordsworth and the Lake District.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the greatest and best of the Lake Poets, has, in his works, provided the thoughtful tourist with an admirable guide to the English Lakes. The simplicity and natural tenderness of the poet is set forth in each of his pages. He describes with equal power the playful daffodils and the raging storm; the desolate tarn and the beauties of Windermere. So rich, indeed, are some parts in Wordsworthian lore that an enthusiast may feel he breathes the influence of the poet in the very air. Grasmere, Hawkshead, Langdale, Ennerdale, Ullswater, and Win-

dermere are made additionally attractive by the poet's meditations and descriptions. "Meditation and sympathy were the main strings of his serene and stormless lyre." As he himself says:—

> The moving accident is not my trade;
> To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;
> 'Tis my delight alone in summer shade
> To pipe a simple song for *thinking hearts*.

For "thinking hearts" no holiday could be better spent than by walking through the English lakes with Wordsworth as a guide. The peculiar charm of the Lake District would, under such circumstances, be more highly appreciated; for his poems have done for Cumberland and Westmoreland what Sir Walter Scott in his novels and metrical romances has done for Scotland. And Scott's are the only works which can be even remotely compared to Wordsworth's. On the other hand, the *power* of Wordsworth cannot be fully known by one who is a stranger to the Lake District. He chose the most common object in life as well as in nature for poetic treatment, and in pure, terse, and graceful form, writes so that the least learned may not mistake him—

> O, reader! had you in your mind
> Such stores as silent thought can bring,
> O, gentle reader! you would find
> A tale in everything.

Of the Lake District generally the poet writes:—"I do not know any tract of country in which, within so narrow a compass, may be found an equal variety in the influences of light and shadow upon the sublime and beautiful features of landscape. . . . Though clustered together, every valley has its distinct and separate character; in some instances, as if they had been formed in studied contrast to each other; and, in others, with the differences and resemblances of a sisterly rivalship."

The intention of this paper is merely to attract attention to the connection between Wordsworth and the Lakes. Space will not permit quotation to any extent, so that I give only a general outline of a most enjoyable and instructive tour which may be taken with the poems as a guide.

We start, say, at Patterdale. Two of Wordsworth's poems refer to Ullswater, and both perfect in their way. The one is entitled "Airey Force Valley," and the other is the poem on "The Daffodils." The latter is such a fine example of the poet's style that I append it in full:—

THE DAFFODILS.

> I wandered lonely as a cloud
> That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
> When all at once I saw a crowd,
> A host, of golden daffodils;
> Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
> Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
>
> Continuous as the stars that shine
> And twinkle on the milky way,
> They stretch in never-ending line
> Along the margin of the bay;
> Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
> Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
>
> The waves beside them danced; but they
> Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
> A poet could not but be gay,
> In such a jocund company;
> I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
> What wealth the show to me had brought.
>
> For oft, when on my couch I lie
> In vacant or in pensive mood,
> They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude;
> And then my heart with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils.

Leaving Ullswater, ascend Helvellyn and find pages of poems dedicated to this majestic height and its wonderful prospect. Descend by way of Grisedale Tarn, where the brothers William and John Wordsworth parted before John set out on his fatal voyage. The verses on John, and the description of Grisedale Tarn, are well worthy of remark. Pass on by Tongue Ghyll, the beauties of which are referred to in the "Prelude," down to Grasmere. This pleasant village may also be reached from Ullswater by way of Kirkstone Pass instead of over Helvellyn. On this road Brothers' Water is passed, where Wordsworth rested and composed the stanza commencing—"The cock is crowing." To the right of Brothers' Water is the valley of Hartshope, where the poet saw that grand atmospheric effect described in the second book of the "Excursion." Thence ascend Kirkstone Pass and read "The Pass of Kirkstone." Then proceed to Grasmere.

The poems which first occur to my memory in thinking of Wordsworth as the interpreter of Grasmere are those in that series of seven "On the Naming of Places." Easdale Beck, Easdale Tarn, Helm Crag, the Rothay, Loughrigg, Fairfield, Rydal Mount, the Wishing Gate, and many other well-known heights, nooks, and places are treated in these seven poems. The poems undoubtedly render these charming spots more attractive, and the student of Wordsworth begins to feel the poet's *power* when studying the poems in sight of the objects described. "In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing Gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue." The two poems on "The Wishing Gate," and "The Wishing Gate Destroyed," treat this interesting object in appropriate style. "The Primrose of the Rock" describes a spot in the valley leading from Grasmere to Rydal. In the quarry near the "primrose rock," Wordsworth met "The Beggars," on whom he wrote two poems. And near the Wishing Gate he met "The Sailor's Mother."

> Majestic in her person, tall and straight,
> And like a Roman matron was her mien and gait.

A little way from Dove Cottage, Wordsworth met the old leech-gatherer who is referred to in his poem "Resolution and Independence." The poems, "The Brothers" and "Michael," were written by the poet near Dove Cottage. The island in Grasmere Lake is frequently referred to in the poems of "Inscriptions." Allan Bank, the House in which Wordsworth spent four years of his life, is chiefly interesting as the place where most of "The Excursion" was composed. Loughrigg Tarn is described

in the "Epistle to Sir George Beaumont." Grasmere Church is dealt with in "The Excursion," as also are Lingmoor, Wray Ghyll Force, Grasmere Lake, Langdale, Blea Tarn, &c., &c.

Grasmere is the centre of the Wordsworth country. His prime and closing days of life were spent there. The full richness of his strength as a writer may be said to date from December, 1799, when he and his sister Dorothy settled down in a two-storied cottage at Town End, Grasmere. Poetry then became the business of his life. He was married in 1802 to his cousin, Mary Hutchinson, and brought her home to Town End Cottage, and three years later wrote the following lines in her praise. It may well be asked, where may we hope to find verses more full of tender, loving devotion, or more truly poetic than these?

TO MRS. WORDSWORTH.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight:
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
Advancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrow, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of angelic light.

I hope to have aroused in some readers a desire for further acquaintance with the poet and the poet's country. If so, I invite them to Hawkshead, where Wordsworth's earlier days were spent. Here he first took to writing verses, and carefully observed and noted down many natural appearances "hitherto unnoticed by any poet he had ever read."

At the age of nine years, Wordsworth was placed in the grammar school at Hawkshead, where he remained for about nine years, till he went to St. John's College, Cambridge. During that period he associated himself with the Vale of Easthwaite so much that with the aid of his writings the tourist may pass from height to height and nook to nook and observe the beauties of the district with the poet's eyes.

At the age of sixteen he wrote the "Conclusion of a Poem Composed in Anticipation of Leaving School," and in manhood's prime, still full of love for the dale, he recast this poem, in the blank verse of "The Prelude." Both are appended, that the reader may chose between the impromptu utterance of a boy of sixteen with its fresh simplicity, and the version written in the strength of the poet's manhood.

By the boy of sixteen:—

Dear native regions, I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend,
And whensoe'er my course may end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.
Thus, while the sun sinks down to rest
Far in the regions of the west,
Though to the vale no parting beam
Be given, not one memorial gleam,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

From "The Prelude":—

—— A grove there is whose boughs
Stretch from the western marge of Thurston-mere,
With lengths of shade so thick that whoso glides
Along the line of low-rooted water, moves
As in a cloister. Once—while in that shade
Loitering, I watched the golden beams of light
Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed
In silent beauty on the naked ridge
Of a high eastern hill—thus flowed my thoughts
In a pure stream of words fresh from the heart:
Dear native regions, wheresoe'er shall close
My mortal course, there will I think on you;
Dying, will cast on you a backward look;
Even as this setting sun (albeit the vale
Is nowhere touched by one memorial gleam)
Doth with the fond remains of his last power
Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds
On the dear mountain-tops where first they rose.

The best approach to Hawkshead is from the ferry on Windermere by way of Sawrey. At the top of the ridge between the two Sawreys, a little to the right, the spot lies where stood the yew-tree, on which Wordsworth wrote the lines commencing:—"Nay, traveller! rest, This lonely yew-tree stands." From this spot a grand panoramic view is obtained of the vale of Easthwaite, with Hawkshead lying at the head of Easthwaite Lake—one of the prettiest views in the Lake District. In this vale the poet's early days were spent. His

Morning walks
Were early, oft before the hour of school
I travelled round our little lake, five miles
Of pleasant wandering.

Here he imbibed the spirit of the muse.

Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as ere I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
The solid mountain shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the fields.
Ah! need I say, dear friend! that to the brim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which still survives.

In the Grammar School at Hawkshead the letters "W. Wordsworth" may still be seen on one of the old forms, cut out by the boy poet. On the walls of the schoolroom, recently, some fancy scrolls have been fixed. These

scrolls present the following familiar mottoes, gleaned from the poet's works :—

Small service is true service while it lasts.

The child is father to the man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

We live by admiration, hope, and love.

The old Norman church, built at Hawkshead in 1160, is a pretty and conspicuous object in the landscape.

The snow-white church upon the hill
Sits like a throned lady, sending out
A gracious look all over her domain.

Anne Tyson's cottage, where Wordsworth lived for nine years, is well known and easily found, and there in the bedroom is

That lowly bed whence I had heard the wind
Roar, and the rain beat hard; where I so oft
Had lain awake on summer nights to watch
The moon in splendour couched among the leaves
Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood;
Had watched her with fixed eyes while to and fro
In the dark summit of the waving tree
She rocked with every impulse of the breeze.

Frequent reference is made in "The Prelude" to the schoolhouse, the church, and Mrs. Tyson. The following is the commencement of the poet's lines on Mrs. Tyson :—

The thought of gratitude shall fall like dew
Upon thy grave, good creature! While my heart
Can beat never will I forget thy name.
Heaven's blessing be upon thee where thou liest.

While the tourist is in this valley, the full force of the following magnificent lines may be the better realized, for herein the poet describes the influence of nature upon himself, moulding, and educating him in his early days :—

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou soul that art the eternity of thought;
That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or star light thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou interwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things—
With life and nature—purifying thus
The element of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognise
A grandeur in the beating of the heart.
Nor was the friendship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness.

The skating scene in "The Prelude" refers to the poet's winter sport on Easthwaite Lake. It is a production worthy of the pen of a poet in style and composition, and it is useful as a guide to the neighbourhood. In short, all who delight in Wordsworth must take special interest in Hawkshead. Here he

Held unconscious intercourse with beauty
Old as creation,

And saw

Gleams, like the flashings of a shield; the earth
And common face of Nature spake to him
Rememberable things.

To many it would be good practice to find out the force of the following lines as they bear upon the poet's childhood :—

These recollected hours that have the charm
Of visionary things; these lovely forms
And sweet sensations that throw back our life,
And almost make remotest infancy
A visible scene, on which the sun is shining.

To the works of Dr. Craddock and Professor William Knight I am indebted for much of the matter of this article.

CHAS. J. DEAN.

The Historian of Northumberland.

JOHN HODGSON, the historian of Northumberland, was born in the year 1779, in the deep, narrow, secluded vale of Swindale, in Westmoreland, a few miles north-west of Shap, forming part of Thornthwaite Forest. He began life in the capacity of schoolmaster of Matterdale, in Cumberland, with a salary not exceeding ten or eleven pounds a year. Here, in the heart of the mountains, he had excellent opportunities for pursuing the study of

natural history, particularly geology; but the smallness of his certain income, diminished, through the mismanagement of the trustees, to less than a third of what it ought to have been, soon compelled him to look out for a better berth. And being connected by marriage with a celebrated master of the Free Grammar School of Houghton-le-Spring, the Rev. William Hawes, he was induced by that gentleman's representations and influence to cross Stainmore into the County Palatine, and locate himself at Sedgefield, where he took the mastership of the school in 1801. His scientific attainments, wholly self-gained, were

already such as to bring him an offer from the Tyne Iron Works Company at Lemington, who had started business some years before, of the responsible post of manager of their works, at the then handsome salary of £300. But he declined the offer, flattering though it was, having other views.

Mr. Hodgson had determined to study for the Church. But his first trial was not successful. Having given himself too little time for preparation, and being, moreover, at all times timid even to excess, he lost confidence the moment he entered the room to be examined; and he was accordingly rejected by the bishop's chaplain, Dr. Burgess, prebendary of Durham and rector of Winston, afterwards successively Bishop of St. David's and Salisbury, and, according to Dr. Raine, in his life of Hodgson, "a mild, amiable man, and a consummate classical scholar, but well known for his strictness in conducting his examinations." He was more successful next time he tried, which was in 1804, when he was admitted into the order of deacons by the Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Vernon, afterwards Archbishop of York. Having on this occasion travelled to Carlisle on foot, without a gown for the ceremony (for he had "lost the coach" at Newcastle, and been obliged to drop his portmanteau), the prelate lent him one, with this kind remark: "Mr. Hodgson, this is the gown in which I myself was first ordained, and I hope it will be as lucky to you as it has been to me."

Immediately after his ordination, he accepted the subcuracy of Esh and Satley, chapels of ease in the parish of Lanchester. He now took up his residence in the latter town, in the neighbourhood of which he had ample scope for the study of Roman antiquities, it having been a celebrated Roman station, which, after ages of depredation, still exhibits perhaps "the boldest and proudest monument of the Roman arms in the North." A young man of his temperament, with abundant leisure, could scarcely fail to cultivate an acquaintance with the rich antiquarian treasures which were then lying all around—broken down ramparts, ruined towers, fallen pillars, choked up baths, aqueducts, military roads, &c. And so his biographer says:—"To Hodgson's short residence at Lanchester must be attributed that faculty of patient inquiry into the subject of Roman antiquities for which he was afterwards so highly distinguished, and which, in process of time, led to such signal discoveries on other and more extended fields." Vandalic ignorance had even then committed sad ravage on these noble remains, for he tells us himself in his description of the place that the dwelling-house on the farm of Hollingside was in a great measure built from the remains of the Roman Wall, and that the masons the proprietor employed, according to that gentleman's own account, preferred the stones that were carved to those that had been used for ordinary purposes. One stone in particular, he affirmed, made a yard of wall, and had a beautiful female figure cut on one side, which the masons turned inwards. It was at Lanchester also that Mr. Hodgson commenced his knowledge of the coal formation.

In 1806, he became curate of Gateshead, under its then rector, Dr. Prosser, a punctilious though pre-ritualistic clergyman, who, it seems, insisted upon his curates wearing a hat of a peculiar kind at visitations; and Hodgson's hat, we are told, was kept by him, to the last, as a curiosity. Dr. Prosser's successor at Gateshead was the celebrated Dr. Philpotts, afterwards Bishop of Exeter; and Mr. Hodgson was making arrangements for a continuance of the curacy, when he received from Mr. Ellison, of Hebburn Hall, the living of Jarrow, which he had in his gift.

Mr. Hodgson's connection with Jarrow matured more and more the fruit which had already begun to ripen at Lanchester; and he had not been there above a year before he commenced those systematic researches into the history of Northumberland which eventuated in his publication, thirteen years afterwards, of the first part of that great work which will for ever stand as the monument of his fame. He delighted in the hallowed memories of the Venerable Bede, and drank in greedily the classic associations that hovered round his quiet house and garden, placed, as it was, betwixt the interesting old church and the fast crumbling ruins of the monastic offices.

In 1810, two years after his settlement at Jarrow, he married a Miss Kell, of Heworth Shore, who made him an excellent wife.

When one of the most tremendous explosions recorded in the history of coal mining took place at Felling Colliery, on the 25th of May, 1812, Mr. Hodgson was one of the first to hasten to the spot, to administer such consolation and aid as he could give, as a man and a minister, to the bereaved friends of the unfortunate sufferers, who were ninety-two in number. He afterwards wrote a pamphlet, giving an account of the explosion, with a plan and description of the colliery, a brief statement of the fund raised for the widows of the sufferers, suggestions for founding a colliers' hospital, and a funeral sermon on the occasion. The profits arising from this publication were applied to the erection of a monument to the men in Heworth churchyard—a neat, plain obelisk, some nine feet high, fixed in a solid stone base, and having four brass plates let into the pillar on the four sides, on which are inscribed the name and age of each.

Mr. Hodgson's connection with the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle dates from its commencement in November, 1812. In conjunction with Mr. John Adamson, he was chosen its first joint secretary. The first volume of the society's Transactions, the "Archæological Æliana," is chiefly valuable on account of some elaborate papers contributed by him. He naturally soon became intimate with such men as Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham, Sir John Swinburne, Bart., the Rev. Anthony Hedley,

Mr. Ellis, of Otterburn, and other devoted North-Country antiquaries, and his correspondence on subjects of mutual interest with these kindly and congenial spirits bears testimony to his high character as a man, as well as his first-class qualifications as a local historian.

The following anecdote told by Dr. Raine, relating to an ecclesiastical conference at the card-table on the canons of the Church, refers, we believe, to this era :—

"That's a wonderful man, that Mr. Hodgson," said a gentleman one evening in Durham, in a crowded room, whilst looking on and talking over a whist table; "ye'll hardly believe it, but he has the churches of Heworth and Jarrow; and he has so many duties every Sunday, of one kind or another, that he's never done; and yet, after all, he gives a second evening service at Heworth; but he is sometimes so tired that he can only read the exhortation and confession before he begins his sermon." "That's very wrong," spoke a reverend personage, "very wrong, sir; quite contrary to the canons." "The canons!" replied the first speaker, "the canons, did you say? Why, as to canons, *just that*" (snapping the forefinger and thumb of his right hand with such a noise that there was an instant silence in the room); "the canons, you know, my lord, say a clergyman is not to play at cards; and there you are—a bishop—with the ace of trumps in your hand!" The bishop, adds Dr. Raine, was the chaplain of 1802, by whom poor Hodgson had been rejected in his examination for holy orders.

In January, 1816, after having had some correspondence with Sir Humphrey Davy on the subject of his safety lamp, then in process of trial, Mr. Hodgson one day startled a pitman in the Hebburn coal workings by appearing there with a lamp in his hand. Dr. Raine tells the story :—

A solitary man was working by no other light than the sparks of a steel-mill. No notice had been given to him of what was about to take place. He was alone in an atmosphere of great danger, "in midst of life in death," when he saw a light approaching—apparently a candle burning openly—the effect of which he knew would be instant destruction to him and its bearer. His command was, instantly, "Put out that candle!" (with a threat to send his pick through the body of the advancing intruder.) The flame came nearer and nearer. No regard was paid to his cries—which then became of the most terrific kind, mingled with awful imprecations against the comrade (for such he took Hodgson to be) who was tempting death in so rash and certain a way. Still, not one word was said in reply. The light continued to approach; and then oaths were turned into prayers that his request might be granted, until there stood before him, silently exulting in his heart, a grave and thoughtful man—a man whom he well knew and respected—who, four years before, had buried in one common grave 91 of his fellow-workmen—holding up in his sight, with a gentle smile, the triumph of science, the future safeguard of the pitman.

It was not until the year 1821 that the first (or rather, as it was designated according to his arrangement, the fifth) volume of his History of Northumberland appeared. The work was received with great favour by all persons of taste and literary acquirement; but that class, unfortunately, was not sufficiently numerous to make it a lucrative or even payable speculation. The world is, therefore, under obligations to that munificent prelate, Bishop Barrington, who marked his approbation of Mr. Hodgson's ambitious adventure by spontaneously conferring upon him the vicarage of Kirkwhelpington, worth about three hundred pounds a year. He likewise followed up this with a present of two hundred pounds. At Kirkwhelpington, where he went to reside, Mr. Hodgson was almost in the centre of the county whose history he had made a life's study for the benefit of coming ages. Successive portions of his work appeared in 1827, 1828, 1832, 1835, and 1840, the last volume being almost entirely occupied by a description and history of the Roman Wall.

When, in 1833, he was appointed to the vicarage of Hartburn by Bishop Van Mildert, he resigned his other preferments, to the great regret of his parishioners. His failing health, however, necessitated this step. Just when he was on the point of completing his labours as a historian, he was seized by a serious illness, brought on by his incessent application; and he was thereby incapacitated for further mental exertion, and forced to leave the work in a fragmentary state. It was on the 20th of August, 1839, just when he had got that portion of it which relates to the Wall ready for the press, that he "was struck down by the blow under which he never ceased to labour, until he was released from his troubles by the hand of death." Thereupon Dr. Raine says :—

Till the 21st of November there is a melancholy blank in the journal of which I have so often availed myself. On the latter day it recommences, but far too frequently gives indications of great bodily pain—and, in many of its entries, of that defective state of memory under which its writer never afterwards ceased more or less to labour. Of its numerous mistakes in words and names some appear to have been corrected afterwards, when he had the temporary ability to do so; others remain; and the journal itself, and the few letters which he wrote after this period, may in general terms be said to be full of woe. Now and then he brightens up, in the absence of pain; and now and then there are indications that he was in full possession of his powers of memory; but, in a general way, no other conclusion can be come to than that the very contrary was in both respects the case. At all times, however, both journal and letters breathe the spirit of patient resignation, and a due acknowledgment of the Hand from which cometh affliction.

Here are some extracts from Mr. Hodgson's diary and letters, painfully yet pleasingly suggestive :—

1839.—Isle of Wight, December 7.—The rocks that God has fixed into the hills, and his works that man has planted into the fields, still, as I did in my ardent youth, still now I love to search and gaze among—to venerate the ancient oaks and clay of the streams and fields of Medina. But the elasticity of my mind is gone; the strength of my frame is fled; my words have lost their sprightly names; I cannot collect them into multitudes of names; I cannot paint my soul into beautiful lines and flowers. The child of Poesy does not visit me, and carry me through wilds that cities love to live among, and are fast filling the earth. Still, however, I love to see oranges, though not exuberant in size, growing in the midst of December in the gardens of Wight. Man is restoring to her some of the pristine beauties of the garden of her ancient Father—the glories that he has obscured.

December 9.—Wrote [rode] by the side of the Solent to Gurnard's Bay, were [where] the land near the limekiln is sliding into the side of the sea. The apple trees near the houses sadly stunted, and yellow with lichens. The beautiful plant I saw on Friday last, in a shrubbery at East Cowes, is the *Arbutus uva ursi*, which grows even in Northumberland, as I think, in the open air, at Cresswell.

1840.—Clay Hill, Beckenham, April 19.—Still I cannot

read any sort of book, and with great difficulty read a whole [word] as I write it:—that is, to read a few lines either of books or writing troubles me very much.

HARTBURN, July 26.—6 Sunday after Trinity.—I read the Lord's prayer, the collect, and the ten commandments of the Holy Communion; but, from the imperfect state of my eyes, did not dare to read any more.

1841.—January 7.—I have to-day, for the first time since I have been unwell, been able to remember the name of Hildebrand, the vigorous Pope Gregory the Seventh.

April 21.—Poesy was my most early adoration. My head is broken; my language lost; my ears hear, but I understand not. Still, however, my soul hears the song of poesy. I hear it in the four winds—in the four voices of the year—in day and night—in the morning and the evening. It is in the brooks—in the fields—in the woods and the gardens.

May 24.—Mild west wind. Warm and dry. Apple trees blossom in great glory. All day in the garden, or selecting stones in the river for the wood walk near the school-house. Till half-past nine breaking stones for the garden walks. These rolled masses, gathered from my garden, or from the heaps of rubbish thrown against the tower of the church-wall, reprove me [not] for doing them any injury. They chide me for no idleness, no usefulness [uselessness], no mention that my head is in pain, my brain in distress. I can muse upon them as I break them, and consider how many thousand ages they have rolled in rivers or by the sides of the sea—how many more ages they have reposed in the earth. And now I am breaking them—a restless, busy man, that must soon, must soon be silent, and not disturb man, or break the fragments of the broken earth, any more. But I rejoice that, as I break them, I can find myself happy, and even on earth be at rest—can forget the idle and the hard-hearted, and the wicked—be happy—and find a time, and many times and places, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

May 22.—Drive to Morpeth. My ears still in pain. Can talk little. But the year is bursting forth into great beauty; and though I cannot hear the voice of man, I can, and do, rejoice in the silent and glorious works of God. Cædmon spoke in his poetry the deep words of God and the sweet words of Christ; and Milton raised his "pealing organ" to the same high and ecstatic height. In this world they both brought all heaven before their eyes. Now, I can no longer listen to their voice or read their "service high and anthem clear." I cannot sing in the songs of the Church; yet, while I can see the young and beautiful year, mighty blessings are left to me.

May 29.—Very rich, mild weather. Anxious to think as little as I can; to sit or lie in the warm sun; to bask like an animal; or to crawl out of the scorching sun, and lie under the shadow of a tree. Thought in my study distresses my brain.

December 9.—Called on John Brown, of High Angerton, one about my own age, and feeble now like myself; but, till a few months since, never had a headache. But I wish he could dream like me, and think of flying over rivers, and hearing music over lakes, and think his soul in the Milky-Way—though every day my head, by the slightest thoughts and words, is often distracted.

December 18.—Began to make a new catalogue of my books—Northumberland and Antiquarian. The next to be Poetry. But the sound of the poet and of music to me is now brought low, and all their sons and daughters are silent and dead; and nothing is heard as in the night, but the murmur of the brooks and the voice of the sea.

1842.—May 13.—Blessed and beautiful weather. The first day this year, I heard the cuckoo, the sweet sound of balmy and benevolent weather.

May 29.—At St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle. O, the delightfulness of the service! Delicious to hear the voices of the sons of music! The house of God, when glorious and full of joy, is indeed delightful. O, that I could again join in the service, and live for ever in the house of my God!

1843.—November 4.—This is my 64th birthday, and I thank my Creator that my health is as good as it is.

1844.—April 22.—(To Dr. Raine).—Since October last, I have had almost constant and distressing pain. I can seldom get to my garden, though my fruit trees, all planted by myself, are in beautiful blossom, and the whole of the garden trim and beautiful as any modest lady would array herself for a drawing-room.

September 5.—I was struck with a paralytic stroke, and deprived of the use of my left side.

October 26.—The weather still very fine. I fear I must give up to write notes to my journal, as my memory gradually decreases.

1845.—January 5.—(To Dr. Raine).—Very seldom endeavour to write a word of any kind, chiefly because I am so very unable to read what I write.

April 10—(To Mr. Raine).—My sight is so bad that I cannot turn my paper. Your old friend Hodgson.

On the 12th of June, 1845, the great and good man—for he was both—finally rested from his labours. His demise took place at Hartburn, when he was in his sixty-sixth year. His remains rest in a place where, in his own words when on earth, "the jetties of grey crag are fringed with fern, wild grasses, and shrubs, and the river's ever-varying and everlasting song 'imposes silence with a stilly sound.'"

It is on his History of Northumberland that Mr. Hodgson's fame rests; but he likewise contributed several papers to the "Beauties of England and Wales," the "Collectania Topographica," &c. Moreover, he found time while at Lanchester to cultivate the muse, which resulted in the publication of two volumes of poems. He also devoted much time, and that successfully, to botanical, geological, and philosophical studies, solacing with such pursuits many a weary hour of ill-health, from his boyhood till the day of his death.

Members of the Partridge Family.

THE partridge *(Perdix cinera)* is a plentiful bird throughout the United Kingdom and over the more temperate parts of Europe. It has a high reputation as a game bird, and is consequently strictly preserved by landed proprietors. In the Northern Counties, as Mr. Hancock observes, and the same remark applies to other districts, the stock is liable to great fluctuation, according to the state of the weather.

The plumage of the common partridge is smooth, mottled with deep orange, ruddy brown, and grey, and similarly coloured in both sexes. Its food consists of insects, grain, and plants. The nest is a mere hole scratched in the dry mould, generally under the shelter of some bush or tuft of grass, or in turf banks underneath hedges. The eggs, from twelve to twenty in number, are hatched in three weeks. The hen bird sits exceedingly close, and will sometimes suffer herself to be captured rather than take flight from the nest. The male takes no part in nidification, but he is bold in the defence of his mate and the young brood, and both birds practise cunning devices to draw intruders from the vicinity of the nest. The young are reared on small insects, larvæ, and

the eggs of insects, the parents leading them to the places where they are deposited, and scraping away the mould. Enormous numbers of ants and larvæ are devoured by the young brood.

The flight of the partridge is strong and quick, and when sprung the covey goes off with a whirring noise,

caused by the rapid motion of the wings. Two hen birds have occasionally been found occupying the same nest and hatching their eggs in common. The partridge varies in size and weight according to locality, but generally measures slightly over a foot in length. The wings, which expand to the width of one foot eight inches, are short and much rounded, and the tail is short and hidden by the coverts. The female is very nearly the size of the male.

Partially white varieties have occasionally occurred. A curious local variety, of a brown colour, has appeared in recent years, and seems not to have been observed out of Northumberland.

The red-legged partridge *(Perdix rufa)* was introduced into this country in the reign of Charles II. in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and afterwards more recently by the Duke of Northumberland and others. According to Mr. J. W. Fawcett, it is occasionally found in the county of Durham. It frequents cultivated grounds, especially hilly parts where bushes and copsewood abound, but seems to prefer heaths, commons, and other waste lands.

The food of the red-legged partridge consists of seeds, grain, clover, and other vegetables, beetles, flies, ants and their eggs, spiders, caterpillars, and small snails. The nest is made of grass and a few feathers of the bird itself, and is placed, as a rule, among corn, grass, or clover, or near a bush. The eggs, which generally number from ten to twelve, or even more, are of a reddish yellow-white colour, spotted and speckled with reddish brown.

The male measures in length from one foot one inch to one foot two inches. The bill is bright red; a black band runs from its base to the eye and down the neck, widening towards the front, where both sides meet, and from it numerous black spots and streaks descend towards the breast. Forehead, grey; sides of the head white, tinged with grey; crown, behind the neck and nape, reddish brown; sides of the neck, greyish white, tinged with brown and spotted with black, margined with greyish brown, and followed by a broad band of ash-colour; chin, white; throat, white, tinged with grey; breast, light yellowish red; on the sides are broad bands of red, followed by others of grey, white, black, and reddish yellow; back, reddish brown, tinged with grey.

The legs, which have blunt spurs, are bright red. The female, which has no spur, is not so rich in colouration as the male bird.

The quail (*Perdix coturnix*, Bewick; *Coturnix vulgaris*, Yarrell) is a spring and autumn migrant, though somewhat erratic in its movements, and has been found in this country both in winter and summer. Mr. John Hancock tells us that it is occasionally found breeding in Northumberland and Durham, nests having been found at Howick, Cullercoats, Fulwell, Callerton Fell, Wallsend, and Westoe. Writing in December, 1879, Mr. Clarke, of

Blaydon, said that a quail's nest had been taken in the middle of June the previous year near Ryton.

Quails migrate north and south in spring and autumn in flocks of many thousands. In the south of Italy as many as one hundred thousand are said to have been captured in one day. They migrate in flocks, travelling at night, and the males are believed to precede the females. They arrive here at the end of April or

beginning of May, and depart again in September. Not being strong on the wing, many of them perish in crossing the seas, and the survivors are often so exhausted when they reach land that they can be killed or taken easily.

On the ground these birds move quickly, with tail hanging down and neck drawn in, each step being accompanied by a slight nod of the head. Their flight is very rapid, and occasionally changes to a beautiful hovering motion. The males, which are considered to be polygamous, are most pugnacious, and in the love season they fight bitterly. Their food consists chiefly of grain, seeds, green leaves, and insects. The call is a shrill whistling note, like "whit, whit," generally repeated three times in succession. In the spring season the note is often incessantly repeated nearly all day long, but especially towards evening.

The quail is a plump, handsomely plumaged bird, and is shaped rather like our common partridge. The male is eight inches in length, and the wings expand to a width of one foot two inches. The plumage on the upper part of the body is brown, striped with reddish yellow; the head is somewhat darker than the back, the throat reddish brown, and the region of the crop reddish yellow; a pale yellowish line passes from the base of the upper mandible over the eyes and down the sides of the neck across the throat, where it is bounded by two narrow dark brown lines. The blackish brown primary quills are spotted with reddish yellow in such a manner as to form stripes; the first quill has also a yellow border; the reddish yellow tail feathers have white shafts, and are spotted with black at their edges. In the female all these colours are comparatively indistinct, and the reddish brown on the throat inconspicuous.

The Virginian quail (*Ortyx Virginiana*), says Mr. Hancock, is "an introduced species." "A specimen," he adds, "was shot on October 2, 1841, at Rothbury, out of a covey of partridges. It was an adult female, and had, when fresh, all the appearances of having reared a brood that year; and it may be questioned whether the birds with which it was associated were quails or partridges." A considerable number of this species were set at liberty on the banks of the Coquet, a short distance above Warkworth, in the spring of 1872, by Mr. W. R. Pape, and it was stated that several broods were reared the same year.

The male bird measures in length a little over nine inches. From the base of the upper mandible begins a black band, which continues above the eye, and forms a broad collar round the throat; over the eye and down the neck is a white streak underneath the black one; under the eye is a black band running down the neck on each side and meeting in front; forehead, white; crown, rich red brown, edged on each side with black, of which colour are the centres of the feathers; neck, on sides and nape, yellowish red brown, spotted with white and black, most of the feathers edged with bluish ash colour and pale

yellow; chin and throat white; upper breast pale reddish brown; lower part, pale yellowish or greyish white, edged with arrow heads of black; sides elegantly marked with rich chestnut brown, bordered with black lines and white margins; back, yellowish red brown, slightly pencilled over with black. The tail, of twelve feathers, short and much rounded, is greyish blue, sprinkled with reddish brown, waved towards the end with yellowish red. The female is a little less in size, and not so rich in colour as the male.

The Capture of South Shields Fort by Scots.

IT was during the memorable siege of Newcastle, in 1644, which has already been described in this work (see vol. v., page 114), that the small fort of South Shields was captured by the Scots. The reduction of the fort at the mouth of the Tyne was deemed a matter of great importance, as, were that accomplished, Newcastle, it was clear, would soon follow through want of provisions. Tynemouth Castle was the more important, but the possession of the fort of South Shields, which occupied very nearly the site of the old Roman Station at the Lawe, was likewise indispensable. That fort was commanded by Captain Chapman, a brave and gallant officer. On the 15th March, it was hotly attacked by the Scots, but the garrison succeeded in beating them off. On the 16th, in the morning, "about the opening of day," picked men were detached by General Lesley to assault it again, but these, "fearing too much the danger and difficulties," returned ingloriously without doing anything. The next day, being the Sabbath, was devoted by the Scottish army, as was their wont, to rest and worship. Monday seems to have been spent in comparative inaction, or probably in preparations for storming. On Tuesday a solemn fast was kept; "and it pleased God," says one of those concerned, "to show us the next morning a token of His favour." The narrator continues thus:—"A party not so strong as the former was sent to storm the fort, there being no other way of taking it. Col. Stewart, Col. Lyell, Lieut.-Col. Bruce, and Lieut.-Col. Johnston, with some inferior officers, led on the party. The fort was very strong, the graff without being esteemed twelve feet broad and eleven deep, the work above ground three yards high, and within it five pieces of iron ordnance, some nine pound balls, some more, one hundred soldiers, seventy musketeers, and thirty pikemen. It was situated with great advantage, being defended on one side by the ordnance of Tynemouth Castle, and on the other by a Dunkirk frigate, with ten pieces of ordnance. Notwithstanding, 140 of our soldiers, without any other arms but their swords, carried bundles of straw and sticks wherewith they filled the ditch, set up the scaling ladders (whereof some did not reach the top of the fort, the ditch not being well filled), and with their swords gave the first assault; then a party of musketeers, and after them a party of pikes, all marching up till they entered the ditch, where they disputed the matter above an hour; in which time the enemy discharged upon them 28 shots of cannon, some with musket ball, others with cut lead and iron, besides many musket shots. Our soldiers did resolutely scale the ladders, and some entered at the gun ports. The defendants behaved themselves gallantly till it came to stroke of sword, and then they fled away by water in boats. Sixteen of them were killed; a lieutenant and four soldiers, who stood out to the last, were taken: and so we gained the fort with the pieces, and some barrels of powder, and their colours. The providence of God wonderfully preserved our men, for only seven of them were killed, and some few hurt with stones and cut iron, but none deadly. No officers at all killed."

Notes and Commentaries.

KEMMEL'S PATH.

The term Gamel's Path, Gamble's Path, Gammel's Path, Kemmel's Path, &c., is applied to the Roman Watling Street which leads from High Rochester (*Bremenium*), and crosses the head of Coquet at Chew Green Camp (*Ad Fines*), and leads thence into Scotland. "Gamel's Path" was one of the places appointed by the Scotch and English wardens where a dispute between two Borderers might be settled in single combat. Hutchinson, in the second volume of his History of Northumberland, says:—"Any Scottishman accused of committing robbery, theft, and homicide, or any other crime in England that ought to be tried by single combat, was to answer at places fixed." It was "at Gamble's Path" that Robert Snowdon, of Hepple, in the 16th year of his age (according to Mackenzie), fought and slew John Grieves, a celebrated Scotch champion, in a pitched battle with small swords. In 1550, "Kemylpethe" and "Kemylspethe Walles" were debateable ground (Hodgson, part iii., vol. ii., pp. 208-211). Only the short northernmost stretch of the Watling Street is known as "Gamel's Path." I know the spot well, at the very source of the Coquet, twenty miles west from Rothbury. The path runs over the western ridge of Thirlmoor, a hill with three tumuli on its summit (a height of 1,833 feet above the sea). About a mile along the road to the south are the "Golden pots"—two stone bases for standing stones.

D. D. DIXON, Rothbury.

THE MEASE FAMILY.

Mr. Solomon Mease was a native of Stokesley in the Cleveland District of Yorkshire. When a youth he came to North Shields and served his apprenticeship with Mr. James Marr, surgeon and druggist. He afterwards commenced business as chemist and druggist in Tyne Street, North Shields. In 1823 he married Miss Mary Ann Dryden, a sister of Mr. John Dryden, shipowner. He had three sons who grew up to manhood—Robert Dryden Mease, John Augustus Mease, and George Dryden Mease, and also several daughters.

He was a most kindly-natured and large-hearted man, took a very prominent interest in all public matters, and worked unceasingly to get the river Tyne into commission. He was an alderman of the borough of Tynemouth, and had also been mayor. He lived, in later life, in Cleveland House, in the outskirts of North Shields. He was a

Wesleyan, but, like many of the old-fashioned Wesleyans, he had a warm heart towards the Church of England. He was married at the Parish Church, and, I believe, all his children were baptized in it.

In addition to his business, he was largely interested in shipping. He opened the chemical works at Jarrow-on-Tyne, his son, Mr. George Dryden Mease, being the resident partner in and manager of the concern. He was a very tall man. Mr. Solomon Mease died on 27th June, 1871, at Bristol, aged 72 years, much and deeply lamented. He was a devoted and affectionate father. His son, Mr. Robert D. Mease, died unmarried in 1863, aged 38 years. Mr. John Augustus Mease married Emma, daughter of Mr. George Shotton, shipowner, and died in 1857, aged 28 years. Mr. George Dryden Mease married a Miss Gabriel, of London, and, after carrying on the works at Jarrow-on-Tyne for a short time after his father's death, he closed them and went abroad. The eldest daughter of Mr. Mease married the Rev. J. D. Gedess, Wesleyan minister; and another daughter married the Rev. F. E. Toyne, vicar of St. Michael's Church, Bournemouth.

TYNEMOUTH, North Shields.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE STAGE COACH.

The following old stage-coach bill will serve as a reminder of the slow methods of travelling previous to the advent of the locomotive engine:—

NEWCASTLE POST-COACH,
During the Winter Season,

BEGAN to run three Days a week on Monday, the 2nd of November, 1772, and will continue setting out from the George and Blue Boar Inn, Holbourn, London, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; and from the Black Bull, in Newcastle, on the same Days: To carry six inside Passengers, and will perform in three Days as usual (provided no material Accident happens). No Livery Servants will be carried, except such Servants' Master or Mistress is in the Coach at the same Time. Saddle Horses, if required, will be provided for them at every stage 3d. per Mile. Children under two years old will not be taken in this Coach; all above that Age to pay full Price: And if any Proprietor suffer a Dog to be taken into the Coach, forfeits 5*l.*, and for every outside Passenger 40s.

*** The Proprietors of this Machine beg leave to acquaint the Public, that no Money, Plate, Jewels, or Watches, will be carried upon any Consideration whatever; and that the said Proprietors do hereby give Notice they will not be accountable for any such Articles which may be sent by the said Machine.

As Witness our Hands,
GODFREY HIRST, JOHN TERRIWEST,
MATT. GLENTON, WILLIAM HOLDEN.

CUTHBERT HOME TRASLAW, Cornhill-on-Tweed.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN NEWCASTLE.

Of the past history and pastorates of the Baptist church in Newcastle, the *Monthly Circular* of the Westgate Road and Jesmond churches says:—

Its earliest records are somewhat obscure, but there is substantial reason for believing that it was established by officers in Cromwell's army about 1650 or 1651. The first mention of the Church is in the records of the Baptist Church at Hexham, which tell us that on June 16, 1652, that church was visited by "Captain Simpson, Captain Mason, and Brother Blenkinsopp," who came by orders from the churches at London and Newcastle, and were "sweetly and lovingly welcomed as brethren." The following is a list of the Baptist ministers of Newcastle, so far as known:—

Thomas Gower	1652	Thos. Hassell	1796
James Turner	1674	Thos. Berry	1803
Richard Pitts	1689	Richard Pengilly	1807
Mr. Weir	1749	George Sample	1845
Mr. Bowser	1762	Thos. Pottinger	1849
David Fernie	1765	Wm. Walters	1860
John Allen	1769	James Mursell	1871
Wm. Pendered	1780	J. M. Stephens	1877
John Forster	——	J. T. Forbes, Westgate	1888
Thos. Skinner	1793	Frank Smith, Jesmond	1889

BURIED ALIVE.

Several cases are recorded of women having been buried with their rings on their fingers, and afterwards resuscitated by robbers trying to sever the ring fingers. One case was that of a French lady in Provence, and another the mother of the celebrated brothers Erskine. The fact of the same story having been told of several women has led to them all being discredited. But we need not go to France, or Scotland, for a case of this sort; there is one well authenticated much nearer home—to wit, Hutton Rudby, Cleveland.

The house situated on "the bottoms" at Rudby, now occupied by Mr. Joseph Mease, was formerly known as Rudby Mill. At the beginning of the present century, it was in the occupation of a man about whose name there is some doubt, but it was something like Neville, and he was a weaver. This man's wife died, and as some difficulty was experienced in attempting to remove her rings, she was buried with them on. This excited the cupidity of the sexton, who was also parish clerk, and a tailor by trade. He went late at night, and, having obtained access to the body, attempted to cut off the ring finger with his pocket knife. The woman immediately raised herself, and sat upright in her coffin. The tailor fled in affright. The woman, realising her situation, set out for her home enveloped in her shroud. The distance is not great, and is along a lane, in a straight line from the churchyard. She succeeded in awaking the sleeping household, but had great difficulty in convincing her husband that she was really his wife arisen from the tomb. They lived together for years afterwards, and the husband, instead of prosecuting the tailor, presented him, annually, with a web of the finest linen.

Now for the verification of this strange story; it is mentioned in Ord's "Recollections of Cleveland," and in Whellan's "History of North York." I was personally acquainted with Mr. Ralph Charlton, a well-to-do farmer at Rudby; he died about ten years ago at the age of 97. Mr. Charlton was personally acquainted with the persons mentioned in the above story. I also heard the story

from my grandfather, another native of Hutton Rudby, who died at an advanced age about fifteen years ago.

H. W. R., Seaham Harbour.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

TRESPASSING.

A native of Bishop Auckland was met on a portion of the North-Eastern Railway by one of the officials. "Do you not know," said the official, "that no person is allowed to walk upon this line?" "Well, sor," said the trespasser, "aa waddent hev waaked, but aa cudden't get a ride!"

THE SPELLING BEE.

Some years ago, two men, on board one of the Newcastle boats, were discussing the advantages of spelling bees. One remarked, "Man, they're sic clivvor things. They're sic a grand intertainment tee. What you're short on you can aalways pick up thor. That was hoo aa larnt to spell cinder!"

THE SHOWMAN AND HIS OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

Billy Purvis, standing one day on the steps leading to the stage in front of his famous booth, caught sight of an acquaintance of his younger days among the crowd. "Hey, lad," shouted the showman, "is thoo not comin' in? If thoo had a show, and aa wis thoo, aa'd coom in!"

ROMAN REMAINS.

A party of tradesmen were refreshing themselves in a bar-parlour at Blyth shortly after the discovery of the Roman Station at South Shields. Some of them were discussing the events of the day; but a shipowner was busily reading the *Newcastle Chronicle*. Looking up from his paper, he remarked to his friends, "Whaat's aall this aboot? Aa seed it every noo and then in the *Chronikil*. Here it's agyen—'The Roman Remains at Sooth Shields.' He's been thor a lang time noo. Whe is this Roman? and whaat in the warld is he deing at Sooth Shields?"

THE SOLDIER AND THE PRIEST.

A minister one day got into conversation with a soldier who belonged to the North. The latter answered a good many questions, such as how he liked his profession, what regiment he was in, where it was lying, &c. Then he thought it was his turn to ask a few questions. "Noo," said he, "aa wad like to knaa whaat ye are." "I am a soldier, too," said the minister. "Ay, and what regiment are ye in, and whor is't lying?" The minister, pointing up to the sky, said, "My regiment is in Heaven, sir." "Man," returned the soldier, "but thoo's a lang way frae the barracks!"

THE SHOWMAN AND HIS PATRONS.

Some years ago, a fat woman was being exhibited in a shop in Dean Street, Newcastle. Two Quayside gentlemen, sauntering up the street, were persuaded to enter. When the lady had presented herself and retired behind the screen again, the company departed. As the gentlemen emerged into the street, they were surprised to find quite a crowd outside. Feeling rather ashamed of having patronised such an exhibition, they were anxious only to hide themselves among the throng. Their horror may be imagined as they heard the showman at the door directing special attention to themselves in the following speech:—"Mark the character of the haristocracy as they leave the pavilion!"

A FEARFUL DREAM.

A workman at the Elswick Ordnance Works related the following dream to a friend:—"Man, aa dreamt that aad Harry wes eftor us. He gained on us, and aa fund aa couldn't get inte a hole afore he copped us, se aa torned roond and fyeced the beggor. Off he went, and aa eftor him, ower the dykes till we cam te a lake, where thor wes a big tree in the middle wiv a string tull't, reaching te the bank. Up the string went the aad un, and he gat inte the tree. Se aa said te mesel, 'If thoo can run up thor aa can tee.' Aa scrambled up the string aboot half way, when the divvil began te shake hor, and aa dipped ower-heed—and that wakkened us. Man, aa believe if aa hadn't wakkened, aa wad ha' been drooned!"

THE CAPTAIN'S FATHER.

In former days, when ships were laden in the Tyne out of keels, a keel went to load a foreign-going ship, which had a monkey of the baboon tribe on board. As the keelman was going to get his dinner, the monkey was leaning on the rail. Mistaking him for the cook, the keelman handed him a basin, saying, "Cook, gie us a drop of soup." The monkey smelt the basin, and broke it over the man's head. The keelman vowed vengeance when he caught the cook ashore; but when, after the keel was discharged, he went on board to get his glass of grog, the monkey was lying on the sofa in the captain's cabin. Taking up his glass, the keelman nodded to the skipper: "Here's te ye, captain, and yor canny aad feyther there. Aa thowt he wes the cook!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 10th of July, the Rev. Charles Popham Miles formerly vicar of Monkwearmouth, and honorary Canon of Durham Cathedral, died at Great Chesterfield, Essex, at the age of 80 years.

Mr. Alderman Thomas Pallister Barkas died at his residence in Lovaine Place, Newcastle, on the 13th of July, in his 73rd year. (See page 398.)

On the 20th of July was announced the death, which had taken place very suddenly, of Mr. Henry W. Watson, J.P., of Burnopfield House, in the county of Durham.

Mr. Alexander Joel, landlord of the White Hart Inn, Cloth Market, Newcastle, died at Cullercoats on the 21st of July, in his 71st year.

On the 22nd of July, the remains of Mr. Thomas Dean, coroner for Darlington Ward, county of Durham, who had died at Redcar, were interred in the Cemetery at

Bishop Auckland. The deceased was in the 73rd year of his age. The most memorable of his inquests were those which he held on the victims of the poisoner, Mary Ann Cotton.

The death was announced, on the 22nd, of Colour-Sergeant John Marley, a well-known local volunteer, who had been for upwards of twenty years attached to the Felling detachment of the 4th Durham Rifles.

Mr. Samuel Monkhouse, a well-known tradesman in the city of Durham, and a former member of the Town Council of that borough, died on the 24th of July, aged 56 years.

Mr. George Julian Harney, in a letter to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of July 25th, gave a biographical sketch of Mr. Thos. S. Horn, who had died on the 4th of June. The deceased was formerly connected with the firm of Horn and Story, music sellers, Grey Street, Newcastle. He had learned the business of organ building in London, and had also passed some time in a pianoforte factory. Coupled with his mechanical capacities was a strong spirit of adventure; and when he was 22, in the year 1845, he went to Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, which he made his headquarters, whence, in prosecution of his calling, he made repeated voyages to Barbadoes, St. Thomas's, and other islands of the West Indies. Mr. Horn, who was 67 years of age, during his early career in Newcastle took an active part in the Chartist movement, and was identified with the Northern Political Union.

On the 25th of July, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Calderwood Brown, a retired military gentleman, and a member of an old Newcastle family, died at the residence of a relative in Benton Terrace, in that city, aged 67. The deceased, who had risen from the ranks, was present at the battles of Alma and Inkerman in the Crimea.

Sir Charles Forster, M.P., who had represented Walsall in Parliament since 1852, and who was married to the younger daughter of Mr. John Surtees, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the lady being a niece of Lord Chancellor Eldon, died in London on the 26th of July, in his 75th year.

Mr. William Hodgson, who had been clerk to the Darlington Board of Guardians for 23 years, and who was also superintendent registrar of the Union, died somewhat suddenly on the 28th of July. The deceased, who had only just retired from his post, was about 45 years of age.

The Australian papers received on the 27th of July announced the death, as having taken place on the 23rd of May, of Mr. William Tomsett, an old resident of Port Adelaide, South Australia. Mr. Tomsett was a Sunderland man, and was brother of Mr. Edward Tomsett, of that town, who died only two months before him. The age of Mr. William Tomsett was 64 years.

Mr. Christian Forster, a frequent contributor, under the *nom de plume* of Christian December, to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, died in Newcastle, on the 1st of August. The deceased, a young man of great promise, was only 22 years of age.

Mr. Robert Fogan, said to be the oldest tobacco dealer in Newcastle, died on the 4th of August, aged 54.

On the 5th of August, Mr. William Blackador Johnson, for many years passenger superintendent of the North-Eastern Railway Company, died at York.

Mr. James Rewcastle, journalist, and for some time sub-editor of the *Northern Daily Express*, died in Newcastle, on the 7th of August, at the age of 52 years.

On the 10th of August, intelligence was received of the death, in Scotland, whither he had gone to spend his holidays, of Dr. McKay, of Sunderland, at the age of 47.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JULY.

11.—A handsome park, covering an area of about thirty acres, was formally dedicated to the use of the large population in and around Consett and Blackhill, by Mrs. David Dale, wife of the chairman of the Consett Iron Company. The company not only gave the land as a free gift to the public, but defrayed the entire cost of laying it out as a pleasure ground and place of recreation.

—The Northumberland miners held their annual gala and demonstration on the Castle Banks at Morpeth. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Nixon, president of the Northumberland Miners' Association, and the principal speakers were Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., Mr. T. Burt, M.P., Mr. S. Storey, M.P., and Mr. C. Fenwick, M.P.

14.—At the Durham Assizes, Catherine Dunn, an elderly woman, pleaded guilty to the manslaughter, at Gateshead, of her daughter, Anastasia Dunn, whom she said she had struck, but did not mean to kill her. (See page 287.) The judge released the prisoner, and bound her over to come up for judgment when called upon. In the same court, Felix Wood, labourer, aged 22, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for the manslaughter of John Greham, at Winlaton. (See page 335.)

15.—Harriet Harlidge, aged 30, was found guilty at Durham Assizes of the manslaughter of George Dixon, at South Shields, on the 11th of May; and Mr. Justice Day, who characterised the case as a very aggravated one, sentenced her to 20 years' penal servitude. Subsequently, however, his lordship reduced the sentence to 15 years' penal servitude. (See page 332.)

—Mr. James Ford, merchant, was elected a member of the Gateshead Town Council, for the East Central Ward, in the room of the late Mr. George Storey.

—Mr. J. S. Foggett, of Newcastle, was admitted into the freedom of the City of London, being the last of six prize-winners on whom the Worshipful Company of Coachmakers bestowed their honorary freedom in November last.

16.—James Collins, 18, labourer, and Eliza McGovering, 33, were convicted at Durham Assizes of the manslaughter of Mary McLachlan, at Sunderland, and were sentenced, the man to twelve months', and the woman to eighteen months' imprisonment. (See page 286.) On the same day, John Hardy, labourer, was sentenced to penal servitude for life for the attempted murder of Sergeant Applegarth, at Spennymoor, on the 16th of April. (See page 284.)

—At the Durham Assizes, John Reed and Philip Hodgson, police-constables, were charged with wilful and corrupt perjury in the police cases arising out of the evictions at Silksworth, but in neither case was any evidence offered, and the defendants were discharged. Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., next took his place in the dock,

and was charged with committing wilful and corrupt perjury in the Sunderland Police Court on the 7th March. The prosecution, in this instance, was also abandoned.

—Mr. Dennis Doyle delivered a lecture in the Geographical Institute, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, on "Matabeleland, Mashonaland, and Adjoining Countries." Mr. Doyle was at the time on a visit to England as the guide and interpreter of two principal induanas, or chiefs, of Gungunhana, king of Gazaland, who had sent envoys to Queen Victoria to seek British protection for the African king's territories.

—A new Roman Catholic Church, dedicated to Our Lady and St. Cuthbert, was opened at Prudhoe Hall, the seat of Mrs. Matthew Liddell, by whom the mission is maintained.

17.—The memorial stones of a new Wesleyan Chapel were laid in the village of Stamfordham.

—A severe thunderstorm, accompanied by heavy rain, passed over Newcastle and district. Some damage was done to property at Middlesbrough.

18.—Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P. for Cork, addressed a largely attended meeting in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—A young man named James Carruthers, about 17 years of age, was drowned while bathing in the river Tyne near Hexham. Several other drowning cases occurred in the district during the month, incuding that of Pelham Yateman, a member of the Sunderland Amateur Canoe Club.

—The Channel Fleet, consisting of twenty-one vessels, under the command of Admiral Seymour, anchored off the Tyne, remaining till the morning of the 20th, when it left for Berwick.

—The first pic-nic of the Tynesiders of Birmingham took place at the village of Arley.

20.—At a special meeting of the Newcastle City Council, Mr. Thomas Bell was elected an alderman of the city, in the room of the late Mr. Ald. Barkas. (See vol. for 1890, page 89.)

—As the maker of the highest total of marks in the volunteer aggregate at the meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley, Corporal John Roscamp, of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, whose quarters are at Walker, was declared to be the winner of the Hop Bitters Jubilee Challenge Trophy of £1,000 value, with £25 in money. At the same meeting, Private Edward Adams, the veteran marksman of Swalwell, secured the Wimbledon Cup, worth £100. The two volunteers who had thus distinguished themselves were, on their return to Newcastle on the 25th, received with demonstrations of great enthusiasm.

CORPORAL ROSCAMP.

—Cherry Fair, which had its origin in a charter granted in 1310 by Anthony Bek, Prince Bishop of Durham, was held at Stockton.

—The Bishop of Durham laid the foundation stone of a new Sunday School and Institute for St. Thomas's parish, in Sussex Street, Sunderland.

21.—Mr. Augustus Harris applied to the Town Improvement Committee of Newcastle Corporation for the renewal of the license to the Tyne Theatre for the performance of stage plays for twelve months, and it was granted unanimously. During the hearing of the application, information was received in Newcastle that her Majesty the Queen had conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Harris, who is one of the sheriffs for London and Middlesex.

PRIVATE E. ADAMS.

—The thousand-and-eighth anniversary of the parish Church of Chester-le-Street was celebrated by special services.

—The Rev. Dr. Bowman Stephenson, President of the Children's Home in London, and a native of Newcastle, was elected President of the Wesleyan Conference at Nottingham.

23.—William Burke, a butcher, was committed for trial by the Berwick magistrates on the charge of having wilfully murdered John Burns, a fellow-workman, at Tweedmouth, on or about the 1st of August, 1882.

—The twin-screw steamer, Saratov, built by Messrs. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., Limited, was launched from the Hebburn shipbuilding yard in the presence of a large gathering of spectators from Newcastle and district. The vessel was an addition to the Russian Volunteer Fleet.

24.—Mr. Joseph Reed, jun., a native of New Benwell, was appointed principal tenor at Trinity College, Cambridge University. The candidates for the post, which was competed for before Professor Villiers Stanford, Mus. Doc., included twenty-five vocalists from all parts of England and from Paris. Mr. Reed was for some time a member of the choir of the Elswick Road Wesleyan Chapel, and of the Church of St. Thomas the Martyr, Newcastle. At a later period he secured the position of tenor vocalist in the choir of Canterbury Cathedral.

MR. JOSEPH REED, JUN.

25.—Mrs. Ropner cut the first sod and laid the founda-

tion stone of the principal lodge of the new park presented to the borough of Stockton by her husband, Major Ropner, of Preston Hall, in that town. The ground, which is nearly 40 acres in extent, cost between £8,000 and £9,000.

—It was announced that the first anniversary of the East London Hotspur Club, at the Cape of Good Hope, had been celebrated by a banquet on the 12th of June.

—High Espley estate, near Morpeth, consisting of 327 acres, was purchased by Mr. E. M. Bainbridge, of Eshott Hall, Northumberland.

26.—An appalling catastrophe occurred at the Friar's Goose Chemical Works, near Gateshead. Shortly before seven o'clock in the evening, when the night-shift men had gone in to duty, four of the condensers suddenly collapsed, burying the following seven workmen in the ruins:—William Parkinson, aged 25; George Robertson, 47; William Heslop, 40; James McCuskin, 50; James McTierman, 52; Henry Shorey, 45; and Robert Johnson, 50. The whole of these were instantly killed, with the exception of McCuskin, who was held fast between two great slabs of stone, which imprisoned him tightly without crushing him. The most strenuous efforts were put forth with a view of rescuing him from his perilous position, but, unhappily, without success, as the poor fellow, after bearing his sufferings most manfully and heroically for twelve hours, at last exclaimed "I'm done," and expired. The whole of the seven men who met with so sad a fate were married, except Parkinson. As to the cause of the accident, it was stated that the water had been turned on to the tank, for the purpose of extinguishing the fire which had caught the coke in one of the condensing chambers below. Steam was thereby quickly generated, and, not finding ready vent, was sufficient to cause an explosion. This brought the centre condenser down, and, the whole framework being loosened, the others followed.

—Mrs. Annie Besant lectured on "Theosophy" in the Nelson Street Lecture Room, Newcastle.

27.—A terrible fire broke out in the chemical department of the Wear Fuel Works, South Docks, Sunderland, resulting in the total destruction of that extensive establishment.

—At the twenty-third annual meeting in connection with the Wellesley Training Ship, in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. James Hall, it was resolved, by a majority, to terminate the engagement of the commander, Captain Ryder, owing to the friction which had latterly prevailed between that gentleman and the committee, but he was unanimously absolved from everything like a charge of cruelty or excessive punishment in his government of the boys.

28.—Mr. C. H. Leach was appointed clerk to the Darlington Board of Guardians.

—On this and the following day, the twentieth annual conference on Local Government Administration for the four Northern Counties was held at Gilsland, under the presidency of Mr. J. Lloyd Wharton, M.P.

29.—The Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis), entertained a large company at a garden party in Jesmond Dene.

—The foundation stones of a new Wesleyan Chapel and schools were laid at Tantobie.

—At the Central Criminal Court, London, whither the venue had been transferred, Edward Moross, described as a "medical electriciian," pleaded guilty to indecently assaulting Isabella Burney and Florence Crossling, at Newcastle, and was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment with hard labour.

30.—In the playing off of the final tie between the Leazes and Castle Leazes Bowling Clubs, in the Brandling Park, the Cowen Challenge Cup was won by the Leazes Club.

—The annual festival of the North-Eastern Cathedral and Church Choirs was held in Durham Cathedral.

—During a heavy squall, a diver named Elsdon was drowned while proceeding in a boat from the wreck of the Gothenburg City on St. Mary's Island to the mainland.

—Mr. James Joicey, M.P., laid the foundation stone of St. Mary's District Church of St. Columba, Alexandra Road, Gateshead.

31.—The discovery and restoration were announced of the baptismal font, which had been long missing, belonging to the Church of the Holy Cross, now in ruins, but at one time the parish church of Wallsend. Arrangements were made by the Rev. James Henderson, vicar of Wallsend, for the placing of the relic in the existing church of St. Peter's. Mr. Henderson, it was also stated, had put in a place of safety the stocks which for more than half a century had stood unused and exposed to the weather immediately within the gates of the cemetery adjoining the parish church of St. Peter's.

—About this time great havoc was caused to the turnip crops in various parts of the country by the diamond-back moth caterpillar; and the Board of Agriculture directed an inquiry to be made in those districts, including Northumberland and the Scottish Borders, where the pest was most prevelant, with a view to the discovery of a remedy.

—The regiment of Northumberland Hussars, at the conclusion of the annual ten days' training, was inspected on the Town Moor by Colonel Duncombe.

—An entertainment was given in the Banqueting Hall, Jesmond Dene, by the Norwegian and Swedish residents in Newcastle, in honour of the visit of the officers of the Norwegian warship Nornen.

AUGUST.

1.—A new passenger station was opened at Carville, near Wallsend, on the riverside line of the North-Eastern Railway.

—Mr. Thomas Stamp Alder, chemist, was returned to the Newcastle City Council as member for North All Saints' Ward, in the room of Mr. Thomas Bell, made an alderman.

—His Excellency, Carlisle Bey, of Alexandria, one of the chiefs of the Egyptian Government Railway, arrived on a short visit to Tyneside.

2.—St. Jude's Church, Shieldfield, Newcastle, under the charge of the Rev. Charles Digby Seymour, son of the Recorder of Newcastle, was consecrated by the bishop of the diocese.

—A new building was opened as a barracks for the Salvation Army in Lambton Street, Sunderland.

3.—There was a general observance of Bank Holiday in Newcastle and district.

—A horse procession was held, for the first time, in Gateshead.

—The fifty-fourth show of the Tyneside Agricultural Society was held at Hexham.

—A religious convention was held at Christon Bank, in connection with the laying of the foundation stones of a new Primitive Methodist Chapel at that place.

—A new place of entertainment, termed "The People's Palace," was opened in High Street West, Sunderland.

3.—A society was formed in Newcastle, under the title of the Northumberland Baseball Association.

—During a severe thunderstorm, some damage was done by lightning to St. Aidan's Church, Blackhill.

4.—Mr. J. D. Proud, solicitor, Bishop Auckland, was elected coroner for the Darlington Ward of the County of Durham.

5.—At a special meeting of the Newcastle City Council, it was unanimously resolved to confer the honorary freedom of the city on the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, "in recognition of his eminence as a man of letters, and of the distinguished services he has rendered to this country."

—The result of the triennial election in connection with the Benfieldside School Board—the first contest since the constitution of the Board fifteen years ago—was declared, the Rev. James Foran, parish priest, Blackhill, being at the head of the poll.

—A very exciting and alarming tramway accident occurred in Westgate Road, Newcastle. The horses attached to an empty car became frightened, owing to the breaking of one of the traces, and they dashed along at a rapid rate. The pole snapped, and the horses became detached from the vehicle. The car dashed at great speed down Westgate Hill. At the corner of Cross Street, it was pitched into Mr. Gibson's furniture shop, opposite the Westgate Police Station. Several persons were injured, and a little boy, named William Henderson, 9 years of age, was so severely crushed that he died shortly afterwards in the Infirmary.

6.—It was announced that, in the course of the re-arrangement of the Corporation books and documents at Berwick-on-Tweed, there had been discovered the confirmation by the Long Parliament of King James's Charter to Berwick. The document was dated 28th January, 1649, old style.

—The Retribution, a new cruiser for the British navy, was launched from the Howdon yard of the Palmer Shipbuilding and Iron Company. The christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. Chadwick, wife of Mr. J. O. Chadwick, a director of the company, West Hampstead, London.

7.—At the half-yearly meeting of the North-Eastern Railway Company, at York, a dividend of 6 per cent. per annum was declared.

—A woman named Ann Hollands died in the Newcastle Workhouse from fever consequent on injuries alleged to have been inflicted by her husband, John Hollands, on the 18th of July.

8.—A schoolboy named John Thomas Gray, 11 years of age, died at the Hospital, Hartlepool, from the effects of a fall from a wooden horse on a steam roundabout, in the High Street, in that town.

10.—The will of Mr. Matthew Kearney, J.P., late of the Ford, Lanchester, Durham, was sworn, the value of the personalty being £2,005 11s. 5d.

General Occurrences.

JULY.

12.—A great review of volunteers was held at Wimbledon before the Emperor of Germany.

14.—The German Emperor's State visit to this country was brought to a conclusion by his Majesty leaving Leith *en route* for Norway.

15.—A native of Switzerland, named Eastioni, was sentenced, at Zurich, to eight years' hard labour and twelve years' deprivation of civil rights, for killing State-Councillor Rossi during the Ticino revolt.

18.—A train of twenty-three waggons and two locomotives was precipitated over an embankment upon a gang of men working in the Manchester Ship Canal. Ten men were killed, and many others wounded. The accident was caused by a pointsman, aged 17, who made a mistake in manipulating the points. He was arrested, but was afterwards discharged.

22.—The Prince of Naples arrived in London upon a visit to England.

— It was announced that the Queen had conferred a baronetcy upon the Lord Mayor of London, and a knighthood upon Mr. Sheriff Farmer and Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris, in connection with the recent visit of the German Emperor.

24.—The result of a Parliamentary election at Wisbech was declared to be as follows:—The Hon. A. Brand (Gladstonian Liberal), 3,979; Mr. S. W. Duncan (Conservative), 3,719.

26.—Death of Sir Charles Forster, Member of Parliament for Walsall, for which borough he had sat since 1852. Sir Charles married a daughter of Mr. John Surtees, of Newcastle, and a niece of Lord Eldon.

— A fearful railway accident occurred at St. Mandé, France. While one train was leaving the station another ran into it in the rear. Thirty-five people were killed, and many others injured.

30.—Mrs. Turner was convicted at the Leeds Assizes of being an accessory after the fact to the murder of a child at Horsforth by her son, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life. Subsequently, Mr. Justice Grantham reduced the term of imprisonment to twelve months. Next day the woman's son was sentenced to death for having horribly murdered and mutilated the little girl, Barbara Waterhouse.

AUGUST.

2.—A band of fifteen men attacked the barracks at Barcelona. In the fight that ensued several men were shot on both sides. The greater number of the aggressors were arrested.

5.—The sixth session of the twelfth Parliament of her Majesty the Queen was prorogued.

— Police-constable Alfred Bradbury and Sergeant Cottle were acquitted at the Winchester Assizes on a charge of having committed perjury in giving evidence against Alice Millard, whom they had charged with being a disorderly person.

6.—A railway collision occured near Port Byron, U.S. Eleven persons were killed, and nineteen others were injured.

8.—A parachutist named Higgins was killed at Leeds. Owing to his legs having become entangled in some telegraph wires, he was thrown from the balloon in which he was ascending, striking a wooden barrier in his descent. The unfortunate man died on the way to the hospital.

10.—The Venerable Gilbert Elliot, Dean of Bristol died, aged 91.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. V.—No. 56. OCTOBER, 1891. PRICE 6D.

Ada the Thoughtful, and Harald, Lord of War.

THE Danes have preserved many particulars relating to the history of Northumberland which are not to be found in Bede, the Saxon Chronicle, William of Malmesbury, Florence of Worcester, or any other original English authority. Our national annals are, in fact, very imperfect down to about the time of Alfred the Great; indeed, we may say till the period of the Norman Conquest. With regard to many important sections of the country, we know very little of what actually took place during several hundred years. Of the particular incidents of the various Saxon invasions we are almost quite ignorant. We know hardly anything of the conquest of Mid-Britain, and but little more of the conquest of the North. Such narratives as have come down to us are rather mythical than historical. They are founded on fact, no doubt, but the fillings-in are fable. Beyond the lists of names of barbarous petty kings, in many cases plainly and palpably forged, there are only a few reliable incidents given. We have portents and prodigies and miracles in great plenty, but all else is blank. The Heptarchic Age is a time, therefore, in which fanciful historians may revel at their own sweet will.

Having premised this much, we shall proceed to relate, from Danish popular tradition, a curious episode in the history of Northumberland during these dark ages, of which we find no trace in any of our old chroniclers, and which, so far as absolute truth goes, is probably as reliable as the bulk of the British legends about King Arthur and the Round Table, the German legends about the Nibelunger, or the Spanish legends about the Cid. It concerns a certain Princess Ada and her son Harald, neither of whom, so far as we know, is mentioned at all by the English writers.

Ada was the only child of a renowned Scandinavian chief, Iver, the Wide-grasping, who, from the province of Scania, of which he was a native, and over which his father seems to have ruled, had extended his lordship not only over the whole of Sweden, but over a great part of Saxony, Courland, Esthonia, and other countries, and likewise over Northumberland, of which he caused his daughter to be proclaimed princess, she having been born at Gyrwoe in that province of Britain, probably our modern Jarrow. Ada, otherwise called Œda and Unna, was the richest heiress in the North, and her hand was naturally sought by a number of aspiring youths, to none of whom, however, did she seem inclined to listen, while her father was still more fastidious in his estimate of a worthy wooer. There were two young Danish under-kings, indeed, who might fairly claim a preference over the rest, for political reasons, if for no other. These were Rorik, surnamed Slingtie, and Helge, surnamed the Sharp. Though full brothers, the pair were very unlike in disposition. For Rorik was a man of peace, while Helge was a bold and hardy sea king, scouring the narrow seas every season in search of wild adventures. Helge had long courted Ada, and she would willingly have given her hand to him; but her scheming father would not allow her to do so, because Helge had as yet no position. At length he made Ada positively forbid Helge to come into her presence, the very last thing she would have done of her own accord; and he artfully succeeded in making the young man believe that it was the lady from whom the objection came, not from himself, and that he had done everything in his power, but in vain, to induce

her to marry him. Disheartened by this cruel rebuff, Helge retired, being, with all his pirate-like daring, a very modest man.

And now his brother Rorik, who was, as we have said, of a quite different temperament, was advised by his friends to pay his addresses to the coy princess. The hint came originally from King Iver, who desired to have for his son-in-law a person of whom he could more easily make use for his own selfish purposes than Helge. Ada was in nowise disposed to favour the elder brother's suit, but it was her father's will and pleasure that she should do so, and she had no alternative but to obey. Rorik, on his side, was too lymphatic, or too timid and bashful, to go a-wooing personally, and the generous, self-denying Helge offered to act as his ambassador, and crossed the sea in that capacity. Iver, the old dog, protested to Helge that it was quite inconceivable to him how his daughter could have come to prefer the less to the more famous of the two brothers. But it was contrary to his principles, and abhorrent to his sense of what was due to feminine modesty, to interfere with the princess's inclinations; she was old enough to judge for herself, particularly as she inherited so ample a share of her mother's power as a wise woman as to have already got the surname of "The Deep Thinker" or "The Thoughtful One."

But when the king spoke of more and less famous, Helge only said:—"If my brother is less famous than I, it is because he sits at home in peace and rules his people like a father; while I roam about the world, working all sorts of mischief for my own pleasure: so I think he is the wiser and better man of the two."

The preliminaries having been all duly settled, Helge escorted Ada to her new home in Denmark, from her father's palace. In the course of the voyage, mutual explanations took place, and both Ada and Helge learned with astonishment the nature of the trick that had been played upon them. They felt heartbroken at the blank, dreary prospect that lay before them, for they had truly loved each other, and their affections had been most cruelly trifled with. They remained, nevertheless, true to their honour, though Ada was ready to invoke curses on the head of her mercenary, heartless parent, and Helge could scarcely help suspecting that his brother was an accomplice with Iver.

But the nuptials between Rorik and Ada were duly solemnised, and the issue of their union was one of the greatest heroes the North ever produced, the celebrated Harald Hildetan. Harald was the handsomest boy that ever was seen. He throve so well that in his third year he was as tall, stout, and active as other lads were in their tenth year.

In the following summer, King Iver began making a tour through his dominions, and, calling at Zealand by the way, on his route to West Gothland, he sent a message to Rorik's palace to inquire after his daughter, his son-in-law, and his grandson's health. Ada, knowing her father's crafty turn, and suspecting he had some sinister motive, was anxious on her husband's account, when he intimated his intention of going to the shores of the Sound to have an interview with the old tyrant, who had expressed a strong wish to see him. Being, as the reader will recollect, a wise woman, or reimkennar, of the sort personified by the author of "Waverley" in Norna of the Fitful Head, she made ready with her own hands, on the floor of a room in the palace, a new bed, with new sheets, and on it she got her husband to lie down to rest, telling him, at the same time, to take particular note of his dreams, as from the nature and complexion of these she would be able to read his fortune.

Rorik dreamed that he saw a noble hart quietly browsing in a rich level meadow, and that a leopard sprang out of the wood upon it, to make it its prey. But the hart struck its horns into the ferocious beast, just behind the shoulder, so that it died. A great dragon thereupon came flying through the air, seized hold of the hart with its claws, and tore it to pieces. A she-bear stood near with her cub, which the dragon would otherwise have destroyed; but the dam protected her offspring, and the dragon was foiled. Finally, the dragon disappeared, falling into the sea and perishing there. "These," said Ada, "are the evil spirits by which my father is possessed, contending with each other, and destroying him in the end. But have a care, then, husband, how you meet him, for the dream portends you no good."

Rorik set out with a great following to greet his father-in-law, and after they had conferred with each other a while, he courteously invited Iver to become his guest for a few days. The old king, however, excused himself, on the ground that pressing necessity called him to West Gothland; but, with deeply concocted villainy, he told Rorik that his wife Ada was unfaithful to him, and that Harald was not his, but Helge's son. He accordingly advised him to divorce her, and turn the bastard out of doors; or, at least, if he could not make up his mind to do that, he ought certainly to avenge himself on his wife's seducer and paramour. He would otherwise be branded as a "niding"—the most contemptible of men. Iver then proceeded on his voyage northwards, leaving Rorik writhing as if stung by an adder, as one Scald expresses it.

Helge came home in the autumn from a long and successful course, and Ada, to whom her husband had said nothing on the subject of her alleged infidelity, made a grand banquet in his honour. The gallant sea king was in capital spirits, but his sedate brother the reverse. Helge urged Rorik to make merry along with his guests, as the laws of hospitality demanded, and to drive away dull care with ale and mead and dancing, as he was fain to do himself. But the more urgently he pressed him the more moody and sullen did he become. At length it was resolved to get up a tournament, and in that Rorik consented to take part. But whilst Helge innocently tilted against him with a blunt spear, Rorik ran at his brother

furiously with a sharp-pointed lance and pierced him through the heart, so that he fell off his horse dead.

No sooner had King Iver heard how well his wicked plot had succeeded than he assembled his fighting men, and told them what a horrid crime Rorik had committed, and in what a dastardly fashion he had done the fratricidal deed. He spoke eloquently of the frank, manly character, gallant bearing, and glorious deeds of the murdered hero, and contrasted his life and acts with those of the indolent and listless Rorik. He asked them to help him to avenge his friend Helge, who should, by rights, have been his son-in-law. They followed him, as in fealty bound, and Rorik was vanquished in the field, took ignominiously to flight, and was killed during the pursuit by some one who did not recognise his rank, but felled him from behind with a mace.

Ada managed to raise some fresh troops, who made head for a while against Iver's forces; but, despairing of ultimate success, she gathered all her treasures together, and fled with her son to Norway, where, consulting her interests rather than her inclinations, she married Radbard, one of the petty kings who ruled over that country.

On the other hand, Iver made himself master of the whole of Denmark, which from the beginning had been at the bottom of his hateful plans. He then fitted out an expedition by sea against Radbard, his new son-in-law, whom he accused of having married his daughter without his consent. But while lying storm-bound in a bay off the Swedish coast, he had a quarrel with his foster-brother Hord, who, in a fit of ill-humour, alluding to his insatiable greed of dominion, had compared him to "the huge serpent, begotten of the devil, which lies at the bottom of the ocean with its tail in its mouth, encircling the whole earth, causing storms and tempests, sucking in ships, and suffocating everything that comes near it with the floods of rank venom which it vomits forth." Hord stood on a cliff jutting out into the sea. Iver sprang at him like a wild cat from the lofty prow of his ship, the Great Dragon. They caught each other by the throat, but both fell headlong into the sea, which swallowed them up, and they were never more heard of.

When Harald was fifteen years old, he enlisted under the banner of Halfden the Strong, a hero whose name is perpetuaced in several localities on Tweedside, a district more than once harried by him. Some authorities will have it that Halfden was Harald's real father; but, however this may have been, it appears that Ada, of whose second husband we hear no more, was present during this campaign. For we are told that when her son was sore wounded in a great battle in which Halfden fell, she took him upon her back and carried him off the field into a neighbouring wood, where, in a humble cottage, she nursed him with great care, and soon had him restored to health and strength. It was the custom in those days for the Norse women to accompany their fathers, husbands, or sons into the field to serve as "leeches" and surgeons when there was need—to probe, wash, and bind up their wounds—to give them reviving medicated drinks—and generally to minister to their wants.

But, if all tales be true, this was the last occasion on which Ada would have any necessity to perform any such service to her son. For Odin, whose sincere worshipper the young hero was, and whose special favourite he became, granted him, in response to his mother's prayers, the gift of invulnerability, as Thetis did to Achilles. Thenceforth, neither iron nor steel could harm him, so that the weapons which were deadly to others played harmlessly around him. No wonder, then, that he devoted to Odin everyone whom he overcame in battle. No wonder that his contemporaries gave him the surname Hildetan, or Lord of the Battle Field. His marvellous acts and deeds were recorded in many parts of Scandinavia, and possibly also of North Britain, cut in runes in the face of the living rock. He overran all Scania, Zealand, and Jutland, and formed Denmark into a united kingdom. He did all this—as well he might, considering Odin's miraculous gift to him—without helm or hauberk, cuirass, or cuisse, habited only in a plain red cloak, with a cap surmounted by an eagle's plume. He also helped several of the under-kings of Norway, who were always fighting amongst themselves, to beat their enemies; and after having restored several of them to their dominions, he would accept of no fee or reward, reckoning himself sufficiently paid with the eternal honour he had won. Inspired by Odin, he cured his soldiers of a dreadful epidemic disease, that threatened to cut them all off when upon a long, weary march, the god directing him to make use of a particular herb, which grew in the damp meadows, and which acted as a specific against the otherwise fatal distemper. This valuable plant is said to have been the *Pulicaria dysenterica*, or common flea-bane, with which, according to Linnæus, Marshal Keith once cured the Russian army of dysentery.

After returning from the Far North, Harald sailed up the Elbe and Weser, and attacked the Frieslanders. He then chased the Germans a considerable way up the Rhine. Next he vanquished the Wends on the southern shores of the Baltic. Subseqently, he invaded Aquitaine or Southern Gaul. After that, he started for Britain, from the mouth of the Garonne and Loire, bent on vindicating his rights; for the restless Northumbrians had risen in rebellion, thrown off the Danish yoke, and chosen to themselves a native king, of the Anglian race, whom, however, Harald very soon dethroned. Then, crossing the Firth of Forth, which was the northern boundary of his English dominions, he marched through Fife, Angus, the Mearns, Buchan, Moray, and back, ravaging with fire and sword, to make ample reprisals for the assistance

which the Pictish king had given the turbulent Northumbrians.

The story goes that he afterwards sailed over once more to Gaul, where his arms were everywhere successful, and that, not content with these wonderful exploits, he marched across the Alps into Italy, where he never drew bridle till he had reached Rome. Thus did he subdue, say the veracious Scalds or ballad-singers, all the countries and kingdoms from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, so that every one of them paid him scot and tribute for fifty years; for so long did his reign last, after he had overcome the whole of his enemies round about.

During the latter part of his reign, he dwelt in perfect peace; but, in order to keep his men from becoming effeminate, through want of exercise in active warfare, he required them to be constantly drilled in the use of sword, spear, and mace. And they are said to have grown so expert through these exercises as to be able to shave the hair off each other's eyebrows with their sharp weapons, without grazing the skin. And if any one winked or blinked when this delicate operation was being performed he was forthwith hooted out of the ranks as a poltroon and coward.

Such is great part of the staple of the history of the Middle Ages—the raw material out of which the Turners, Kembles, Palgraves, Thorpes, and others, have endeavoured to construct a reliable chain of facts. It was not the object of the Scalds, be it remembered, to record what they knew or believed to be true, but rather to relate what was likely to be agreeable to their auditors. Hence these romances, exaggerating the exploits of real heroes, and, in default of real heroes, inventing fictitious ones.

W. B.

Sir Gosselin Denville, Freebooter.

DURING the reign of the unhappy Edward II., the disorders of the times, from foreign wars and intestine dissensions, but, above all, the cruel famines, recurring almost every year, which forced the nobility to dismiss many of their armed retainers, increased the number of robbers in the kingdom to such a degree that no place was secure from their incursions.

Among the desperadoes who flourished at this period, one of the most reckless and daring was Sir Gosselin Denville, of whom we find a long account in Johnson's "Lives of the Highwaymen." This man was descended from very honourable parents at Northallerton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, whose ancestors had come into England with William the Conqueror, receiving from him lands in that quarter for their services. Young Gosselin was intended for the priesthood, and for that purpose was sent to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, which had just lately been founded by Hugh de Balsham, Bishop of Ely. Here he prosecuted his studies for some time with great assiduity and seeming warmth, but merely, as it turned out, to please his father, until he should get possession of his fortune; for immediately on the old man's death, he left the university and gave up all idea of taking orders, plunging into a course of dissipation, licentiousness, and luxury, which soon reduced him to penury.

The natural resource of a broken spendthrift of spirit in those days was to take to the congenial vocation of Robin Hood and Friar Tuck. This was what young Denville accordingly did. It would not have served his purpose, however, to go out alone on foraging expeditions, so he found means to associate himself with one of the many robber bands which were the terror of the country. The chief under whom he enlisted was Sir John Middleton, of Belsay, a Northumbrian baron, who, with his brother, Sir Gilbert, and Sir Walter Selby, of Biddleston, had leagued themselves together, ostensibly for mutual defence, but really to prey upon their neighbours as freebooters. They went so far as to disclaim the king's authority, and managed to get into their possession all the castles in Northumberland, except Alnwick, Bamborough, and Norham. They likewise made an incursion into the county of Durham, at the time when Lewis Beaumont was travelling northward to be installed as Lord Bishop in the cathedral city, on the high festival of St. Cuthbert's translation (4th September, 1317). The prelate had naturally thought that it would add to the magnificence of the ceremony if he were to receive consecration from the hands of two cardinals, Gaüselinus and Lucas, who had been sent into this country by the Pope to mediate a peace between England and Scotland, and to terminate the differences then on foot between Edward II. and the Earl of Lancaster; and he therefore chose to travel in their company, his brother, Lord Henry Beaumont, making one of the party. At Darlington, they were warned by a messenger from the prior of Durham that the road was beset by marauders; but the notice was treated with neglect and suspicion, as the high rank and sacred dignity of the bishop-elect, the cardinals, and their escort, seemed to place danger at defiance. A few hours, however, showed that the warning had been well-timed. At Rushyford, about half-way between Darlington and Durham, where the road crossed a small and sullen rivulet, in a sequestered spot, well calculated for surprise and the prevention of escape, the bishop and his companions suddenly found themselves enveloped in a cloud of light horsemen, under the command of Sir Gilbert Middleton, who robbed the cardinals and their attendants of all their valuables, and carried off the bishop and his brother to Mitford Castle, of which (says Robert de Graystones, the historian of the Church of Durham) Middleton was the keeper, not the

proprietor. The cardinals had their horses returned to them, and were suffered to proceed on their journey to Durham, so that they might use their influence with the monks to raise a sufficient sum for the ransom of the distinguished prisoners, which having been raised, and duly forwarded to the freebooters, they were released. But Middleton's career was soon afterwards cut short. He was surprised in his own castle by Ralph Lord Greystoke, William Felton, Thomas Hetton, Robert Horncliff, and others, carried to London, and there, in the presence of the cardinal-legate, hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Middleton's followers, however, were neither dismayed nor dispersed. Some of them ranged themselves under the banner of Walter Selby, who held the little fortress of Horton; others seem to have followed the fortunes of Sir Gosselin Denville, who had left the company of the Northumbrian chiefs in consequence of some difference between him and them with regard to the sharing of the booty, and had moved away to the southward, putting, says one authority, "the whole country into a terrible panic, for the great number of persons of whom his gang was composed enabled them to defy the laws and everything else." "What they could not obtain on the highway they sought for in houses, monasteries, churches, and nunneries, which were rifled without any distinction, and the most valuable and sacred things carried off. Persons were murdered in their houses, when their goods might have been taken without causing bloodshed; so that killing or doing havoc rather looked like sport or pastime with these desperadoes." Tom Shadwell's play, called "The Libertine," published in 1676, is said to have been founded, so far as regards its main plot, on Denville's adventures.

It is related that one day the knight and his associates chanced to meet, on the road between Marlow and Henley-on-Thames, with a Dominican monk named Andrew Symson, whom they obliged not only to deliver up to them what little gold he had, but also to climb up into a tree, and preach them a sermon, which we are told he did with a great deal of judgment and good sense. He took his text from Luke's Gospel, where the account is given of a certain man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves; and if any dependence is to be placed on the alleged verbatim report of the discourse, which is said by Johnson, who gives it at length, to have been taken from a broadsheet in the Bodleian Library, a sounder, wittier, and every way better homily can scarcely ever have been delivered under such trying circumstances. It was so well received, at any rate, by Sir Gosselin and his associates, that they not only returned the monk their thanks for the excellent sermon he had made, but gave him back all the money they had taken from him, and, in addition, made a collection for his benefit, and suffered him to depart in peace.

Another time, we are told, the gang were determined to see what the rich Bishop of Durham could afford them by way of entertainment. Accordingly, they got into his palace, which they rifled from top to bottom. And, not content with the spoil they found, they bound the right reverend prelate and his servants hand and foot, while they went down into the cellar, where they drank as much wine as they could well digest, and then let the rest run out of the barrels: after which they departed, "leaving the ecclesiastic to call upon God to deliver him in his necessities." It must have been Bishop Beaumont who was thus wantonly despoiled, though we do not find the fact mentioned in any of the diocesan histories. Beaumont was, says the Rev. J. L. Low, "plainly one of whom the church of Durham has no reason to be proud." He was a weak, vain man, very obstinate and masterful, and so ignorant of Latin that, at his consecration, though for many days previously he had been learning his lesson, he could not read his profession of obedience. When, by dint of prompting, he had with difficulty come to the word "metropoliticæ," he came to a stand, and finished by saying in French, *seyt pur dite*—"Let it be understood for said." Bystanders were aghast at such a man being Bishop of Durham. Afterwards, at an ordination, when he came to the words, "in ænigmate," and could not pronounce them, he burst out with *Par Scynt Lewis, il ne fue pas curteys qui c'est parole ici escrit*—"By St. Lewis, he wanted courtesy who wrote that word here." So it can have been no great sacrilege to empty his lordship's cellar.

But Sir Gosselin was noways indisposed to fly at higher game than a lord bishop with palatine jurisdiction, even though the prelate was nearly related to the Royal families of both France and England. One of his last and most daring exploits is said to have been to stop the king himself upon the highway, as his Majesty was making a progress through East Anglia, accompanied by his nobles. Putting himself and his whole gang into priests' habits, he drew up to the Royal party near Norwich, and when the king halted to hear what the seemingly reverend father had to say to him, the disguised knight, after making a low obeisance, told his Majesty that he was not come to discourse about religious matters, but on a secular affair, which was that he should lend him and his needy brothers what money he had about him; otherwise, added he, not all the indulgences he could obtain from the Pope should save him from being exposed to a very hard and rigid penance. The king, having but about forty to attend him, was obliged to surrender—nay, be content to look on while his noblemen's pockets were searched; after which Sir Gosselin and his associates left them to perform the remaining part of their progress in peace. What amount of truth there may be in this story we do not know; but certainly it is characteristic of those troublous times, when no man durst take a journey, or appear on the roads, without having a strong escort.

The impudent robbery of King Edward, however, could not well pass unnoticed. Proclamations were forthwith issued, and considerable rewards promised, for the apprehension of any of the persons concerned in it, dead or alive; and, in less than six months, above sixty of the gang were captured, mostly by stratagem. Sir Gosselin himself did not long escape. There was a tavern in a by-place in Yorkshire to which he frequently went, "not so much for the liquors there, as the beauty of the woman of the house"; and the husband at first connived at the intimacy between the landlady and the knight, "through a notion that his dignified customer and the company he brought to his house would be of considerable advantage to his trade." But, "beginning too late to think himself injured by Sir Gosselin and his wife pursuing their love intrigues," Boniface resolved to betray him to the authorities. He therefore informed the sheriff of the county how Sir Gosselin might be apprehended with little difficulty at his house, provided he came that night. The sheriff rejoiced at the opportunity. Knowing that the knight and his associates were men of desperate fortunes, he mustered a strong force of men-at-arms, with which he surrounded the tavern about midnight, while the desperadoes were revelling over their cups. No sooner did they become aware of the predicament they were in, however, than they stood stoutly on the defence, and the issue was a good while doubtful, for desperation inspired them to fight like lions at bay. Several fell on both sides, the assailants, as was natural, being the greatest sufferers; but, fresh enemies coming up and pouring in upon the bandits, they were by-and-by hemmed in on every side and obliged to surrender.

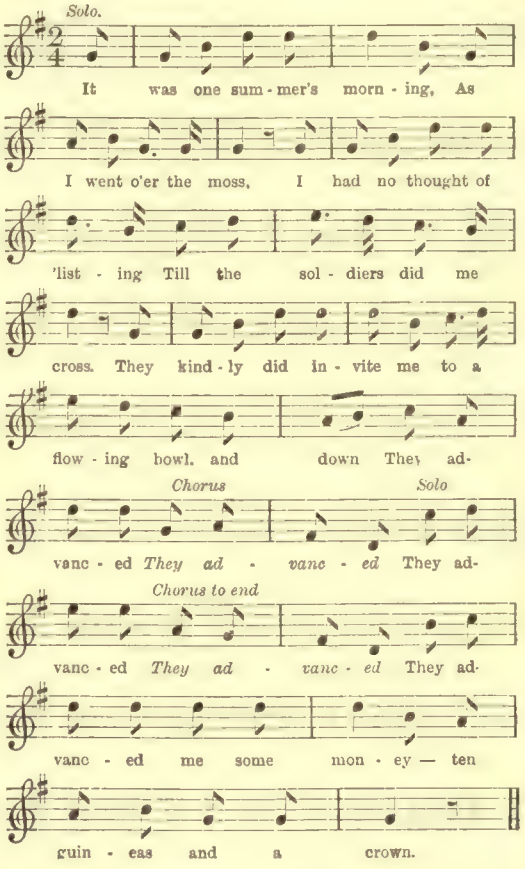
The sheriff, exasperated at losing so many of his men, took care to put the captive knight and three-and-twenty of his companions, who were made prisoners at the same time, under a very strong guard. These were safely conducted to York, where, without any trial or other proceedings held upon them, they were executed, "to the joy of thousands, gentle and simple, who waited upon them to the gallows-tree, triumphing at their ignominious exit."

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

MY LOVE HAS 'LISTED.

A VERY old ditty, and a favourite with the peasantry in every part of England, but more particularly in the mining districts of the North, is that which is here printed. It first appeared in a volume of ballads published by the Percy Society, edited by Mr. J. H. Dixon, to whom it was communicated by his brother, Mr. R. W. Dixon, of Seaton Carew, Durham. The tune is very pleasing, and the frequent repetitions of the first four syllables in the seventh line in every verse produce a singular and somewhat amusing effect when sung in chorus, as here marked in the melody.


Solo.
It was one sum - mer's morn - ing, As
I went o'er the moss, I had no thought of
'list - ing Till the sol - diers did me
cross. They kind - ly did in - vite me to a
flow - ing bowl, and down They ad-
Chorus
Solo
vanc - ed They ad - vanc - ed They ad-
Chorus to end
vanc - ed They ad - vanc - ed They ad-
vanc - ed me some mon - ey — ten
guin - eas and a crown.

"It was one summer's morning,
As I went o'er the moss,
I had no thought of 'listing,
Till the soldiers did me cross.
They kindly did invite me
To a flowing bowl, and down
They advanced me some money—
Ten guineas and a crown."

"It's true my love has 'listed;
He wears a white cockade;
He is a handsome young man,
Besides a roving blade.
He is a handsome young man,
And he's gone to serve the king.
Oh! my very heart is breaking,
All for the loss of him.

"My love is tall and handsome
And comely for to see,
And by a sad misfortune
A soldier now is he.
I hope the man that 'listed him
May not prosper night nor day,
For I wish that the Hollanders
May sink him in the sea.

"Oh! may he never prosper,
Oh! may he never thrive,
Nor anything he takes in hand,
As long as he's alive!
May the very grass he treads upon
The ground refuse to grow,
Since he's been the only cause
Of my sorrow, grief, and woe!"

Then he pulled out a handkerchief
To wipe her flowing eyes—
"Leave off these lamentations,
Likewise those mournful cries;
Leave off your grief and sorrow
While I march o'er the plain;
We'll be married, we'll be married
When I return again."

"Oh! now my love has 'listed,
And I for him will rove;
I'll write his name on every tree
That grows in yonder grove,
Where the huntsman he does hollow,
And the hounds do sweetly cry,
To remind me of my ploughboy
Until the day I die."

A Shields Youth Hanged at Tyburn.

PETER M'CLOUD was a native of Shields. His father, a poor man of Scotch origin, a sailor, took him up to London while he was quite a child, and, dying a short time afterwards, left the boy to the care, or, perhaps more properly speaking, to the neglect of his mother, who was a woman of very doubtful character in several ways, having amongst other phases of ill reputation that of encouraging young lads in the practice of theft. In brief, Mrs. M'Cloud was a female Fagan.

In the number of her hopeful protégés was a youth named Younger, a year or two older than her son Peter. The two lads were bosom companions, and it was their habit to prowl about in the neighbourhood of Wapping and Shadwell every night in the week on the look-out for drunken ship captains. At length M'Cloud engaged himself on board one of the colliers trading to Newcastle, and while he was away in the North, Younger quarrelled with the old woman, and accused her of having been the receiver of stolen goods. In consequence of this, Mrs. Younger was apprehended and brought to trial, but the evidence being defective, she was discharged. On M'Cloud's return from his voyage, a week or two afterwards, he of course learned in what manner his mother had been treated by Younger, and he made the most solemn vow of taking vengeance on him whatever might be the consequences.

That he might effect the ruin of his old companion in iniquity, he surrendered himself to a magistrate, and gave information that himself and Younger had been concerned in a robbery. On this, the latter was soon taken into custody, and committed to Newgate, M'Cloud being admitted as evidence for the Crown against his assumed accomplice. But at the ensuing sessions M'Cloud was unable to give anything like positive evidence against his former friend, who was consequently acquitted, and the scheme of revenge fell to the ground.

One would naturally have expected, after this, that the two young men would have been thenceforth bitter enemies. But this was not the case. Instead of shunning each other, or trying to do each other more mischief, they soon renewed their former connection, and in company with five or six other boys, younger than themselves, formed a sort of confraternity of pickpockets, in which profession they for some time met with too much success. Their thefts were of the lowest kind, being principally confined to the stealing of handkerchiefs, and when they chanced to be detected, as often happened, they were usually dismissed after undergoing a sousing in the horse-pond, or, at the worst, receiving the statutory whipping. Had any of their thefts exceeded the value of twelve-pence, so as to take the offence out of the category of petty larceny, and put it into that of grand larceny, they would, under the statute 9 Henry I., have been liable to be hanged by the neck till they were dead, for the law was very strict in old days.

At length, soaring above the comparatively mean art and science of pocket-picking, this gang of young scoundrels determined to commence housebreaking, for which they were well qualified, not so much by their physical strength as by their Arab-like acuteness. They furnished themselves with a variety of tools, proper for wrenching window shutters open, and making their way through locked doors. Occasionally, in the way of business, the young burglars would clamber over roofs—enter at the garret windows of houses, which are hardly ever secured inside—remove, if necessary, a tile or slate or two, and descend to the lower rooms to commit their robberies, letting themselves quietly out into some back street by drawing a yard door bolt or picking a common eighteenpenny lock. At other times they would enter through any small opening that had been left unguarded, and a ferret-like instinct seemed to lead them to find out such unconsidered openings. When one or two of the most diminutive of them had got into a house, they used to steal softly downstairs and open the door for their associates. Sometimes only a part of the gang went in, and the rest waited outside, some little distance off, to prevent detection from the arrival of any casual passenger. But there was no gas in London or anywhere else a hundred years ago, and nobody to guard the streets of the great metropolis but the drowsy old watchmen, and what with the comparative darkness, even when there was no fog, and the absence of police surveillance, the London burglars of the eighteenth century had no bad time of it, and ran but small risk of capture.

The depredations of M'Cloud and his gang were chiefly confined to Ratcliffe Highway and its low neighbourhood, near where the London Docks were

subsequently constructed, and a great number of householders thereabouts were sufferers by their robberies, one or more of which occurred almost every week. At length three of the robbers, of whom M'Cloud was one, made an inroad into Poplar, then a detached south-eastern suburb; and there they broke open the house of Mr. Joseph Hankey, in the dead of night. The inmates were alarmed and M'Cloud was captured.

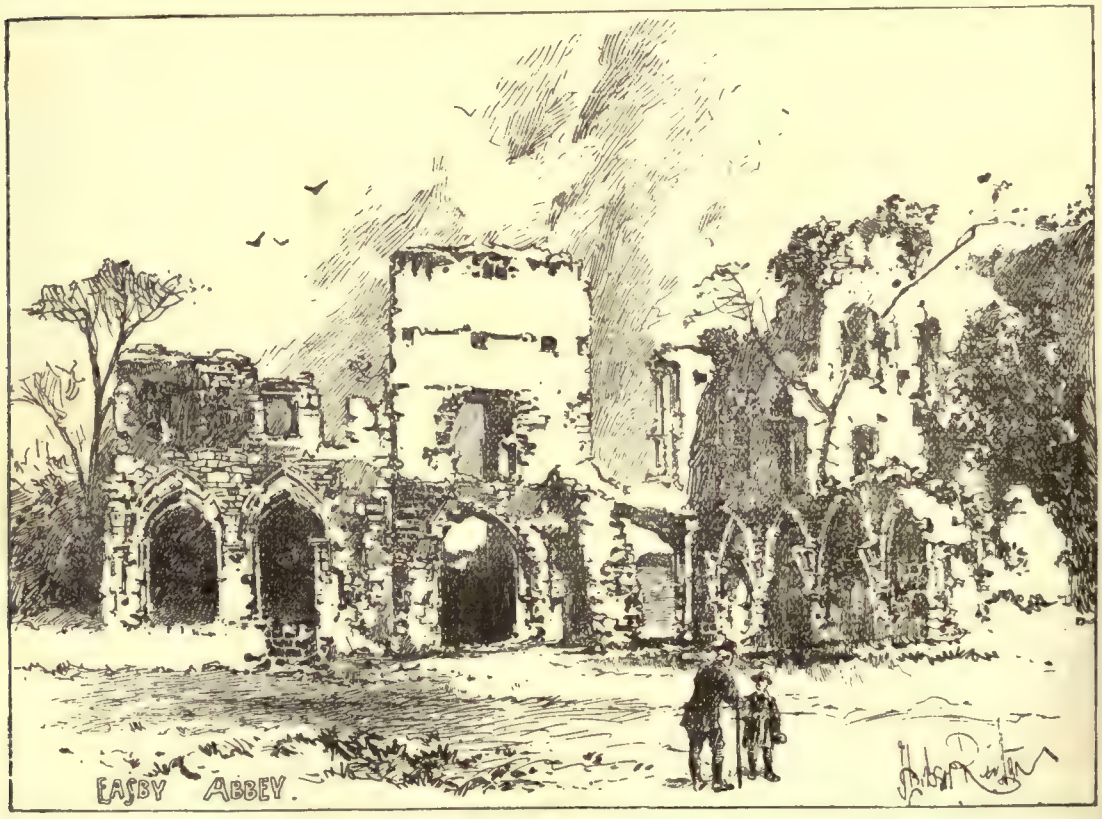
On the following day he was carried before the magistrate, who committed him to Newgate, and at the next sessions held at the Old Bailey he was brought to trial, capitally convicted, and sentenced to death.

The execution took place at Tyburn on the 27th of May, 1772, the culprit at that time being less than sixteen years of age.

St. Agatha's Abbey, Easby.

ABOUT a mile to the east of the historic old town of Richmond, and in a delightful situation close to the river Swale, are the ruins of the Abbey of Saint Agatha, commonly called Easby Abbey. The remains are considerable; but, owing to the action of the river and other reasons, it is feared that some of the southern portion of the edifice will soon fall to the ground. When the Swale is in flood, the rushing water causes erosion of the banks, and it is not improbable that the foundations of the abbey have been affected.

The artist and antiquary find much to interest them at Easby. The former is attracted by the picturesque surroundings, the warm tint of the old walls, and the general grouping of the buildings, with the foliage and rising distance. A noble landscape is presented from a point near the turn of the river to the east, in which the old mill is included and the abbey walls are reflected in the glassy water. The antiquary will spend many a profitable hour within the shadow of the crumbling temple. Not unlikely the old Norman arch in the cloister court will be the first object that he scans with his critical eye. He will then proceed to examine the refectory, with its lovely window in the Decorated style of Gothic architecture; then the old Saxon doorway; and numerous other objects of archæological interest. The venerable tree known as the Abbot's Elm is credited with having afforded shelter to the monks from the burning rays of the sun in the warm summer time.



The history of Easby Abbey is uneventful. Founded by Roald, Constable of Richmond Castle, about 1152, it was in course of erection during the building of the great keep that so proudly rears its head to the west, and the sight of which would always inspire the monks with a sense of security. About the middle of the sixteenth century Lord John Scrope was "received as the very true and undoubted founder." The Scrope family rebuilt in a style of great magnificence many portions of the abbey, and bequeathed rich endowments. When the abbey was surrendered in 1535, Robert Bampton, elected in 1511, was the abbot. The site was granted to Lord Scrope of Bolton for twenty years at an annual rent of £283 13s. 11d. In 1557 it was conveyed by the Crown to Ralph Gower, of Richmond, for £660 3s. 4d., the tenure in chief for knight's service. When his son was attainted for high treason, the estates were confiscated by the Crown. In the time of Queen Elizabeth and James I., we find that the abbey was again in the hands of the Scropes. Within the present century it was purchased for a sum of about £45,000 by a wealthy gentleman.

The two drawings, which are reproduced from photographs taken by Messrs. Valentine and Sons, 152, Perth Road, Dundee, represent an interior portion of the abbey and the Norman arch.

THE NORMAN ARCH, EASBY ABBEY.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Samuel Hammond, D.D.,

AN EMINENT PURITAN DIVINE.

AMONG the notable preachers that came to Newcastle during the Commonwealth Dr. Samuel Hammond occupies a conspicuous place. Calamy, in the "Nonconformist's Memorial," states thas he was born at York, and educated at King's College, Cambridge, where he was servitor to Dr. Collins, Regius Professor of Divinity, "who heartily loved a wit, and could not endure a dull genius about him." By the Earl of Manchester's interest he obtained a fellowship in Magdalen College. "He began to preach in the neighbouring church of St. Giles, with such pious zeal, pungency, and Christian experience, that his ministry was attended by persons from all parts of the town, and from the most distant colleges; and it was crowned with the conversions of some scores (Mr. Stancliff says some hundreds) of scholars. He was drawn from thence by Sir Arthur Haselrigge, with whom he went chaplain into the North. There he was, at first, minister at Bishop's-Waremouth, and from thence was invited by the members of Dr. Jennison's church at St. Nicholas's, in Newcastle, to assist the Dr., who was disabled, with a design to chuse him pastor on the Dr.'s decease. But he (for some reasons) not chusing that, continued only lecturer there till some time after the Restoration."

The biographer of Ambrose Barnes tells us that "Mr. Hammond was a butcher's son of York, but raised the meanness of his birth by the eminency of his qualifications, having lived long in the University of Cambridge. Afterwards he was colleague with Mr. Weld of Gateside, adjoining to Newcastle. He married Mr. Justice Ogle's daughter, of Eglingham, a person of pious memory."

These extracts, from Puritan authorities, show the position which Mr. Hammond occupied up to the time of his arrival in Newcastle, and reveal the tie which afterwards bound him to the North of England—marriage with a Northumbrian lady.

Bishopwearmouth Rectory, vacant during the Civil War by the flight or ejection of Christopher Sherwood, had been bestowed upon a Puritan Master of Arts named William Johnson. Mr. Hammond was Johnson's successor, and he appears to have entered into possession of the living in the summer of 1651, for, on the 19th of August in that year—the rectors being lords of the manor—he held his court there. His stay at Bishopwearmouth

was brief. Dr. Jenison, who had been recalled from exile and appointed Vicar of Newcastle by resolution of the House of Commons on the 5th December, 1644, was in weak health, and the congregation of St. Nicholas', as Calamy correctly states, invited Mr. Hammond to transfer his services from the Wear to the Tyne. He must have left Bishopwearmouth soon after the Christmas of 1651, for, on the 8th of March following, his name is attached to a letter which the ministers of Newcastle wrote to Cromwell, complaining of Arminian and Socinian doctrines, promulgated in the town by Captain Everard, of the garrison. On the 5th of November, 1652 (Dr. Jenison died the day following), the Corporation of Newcastle appointed him to preach at Nicholas' Church ("St." omitted) on Sunday forenoons, and all other solemn days, as occasion required, and to lecture on Thursday forenoons. It had been intended, as Calamy states, that he should succeed Dr. Jenison as vicar, but the Corporation had not the gift of the vicarage, and although they applied for a grant of it, their wishes do not appear to have been gratified. There was no "vicar" of Newcastle after Dr. Jenison's death till the Restoration. Mr. Hammond held the position of chief pastor, at a salary of £150 per annum (£10 more than Dr. Jenison received), with Cuthbert Sydenham at £100 and William Durant at £80 a year as afternoon lecturers.

About the time of his appointment at St. Nicholas', an event occurred which brought Mr. Hammond into considerable prominence. One Thomas Ramsay arrived in Newcastle from Hamburg, and assuming the name of Joseph Ben Israel, and the character of a converted Rabbi, imposed upon Mr. Tillam, preacher to a congregation of Baptists at Hexham. The Baptists were a new denomination, and their conversion of a man who professed to know eight languages, and to be a Jew of the tribe of Judah, made some noise. Mr. Tillam published a twelve-page tract on the subject, entitled :—

"The Converted Jew; or, the Substance of the Declaration and Confession, which was made in the Publique Meeting House at Hexham, the 4 Moneth, the 5 Day, 1653. By Joseph Ben Israel. Printed at Gateside, by S. B."

Certain circumstances, the details of which may be read in Longstaffe's appendix to the "Memoirs of Ambrose Barnes," led Mr. Hammoud and his colleagues in the Newcastle ministry to suspect that "Ben Israel" was a cheat. Taking active measures to investigate his history, they were able to prove, and at length made him confess, his imposture. Thereupon Mr. Hammond, with Mr. Weld, the Puritan minister at Gateshead Church, issued a pamphlet with the long-drawn title of :—

A False Jew; or A Wonderful Discovery of a Scot, Baptised at London for a Christian, Circumcised at Rome to act a Jew, re-baptized at Hexham for a Believer, but found out at Newcastle to be a Cheat. Being true Relation of the Detecting of one Thomas Ramsey, born of Scotch parents at London, sent lately from Rome by a Speciall Unction and Benediction of the Pope, who landed at Newcastle, under the name of Thomas Horsley, but immediately gave himself out for a Jew by the name of Rabbi Joseph Ben Israel, Mant. Hebr., soon after baptized at Hexham, by Mr. Tillam, and by a speciall providence of God, found out by the Magistrates and Ministers of Newcastle upon Tine to be an Impostour and Emissary of Rome, and since sent up to the Generall and Councell of State to be further enquired into. Printed for William London, Book-seller in Newcastle, 1653.

Having thrown this bombshell into the ranks of the Baptists, Mr. Hammond assisted his fellow-ministers to heave a missile at another rising sect—that of the Quakers. In a pamphlet dated 1653, and re-issued the following year, with the title of "The Perfect Pharisee, &c.," the Newcastle preachers, and Mr. Weld, of Gateshead, attacked the doctrines of the Quakers, "from their own words and writings," with "full proofs of their asserting of those doctrines," and "arguments for the discovery of their unsoundness." While the excitement created by the publication of these tractates was at its height, on the 24th of February, 1653-54, Mr. Hammond received from the Corporation the appointment of Master of the Mary Magdalen Hospital, in succession of his colleague at St. Nicholas'—Cuthbert Sydenham. Before it died away, Sydenham, who had retired to London, "to gain health, and print some of his books," was suddenly called to his reward, and the thoughts of his coadjutors in Newcastle were diverted from Baptists and Quakers into a new channel. Collecting together seven of his sermons, and prefixing a portrait of the dead preacher, they issued in 1654 :—

Hypocrisie Discovered in its Nature and Workings. Delivered in Several Sermons By That faithfull Minister of the Gospell, Mr. Cuthbert Sidenham, Late Teacher to a Church of Christ in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

On the 15th of May, 1657, the Lord Protector granted letters patent for founding and endowing a college at Durham out of the wreck of the bishopric, and among the first visitors of the college, ninety in number were local ministers in the following order :—Samual Hammond, Newcastle; Thomas Weld, Gateshead; William Cole and William Durant, Newcastle; Richard Gilpin, Greystock; Thomas Trewren, Ovingham; Richard Prideaux, Newcastle; and Henry Leaver, Brancepeth. These and their colleagues, were to hold office for two years only, but out of their number a body of eleven "constant" visitors were nominated, and among them were Hammond, Leaver, and Trewren. In each list precedence among the clerical members is given to Mr. Hammond, who was evidently regarded as the chief minister in the bishopric.

Little more remains to be written. Within three years of the founding of Durham College king and bishop returned to their inheritance, and the reign of the Puritans came to an end. What became of Mr. Hammond from the Restoration to the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662 is not recorded. Durant, as we know, was "silenced" midway between the two events; Hammond, when the Act was passed, in 1662, "desired he might leave without suspension." He did not wait for the new law to come

into operation, but at midsummer, sailed for Hamburg, "invited," writes Calamy, "by a society of merchants to be their preacher" in that city. A Bible belonging to him, long preserved at Bishopwearmouth, contains a few MS. notes of his departure:—"I came from N. Castle July 14, 1662, and set saile for Hamburg the 16th, 1662, and arrived, through the good hand of God upon me, July 24, 1662. My wife and children set saile the 30th of August, and arrived through the same providence at Hambrough, Sept 5, 1662." Even there he was not free from persecution. "We here at Hamburg," wrote a correspondent of Ambrose Barnes, "are called with you to be partakers of the sufferings of Christ. Mr. Hammond, at the malitious instigation of some among us, is, by the magistracy, forbid to preach even in his own house." From Hamburg he went to Stockholm, and from thence to Dantzic. But England was the place of his desires, and thither he returned in 1665, taking up his abode at Hackney, among some merchants with whom he had been abroad, and there he preached occasionally, in his own and other families, till he died in the year 1666.

The Rev. George Harris,

UNITARIAN MINISTER,

One of the oldest Nonconformist congregations in Newcastle—that which worships in the Church of the Divine Unity—has had the merit, or the good fortune, of attracting to its pastorate several men of exceptional ability, learning, and influence. Yet in the pastoral roll of that congregation there is not to be found a single name of local origin. Every one of its ministers, from the illustrious physician who practically founded the church to the gifted lecturer who at present occupies its pulpit, has come hither from beyond the Tyne.

George Harris, who is said to have been a blood descendant of Oliver Cromwell, was a native of Kent. At Maidstone, in that county, where his father officiated as a Unitarian minister for forty years, he was born in May, 1794. His education was superintended by his father, who, knowing how precarious was the income and the standing of a heterodox preacher, contemplated bringing him up to a commercial life. Accordingly, at the age of fourteen, he was sent into a business office to learn bookkeeping and to qualify himself for a mercantile career. The choice of his parents, however, was not his. He wanted to be a Unitarian minister, and the time came when his desires could not be repressed. Reluctantly yielding to his wishes, his father removed him from the clerkship, gave him some little college preparation at the University of Glasgow, and set him out, in his eighteenth year, as a lay preacher. After he had worked his probationary period in the capacity of Missionary of the Lancashire and Cheshire Unitarian Christian Association, the congregation worshipping in Renshaw Street, Liverpool, gave him his first settlement as a pastor. His next appointment was at Bolton in Lancashire, and, in 1825, he entered upon what proved to be a long pastorate in Scotland.

The Unitarian congregation in Newcastle, of which, in 1845, Mr. Harris was invited to take pastoral charge, represented for the most part the intellectual and literary life of the town. Among its members were James Losh, barrister, and afterwards County Court judge; Hugh Lee Pattinson, the famous chemist; James Hodgson (afterwards alderman and mayor) and his brother Thomas, proprietors of the *Newcastle Chronicle;* James Clephan, editor of the *Gateshead Observer;* W. A. Mitchell, proprietor and editor of the *Tyne Mercury;* Alderman Thomas Bell, of the firm of Losh, Wilson, and Bell, and his partners W. S. Losh, and Thomas Wilson, author of "The Pitman's Pay"; Emerson Charnley, councillor and bookseller; George Burnett,

lead manufacturer; John Buddle, the great mining engineer; Mark Lambert, the engraver, and his son Mark William; William Garrett, bookseller; Dr. Thos. M. Greenhow, brother-in-law of Harriet Martineau; Thomas Swinburne, solicitor, and clerk to the magistrates of Gateshead; Andrew Tinwell, mathematician; John Thornhill, librarian of the Literary and Philosophical Society; William Mather, afterwards the millionaire; George Brown, teacher of navigation; Russell Blackbird, ship-broker; T. K. Fife, surgeon; John and James Selkirk, reporters and printers; and Captain Weatherley. These were stars of magnitude; with them were associated lesser lights, by whose aid the worshippers in Hanover Square Chapel formed a conspicuous constellation in the literary firmament of Tyneside.

Mr. Harris came from Scotland with a great reputation as a fighting preacher, but in Newcastle his polemical gifts found little scope for exercise. William Turner's amiable disposition and genial fellowship had created a tolerance of heterodoxy which no one desired to weaken or impugn. Mr. Harris, undisturbed in the domain of controversial theology, applied himself to more pressing and more practical issues. He had taken part in Scottish struggles for civil and religious liberty, and now, with more time at his disposal, he was able to devote his energies to the work of political improvement, religious freedom, educational progress, and social reform. Though his church and its agencies were his first care, his voice was heard in lecture halls and upon public platforms, whenever oppression and tyranny could be effectively assailed, and wherever the forces of ignorance and sin could be baffled, weakened, or turned aside. In company with Dr. White, he undertook a mission among the lowest slums of Newcastle, and wrote an earnest appeal for sanitary improvement and the better housing of the poor. With the aid of self-sacrificing friends he gathered into the school-room attached to his church young men and women of the worst class, taught them to read and write, encouraged them to be truthful and honest, and tried to lure them from the paths of error and vice. In promoting Ragged Schools and Reformatories, and encouraging habits of temperance and thrift, he was indefatigable. That which William Turner had been among the cultured inhabitants of Tyneside, that was George Harris among the poor and lowly—guide, counsellor, and friend.

Shortly after his arrival in Newcastle, Mr. Harris was impressed with the inconvenient situation and surroundings of the place in which he ministered. It had been erected in 1726, since when the town had extended north, east, and west, and members of the congregation, removing further and further into ever-widening suburbs, found Hanover Square difficult of access and the chapel deficient in accommodation. Mr. Harris devoted himself to the task of erecting a building that should realise modern ideas of comfort in public worship, and be easily accessible to the greater part of his flock. His efforts were successful. A site in New Bridge Street was obtained, and at Easter, 1854, the beautiful edifice in New Bridge Street, known as the Church of the Divine Unity, one of Mr. John Dobson's happiest efforts, was opened for public worship. This was Mr. Harris's crowning work; in accomplishing it, he attained to the high-water mark of his career. Thenceforward the tide of his life began to ebb. He had overtaxed his strength, and, although he did not actually break down, he never recovered that vigorous health which had carried him through the strain and struggle of an exceptionally long, active, and laborious ministry. He preached his first sermon in the autumn of 1812; he delivered his last message on Sunday, December 18, 1859. The following Saturday, the day before Christmas, he died, and a few days later he was buried in Jesmond Cemetery.

William Harvey,

WOOD ENGRAVER.

At the institution known to the present generation as Bath House, Bath Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne, William Harvey was born. His father, William Harvey, the keeper of the public baths which were formerly established on the premises, gave him a good education, and at the age of fourteen, having shown a remarkable aptitude for drawing, he was bound apprentice for seven years to Thomas Bewick, the engraver. Bewick, then at the height of his reputation, took a great liking to the d for he was clever, industrious, and painstaking, eager to be taught, and quick to learn. Such was his progress that, shortly after his entry into the famous workshop

overlooking St. Nicholas' Churchyard, he was advanced from the drudgery of engraving invoice heads, bar bills, shop cards, and coal certificates, to the higher branches of his calling. Bewick entrusted to him and a fellow apprentice, Wm. Temple, the engraving of the cuts for Æsop's Fables, drawings for which had been made, some years before, by an early pupil—Robert Johnson. Johnson's drawings were in water colour, very small and beautiful, and young Harvey, being an excellent draughtsman, was employed to re-draw them on the block, ready for his own burin, and the tools of his master and his fellow pupil. Both the drawing and the cutting were well done, as Bewick, in his "Autobiography," cheerfully acknowledges. Encouraged by his master's approval, young Harvey produced designs of his own. One of them, a vignette for the

title page of "Cheviot: A Poetical Fragment," by R. W. (the first of the tracts issued by the Newcastle Typographical Society), is described as extremely beautiful, both in design and execution, the trees and foliage being, in particular, excellently represented. So pleased was Bewick with his pupil's proficiency, that in the fifth year of his apprenticeship, on the eve of the New Year, 1815, he presented him with a copy of the "British Birds," supplementing it next day with a letter of sound and sensible advice.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship, in 1817, William Harvey, finding that Newcastle could not support another engraver while Bewick lived and worked, went to London. He had a double purpose to serve in migrating to the metropolis; he went thither not only to push his fortunes, but to complete his art education. With a view to obtain a thorough knowledge of correct principles of drawing, he placed himself under the tuition of B. R. Haydon, the historical painter. With the object of learning true anatomical expression, he attended the lectures of Sir Charles Bell, foremost man of his day in the field of anatomical and physiological discovery. At Haydon's studio he worked with the Landseers, Lance, and others; maintaining himself, meanwhile, by furnishing designs for the engravers, and labouring hard with the burin on his own account. Haydon, who painted on a colossal scale, drew his Newcastle pupil for a time into the cultivation of a similar style of engraving. One of the first things by which Mr. Harvey distinguished himself in London was the production of a huge cut of Haydon's picture, the "Death of Dentatus." This engraving, published in 1821, was fifteen inches high, by eleven inches and a quarter wide, and was composed of seven different pieces. Chatto, in the "History of Wood Engraving," 1838, describes it as one of the most elaborately engraved wood cuts, for a large subject, that had ever appeared, though scarcely a successful specimen of the art, being rather an attempt to rival copperplate engraving. W. J. Linton, admitting that the cut was faulty in style, and too much in imitation of copperplate, writes of it as "the most daring, and, in some respects, the most successful engraving ever attempted in wood." With the criticism which this specimen of his powers elicited, Mr. Harvey was satisfied, and did not attempt to imitate his teacher in colossal productions again. Book illustrations of the ordinary size were henceforth the sole object of his care. Among other things he drew and engraved vignettes and tail pieces for Dr. Henderson's "History of Ancient and Modern Wines," published in 1824, and with these cuts, which may be considered to have formed the groundwork of his fame as a designer, his practice as an engraver practically came to an end. He had been seven years in London, had established a high reputation for drawing on the wood, and during the remainder of his life he devoted himself exclusively to designing pictures for copperplate and wood engravers to execute. The pictures in most of the beautiful books which issued from the press of that untiring pioneer in cheap literature, Charles Knight, were of his designing; among them those of "The Land We Live In," the "Book of Common Prayer," the "Pictorial Shakspeare," the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The "Arabian Nights" is the book upon which Harvey's fame as a true artist mainly rests. "In the combination of the most luxuriant fancy, with the strictest accuracy of costume, the splendour and grace of Oriental life were never more happily presented than in the hundreds of designs in these three volumes." Other delightful specimens of his talents are to be found in a series of designs for illustrated editions of White's "Natural History of Selborne," Thomson's "Seasons," and Milton's "Poetical Works."

In his youth Mr. Harvey had been "Bewick's favourite pupil"; in his old age he became, like his master, one of the fathers of his profession. Outliving the friends and companions of his boyhood, his visits to Newcastle, in the later years of his life, were few and far between, but he cherished kindly remembrances of his birthplace, and was at all times ready to assist with friendly counsel and cheerful encouragement struggling artists and men of letters who sought his advice from the banks of the Tyne. At his house in the beautiful town of Richmond, amidst the finest scenery of the Thames valley, he enjoyed the friendship of men distinguished in art and literature, who were attracted not more by his genius than by his unpretentious bearing and amiable character. At the date of his death, January 13, 1866, he was the only survivor of Bewick's pupils—the last link which connected the prolific book illustration of to-day with the sparse and rude embellishments of literature in the previous century.

John Horsley, Antiquary.

THE Rev. John Horsley's "Britannia Romana" is one of those original works which will ever hold its place in the antiquary's library. It is a folio of 520 pages, and is divided into three books, whereof the first contains the history of all the Roman transactions in Great Britain, with an account of the legionary and auxiliary forces employed here, and a determination of the stations along the line of the Roman Wall; also a large description of the Wall, with maps of the same laid down from a geometrical survey. The second book contains a complete collection of the Roman inscriptions and sculptures which had up to that time been discovered in Britain, with the letters engraved in their proper shape and proportionate size, and the reading (interpretation) placed under each; as also an historical account of them, with explanatory and critical

observations. And the third contains the Roman geography of Great Britain, in which are given the full text of Ptolemy, the Itinerary of Antoninus, the Notitia, the anonymous Ravennas, and Peutinger's Table, so far as they relate to this island, with particluar essays on each of these ancient authors, and the several places in Britain mentioned by them. This truly colossal work, the earliest systematic treatise on the subject, has served as a quarry for all subsequent writers. It was "printed for John Osborn and Thomas Longman" and other booksellers, and published in London in 1732, a short time after the author's death.

Singular to say, the birthplace of Mr. Horsley is uncertain, though an opinion prevails that he was born in the neighbourhood of Morpeth. There seems no doubt that he belonged to a branch of the ancient Northumbrian family of the Horsleys, who held certain lands at Longhorsley from a very early date, and gave at least one representative in Parliament to the borough, and also to the county. It is probable that, being staunch Presbyterians, his parents had been obliged to change their residence during the persecution which the Nonconformists underwent after 1662, for Mr. John Cay, of Edinburgh, who furnished the Rev. John Hodgson, the historian of Northumberland, with sundry particulars regarding Mr. Horsley, had heard that he was born, in or about the year 1685, at Pinkie House, in the parish of Inveresk, in Midlothian. On going to that place, however, to search for the entry of his baptism, the historian did not find it, though he looked through the registers for several years, both before and after that indicated by tradition as the approximate date. The Horsleys must have returned from Scotland soon after the Revolution and Act of Toleration, for it is understood that the future antiquary received his early education at the Grammar School of Newcastle-on-Tyne, then conducted by Mr. John Cotteral, A.M. He afterwards went to Edinburgh to pursue his academical studies, and his name stands in the Matriculation Book of that University on the 2nd March, 1698. His signature occurs in the Laureation Book on the 19th of April, 1701, on his admission to the degree of Master of Arts. He subsequently lived for some time at Widdrington, as is shown by his having been, in the year 1721, under the designation of "John Horsley, of Widdrington, gentleman," one of a party to a deed respecting the Presbyterian Chapel at Morpeth, to the congregation worshipping in which the Rev. Jonathan Harle, M.D., of Alnwick, acted as pastor. He had by that time begun to distinguish himself by his profound knowledge of the antiquities of his country, of which he gave some specimens in letters to that eminent antiquary, Roger Gale, written in 1720. Several of these have been published in the first volume of Hutchinson's "View of Northumberland." In 1724 he sent a paper to the "Philosophical Transactions" (No. 377), wherein he records the amount of rain observed by him to have fallen at Widdrington in the years 1722 and 1723. In 1729, on the death of Dr. Harle, he was chosen to succeed that worthy man in the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Morpeth, and one of his first duties was to preach the funeral sermon of his predecessor, afterwards published along with some of the doctor's literary remains. He was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society on the 23rd of April, 1730, having amply qualified himself for the honour by becoming well versed in mathematical and physical studies. He collected a considerable apparatus in mechanics and hydrostatics; and at a time when such undertakings were not common out of London and Edinburgh, he gave regular courses of lectures in the several branches of natural philosophy, with great and merited approbation, not only at Morpeth, but at Newcastle, Alnwick, and other places. He made what in those days were known as "lecturing tours" through the different towns of Northumberland. Here is an advertisement which he caused to be inserted in one of the Newcastle papers in the last year of his life:—

A complete course of experimental philosophy is intended to be begun at Morpeth, on Monday, the 10th of May; in which will be performed all the usual experiments in mechanics, optics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics. A large account and explication will at the same time be given of the several experiments, and of the several truths demonstrated by them. All possible pains will be taken in these lectures to render everything plain and intelligible, even to those who have no previous acquaintance with mathematical learning: though the more rigorous demonstrations will also be given to such as understand the elements of geometry and conic sections (if any such think fit to attend). By John Horsley, M.A. and F.R.S. The charge is a guinea and a half, to be paid in such time and manner as the gentlemen themselves shall think fit. Such as design to attend are desired to send in their names any time before the course is to begin.

In December, 1729, Mr. Horsley wrote to Mr. Robert Cay, of Newcastle, who had given him very material assurance in the compilation of the work upon which his fame rests, that he had in contemplation a History of Northumberland, in which he thought to spend his leisure time that winter. It is believed he had collected a good deal of material for it, but the work was never fairly commenced. A map of Northumberland, which he had begun, was completed and published, after his death, by the surveyor he employed, a person named George Mark, who had travelled about with him a good deal, and assisted him in his investigations, while he was compiling the "Britannia Romana." Mr. Horsley also published a small work on experimental philosophy, in two sheets, 12mo, as a sort of pocket companion to his course of lectures.

Mr. Horsley died, after a lingering illness, on the 12th of January, 1732, at the age of 46. The preface to his great work, though written by him some time before, was first dated "January 2, 1732." In it he says:—"This collection, which at first I intended only for my own amusement and pleasure, now ventures to shew itself in

public. It is now four years since I was prevailed with to complete this work, from which time I have pursued it with the greatest care and application. Several thousand miles were travelled to visit ancient monuments and re-examine them, where there was any doubt or difficulty." He had visited very part of England and Scotland, often accompanied by his surveyor; and in the course of these journeys he made a collection of about twenty Roman altars, which were in his possession when he wrote his book.

The book has long been "scarce," and must, in the nature of things, become "rare," because it is not likely ever to be reprinted, partly owing to its size and partly to the expense which the getting up of a new edition would entail.

In Nichol's "Literary Anecdotes" we read:—"The plates of Horsley's 'Britannia Romana' remained in the hands of Mr. E. Randall, who married one of his daughters, and was clerk to a merchant in the Old South Sea House. In 1763 they were offered to the Society of Antiquaries. About the year 1769, when they were at Mr. Major's, late engraver, St. Martin's Lane, he asked Mr. Gough £100 for them, who offered twenty guineas as their utmost worth. They were offered to Dr. Gifford, of the British Museum, for the latter sum, in 1780, at which time he kept a school at London Wall. January 30, 1781, Dr. Gower had an idea of purchasing them at twenty guineas, the price asked" (*so*) "in 1769, 'if he could have acquired the copyright of the book'; and 'would have republished it with additions had he been sure of return.' In December, 1786, the editor of these 'Anecdotes' would have given double that sum for them, but they were unluckily melted down about two hours before he had an opportunity of making the offer." There is an interleaved copy of the work in the British Museum, with elaborate notes, corrections, and additions, by Dr. John Ward, of Gresham College, Basinghall Street, London. That gentleman, according to Nichols, revised the whole in manuscript, and communicated many important remarks for its improvement. Mr. Gough copied all Dr. Ward's notes, and augmented them with others from different quarters, as well as his own, having had thoughts of republishing the book; but he did not carry out his design, having turned his hand to other modes of illustrating our national antiquities, which he thought preferable.

Mr. Horsley's library is stated to have been sold for sixteen guineas. His philosophical apparatus was purchased by the Rev. Caleb Rotheram, D.D., of Kendal, the father of Dr. John Rotheram, of Newcastle, and at his death, in 1752, it passed into the hands of a clergyman near Liverpool, from whom it was purchased by the trustees of the Warrington Academy. At the dissolution of that seminary in 1786, the articles were transferred to the New College, Hackney; and they were afterwards deposited in the library belonging to the dissenters in Red Cross Street, London, bequeathed to the public by Dr. Daniel Williams. So says the Rev. William Turner in the *Newcastle Magazine* for 1821.

Mr. Horsley married a daughter of Professor Hamilton, of Edinburgh University, who was parish minister of Cramond, in Mid-Lothian, the site of an important Roman station. By her he had a son and two daughters. The son seems to have died young. One of the daughters married, according to Nichols above quoted, a Mr. Randall, in London; the other married Samuel Halliday, of Newcastle, a very eminent surgeon, actively concerned in establishing the Infirmary. The issue of this latter marriage was a son and a daughter. The son was bred to his father's business, but died young; the daughter, "an intelligent lady," married William Walker, of Killingbeck House, near Leeds, and had a numerous family. Mr. Horsley's widow, shortly after his death, removed to Newcastle, where she continued during the rest of her life.

About a year before he died, Mr. Horsley told his friend Mr. Robert Cay that he was quite wearied out with his attention to his "Britannia Romana." Mr. Hodgson says:—

It had probably injured his health, and, when the excitement of going on with it ceased, he lingered and fell—died without seeing how his great work was received by the tyranny of letters, and with the sad reflection that his labours were not only profitless, but might never repay his family the sums he had expended upon them. One dying under such circumstances is little lamented and soon forgotten. With himself, his family lost their support, and poverty soon wrings affectionate remembrances for the dead out of the hearts of dearest relatives and friends. The minister of religion performs the same official rites over his remains that are said over all; but the obsequies of his funeral are not perfumed with the incense of eulogy, or his memory consecrated and cherished by any account of his life. No stone tells which was Horsley's grave, nor any parish register that I have seen where he was buried. What a lesson to the mind that rests on the hope of posthumous fame!

It appears from the following extract from the parish register at Morpeth that Horsley's remains were buried there only thirteen days after the date (Jan. 2, 1732) of the dedication of his Britannia:—"1731-2, Jan. 15, Mr. John Horsley." Such is the brief record which the parish clerk of Morpeth—the common chronicler of his time—thought fit to make in his melancholy journal respecting this eminent man. Even after he was dead, this important officer refused him his proper and well-earned title of reverend; and that probably, as Mr. Hodgson observes, "only because he was the minister of a congregation which, though in practice, as far as regarded discipline and government, it was Presbyterian, yet professed the doctrinal articles of the Church of England." "But Horsley's genius," the same kindred spirit adds, "had taken him high above the mists and gloomy atmosphere of prejudice and traditionary lore.' It had liberated his mind from the thraldom of vulgar maxims. "There is," says he, "that beauty and agreeableness in truth, even supposing it to be merely speculative, as always affords, in the discovery of it, real

pleasure to a well-turned mind; and, I will add, that it not only pleases, but enriches it too." He determined to do something permanently useful, and, in doing it, to think and reason for himself; and certainly no man was ever more successful in completing a great experiment.

Whitburn Village.

MANY pleasant and interesting communities are to be found on our rocky North-East Coast; but few, if any, surpass the peaceful little village of Whitburn, situated between South Shields and Sunderland.

Whitburn might be said to have a double claim on the attention of the wayfarer who may pay it a visit. Its position on the coast renders it a desirable retreat for a summer holiday, while the village itself has an air of delightful rusticity about it which cannot fail to fascinate and charm. As we approach the east end of the village, the sobbing of the waves is heard as they beat against the rocks, licking the sandy beach in their course, while the marine prospect which greets the eye is of course of an attractive nature. The west end of the village presents a widely different aspect. No glimpse of the sea is to be had here, and its murmuring is inaudible to the ear. The eye alights, instead, upon a scene of real rural beauty. The whole neighbourhood is flooded with the melodies of

> The meadow-lark and all the throng
> That dwell in nests and have the gift of song.

It is this rather unusual combination of attractions—the arcadian and the marine—that constitutes Whitburn's greatest charm.

Our view of Whitburn shows the quaintest and most interesting part of the village. The artist's coign of 'vantage is in close proximity to the end of the road leading into Whitburn from South Shields and Cleadon. Some of the dwellings are white-washed structures, with an air of cleanliness about them which greatly adds to their quaint and interesting appearance. The fronts of the larger houses are covered with ivy, and here and there the view is made prettier by the presence of trees towering in many cases far above the eaves of the dwellings. But what makes this part of Whitburn specially fascinating to lovers of the picturesque are the uncommonly large strips of green on either side of the main road through the village. Indeed, what with grass and trees, the village in the leafy period presents quite an arcadian appearance. As we walk towards the east and more modern part of the village, the large residences on the left, with their fronts of artistic wood-work, and the trim, sloping lawn skirted with a line of stately trees, form a very pretty picture indeed.

Having taken our fill of the many attractions which a ramble through the village street affords, we proceed down the shady lane leading to the church. Whitburn Church is an old Gothic edifice, consisting of a nave and two regular aisles, each being formed by four round pillars. The chancel is separated from the nave by a wide pointed arch. The sacred structure, embosomed as it is in trees and shrubs, presents a truly neat appearance; and, as has been said respecting it, however the antiquary may deplore the raftered roof and the dim mullioned windows, it must be allowed that Whitburn is the *exemplar nitidiss* of a comfortable parish church. The churchyard, though not by any means large, is as neat in appearance as the church itself. The graves are well tended, many being covered with flowers of every hue and description. Several of the ancestors of Sir Hedworth Williamson, formerly member of Parliament for North Durham, are buried in Whitburn churchyard.

In 1675 Whitburn rectory was enlarged and new fronted

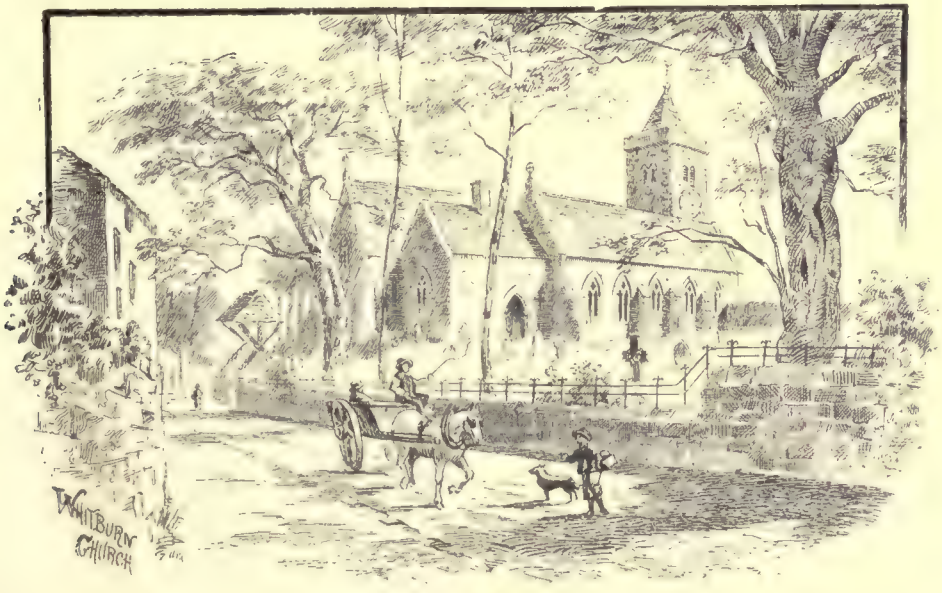
by Dr. Musgrave ("with £140 dilapidations received from his predecessor Speed"). The new rooms were added to the east of the late rectory in 1770 by Dr. Pye at an expense of £400. The same gentleman repaired the houses, barns, and offices. He took no money from his predecessor for dilapidation, however, excepting, as the historian says, "£5 worth of fixtures." In 1816 the rectory was demolished, and in its place was erected a new parsonage built of freestone.

One of the rectors of Whitburn parish was the Rev. Thomas Triplet, M.A., who ministered from 1631 to 1662. During the Rebellion, he was ejected; but, after the Restoration, he was made prebendary of Westminster and D.D. He bequeated £300 to the parishes of Woodhorn, Washington, and Whitburn, the interest of which sum he directed to be equally divided every year for the purpose of binding poor children apprentices.

Leaving the church, we make towards the little hamlet on the beach, known as The Bents; but not before we have had a peep at Whitburn Hall, the seat of Sir Hedworth Williamson. The Whitburn Cricket Club is indebted to Sir Hedworth for their ground, which is in juxtaposition to the hall. And splendid ground it is for cricketing purposes. The large stretch of sward is well rolled, and the trees and shrubs almost surrounding it render the place pleasing to the eye. Though Whitburn is known to be a fishing village, its palmy days are apparently almost over. At one time, so a fisherman at The Bents told us, the village possessed fourteen fishing boats; now, however, there are only about five; and whereas about forty-six persons earned their living by fishing in former years, the number at present so employed may be estimated at little over twenty.

The fine stretch of sandy beach extending from The Bents to Roker, is undoubtedly one of Whitburn's principal attractions. Though the road leading to it is a little removed from the village proper, it is, as a matter of course, much frequented by visitors. Standing on the sward, a little to the south of The Bents, where the fishermen dry their nets, we note that the marine prospect is especially fine. The line of rocks away out to sea is known as Whitburn Steel—once the scene of many shipwrecks. These were in some instances supposed to be caused by false lights which put vessels out of their course. Though strenuous efforts were made to solve the mystery surrounding the allegation, it remains a mystery to this day. But so numerous were the disasters that happened at the Steel that it was deemed absolutely necessary to replace the old lighthouse at Whitburn by the greatly improved lighthouse at Souter Point, which was accordingly erected in 1871. One of the present keepers of the lighthouse —Mr. Robert Darling, formerly of the Coquet Island lighthouse—is a nephew of the famous Grace Darling, and has occupied the position for eighteen years.

In November, 1822, part of a submarine forest was discovered about a mile to the south of Whitburn. On the removal of the sand one hundred yards seaward from high water mark, the stems of seven trees were brought to light. The largest of them is described as having been about six feet in diameter, and all were clearly in the situation in which they had grown. There was also a great quantity of vegetable matter—leaves, nuts, and



broken branches—around the trees, and immediately below them a light blue clayey soil. From this discovery it would appear as if at some remote period what is now a sea beach was covered with vegetation.

The Battle of Otterburn: Its Doubts and Perplexities.

THERE is no getting away from the fact that this is an age of unbelief. Not only do men deny the existence of many popular heroes, but they doubt the authenticity of many thrilling tales of chivalry. As I stated in a previous article, there are more than the average misgivings as to the Battle of Otterburn—its date, its magnitude, its enumeration of details, having all formed a theme for censorious criticism. While some historians regard it as a mere Border foray, others have expanded it into a fight of huge dimensions. A few have ventured to dismiss the whole recital as either suspicious or unreliable. In adopting this latter attitude, they are guided by reasons that seem at least intelligible. The modern versions of the story—as the most casual reader must admit—are largely based on ancient ballads, and yet the ballads themselves are a perfect storehouse of contradictions. It would be a thankless task—if not an endless one—to attempt any elaborate analysis of the different versions that have been handed down to us; but a brief reference to some of the discrepancies should constitute an attractive theme.

With respect to named authorities—as distinguished from the Border minstrels—there are nine who lived near the alleged time of conflict, and about thirty who wrote at a much later period. "If reliance could be placed upon the early authorities," says a well-known critic, "we might at once conclude that the battle was fought on the morning or night of St. Oswald's Day, the 5th of August." But as reliance cannot be placed on the early authorities, it has been contended that the night between the 19th and 20th of August is the most likely date, because at that time, in 1388, "there was a full moon"—without whose aid the modern accounts of the struggle would be altogether ridiculous. On this point, 23 persons—from Froissart to Sir Walter Scott—have given no fewer than seven different dates. As for the numbers engaged, the testimony is quite as indefinite—alternating from 2,000 to 10,000 men in each of the contending forces. There are, however, four phases of the battle as to which all recent writers seem to agree. First, it was waged during an entire night in the month of August; second, it occurred in the reign of Richard II.; third, it ended in the death of Earl Douglass; and, fourth, the impulsive Percy was led captive away. When we remember that all these assertions are made by men who acknowledge their indebtedness to the old ballads—by men who do not scruple to quote many of the most striking passages—there need be no surprise that sceptics should venture to question the accuracy of their conclusions. The modern historians may be right—as I think they are in the main—but while admitting this, it is impossible to explain the readiness with which they incorporate one part of the poetical versions, and ignore the other with so much contempt. A few instances will be sufficient to show the difficulties that had to be surmounted, before the story of the conflict, as we know it now, could be brought into harmony with subsequent events.

If we take the death of Douglass, we at once realise the varying character of the evidence. That he was killed at Otterburn, all writers are agreed—the most recent of them saying that the death blows were administered by "three spearmen," who fell upon the Scottish champion after he had penetrated far into the English ranks. By what authority historians arrive at this conclusion it is impossible to determine, as none of the old ballads give it confirmation. In most of them, "it is Percy who kills Douglass," though, in others, the cause of death is left in doubt. If we accept "De orygynale cronykil of Scotland, be Androw of Wyntown, Priowr of Sanct Serfis Ynche in Loch Levyn," it would appear that though—

> De Erle Jamys thare wes slane,
> Dat na man wyst on qwhat manere.

If, on the other hand, we take the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," we find that it was a foot page who gave Douglass a "deadly wound" before the battle began. The boy had given information as to the approach of an English force, and, being regarded as an alarmist, was told, in case the report proved untrue, that he should hang "on the highest tree in Otterbourne." It was in retaliation for this threat that the little penknife was "ta'en out," and that Lord Douglass got "a deep wound and a sare." It was then, apparently—not in the midst of the combat—that:

> Earl Douglass to the Montgomery said,
> "Take thou the vanguard of the three;
> And bury me by the bracken bush
> That grows upon yon lilye lee."

If we accept this verse as it stands, it undoubtedly refers to something that transpired before the battle began, and to a moment when the Scottish fighting men were still in separate contingents. There would be no "vanguard of the three" after these fierce Borderers got to close quarters. Indeed, we are distinctly told that the disputants split into sections almost immediately after Percy delivered his surprise attack, and afterwards fought in groups about the field. But, notwithstanding the variation of the story in this direction, the Scottish poem goes on to say that Percy was compelled to surrender to Sir Hugh Montgomery, after a personal

encounter, in which the "twa swat," and the "blude" ran down between them.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, that Professor Veitch should have pledged himself to an assertion that the English ballad "finely and naturally" describes the deeds of the two leaders, because it contradicts the Scottish Minstrelsy in many important particulars. There is a reference, for example, to the boy's note of warning, though no treacherous wounding is mentioned as the result of it. But, in addition to this, the English story is extremely clear as to the part played by Hotspur in his great rival's undoing. For it is therein asserted that when—

The Percy and the Dowglas mette,
That ether of other was fayne;
They schapped together, whyll that they swette,
With swords of fyne Collayne,
Tyll the bloode from their bassonetts ranne,
As the brooke doth in the rayne.

It was at this moment that the Scottish chief—imagining he saw signs of fatigue on the part of his foe—ventured to suggest a surrender; but, being answered with disdain, the swords began to flash again, and the blows fell so swift and heavily on their respective helmets, that they "cam in peyses down." Still continuing, the Percy smote his adversary at the sword's length, and felled him to the ground.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
Bytwene the nyghte and the day;
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
And the Percy was lede awaye.

The ballad, however, goes even further, as it adds that Sir Hugh Montgomery was taken prisoner by the English, and apparently exchanged afterwards, for he it was who "borowed the Percy home agayne."

But if we turn once more to the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," we are faced with an equally curious variation. According to that account, it was quite impossible for a fight between Percy and the Douglass to have taken place, seeing that the noble Scot had been killed already by the little boy's penknife. In order, therefore, to make matters smooth, and preserve the more picturesque aspects of the recital, we have a verse that looks uncommonly like one already printed. It says when—

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain,
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blude ran down between.

In this case, there was also a demand for Percy to yield, and, recognising that he had no alternative, he is said to have requested the name of his vanquisher. This was given, and—

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde.
And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

With regard to the narrative in the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, it resembles that of England in most of its essential features. It admits, for example, that after Douglass had been mortally wounded by Percy, he sent for Sir Hugh Montgomery, gave him instructions for continuing the battle, and then asked to be buried under the bracken bush in accordance with the generally accepted idea. But, even Sir Walter felt that the story did not hang well together, and, therefore, we find—almost in identical lines—one verse describing the fight between Percy and Douglass, and another actually attributing the "swakking" and the "swatting" and the "bluding" and the "rayning" to a tussle between Percy and Montgomery.

If these contradictions stood alone, our latter-day historians would experience some difficulty in making them harmonise; but their troubles increase enormously when they go back to "Chevy Chase"—the most ancient ballad of the series. That it refers to the Battle of Otterburn is beyond question, yet the locality of the fray, the cause of its origin, and the results, are in many essential particulars dissimilar. We are told, for instance, that Percy had promised to hunt for three days in the Cheviots in spite of all the Scots could do to prevent him. In the midst of the sport, however, he was interrupted by the Douglass, who challenged him to mortal combat. As this proposal for a personal encounter was not allowed by the other leaders, a struggle on a big scale began. The Douglass divided his force into "three portions," and his attack was met by a discharge of arrows which slew seven score spearmen. It was then, on getting to close quarters, that—

The Ynglyshe men let thear bowys be,
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright.

But while this poetic reference seems to have been copied into most of the later accounts of the fighting, a good many of the succeeding details are invariably ignored. "Chevy Chase" describes the meeting of Percy and Douglass in the thick of the fight; it speaks of their swords as "fyn Myllan," instead of fyn Collayne; and it alludes to Douglass's tempting offers to Percy if he would only join the Scottish king. Hotspur refuses the bait, and, just as the struggle is about to re-commence, his antagonist is struck by an arrow that crashes through the "breast bane." The English "captyne" thereupon leans upon his sword, and, taking the dead man by the hand, sorrowfully exclaims:—

To have savyde thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with
My landes for yeres thre,
For a better man of hart, nare of hande,
Was not in all the North Countre.

There was, however, an avenger coming. Sir Hugh Montgomery, who was mounted, had witnessed the result of the battle, and spurring his courser, dashed at the disconsolate Percy—"driving a mighty spear clean through his body." Again there was speedy vengeance, for "an archer off Northomborlonde," furious at the sudden deed, sent an arrow through the liver and lungs of Percy's undoer. Of the terrible havoc in other directions, I need say nothing; neither is it necessary to speak of the weeping widows who came to fetch their dead away. What is of more consequence is to show how vastly the

ballad of "Chevy Chase" differs from the others, and yet, with what alacrity our modern historians have utilised one-half its sanguinary details, while completely disregarding the remainder. It was impossible to accept everything, no doubt, because Percy, as is well-known, lived to fight another day. According to all accounts, he was killed at Shrewsbury, in 1403—or about fifteen years after Otterburn is supposed to have been fought.

I use the word "supposed," because the early poems seem to justify the implied doubt. In his introduction to the "Ballads of Chevy Chase," Mr. Robert White explains that the story could not be founded on the Battle of Pepperden in 1436—as some have asserted—seeing that it contains a *prospective allusion* to a struggle waged in 1402. But if this has to be accepted as a proof that Chevy Chase occurred prior to "Hombyll-down" Hill, the evidence of the poem ought to be received as to other dates also. In that case, it would at once upset the generally accepted belief that Otterburn was fought during the reign of Richard II. For we read:

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone
Till the fourth Harry our Kyng,
That Lord Persè, leyff-tenant of the Merches,
He lay slayne Chyviat within.

"God have merci on his soll," said Kyng Harry,
"Good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde," he sayd,
"As good as ever was hee;
But Persè, and I brook my lyffe,
Thy deth well quyte shall be."

As our noble Kyng made his a-vowe,
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of lord Persè,
He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down.

The poem adds that this was "the hontynge off the Cheviat" that men call the "battell of Otterburn." As Henry did not begin his reign till 1399, it is impossible—if the poem is to be accepted at all—to insist that the fight took place in 1388, as so many authorities assert. There is also another reference to the period, for Sir Ric Wytharynton—on hearing the proposal for a solitary combat between Douglass and Percy—exclaimed that it should never be told in the south, "to King Harry the Fourth," that he had stood on a field to see his captain struggle alone. This is the champion about whom it is said:—

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.

Judging from the first of these "Chevy Chase Ballads," there would appear to have been a clean sweep of all the worthies. Douglass, Percy, and Montgomery, at all events, found graves in a fight which began "an ower before the none," and not, as is generally imagined, just at the close of daylight. In the second poem, the affair is said to have lasted from "the break of day to the setting of the sun," and when they "rung the evening bell the battle scarce was done." There is nothing about the light of the moon here. As for the casualties, Mr. Robert White puts the English loss at 1,840 killed and 1,000 wounded; while the Scots had only 100 killed and 200 taken prisoners. The proportions in "Chevy Chase" seem more probable, for we are there told that of 1,500 archers of England there went away only 53. As a set off to this carnage, however, it is added that there were not more than five and fifty survivors out of 2,000 Scottish spearmen. What came of the sufferers nobody appears to know for certainty. But it is probable, as Professor Veitch suggests, that the skulls found at Elsdon a few years ago may represent the dead of Otterburn. They were all lying together—lads in their teens, as well as men of middle age—and yet, though the collection numbered quite a thousand, there was not a trace of any female to be met with. This fact alone would appear to indicate that the party had been overtaken on the war path. It is possible, of course, that all discrepancies may be explained away without serious trouble; but, to an ordinary student of history, they seem, as they stand, to form a remarkable tangle. Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt. The poetry, like the prose, has been subject to endless revision, and, in the process, the original text may have undergone some strange transformations. Bishop Percy is known to have deleted one verse from the Scottish ballad, because it was meaningless, and to have substituted four others with a clearer ring. It is the same with the redoubtable Witherington. In the first ballad we find the lines quoted above; while in the second we have a change that is worthy of Hood or Dibden. There is a touch of humour in the pathos when it says—

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes;
For when his leggs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

Though similar indications of "improvement" can be found in other parts of the ballads, it would serve no useful purpose to reproduce them. What I have already said will be sufficient to show the methods by which the quaint narratives of our ancestors are made presentable to modern readers. There must always be a good deal of analysing, a fair amount of cutting down, and a determined effort to explain away obvious inconsistencies. It may be doubted whether the corrected versions are absolutely reliable, as the incidents of a Border foray—even on the largest scale—must always be difficult to verify after an interval that has to be counted by centuries. But, details apart, there can be no denying that an eventful battle was fought near Otterburn, somewhere about 500 years ago, and that the memory of its heroes will be kept green for as many years to come.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

Game Birds.

THE three birds figured in the present article are among the best known of our game birds—birds which are strictly preserved in all suitable parts of Great Britain for annual slaughter in the autumn.

The pheasant (*Phasianus Colchicus*), we are told, was "brought into Europe by the Argonauts 1250 years before the Christian era, and is at present found in a state of nature in nearly the whole of the old continent." History assigns to Jason the honour of having brought it to this country from the banks of the Phasis, a river in Colchis, Asia Minor.

The food of the pheasant consists of cereal grain of various kinds, beans, beech-mast, chestnuts, acorns, blackberries, sloes, hips and haws, and other small wild fruits; also the shoots and leaves of various plants, turnip tops, and grass; the roots of the golden buttercup, and of various grasses and bulbous plants; worms, grasshoppers, gnats, and other insects. The nest, a very slight fabrication of a few leaves, is made upon the ground, sometimes in the open fields, but more commonly in woods and plantations, among underwood, under fallen or felled boughs and branches of trees, in long grass, and in hedgerows.

The male pheasant, which is polygamous, having from six to nine females, has the head and neck metallic-

purple or green, according to the light; ear coverts, brown; naked skin round the eyes, scarlet, spotted with black; general tint of back feathers, copper-coloured, tipped with black, or with dark brown centres, and marked with pale yellow; rump and upper tail coverts, light brownish red; wings, greyish-brown, mottled with darker brown; long tail-feathers, yellowish-brown, regularly barred with black; feathers on breast and abdomen, orange-red, with purplish and golden reflections, tipped and evenly margined with violet-black; lower abdomen, vent, and under-tail coverts, brownish-black; bill, pale horn-colour; legs, feet, and spurs, greyish-brown; irides, hazel. Length, about three feet. The adult female has the prevailing plumage of a yellowish-brown tint, variegated with grey and rufous; tail, shorter than the male. Several varieties of pheasants are often found; some pure white and others pied.

The red grouse (*Lagopus Scoticus*) is by no means con-

fined to Scotland, as its scientific name might imply. To sportsmen especially, the 12th of August is as popular as that of "St. Partridge," the 1st of September, the dates on which the slaughter of the birds commences. Grouse are more or less plentiful, according to the season, over all the high-lying and heathery moors of Scotland and the Northern Counties of England. They are recognisable by their powerful, compact bodies, moderate-sized wings, and short, straight tails. The bill is strong, thick, short, and much vaulted, and the foot low and powerful, with more or less well feathered tarsus—hence its name, *Lagopus*, from *lagos*, a hare, by implication rough-footed.

In severe winter weather grouse frequent the lower grounds in search of food. They are partial to corn, and during harvest in the Highlands they occasionally invade the corn fields, and may be seen perched on the stooks of oats. Their chief food, however, and without which they can scarcely exist, are the leaves and shoots of heather and heath, the seeds of cotton grass and other moorland plants, and the fruits of the bilberry (blaeberry), crowberry, and whortleberry. They also swallow small stones to aid digestion. When not feeding, they rest among the heather, and they may often be seen basking in the sun in

open places. The ordinary note of the male bird is a deep and swiftly-repeated "coc, coc," a note well known to those who traverse moorlands where grouse abound. Its note of defiance or alarm, often heard in spring and autumn, sounds very like the words "Go, go, go-back, go-back," and this note also warns the hen and young of coming danger.

The male bird, distinguished from the female by its greater size, more brilliant plumage, and the bright red membrane over the eyebrows, weighs about nineteen or twenty ounces, and sometimes more. Length, from one foot three inches and a quarter to a little over one foot four and a half inches. The feathers on the head and nape are light reddish-brown, spotted with black; those on the back and wing coverts are spotted in the centre with black; the throat feathers are red, those on the back and belly dark purplish-brown, with numerous markings; the quills are dark brown, and the quill feathers, except the four in the centre (which are striped red and black), are entirely black; the plumage on the legs has a reddish shade and dark markings; the tarsi and toes are covered with whitish feathers; the eye is nut-brown, and the powerful claws of a whitish hue. The female is darker plumaged than her mate, has white spots on the breast and belly, and some of the winged feathers tipped with white.

The black grouse (*Tetrao tetrix*), also known as black

cock (and the female as the grey hen, on account of her plumage), is a well-known bird in the Northern Counties.

The favourite haunts of the black cock are the low slopes of hills, in which brushwood and coppice alternate with heath and fern, and rocky, well-wooded glens. In spring and summer its food consists of leaf-buds, heather tops, berries of various plants growing among the heath, insects, larvæ, and sometimes corn and seeds from the neighbouring fields. In the winter this supply is diminished to the tender tops of shoots of birch, fir, and heath, and vaccinia and juniper berries.

"Unlike the capercailzie, which mostly roosts in trees," says Mr. Lloyd, "the black cock almost invariably passes the night on the ground, and in the winter, more especially if the cold be intense, it not seldom buries itself in the snow." Nillson supposes that the bird only makes a hollow in the snow and allows itself to be covered by the falling flakes; but Mr. Lloyd assures us that the bird makes a regular burrow for itself, the depth depending, it is generally believed, on the mildness or severity of the weather. "Scores of times," he says, "when crossing glades and other openings in the forest, where the surface of the snow, to the casual observer, appeared to be as smooth as glass, one or more black cocks have suddenly emerged from beneath the snow, almost at my feet; and when expecting every moment others to follow, I have carefully looked about me, but I never could discover anything beyond the slightest indentation in the snow where the bird had burrowed, the hole itself being filled up by the sides collapsing; and yet perhaps within the next minute half a score of black cocks would fly up all around me. That their heads were above the surface previously to their leaving the snow I hold to be impossible, nor can I conceive that even the beaks protruded, as others will have it. If air be needful to birds when thus embedded in the snow, their beak, no doubt, forms an imperceptible orifice, through which they are enabled to respire."

The birds fly in a heavy manner, in a direct line, and at considerable speed. If alarmed, they fly off to a place of security, or drop and remain motionless till the danger has passed. The male birds are polygamous, and, after leaving the females and the young, they gather in small flocks, and live in amity together till the next breeding season. In spring furious fights take place between the males for the possession of the females. The victors in these love-combats take possession of a certain place, from whence they drive all intruding males. In the morning and evening the cock struts gallantly around his "beat,' trailing his wings on the ground, his handsome forked tail outspread, his throat puffed out, and the brilliant wattle swelled, inviting the admiration of the females, and challenging rivals with his harsh note of defiance. Both birds endeavour to draw off intruders from the brood, and the hen, on whom the labour of incubation falls, will boldly defend her nest and young brood, and will even drive off dogs. Though ground birds, they can perch nimbly on trees, walls, or fences.

The male bird weighs nearly four pounds. Its colours are a little lighter or deeper according to the season. The plumage is chiefly of a rich black, relieved upon the

head, throat, and lower back with a beautiful steel-blue sheen, not unlike the hue of the wing-coverts of the magpie; the wings are variegated with bands of pure white; the feathers on the lower tail coverts are also of snowy whiteness; the eye is brown, the pupil bluish black, and the beak black; the toes are greyish brown; the eyebrow and a patch around the eye bright red. The wings, which are short, expand to a width of nearly three feet; legs short, with hair-like feathers in front, and on the sides speckled with white, and covered behind with rounded scales. The female weighs about two pounds; length, one foot five or six inches. The prevailing colour of her plumage is a mixture of rusty yellow and rusty brown, marked with transverse stripes and spots of black.

Joyce's Patent Stove.

CHARLES SUMNER, the American Statesman, writing from Brougham Hall, Westmoreland, to his friend Mr. George S. Hillard, on the 6th of September, 1838, refers to anecdotes which he had heard exhibiting Lord Brougham's unfriendly feeling towards Lord Durham. "One of these (says he) is striking. Last winter it was supposed for a while that an invention had been found out which would supersede the use of coal, upon which Lord Durham's immense income depends. Brougham is said to have gone about telling of it, and rubbing his hands, saying, 'Old Durham is a beggar! old Durham is a beggar!'"

Many have been the discoveries and inventions by which "it was supposed, for a while," the "use of coal" would be "superseded." But, hitherto, they have flourished for a season, and vanished as the vapour of the locomotive engine. There can be no difficulty in identifying the particular "invention" of which Mr. Sumner heard in the year of his visit to England—a discovery that, in many imaginations, threatened to make an end of the value of our own and other coal-fields. It was doubtless "Joyce's Patent Stove." In the "Journal of Henry Cockburn," published in 1871 as a continuation of the "Memorials," there is a notice, under date February 8, 1838, of "Joyce's supposed discovery." This record was made at the time when Sumner was on our side of the Atlantic, although it saw not the light until a generation afterwards.

"The first rumour" of the stove, says Lord Cockburn, "reached Edinburgh a fortnight ago" (that is, in January, 1838), "in a letter from Lord Brougham, in which he assures us that it will soon beggar all coal-masters, deprive poverty of its greatest suffering, send steam easily over the world, and make the poles comfortable." Some people, however, were "certain it would turn out nonsense." Coalowners "sneered" and made merry, "but were not easy." The "Newcastle Coal Trade" was to cease, and with it "the best nursery for our fleets." The Government, which always has plenty of advisers, was urged to buy the secret, at whatever cost, to keep it from foreigners. But the purchase was not made, and the discovery came to nothing.

Cockburn makes a second note, August 23, 1838:—"The new heat has entirely cooled. It is now ascertained to be subject to three objections. First, it is dearer than coal; second, it gives much less heat, scarcely heat at all; third, the little heat that it gives suffocates. Brougham was its great puffer: from what cause is not known."

The late Mr. Alderman Wilson, of Fell House, Gateshead, author of "The Pitman's Pay," wrote a humorous poem on "Joyce's Patent Stove." Referring to its inventor, he said:—

> He tuik his traps ower to France,
> But Mounseer was far ower cunnin':
> He saw through the cheat at a glance
> Which gulled a' the noddles i' Lunnun.

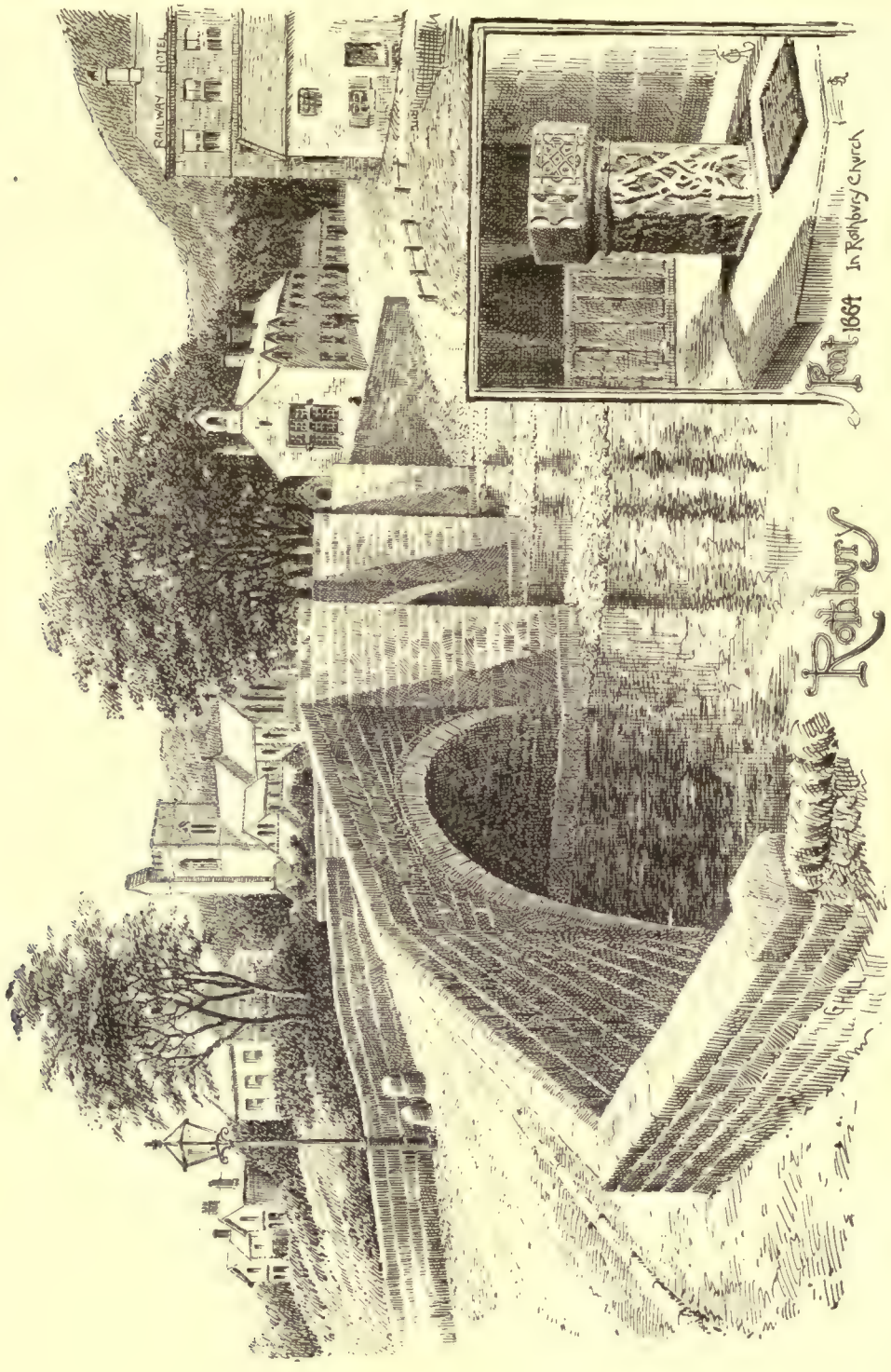
Gay Lussac had made a report on the "discovery" to the Institute of France, one passage of which was adopted by the poet as his motto, viz.:—"It is quite evident that this charcoal must diffuse in the apartment as much carbonic acid during its combustion as an equal weight of any other charcoal; that it must vitiate the air in the same degree; and that the same accidents may be produced by it as by other causes. It is equally evident that it can produce no more heat than the same quantity of common charcoal, as it contains no more combustible matter."

The inventor is described in the poem as "the chep wi' the charcoal and byen":—

> He talked of a fine, healthy heat,
> Myed out of a piece of burnt stob;
> But on'y lie doon wid at neet,
> I' the morn ye'll be caud i' the gob.
>
> His pipe was put out iv a whiff;
> He couldn't stand Parleyvou's shrug;
> But slunk away, moungin', as if
> A louse had dropt intiv his lug.
>
> Thus Coaly his foe fairly floored
> (The blackest he ivver had seen),
> And his frinds to their quiet restored,
> When they thowt deeth was closing his een.

King Coal survived the stove that was to lay him on the shelf; and his mines are more likely to be exhausted than superseded.

JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).


Rothbury
RAILWAY HOTEL
Font 1664 In Rothbury Church

IT is hundreds of years since invalids first went to Rothbury for benefit to their health and strength, and there went through certain prescribed courses which they imagined did them good. Hither of old, as some do now, came many consumptives and weaklings to drink the milk of the goats that jumped from crag to crag on the moors and hills around the town. So great was the demand for goats' milk that large flocks of these shaggy creatures were kept by the farmers in the valley to the west. The little Coquetdale town is one of the healthiest of places, and the fresh breezes that blow from the green slopes of the Cheviots and the ozone that is wafted from the blue sea fill hollow, worn cheeks, and put colour into the complexion of the most wan and care-ridden. The hills all round the basin in which Rothbury lies shut out the inclement winds that sweep the bleak moors; and the mountains in the vicinity rise, in some cases, to the stupendous—for this part of the country—height of over 2,000 feet. What stimulant can equal in potency the exhilaration produced in the spirits and nervous system by a few days spent in the unrivalled air of Rothbury?

The charms of the Coquet are tenfold multiplied if you can wield with anything like dexterity the fascinating rod and line. But, not being an expert, you need not despair of learning to become one. I met while in Rothbury a veteran angler, old Walter Mavin, well known to all who are acquainted with Coquetside. This fine old sportsman is seventy-six years old, and for over sixty has been an adept disciple of old Izaak Walton. He is still vigorous as an angler, and can induce the wary fish to hook themselves at the end of his line when others whip the stream in vain. You can see his fishing-tackle shop in the main street of Rothbury.

This main street of Rothbury is highly characteristic of a Northumbrian village. The road from Weldon Bridge rushes down precipitously from Cragside to the bridge and the church, and then immediately begins

the main street, which broadens out into a wide thoroughfare where merchants would exhibit their wares and the farmers from the neighbouring sheep-walks would expose their stock in the days before the railway and the auction mart. It is peculiar to villages in the hilly county of Northumberland to have one side of the street higher than the other. It is so at Stamfordham, so at Bamburgh, so at Bellingham, and so at Rothbury. This main street at Rothbury contains all the principal shops and warehouses and establishments and public buildings of which its inhabitants are so proud. It is a quaint old street, and has not yet lost its old-fangled air. The thoroughfare rises and widens to the west end of the town, where is a pleasant green-sward, with some trees, and the imposing building of the County Hotel. Around here, under the trees, are seats on which the short-winded valetudinarian can rest awhile in the shade and watch the sunshine lighting up the warm colours on the opposite hill, look on the trees which hide Whitton Tower, and catch the varying hues of Simonside. It is a pleasant, airy street, and clean and neat, like the rest of Rothbury.

WALTER MAVIN.

"The town in the clearing," which is the term commonly accepted as the interpretation of the name Rothbury, is a phrase that has lost a great deal of its old meaning; for it is now not much more in a clearing than the hills that surround it. Nearly all is a clearing, and the town lies in the bottom of a great basin, protected by green and heather-covered hills—a singularly beautiful situation, which reminds one of, though it does not equal, in my mind, the picturesque position of Blanchland.

The church of All Saints, with its early English chancel and transepts, was mostly rebuilt (as to its nave and tower) in 1850. It is the third built on the same site; the first was Saxon, the second was early English, and the third was built, as stated, in 1850. In the porch are fragments of sculpture and an incised cross in memory of a child. The font, of red sandstone, is curious. The basin is inscribed 1664, but the pedestal is of Saxon sculpture. The lower part of the font, indeed, is composed of a portion of a Saxon cross. During the re-building of the church, in 1850, the limbs and a portion of the shaft of the ancient cross were found beneath the floor. These were claimed by the contractors as old materials, but were at last safely housed in the museum of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries. The stem of the font was afterwards discovered to be a portion of this same cross.

It was from the pulpit of this church that Bernard Gilpin, the famous "Apostle of the North," courageously interfered between two clans who were at deadly feud with each other. The incident has been worthily perpetuated by William Bell Scott in his fresco on the walls of Wallington House, the home of the Trevelyans.

There is in the chancel a gorgeously painted monument in red, gilt, and black, erected to the memory of the "truly vertuous matron," Mary, the wife of John Thomlinson, rector of Rothbury, and her husband "on her right side."

Close to the church is the Coquet—

The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
And swarms with silver fry.

The bridge which spans the stream at Rothbury, shown in Mr. Hall's sketch, is a noble structure, well worthy of Rothbury town and Coquet river, and its quaint, triangular buttresses have propped it up against many a winter's flood.

The visitor to Rothbury never dreams that the Coquet has come all the way from the Borders of Scotland

even a little to the north of the much more westerly stream the Reed. But from its source to Rothbury it receives many subsidiary streams in passing through the northern hills, and it is a stream of some dimensions when it rushes noisily over its pebbly bed at Harbottle. From this last place it meanders down to the foot of the Simonside hills, and then, winding eastward, visits Rothbury. Thence it descends in a rocky bed through a fine vale, and is not long in reaching a famous place known as the Thrum. Here the river flows through a gully in the freestone, and the Coquet, hemmed in by the rock and surrounded by leafy trees, with the old watermill in the background, is, besides being a favourite scene with artists and lovers of the beautiful, likewise a spot much beloved of anglers. Through its contracted passage it glides silently and rapidly. And it is deep besides, for its waters are a couple of fathoms deep, even in the driest summer. Formerly the distance between the rocks in the narrowest part was only one yard, and was easily stepped over; but an unfortunate boy in an intrepid moment attempted to jump across, and was drowned; hence the chasm was considerably widened, and since then the rush of the stream has worn away the rock till now it is much honeycombed. Mr. Hutchinson, in a bilious mood, wrote of this part of the Coquet—"We were led to view a natural curiosity, as it is termed, called the Thrum, which is almost a mile from the town—a cut formed by nature in the rocks of the river's channel, where the stream, for about 160 yards, is pent in such narrow bounds that a man may leap over—not at all curious, or worthy our attention; little preferable to a mill-race. But here we had the misfortune to meet with an impertinent drunken innkeeper, whose over-officiousness and loquacity led us out of the way." But such language is blasphemy to the frequenter of the Coquet. Near the Thrum is the old corn mill, where formerly there was a great fall in the river, but this was lowered long ago to facilitate the ascent of the salmon up stream.

The Pool, situated below the Thrum, is a favourite haunt of the followers of the "silent sport." It is a lovely spot. The house shown in Mr. Hall's sketch below is one of the lodges to Lord Armstrong's estate at Cragside.

The Ettrick Shepherd.

PASTORAL poems have been abundant in every age and country; but the best of them, from the time of Theocritus, have been written, not by untutored peasants on mountain sides, but by cultured poets in crowded cities. Hence the astonishment felt at the advent of a man without education, who, after passing through a youth of poverty and hardship, as he attained manhood sang in rustic accents as few ever have sung or will sing. Although the Ettrick Shepherd was never able to speak decent

English, and remained heart and soul a shepherd to his dying day, yet, by the mere force of his genius, he achieved distinction in almost every department of our literature.

James Hogg was born in 1772, in a little cottage in Ettrick Forest. The wood beloved by Merlin, and consecrated by centuries of tradition, was a fitting locality for a minstrel's birthplace. But his romantic surroundings were more than counterbalanced by his very unattractive name, for who could ever imagine that a poet would rise from such a patronymic? The Hoggs of the Border, however, despite their appellation, were of no ignoble race. They claimed for common ancestor a gallant reiver named Haug of Norway, whose descendants for generations held their lands in fee from the Knights of Oakwood and Harden; and it was not till tranquillity prevailed throughout the two kingdoms that these belligerent progenitors abandoned their warlike habits, turned their spears into crooks, and adopted the peaceful occupation of shepherds.

The father of the subject of our sketch appears to have been a quiet, commonplace sort of man; but his mother, Margaret Laidlaw, was a person of a very different temperament. Lively and active, her ready wit and remarkable acquaintance with local ballads and traditions made her popular in the district, and rendered her cottage a favourite resort of the shepherds of Yarrow and Ettrick. Such legends and songs, recited or sung by his mother, were from infancy the delight and amusement of James Hogg; and it was this maternal teaching, rather than schools or books, which is apparent in all his poetical works, and which laid the foundation of his subsequent successes. In fact, very little education of any other kind fell to his lot, for, owing to his father's misfortunes, he was hired out before he was six years old by a neighbouring farmer to look after a few ewes, his remuneration for the half year being fixed at a lamb and a pair of new shoes. At the end of his summer's service his parents took him home for the winter quarter, and sent him to a school near their cottage. While there he advanced so rapidly that he soon commenced reading the easier parts of the Bible, which was then the only text book, and before the three months were over, began to learn to write.

With this brief apprenticeship to learning his education terminated. He went to herd cows that very spring, and was never another day at school. Herding cows is considered the lowest of all pastoral occupations; and in this humble position our poor laddie continued under different masters for several years. Sometimes he was kindly treated; at other times hardly used; and his young life would have been as dreary as it was solitary had it not been brightened by two episodes. One was the acquisition of an old violin, on which he sawed out any tune he heard whenever he had any time to devote to the instrument; the other was falling in love. The account he gives in his autobiography of this his first attachment is too beautiful to be related in any other words than his own:—"When only eight years of age I was sent out to a height called Broadheads with a rosy-cheeked maiden to herd a flock of new-weaned lambs, and I had my mischievous cows to herd besides. But as she had no dog, and I had an excellent one, I was ordered to keep close by her. Never was a master's order better obeyed. Day after day I herded the cows and the lambs both, and Betty had nothing to do but sit and sew. Then we dined together every day at a well near to the Shiel Sike Head, and after dinner I laid my head down on her lap, covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself, 'Poor little laddie! he's just tired to death,' and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling on her knee. I wished my master, who was a handsome young man, would fall in love with her and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought if I were her I would know well what to do."

As James grew older and stronger he passed from one master to another, always with a good character; and at last, from looking after cows, he was promoted to the more honourable post of herding sheep, which he regarded as his legitimate birthright, for his ancestors had been shepherds time out of mind. It was with no small pride that he, a youth of eighteen, assumed the *toga virilis* of plaid and crook, for, in a precarious, uncertain climate like Scotland, a man of skill, activity, and endurance is needed to take care of a flock of sheep, and guard his valuable charge against the daily and hourly risks to which they are exposed. About this time, Hogg, who had hitherto had access to no other book than the Bible, somehow or other got hold of the "Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace," and Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd." With considerable difficulty he tried to spell his way through them. The little reading he had learned before he was seven was almost forgotten. The poetry confused him, so that when he got to the end of a line, he had quite lost the rhyme and often the meaning of the preceding one. When Mrs. Laidlaw, the wife of his employer, kindly lent him an occasional newspaper, though he began at the date, and read straight on through the advertisements of land, houses, balm of Gilead, &c., to the end, he was often no wiser when he finished than when he began. However, he persevered, and as he read he slowly began to grasp the meaning of the words. Wishing at this period of his life to write a letter to his brother, he found on putting pen to paper that he did not know how to form the letters of the alphabet, and had laboriously to print and patch up the words as best he could.

Notwithstanding his educational deficiencies, the young shepherd was a prime favourite with all his neighbours. Rather above the middle height, with a ruddy complexion

and keen blue eyes, his most striking peculiarity in early youth was a profusion of light brown hair. This mass of unshorn locks was ordinarily worn coiled under his hat; but when he uncovered his head, a single shake unloosed the long hair, which then rolled down his back and fell below his waist. Blessed with exuberant animal spirits, skilled in all athletic games, and the swiftest runner on the Border, he was a welcome guest at all merrymakings. No wonder the rustic belles of his acquaintance lost their hearts to a youth who was both handsome and popular. Nor was he insensible to feminine attractions. He was generally in love with one or other; but, even under Cupid's potent spell, his imagination was long in awakening. It was not till he was in his twenty-sixth year, and had taught himself to read so as to understand, that his poetic instinct began to develop, and he commenced to write verses. At first his compositions were simply intended for the lads and lasses to sing in chorus; but no long time elapsed before his songs and ballads became popular, and their author was soon known to all the inhabitants of the district as "Jamie the Poeter." About a year after this he heard for the first time of Robert Burns from a half-daft man, who recited "Tam o' Shanter," and told him how the sweetest poet ever born had been a ploughman. From that very moment the shepherd's ambition was fired. Hogg pondered over the genius and fate of the Ayrshire poet, contrasted their positions, and decided that, as he knew by heart more songs than any ploughman had ever heard, and had more time as a shepherd than any ploughman could have, there was nothing to prevent him following in Burns's footsteps. He now devoted every spare moment to composition. His great drawback was in not being able to write. This difficulty he determined to overcome, though at first the labour of committing his lines to paper was so great that he always had to strip himself of coat and vest before he began, and could hardly manage more than five or six lines at a sitting, on account of cramp in his hand.

At last the time arrived when the thought of giving his poems to the world dawned upon him. He had gone to Edinburgh market with some sheep, and, only having sold a part of his flock, put the remainder into a park until the next week's sale. To relieve the dulness of the interval, he wrote out some of his verses from memory. He then gave them to a printer and ordered them to be published at his own expense. After this rash plunge, he sold his sheep, returned to the forest, and thought no more about the matter till he received the printer's bill and the announcement that a thousand copies had been thrown off. This, the first publication by the Ettrick Shepherd, is a little unattractive-looking pamphlet of sixty-two pages. It was entitled "Scottish Pastorals, Poems, and Songs," and, as might have been expected, fell flat and did not sell. Indeed, the author tells us that these early poems were sad stuff: but one of them, "Will and Keatie," met with some admiration, and was copied into several periodicals.

Walter Scott—at that time better known by his official title of "Sheriff"—was then engaged in compiling his "Minstrelsy of the Border." James Hogg had sent him several ballads which he had taken down from his mother's recitation. In search of further information, Scott made a raid into Yarrow and presented himself at the humble residence of Hogg and his mother. Mrs. Hogg chanted the ballad of "Old Maitlan," with which the "Shirra" was highly delighted. "That must be an old story, Margaret," said he. "Ay, it is that! It is an auld story! But, mair nor that, except George Warton and James Stewart, there was never ane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursel, an' ye hae spoilt them a' thegither. They were made for singing, an' no for reading; an' they're neither right spelled nor right settin' down." Scott's answer was a hearty laugh. A pleasant evening followed; and Hogg thus found a friend who had discernment to appreciate his genius, and kindness and opportunity to aid its development.

Hogg now resolved to publish his "Forest Minstrel." Dissatisfied with his first experience of the press, and desirous of having Scott's opinion before he made a second venture, he applied to him for advice on his next visit to Edinburgh. Scott received him heartily, and asked him to dinner to meet William Laidlaw and some other friends.

> The bard on Ettriek's mountain green
> In nature's bosom nursed had been,

and knew nothing of city manners or customs. He cheerfully accepted the invitation, and repaired to Castle Street in the ordinary dress of a herdsman who had driven his cattle to market, his hands and boots bearing evident traces of his occupation. As dinner proceeded, and the wine flowed, he lost his first shyness and became familiar and confident. At first he addressed his host as "Mr. Scott"; then he proceeded to "Shirra," then to "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," and finally crowned his blunders by addressing Mrs. Scott as "Charlotte." Such an evening was followed by a morning of repentance. The untutored shepherd begged a thousand pardons for his misconduct, his only consolation being that Mrs. Scott remained in the room all the time, and she certainly would not have done so had he been very rude.

Having obtained £300 by the sale of his poems, Hogg, in the pride of his heart, determined to farm on a large scale. He took a farm, but his small capital and desultory habits made failure a foregone conclusion, and he was soon up to the neck in difficulties. Finding it impossible for an unsuccessful farmer to obtain a situation as shepherd, he wrapped his plaid round his shoulders and marched off to Edinburgh, in order that he might devote himself absolutely to literary work. On his arrival in that city, he found his poetical talent was at as great a

discount there as his pastoral qualifications were in Ettrick. Poetry was at the moment unmarketable. However, anxious to make a living, he adventured in another field, and, with some assistance, commenced to edit a weekly paper called the *Spy*. After three or four numbers were issued, this paper became so coarse and indecorous that most of the subscribers withdrew their names. The literary ladies who formed a powerful coterie in Edinburgh were much shocked, and agreed in full conclave that the editor would never write a line that deserved to be read—a remark that caused him scornfully to exclaim, "Gaping deevils! Whae cares for what they say? If I leeve ony time, I'll let them see the contrary o' that."

Hogg's career in Edinburgh was for some years far from successful, but he had adopted literature as a profession, and felt that he must stick to it, and either sink or swim. The struggle at last appeared to end, for, to the joy of his friends and the discomfiture of his detractors, he produced the "Queen's Wake," which is certainly the greatest and most consecutive of all his works. Two editions were quickly sold, another was in course of preparation, and the author appeared at one bound to have achieved fame and fortune, when, with the usual financial ill-luck which attended his life, his publisher became bankrupt, and Hogg, who had expected to pay off all his old debts, and make a provision for the future from the profits of this work, was once more disappointed, and reduced to his former penniless condition. Poor man, as he always was, there was something about him which endeared him to his fellow-creatures; and, if he was rich in nothing else, he was always rich in friends who were ever ready to help him out of difficulties. On this occasion Mr. Blackwood came to his aid, and placed him on the staff of his magazine, where the Shepherd's strange accent and peculiarities marked him out to his fellow-contributors as a safe target for their drolleries. Witty and mischievous, they set to work, and Hogg was soon astonished to find himself represented as the author of songs he had never written, and credited with speeches he had never imagined, which appeared monthly in the new magazine, and were received by a delighted public with shouts of laughter which pealed from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Driven almost distracted by his ingenious tormentors, he complained, remonstrated, and threatened. The annoyances ceased for a time, only to be renewed in the more pungent and popular form of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," when the victim himself was compelled to admire these merry effusions, and, notwithstanding his vexation, join in the universal mirth they evoked. These delightful sketches represent a state of society so entirely different to "the way we live now," that, while reading them, one can hardly believe that grandchildren of the persons who were the principal characters at these supposititious symposia are yet in existence.

After the publication of the "Queen's Wake," Hogg, in the course of seven years, produced fifteen volumes of works, tales and poems, besides shorter articles which appeared in periodicals. Monetary success again roused his wish to farm. He took a place called Mount Benjer, and bought sheep, cows, &c. In a short time he as usual found himself in difficulties, and was compelled to have recourse to his friends to help him out of troubles which his recklessness had induced.

Although a great admirer of women, gentle or simple, the Shepherd did not think of marrying until he was well advanced in life, when he took to wife Margaret Phillips, the daughter of a well-to-do Dumfriesshire farmer. Twenty years younger than her husband, Mrs. Hogg is described as being not only pretty and kindhearted, but singularly fitted by nature and education to be a poet's wife. Exceedingly sympathetic, she had always a word of comfort for her husband when his monetary misfortunes troubled him, and was equally ready to extend a hearty welcome to the friends he loved to gather around him. He was fully conscious of her goodness, and tells us in his Autobiography that so uniformly happy was his wedded life that he could not distinguish one part from another save by some remarkably good days of fishing, shooting, or curling on the ice. On the whole, the poet can hardly be said to have been a domestic man; but his genial nature rendered him immensely popular amongst the numerous men of letters who at that time made Edinburgh the headquarters of the intellectual world. The Lake poets were among his most valued acquaintances, though he felt greatly disappointed to find that his brother bards were not of the same convivial turn of mind as himself. His first meeting with Southey was at the Queen's Head Inn, Keswick, and Hogg was not only a grieved but an astonished man when he found that his visitor refused to participate in his bowl of rum punch. To quote his own words: "For a poet to refuse his glass was a phenomenon, and I confess I doubted in my own mind, and doubt to this day, if perfect sobriety and transcendental poetical genius can exist together." In his own case they certainly did not.

At a time when Hogg's fortunes were at their lowest ebb, he was surprised and delighted at the intelligence that the Duke of Buccleuch, in consonance with the wishes of his late Duchess, had conferred on him a life interest in the small farm of Altrive Lake. This unexpected and unsolicited boon was truly welcome, for it gave an unfortunate man a habitation amongst his native moors and streams where every face was a friendly one, and every house a home. In order to stock his little farm, a new edition of the "Queen's Wake," sumptuously bound and illustrated, was brought out, and, fortunately, furnished the requisite funds. Thus, comfortably located in a district endeared to him by early associations, with an occupation suited to his tastes and habits, it was hoped that he might settle down and quietly alternate the labours

of the farm with literary pursuits, choosing his own subjects, and working out his ideas uninterrupted by the distractions of town life, or the exigencies and exactions of editors. But such a course could not be carried out. He had charmed the world with his lays, and had to pay the penalty of success. Scarcely was he settled at Altrive than swarms of tourists repaired to his cottage eager to make the acquaintance of one who was not only a literary celebrity, but a literary marvel. The poor poet, more hospitable than prudent, was always ready to share his oaten cakes, rizzered trout, and moorland mutton, aye, and his drop of mountain dew as well, with anybody and everybody who came to see him. "What is your pen about now, Mr. Hogg?" inquired his friend Allan Cunningham. "Pen! it might as well be in the goose's wing; I cannot get writing done for the visits of my friends." Naturally these continued demands on his time and resources prevented regular work, and forced him, when he did write, to do so by fits and starts. In consequence of these irregular habits, he, though still in the prime of life, was unable to equal the production of his earlier days, when, unknown and unnoticed, he wrote and studied while tending his sheep, with no company but his beloved hills, and no society but his own thoughts. Money, however, was wanted, and money had to be earned; so numerous works, all bearing marks of haste, were rapidly produced. He also entered into negotiations with a bookseller in Pall Mall to bring out a complete series of his works in a cheap and handsome form. In pursuance of this object he made a visit to London, where the arrival of one around whose name centred all the wit and frolic of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" caused no small sensation. Though fêted and feasted, Hogg had little or no sympathy with his entertainers, and of all the sights of the great metropolis the one that interested him the most was the great provision market. He understood the commodities there displayed, and the vastness of the supply overwhelmed him. The sight of great cartloads of dead laverocks nearly broke his heart. Where the dealers got them, and how they caught such multitudes of the

> Bird of the wilderness,
> Blithesome and cumberless,

he could not imagine. No wonder that he felt great contempt for Londoners, who knew the lark as a gourmand's dainty rather than as a sweet singer at the gates of heaven.

Although of robust frame and active habits, it was impossible that any constitution could stand the incessant wear and tear of literary effort, and the strain of continual monetary losses and disappointments. Under such circumstances, life was not likely to be prolonged to a green old age. Overwork began to tell a tale. A latent affection of the liver showed itself, and, after an illness of a few weeks, Hogg expired on November 21, 1835, in the 64th year of his age. He was interred in the little churchyard of Ettrick, and there, in a daisy-covered grave, amid the calm green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales which had inspired his dreams of fancy, lies all that was mortal of the gentle hearted Shepherd.

M. S. HARDCASTLE.

John W. Brown, Artist.

A FINE portrait in oils of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., painted and presented by Mr. J. W. Brown, of London, was unveiled by the Countess of Carlisle, at the Liberal Club, Newcastle, on Tuesday, August 18, 1891. The ceremony took place in the dining-room of the club, in the presence of a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen. Mr. R. O. Heslop explained how the picture came to be presented to the club, and gave some interesting particulars of the career of the artist. Mr. Brown, he said, is a native of Newcastle, but he has been so long away from "the North Countree" that he is now better known in London than on the banks of the Tyne. He began his artistic career under the pupilage of the late William Bell Scott, when that eminent man was head-master of the Government School of Art in Newcastle. When Mr. Scott was succeeded by Mr. W. C. Way, Mr. Brown became one of his assistant masters. He then painted portraits and landscapes, and his work was so much esteemed by Mr. Scott that he induced Mr. Brown to go up to London, where he introduced him to Mr. William Morris. For some years thereafter Mr. Brown worked in the *atelier* of the author of "The Earthly Paradise." While with Morris, Mr. Brown specially identified himself with the design and painting of glass windows, and it has been in this department of art that his reputation has been made. After an engagement with Messrs. Powell, the eminent art glassmakers of the Strand, Mr. Brown began work on his own account in his studio at Stoke Newington, where he continued till ill-health a few months ago compelled him to migrate to Australia. It was at Messrs. Powell's that Mr. Brown met with a singular

MR. J. W. BROWN.

recognition of his ability. The circumstance was told Mr. Heslop by a gentleman who chanced to hear of it. John Ruskin, during a visit to Messrs. Powell's works, was examining critically the designs in progress. Coming to a cartoon which especially interested him, he took off his hat, observing: "I must stand uncovered in presence of work like this." That cartoon was a design drawn by Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown has produced many painted windows which rank high as works of art. One notable example of his skill is a memorial window in St. Margaret's, Westminster. He was entrusted with the designs for the series of historical painted windows for the chapel of Baliol College, and he assisted in executing some of the designs of Burne Jones for the painted windows of Brampton Church. America and our colonies possess very important works which he designed, and it is of local interest to add that Mr. Charles Mitchell commissioned Mr. Brown to design the great east and west windows for the church of St. George's, Newcastle.

Whitton Tower and Sharpe's Folly.

ONE of our illustrations shows Whitton Tower, with the modern residence adjoining, now the rectory house of Rothbury, and the home of the Rev. A. O. Medd. It is one of the few fortified rectories in Northumberland, and, indeed, in the country. It was built in the fifteenth century, and belonged to the Umfravilles, the famous family who owned Prudhoe and Elsdon, and it bears the arms of this haughty race on its walls. There are corner turrets on the tower, and below is a dungeon, while the walls of the building are nine feet and a half thick.

It is somewhat odd that the living of Rothbury, and the rectory therewith, have been held by three sons of Archbishops of York—Dr. Sharpe, Dr. Drummond, and the Rev. G. V. Harcourt, a relative of Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

Mentioning Dr. Sharpe's name reminds one of the building near the tower, called Sharpe's Folly, which the reverend doctor, who founded the charity of Bamburgh Castle, and who was rector of Rothbury from 1720 to 1757, ordered to be built to give employment to the poor during a hard winter. This Folly is a circular observatory which commands a most beautiful and extensive prospect.

The Baliols in Newcastle.

A REMARKABLE event distinguished the Feast of St. Stephen, Friday, the 26th of December, 1292, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The event itself and the circumstances that led to it may be briefly narrated.

On the demise of Alexander III., King of Scots, in 1285, without male issue, and the untimely death of his only surviving child, Margaret the Maid of Norway, there were no fewer than twelve competitors for the Crown of Scotland. As the majority of these had more or less powerful adherents in the country, disposed to

settle the question of right by the sword, and as the nobles found they were not likely ever to agree among themselves whom to choose, they referred the matter to the arbitration of Edward I., King of England, a monarch of consummate talent and boundless ambition, who was only too glad to be called in to act as umpire in the case, "having it in his mind," as an old English historian candidly states, "to bring under his dominion the kingdom of the realm of Scotland, in the same manner as he had subdued the kingdom of Wales."

Edward, in the first place, required the Scottish barons, spiritual and temporal, to acknowledge him as lord paramount of the kingdom, which, after considerable hesitation, most of them did, in an assembly held on a large plain on the north bank of the Tweed, opposite Norham, at a place called Upsettlington.

Eight of the candidates for the crown, then and there present, consented unhesitatingly and explicitly, each with the view of currying the umpire's particular favour, to resign the independence of Scotland, which had been so long and so bravely defended by their ancestors, and to acknowledge themselves Edward's liegemen. The names of these were:—John Baliol, Lord of Galloway; Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale; Florence, Count of Holland; John de Hastings; Patrick Dunbar, Earl of March; William de Ros; William de Vescy; Robert de Pynckney; and Nicholas de Soulis, Lord of Liddesdale, who, according to tradition, was afterwards boiled alive by the country people on the Nine-Stane-Rigg. All these formally acknowledged the King of England as lord paramount of Scotland, and declared themselves willing to receive and hold the Scottish Crown, as awarded by him in that character.

Upon examining the several claims, the right of succession was found to lie chiefly betwixt John Baliol and Robert Bruce. Both were great and powerful barons. Both were of Norman descent, as were also the bulk of the others. Both had great estates in England as well as in Scotland, and Baliol had likewise extensive possessions in France. Both were probably Englishmen born and bred. Baliol at least was, and he was therefore unquestionably a liege subject of the King of England.

The ancestor of Baliol in the fifth degree, Guy de Bailleul, came over to this country with William the Conqueror, and had granted to him by William Rufus the forests of Teesdale and Marwood, together with the lordships of Middleton-in-Teesdale and Gainford, with all their royal franchises, liberties, and immunities. Barnard Castle was built by his son Barnard, and the third in descent from him, John de Baliol of Barnard Castle, gained a high place among the benefactors of literature by the foundation of Baliol College, Oxford, which he commenced in 1293, and which was completed by his widow Derngill or Dervorguill [Cumbro-British: Derchffor-gwil]. That "lady gay," as an old ballad styles her, was the eldest daughter and heiress of Allan of Galloway, Constable of Scotland, by Margaret, eldest daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, younger brother of William the Lion, and grandson of David I., King of Scots. By his union with Dervorguill, John de Baliol acquired vast estates in Scotland, and a great consequent accession of wealth and influence, on the strength of which, together with his title founded on being the nearest heir-male of the Earl of Huntingdon, his son John laid claim to the Crown of Scotland.

Robert Bruce, who stood second on the list, was the sixth in lineal succession from Robert de Brueys, or Brus, also one of the companions-in-arms of William I., who had bestowed upon him in marriage by the Conqueror, "for his many great services," Lady Agnes Fulk de Panell, the Saxon heiress of the lordships of Hart and Hartness, Stranton, Yarm, and other rich manors and large territories in Durham and Yorkshire. It was Robert, the competitor in this case, who "builded the

haven and wall about the town of Hartlepool, with ten towers on each side of the haven, and a chain to be drawn between them near the haven, which would hold a hundred ships." He was lord of Annandale, as well as earl of Carrick and Garioch, in Scotland, these extensive and valuable possessions having been bestowed upon his great-great-grandfather by King David I., whose companion-in-arms he had been when they were both youths at the Court of Henry I. of England, and whom he accompanied to North Britain when that enlightened, munificent, and saintly prince, whom James VI. long afterwards stigmatised as "a sore saint for the crown," succeeded to the throne of his fathers. Robert Bruce's mother was the second daughter of the said David, Earl of Huntingdon, so that he stood nearer by a generation than Baliol did to their common ancestor—that is to say, he was a son, while Baliol was only a grandson. It was on this fact that he rested his claim as superior to his chief rival's. He had probably spent his early days at the residence of his mother, the Castle of Turnberry, in Ayrshire; but he afterwards passed a great deal of his time in England, and was substantially an Englishman "of the North Countree."

King Edward, upon due deliberation, which occupied a long time, declared Baliol to be best entitled to succeed to the royal dignity, as being the grandson of the elder daughter. This was quite in accordance with the rule of succession which has since prevailed, though at that time there had been so settled principle laid down.

Bruce's claim having been thus set aside, he declared that he intended to present it in another form; and John de Hastings, who was descended from the third daughter of Earl David, then rose and asserted that the kingdom was divisible, and that it ought to be divided equally among the descendants of the three daughters of the Earl of Huntingdon. Bruce seconded this application, and demanded for himself one-third of Scotland, conceding to Baliol, as descended from the eldest sister, the title of king over the whole. But the commissioners to whom Edward referred this question declared that in their opinion neither the kingdom of Scotland nor its revenues were divisible. And all the other claimants but Bruce and Hastings having formally withdrawn or given up their case through failing to attend the court, the king finally, on the 17th of November, declared his judgment, that the kingdom of Scotland belonged to John de Baliol, with a reservation of the rights of the King of England.

Edward then exhorted Baliol to govern his people in such a manner that there should be no necessity for the interference of the lord paramount. He ordered the five regents who had been acting during the interregnum to give their new king seisin of his kingdom and of its castles. The great seal of Scotland was broken into four, and deposited in the Treasury of the King of England, as evidence of his sovereignty over Scotland. Baliol swore fealty to Edward next day in the castle of Norham; and he was crowned at Scone on St. Andrew's Day (November 30th), with the ancient ceremonies of investiture, having been placed in his royal chair by the King of England's Lord High Commissioner, John St. John, who represented for the occasion Duncan, Earl of Fife, then a minor, whose hereditary duty it was.

The newly-made sovereign was immediately afterwards summoned to England to attend on Edward's will and pleasure, as his feudal dependent. And on the day after Christmas, 1292—St. Stephen's Day—he had the mortification of being obliged to do homage, for the second, or, rather, the third time, to his proud lord-superior. This he did, if we may credit Hector Bœthius, much against the will of his own nobles, though why that should have been so we can scarcely conceive, seeing that most of them had themselves done the same thing repeatedly, and that the majority of their names were attached to the infamous "Ragman's Roll," which has made the very name of the poor innocent Berwickshire village of Birgham, where it was signed, stink in patriotic Scotsmen's nostrils to this day.

The degrading ceremony took place in the great hall of the palace within the Castle of Newcastle, adjoining the King's Chamber. It was concluded, we are told, with much solemnity, and in the presence of a great number of illustrious personages of both nations.

After this, Edward deliberately and systematically heaped indignities on his vassal king, with a manifest intention to rouse him to rebellion, so as to justify the conquest of Scotland and its incorporation with England and Wales. The plan succeeded, but not till after Baliol had been sundry times constrained to plead his own cause, against one or other of his nominal subjects, in the English high courts. He determined on war at last, and was encouraged to engage in it by Philip, King of France. Edward, who was fully prepared for the anticipated event, and eager to take advantage of it, summoned the Scottish King to meet him in Newcastle on the 1st of March, 1296. Here the ambitious monarch waited in vain for obedience to his mandate, and then marched northwards to chastise his rebellious vassal at the head of 30,000 foot and of 4,000 horse. This formidable army soon almost annihilated the Scottish irregular troops, marched to Aberdeen and Elgin in triumph, and then returned to England, carrying with them the timid Baliol, and the inauguration stone of Scone, "the stone of destiny," fabled to have been brought from Palestine to Scotland by St. Andrew the Apostle, and considered to be the palladium of the Scottish monarchy.

John Baliol was long detained in prison, but was at length suffered to go to France, where he died in obscurity.

Baliol's son Edward, seeing, as he thought, a favourable opportunity after the death of the hero of Bannockburn,

the greatest king who ever wore the Scottish crown, and the accession of his son, David II., a child only four years old, resolved to renew the claims of his father to the throne of Scotland. He came over from France to England for this purpose, and although Edward III., remembering the recent successes of the Scots, did not think it prudent to enter into a war, yet Baliol found a large party of powerful English barons well disposed to aid his enterprise. With their assistance, he landed two thousand men at Kinghorn, from whence he marched northwards with such alacrity as to take the regent, Donald, Earl of Marr, completely by surprise, and, after defeating him in the battle of Dupplin, managed to get himself crowned at Scone, as his father had been. But, being shortly afterwards expelled from the country, he fled into England, and offered to do homage to the English sovereign if he would reinstate him in the possession of the kingdom. Edward now readily accepted the conditions, and forthwith declared war against his northern neighbours. The battle of Halidon Hill, disastrous to the Scots, shortly afterwards followed, and Baliol was again acknowledged as King of Scots, while the nobles attached to the house of Bruce sent off the young king and queen to France for safety. Baliol then fulfilled his promise by coming to Newcastle in the train of the King of England, and in the church attached to the house of the Black Friars or Dominicans in that town, on June 19th, 1334, he did homage to the king as his superior and chief lord of the realm of Scotland.

This transaction rendered Baliol the object of universal hatred to the people over whom he was sent to rule, and in the end he was forced to betake himself to France, in despair of making good his pretensions to the Scottish crown.

The Northern Circuit Fifty Years Ago.

By the late W. W. Robson.*

I.

LAST Lent Assizes (1874) it was just thirty-four years since I had first carried a blue bag to the Court steps at Durham. This Summer Assizes, I had no business at Durham, but at Newcastle I looked around the ranks of the Bar. I saw but one face which I had seen on my earliest visit to the Northern Circuit in 1840. It was that of Henry Udall, who was holding a brief in the great Alnwick Road case, made a *remanet* by Mr. Justice Archibald. Mr. Udall was called to the Bar so far back as 1833, and wrote a good little book on the New Rules of Pleading in 1836, which work I am afraid I have had oftener in my hands than in my head.

"First catch your hare before you cook it." Before speaking of the Assizes, I should have told how we got to Durham from Sunderland. There was no railway in those days except a unique rope affair curious in its way and ruinous to its shareholders, most of whom lived in Sunderland, which fat King Hudson afterwards, as a bribe to the constituency, bought for "his company" at prime cost, being twice its market price and ten times its intrinsic worth. This Sunderland contrivance brought you no nearer Durham than Shincliffe, and you were never certain of getting that far in due time even if you had worked your passage by helping to push the carriages up an incline! Afterwards, by taking the Brandling Junction Railway as far as Brockley Whins, then the Stanhope and Tyne as far as Washington, and then the Durham Junction across the Victoria Bridge, you might ride by rail to Rainton Meadows, within six miles of the City of Durham. The transit from Rainton Meadows to Durham was by omnibus. But, at Assize times, there were by this route always more passengers than seats, and if you could not scramble upon the roof or stand upon the steps, you had to finish a tedious and circuitous journey on foot. The stage coaches, whose horses stopped trotting at the smallest rise of the road, and whose drivers never passed a public-house, were, after all, preferable to either of the railways, and, God willing, under favourable circumstances, they did the distance in not much more time than it need have taken a crack pedestrian. We had Horner's coach, Thwaites's coach, and Miss Egerton's coach. The proper and most professional way of travelling was the post-chaise, and most attorneys, having once got to Durham, stayed there contentedly until their business was done.

Those were golden days for the Durham innkeepers, not that they ever charged extortionate prices. The number of guests was not measured by the number of beds in the house. You were lucky, indeed, if you got a bed in the house. The odds were that you had to be escorted by the waiter to some place much humbler than the inn in which you had hoped to take your ease. I have often slept in places which were bedrooms only during the Assizes, and corn-chambers, hay-lofts, or harness-rooms for the rest of the year. At that time, etiquette forbade the Bar to travel by stage-coaches or to stay in inns. With all the sharing of post-chaises and private lodgings, the cost of going the Circuit must have been considerable. I sometimes suspected that the poorer briefless barristers must have travelled packed up in crates by the carrier's waggon in the fashion of resurrection men's subjects going by Howey's wain to be dissected at Edinburgh.

* The late William Wealands Robson, of Sunderland, whose portrait and biography appears in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1887, p. 270, contributed to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in the autumn of 1874 a series of articles on the Judges and Barristers who travelled the Northern Circuit thirty or thirty-four years before. It is so much of Mr. Robson's recollections as have not lost interest by lapse of time that is now reproduced.

By far and a long way the best counsel I ever saw was Mr. Cresswell Cresswell. He had all the advantages of a good figure, a handsome face, and a pleasing voice. though I never thought he showed so much *breeding* as Mr. Stuart Wortley, nor could it well be expected. The manner of Cresswell was said to have been formed upon and to closely resemble that of the even greater Sir James Scarlett, whom I only knew as Lord Abinger. Cresswell was wonderfully successful in gaining verdicts. The secret of his success was obvious enough. He seemed always studiously to put himself on a level with the jury whom he was addressing, and to talk to them not so much collectively as individually. He used to fix his eyes upon, and, as it were, fascinate, one juryman after another until the lot were fairly within his net. It was all done by a sort of quiet and semi-confidential conversation, and a kind of insensible flattery. Cresswell invariably treated his jury as if they understood the case just as well as he himself did, and he went through his speech apparently on the assumption that his hearers were concurring in every word that he said. It was a species of delicious unconscious mental seduction. Cresswell used his art to conceal his art. He did not try to compel conviction; he got it by taking it for granted. Mere oratorical display Cresswell despised, not but that Cresswell could, on occasion, speak as forcibly and eloquently as anybody, even then professing only to re-echo the thoughts he assumed to exist in the minds of the jury. There was nothing of the Buzfuz about him. Bully or bluster he had none, though his looks even more than his words were often terribly cutting. He delighted in leading a hostile witness into an absurdity or a perplexity. Then there were all the glances at and the exquisite by-play with the jury, to whom Cresswell seemed to say, "Gentlemen, I am sure you all see through the fellow as well as I do." Cresswell was especially great at sitting down in disgust and dismissing a witness with contempt. But he did not come regularly or indeed often to Durham, though he would not miss York or Liverpool. We rarely saw Cresswell at a Lent Assizes. I had not known Durham long before Cresswell was made Solicitor-General. Then he was lost to the circuit. No man who has once been Attorney or Solicitor-General can ever again go circuit. Cresswell, after he was appointed Solicitor-General, soon accepted a *puisne* judgeship in the Common Pleas.

As a Judge, Cresswell came the Northern Circuit much oftener than was universally agreeable. Being generally the junior judge, he of course sat in the *Nisi Prius* court at Durham. There he appeared to take a particularly malicious pleasure in snubbing his old rivals and associates at the Bar. Watson and Granger used to come in oftenest for his spleen or spite. But he did not try it on long with Watson, who was a high-spirited man, quite Cresswell's equal if not his superior in knowledge of law and mental calibre, and who held a position at the Bar which no Judge had it in his power to prejudice. Granger was different, and seemed to wince under that lash which only made Watson set up his back the more. I once heard Cresswell ungenerously say to poor Granger, after gaining a verdict for defendant by the skin of his teeth—"Mr. Granger, I would have given you a non-suit if you had asked me!" I firmly believe that if Justice Cresswell had taken it into his head to come the Northern Circuit as regularly as old Sir John Bayley (who did it that he might not miss appointing his son as Clerk of Assize) he would have driven Tom Granger out of practice. When Granger knew that Cresswell was coming the Circuit, he is said to have been in the habit of privately suggesting to plaintiffs' attorneys that they should wait until they had another Judge. Both Watson and Granger were Whigs, while Cresswell was a high-Tory. I am sorry to say that Cresswell carried his politics with him to the Bench. He tried the Thornhill footpath case from Bishopwearmouth with a vast deal of partiality to the plaintiff and of prejudice against the defendants. He regarded the praiseworthy attempt of the Highway Board to re-open an ancient footpath as an uprising of the democracy, and as an invasion of the rights of property. At Newcastle his conduct was still worse. He was said to have chosen the Northern Circuit one Assizes on purpose that he might try Mr. Addison Potter (afterwards Mayor of Newcastle) for administering a horse-whipping to a Tory journalist. The severe or rather savage sentence shocked the people of Newcastle; their fellow townsman did not suffer one iota in their estimation, and he has since attained the highest distinction in their power to bestow.

But, putting aside personal animosities and political prejudices, the ex-leader of the Northern Circuit was a great Judge amongst great Judges. Like Campbell, Crompton, and Alderson of his own day, and Blackburn of a day later, he had been a law reporter, and the best way to learn law is to write it. As the first Judge of the new Divorce and Probate Court, for which Cresswell quitted the Common Pleas, he will go down to posterity with his judgments in his hand. Nothing could have shown his vast mind more signally or more strikingly than his quickly learning and completely mastering what to him was an entirely new branch of law.

Cresswell had no equal on the Northern Circuit, and the nearest or only approach to a rival was Robert Alexander, who was a very good man. Alexander was a fair lawyer, and far more of a talker than Cresswell. Alexander also cross-examined an adverse witness in a way much more taking with ignorant bystanders, and, I am bound to say, sometimes very effectively. It took good judges to properly appreciate Cresswell; but the merits of Alexander, and he had great and real merits, were apparent to everybody. No client ever thought that he had got enough wind for his money, and attorneys were sure to please their clients by giving their briefs to Alexander. I do not mean to insinuate for one moment

that Robert Alexander was a mere sound-and-fury barrister, with nothing more in him than in a grace-and-brimstone preacher, but only that he had always far more to say than Cresswell, who, like a first-rate jockey, would never move in his seat without a necessity, and who sometimes did most by doing nothing. Alexander had brains as well as a tongue in his head. He was the son of an attorney at Halifax. It was said that his destination to the Bar was quite accidental. He had been at the West Riding Sessions with his father, where they had been forced wearily to listen to a Mr. M——. On their way home, young Alexander said to his father, "Father, I could do better than old M—— myself." "Do you think so, my boy? then, by G—, you shall try." And try he did, and succeeded. Poor Alexander's career was cut short by a cancer in the stomach. I heard him make his last speech at Durham, then visibly suffering from some painful internal complaint. He was always clever and eloquent. On this occasion there was, I often afterwards thought, a light before death. As he warmed to his work, and few men could put more heart into their speeches, he forgot all his ailments, and made such a speech that, after a lapse of over thirty years, I could even now repeat its most striking passage.

After, and a good way after these, came David Dundas, who, being a scion of an aristocratic family, soon had a silk gown. There was no lack of ability about Dundas, but he was not at first thought exactly the sort of man for common every-day cases. In consequence, his opportunities of distinguishing himself came but seldom. He made an excellent defence of Archibald Bolam at Newcastle, and, if my memory serves me rightly, he was also the leading counsel at Durham either for or against an eminent Northumbrian farmer, afterwards more eminent as an agricultural auctioneer, when made defendant in an action for libel brought by the County Surveyor of Northumberland, in which the venue was most judiciously laid in Durham, where the first publication of the alleged libel took place. The defendant's costs were paid by a subscription amongst the farmers of Northumberland. I remember the trial as well as I do some of the fine writings of the defendant, as, for instance, when, in describing the exodus of the poor Irish in 1845-6, he spoke of the advanced guard of the immigrants going forth to seek corn in Egypt, as the "wan cohorts of a famine-stricken army," and when he wrote of "the grey ruins of Dilston Hall looming in the distance, disconsolate under the torn escutcheons of Derwentwater." Dundas was just beginning to get into ordinary practice when he left the circuit, on being appointed Solicitor-General. He did not aspire to a seat on the Bench, but contentedly sunk into some sinecure, or semi-sinecure, in the Court of Chancery. He was not a Chaff-wax or a Petty Bag, but a Master, and, although this sounds like doing something, all the real work would be done by his clerk. Dundas might not be ambitious, on account of his ill-health. I heard him too, make his last speech at Durham, and it was one worthy of his birth and breeding.

The Hon. Stuart Wortley rose also to a Queen's Counsel. He was not near up to the mark of either Cresswell or Alexander, and was about upon a level with Dundas. Mr. Stuart Wortley was no more a black-letter man than Dundas, but he was regarded as a rather better lawyer. The line of Stuart Wortley was second-string in a heavy case. He filled this place exceedingly well in the great Darlington will case in which Mr. Knowles was his leader, and in his favour I ought to say that he was regularly employed by a firm of highly respectable attorneys in extensive practice, to whose judgment in the selection of counsel I would be greatly disposed to defer. Wortley was about the finest-looking man I ever saw, with the high cheek-bones and the light blue eyes of the far-descended Scotsman. He was appointed Judge-Advocate-General and left the Circuit, but did not hold that office long.

I cannot tell very much about Mr. Martin, eminent as he deservedly was. The reason why is that Martin did not come at all to Durham when I first went to the Assizes, nor for some time after. Mr. Martin belonged to the Northern Circuit, but, like many other men, contented himself with York and Liverpool, and did not attend the smaller Assize Towns on the Circuit. He was never at Durham until the great Darlington will case, and for that famous case Sir Fitzroy Kelly was brought down specially, and Martin and Crompton were induced to come to Durham on purpose, neither needing a special retainer, because both belonged to the circuit. Crompton never came again, and not long afterwards was made a judge. Martin continued to come until he was made a judge, but Martin never got so well known at Durham as the counsel I have already noticed, which is the sole reason why I have given them precedence in these remarks. But we saw quite enough of Martin to know and to admire his ability. If an ungracious defence had to be set up in the shape of an arbitrary rule of law, such as the necessity for a writing, no man on earth was more skilful in justifying the wisdom of the law and smoothing over the prejudices of the jury. I never heard law so well popularised, if I may so speak. Martin was truly a grand hand, but he was always thought so near the Bench that the attorneys were almost afraid to employ him at Durham, lest they should lose him at Westminster, if the case did not end at Durham. He was not, however, made a judge until 1850, and very frequently came the Northern Circuit, which was said to be his favourite.

"Little Knowles" was a huge favourite at Durham, and well he might be, though not perhaps quite so much with the city attorneys as with those in other parts of the county, and with attorneys who came from a distance. As a junior, he was usually the junior of

Alexander, while Watson was generally put with Cresswell. Knowles was a very good single-handed man, and when he took silk made a capital leader. He was by no means Watson's equal in having the law at his finger-ends, and he lacked Watson's broad views and decision of purpose. Neither could he change his line of battle if a necessity arose, like Watson, and. except, in talking, was much Watson's inferior. Knowles had an infinite fund of wit and humour, and was unrivalled in turning a shabby or shady case into ridicule, or contemptuously blowing it out of court. And Knowles could speak with a world of pathos and true eloquence. Who that heard it could ever forget his finest effort in the memorable Darlington will case, which lasted three whole days, and in which Knowles with Stuart Wortley and "Pig" Addison were pitted against Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Martin, and Crompton? Nearly all the witnesses for the plaintiff fixed an important date by a reference to "the three hot days in the month of March," and Knowles took care to get this out from witness after witness until its repetition became ludicrous, of which Knowles made terrible use in his speech. One sentence will live in my memory until I die. "Domestic servants," said Knowles, slowly and solemnly, and gradually raising his voice, "first imagine, then think, then combine, then conspire." I thought it as grand as the "abiit, excessit, effugit, erupit" of Cicero, if my Latin is correct.

North-Country Slogans.

A SLOGAN is a war cry. The use of the slogan, by whatever name it may have been called, is probably as ancient as the practice of war itself. Every country had its national war cry, which was usually a brief invocation addressed to its patron saint. Thus, the national slogan of England, at least from the middle ages downwards, was, "St. George, forward," or "Upon them, St. George." In a similar way, the Scottish soldier called upon St. Andrew, the Irish warrior upon St. Patrick, and the Frenchman upon St. Dennis. The familiar war cry stimulated the soldier to put forth all his energy, and was also a means of enabling him to recognise his comrades in the darkness of a battle fought by night.

But, in the olden times, every clan had its own peculiar slogan. In times of war every great overlord was required to bring to the battle field all his dependents and tenants who could bear arms. When the forces were being gathered from the hamlets and homesteads which in time of peace were their abodes, the slogan was of signal use. It reminded those who heard it of the duties of patriotism; it revived the memory of battles lost or won, in which their sires and grandsires had fought; and it kindled afresh that deep feeling of attachment to the superior lord which, in England no less than in Scotland, almost universally characterised the serf and the dependent.

At the battle of Otterburn, the followers of the Percy standard heard and repeated the slogan, "Percy, Percy." At the battle of Shrewsbury, in 1413, when Hotspur and his confederates attempted to dethrone Henry IV., the Percy slogan was, "Esperance, Percy!" Perhaps the cry raised before the walls of Wressle Castle, in 1536, by the followers of Robert Aske, "Thousands for a Percy!" should scarcely be regarded as a slogan of the Percy dependents, but it at all events deserves to be recorded. How Thomas Percy of Wressle joined in Aske's rebellion, the famed Pilgrimage of Grace, and lost his life for so doing, is matter of history.

The Percies of olden time took rank with another North-Country family, the Nevilles, and they also had their martial mottoes. The only recorded instance of the employment of one as a slogan in actual warfare occurs in the account of the rebellion against Edward IV. in 1469, when a number of the rebels were led on to a victorious conflict by John Clapham, a servant of the Lord Neville, Earl of Warwick, crying, "A Warwick, a Warwick!" But there can be no doubt that, as in so many other instances, the name Neville itself would be used as a slogan, and perhaps the same may be said for the well-known Neville motto, "Moys droyt, Moys droyt!"

An interesting instance of the use of a slogan occurs in the history of a well-known Border feud. About the middle of the sixteenth century a Liddesdale clan, the Croziers, had slain a member of the great Northumbrian clan of Fenwick. A quarter of a century later the Fenwicks had their revenge, and slew several of the Croziers in their beds. Their leader was surrendered to the Deputy Keeper of Liddesdale, and, in consequence of this, a meeting was arranged between the English Warden of the Middle Marches, Sir John Forster, and the Deputy Keeper of Liddesdale, then Sir John Carmichael. This meeting took place at the Reidswire. The gathering was, at first, a peaceful one, but presently shots were fired, and an affray of serious character resulted, when the Scots shouted, "A Jedworth, a Jedworth," whilst the cry of the men of Tynedale was, "A Tyndale, a Tyndale!" It can scarcely be claimed that in this instance the slogan is allusive to the lords of Tynedale, for their race had been extinct for fully two centuries. "A Tyndale" must have meant one of the lawless denizens of that famed

district, just as "A Jedburgh" meant a valiant Scot from the district of that ancient town.

The Fenwicks were another warlike Northumbrian clan. They were sometimes spoken of as the "fierce Fenwicks," or as the "fearless Fenwicks," both epithets having been won by their bravery and prowess. Everyone is familiar with the stirring "Gathering Ode of the Fenwick" which commences with the lines:—

Pipe of Northumbria, sound;
War pipe of Alnwicke!
Wake the wild hills around,
Summon the Fenwicke ;
Percy at Panim war ;
Fenwicke stands foremost ;
Scots in array from far,
Swell wide their war-host.

The Fenwick slogan was the thrice repeated cry, "A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke, a Fenwyke!" Akin to the slogan just mentioned is one which is given in the following verse from the well-known ballad of the "Raid of the Reidswire":—

Then was there nought but bow and speir,
And every man pull'd out a brand;
"A Shaftan and a Fenwick!" thare;
Gude Symington was slain frae hand.

This war cry calls to mind another ancient and distinguished Border family, that of Shaftoe, whose slogan is said to have been the twice repeated cry, "A Shaftoe, a Shaftoe !"

Similar to our last examples are others. The Thirlwalls of Thirlwall Castle, close to the Roman Wall, and overlooking the banks of the river Tippalt, were another northern warlike race, and their followers were summoned to the battle field or the border foray by the cry, "A Thirlwall, a Thirlwall, a Thirlwall!" Other northern slogans of like character were, "A Berwick, a Berwick!" and "A Bulmèr, a Bulmer!" both of which are recorded to have been used on the occasion of the expedition against the Scots which was led by the Protector Somerset.

The slogan used by the followers of the family of Bowes, although no doubt ancient, is of the same type as the foregoing examples, but has some special interest from the fact that it is believed to be the cry which was employed on the last occasion on which (at least in the North) the followers of a chieftain were led on by the use of a slogan. The circumstances were these:—A dam had been built across the Tees at Fishgarth, near Egglescliffe, which, hindering the passage of fish up the river, was very obnoxious to those whose property adjoined the higher banks of the Tees. In 1661, Matthew White of Ovington, on behalf of William Bowes of Streatlam, by the beating of a drum, gathered together about twenty men at Piercebridge, whence they marched to Egglescliffe. On their way about ten others joined them, and at Neasham "Mr. Henry Chaytor of Croft and Mr. Killinghall called for ale, and drank Esquire Bowes's good health, and gave six shillings to them to be spent in drink, which they did drink, the drum beating, and they shouting and hooping, 'A Bowes, a Bowes !'" The end of the riot was that as much of the objectionable dam as could be reached, on account of the quantity of water in the river, was thrown down.

The cries of the followers of the fatally rival families of Neville and Bowes have been mentioned, and that of the retainers of a neighbouring stock, although their ancestral home is on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, must not be omitted. The Rokebys of grey Mortham's Tower were a Yorkshire family of great antiquity and of equally great renown. Sir Thomas Rokeby, it must be remembered, worthily distinguished himself at the Battle of Neville's Cross. The occasion on which the Rokeby slogan was used, probably for the last time, is of sufficient interest to be related here. It is recorded in a manuscript quoted in Whitaker's "History of Richmondshire." We copy the extract just as we find it, only modernising the spelling:—

In the end of King Henry the Eighth, his reign, King Edward the Sixth, and Queen Mary's reign, at Mortham, then lived Thomas Rokeby, Esquire, eldest brother, and owner of Mortham, a plain man as might be, whose words came always from his heart, without feigning, a trusty friend, a forward gentleman in the field, a great housekeeper; whereby he lived so in the good wills and good hearts of his countrymen, that his son and heir, Christopher Rokeby, being assaulted at Gatherly horse race by Christopher Neville, brother to the mighty Earl of Westmorland, whom the said Earl had sent thither with a hundred men to kill him, was both defended and guarded from the violence of his adversaries, and was able so to have rebounded the blows given him by them, that they should have spilt the best blood in their bodies if his party had been willing, for then not a gentleman in the field but they cried "A Rokeby." But the good old Thomas being in commission for the peace, commanded and entreated peace, as he said, "Give (i.e., although) it grieves me to see him bleed that bleeds, yet peace the peace"; and, therefore, the king loved him that could so well get the love of his country.

We go still further afield when we introduce the slogan of the retainers of the ancient Lancashire family of Stanley, but it must be remembered that Lord Edward Stanley, with the "lively wights" of Lancashire and the "chosen men" of Cheshire, fought on the field of Flodden. When the Earl of Surrey was sore pressed by the Scots, and victory seemed to be falling to their share, Lord Edward came bravely and most opportunely to his assistance:—

And "Stanley" stout they all did cry;
Out went anon the grey goose wing,
And amongst the Scots did fluttering fly.
And though the Scots at Stanley's name
Were 'stonished sore, yet stout they stood.

Nevertheless, Stanley's brave charge turned the fortunes of the conflict, and the best men of the Scots

were left dead on the battle field. The incident is well told in Scott's vigorous verse:—

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And "Stanley!" was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!"
"Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

Drayton, the author of the quaint topographical poem "The Polyolbion," records what he calls the blazon of the Northern districts of England in the following lines—

The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,
Have for their blazon had, the Snaffle, Spur, and Spear.

And Sir W. Scott, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," makes William of Deloraine, addressing the dead body of Richard the Dark Musgrave, say:—

Yet, rest thee God, for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe
In all the Northern Counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, Spur, and Spear.

Another slogan, the use of which was not confined to any particular clan, was the cry, "Forth to the Field!" It "was used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by the feudal lords and gentry of the North to rouse their tenantry, retainers, and clansmen to join their standard on any sudden and extreme emergency." It was also used at Flodden.

A cry more or less of the character of a slogan was used by men of the North when seeking to encourage each other on the field of battle, and consisted simply of the words, Yet, Yet, Yet!" Another North-Country slogan, a variation of which is believed within very recent times to have been the occasion of more than one broken head, is the cry, "Tarsetburn and Tarretburn." The Tarset is a tributary of the North Tyne, and the Tarret is a branch of the Tarset. Amongst the natives of the districts watered by these smaller streams a very popular local Eureka takes the form :—

Up wi' Tarset and Tarretburn,
And down wi' the Reed and Tyne!

To shout these words in the presence of a denizen of the vales of the Tyne or the Reed was a sure prelude to a free-handed fight.

Such are the North-Country slogans, which have been preserved by the labours of the late Michael Aislabie Denham and others. Many such local war-cries are doubtless forgotten, and lost for ever. Whilst they no doubt served to stimulate the wavering warrior to renewed exertions, they were unquestionably themselves often the cause of serious broils, by reviving the feuds and rivalries of neighbouring chieftains; and there was great wisdom in the action of Henry VII., in procuring from his Parliament an Act "forbidding such war-cries as tended to promote discord amongst the nobility," and enjoining soldiers to call only on St. George and the King. The law was frequently disobeyed, and every reader of the history of the Commonwealth is familiar with the slogans of the soldiers of the Parliament, "God with us!" and "The Lord of Hosts is with us!"

J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

The Pillar Rock.

ONE of the loneliest and wildest parts of the English Lake District is Ennerdale, a valley some dozen miles in length. At the head of the dale, near the Black Sail Pass, leading to Wastdale, is the Pillar, the steepest mountain in Cumberland. The Pillar Rock, the subject of our engraving, stands out from the great bulk of the Pillar, being some 500 feet below the summit. It is a conspicuous object for miles around. Wordsworth refers to it as follows:—

You see yon precipice—it wears the shape
Of a vast building made of many crags,
And in the midst is one particular rock
That rises like a column in the vale,
Whence by our shepherd it is called the pillar.

The Pillar Rock was long considered inaccessible, but has often been scaled of late years. The first record of the kind is dated 1826, when an Ennerdale shepherd, named John Atkinson, reached the top without accident.

PILLAR ROCK.

Amateur climbers have since emulated Atkinson's adventurous spirit, among others Lieutenant J. Wilson, R.N., in 1848, and subsequently Mr. C. A. O. Baumgartner. In later years the Pillar Rock has been annually climbed by many persons, including ladies, and little honour or renown is to be gained from the successful performance of the feat by the ordinary route to the summit. Only recently, however, the rock was climbed by three members of the Alpine Club from the front or Ennerdale side direct from the river Liza.

Aira Force.

AIRA, Ara, or Airey Force, situated a few miles from Patterdale, on the banks of Ullswater, is without doubt the most picturesque waterfall in the English Lake District. There are others that have a greater volume of water, and others, again, that are of greater altitude; none, however, excel Aira Force in pictorial attractions.

The water tumbles about 80 feet perpendicularly into a chasm, and, as will be seen by reference to our illustration, is dashed into foam. If the fall be at all full, a cloud of spray rises, which, when glinted by the rays of the sun, occasionally produces rainbow-tints of much brilliancy. The huge boulders, the overhanging foliage, and the dark pool below, combine with the rustic bridges and the waterfall itself to form an effective composition, well worthy of the painter's pencil.

Aira Force is the scene of Wordsworth's poem "The Somnambulist." The legend is that a fair maiden, named Emma, lived with her father in an old castle, the site of which is now occupied by the modern erection known as Lyulph's Tower, the only castellated building on Ullswater. Her beauty and talents attracted many admirers, but she turned a deaf ear to all save one. Sir Eglamore, a knight of high renown, gained her heart, but wished to prove his devotion by some heroic feat before he wedded her. After a tender farewell beneath a holly tree above the waterfall, he departed for a foreign shore. For a while the fair Emma heard of his brave deeds, but afterwards for months she had no tidings of him. Then she began to doubt his constancy, refused food, lost all repose, and acquired the habit of sleep-walking. Sir Eglamore proved faithful, and duly returned to his ladye love. The night was far advanced, so he betook himself to the holly tree rendered dear to him by the remembrance of parting, and there awaited the morn. Seeing a figure in white that reminded him of Emma coming towards him, he gently touched her. Emma suddenly awoke, staggered, and fell headlong into the torrent. The knight plunged after her, and brought her out of the water. Mortally injured, she opened her eyes, smiled once upon her adorer, and died.

AIRA FORCE.

Notes and Commentaries.

JONATHAN CAY.

The following paragraph, cut from a recent number of the *Sparrowpoint News*, an American paper, may be of interest to Tyneside readers:—"Near the rear walls of Christ Church building, at Prince Frede-

ricktown, Calvert county, Maryland, U.S., there is a stone slab bearing this inscription:—'Here lieth interred the body of Reverend Jonathan Cay, native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, who died October, 1737, for 22 years rector of this church.' The stone is still in a good state of preservation, except a crack across its upper left hand corner, and the lettering is easily legible."

HASHAWAY

A VENERABLE DAME.

There now resides at Boston Spa, in Yorkshire, a centenarian who passed her 102nd year on July 24 last. She was born at Chillingham New Town in the year 1789.

Her maiden name was Isabella Ray. At the age of 26 she married an Excise officer named W. Moscrip at Coldstream. She is still a wonderful woman, having a robust constitution, and can take walking exercise out of doors. Her memory is not in the least impaired with age, but very distinct through all the years of her varied life. Up to a year ago she could knit, and did so continuously during the day, but now her sight has become somewhat dim, and she cannot clearly take up the loops. Her hearing is rather bad, but, as she says, at her time of life, she cannot expect it "to be as good as it was one hundred years ago."

B. R., Sunderland.

JANE AND ANNA MARIA PORTER.

The interesting sketch of these two authoresses (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1891, 415) makes one regret that the writer did not attempt to give a list of their writings. I have several of their books, but have never seen a complete collection. I send you herewith a list of works written by them, but I am by no means certain it is a complete one. Where North-Country worthies have made contributions to literature it seems to me desirable that some record should be preserved of what they have done in this direction.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

The Barony, 3 vols. ; Don Sebastian, 4 vols. ; The Fast of St. Magdalen, 3 vols. ; Honor O'Hara, 3 vols. ; The Hungarian Brothers, 3 vols. ; The Knight of St. John, 3 vols. ; The Lake of Killarney, 3 vols. ; Octavia, 3 vols. ; The Recluse of Norway, 4 vols. ; The Village of Mariendorpt, 4 vols. ; Walsh Colville, 1 vol.

JANE PORTER.

Duke Christian of Luneberg, 3 vols. ; The Field of Forty Footsteps, 2 vols. ; The Pastor's Fireside, 4 vols. ; The Scottish Chiefs, 4 vols. ; Tales Round a Winter's Hearth, 2 vols. ; Thaddeus of Warsaw, 3 vols.

The "Pastor's Fireside" was afterwards published in two vols., and a little later in one vol. 8vo., with illustrations. "The Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw" were also published with illustrations, and have been frequently reprinted. Forty years ago, "The Scottish Chiefs" was one of the most widely read novels in the North of England. I cannot find any indications of Anna Maria Porter's books having been issued in either the one-volume form or with illustrations.

Of Sir Robert Ker Porter, brother of Jane and Anna Maria, I only know of two works of his, viz. :—

"The Campaign in Russia, 1812," 8vo.
"Travels in Georgia, Persia, &c.," 1817-1820, 2 vols. 4to.

This last work was published by Messrs. Longmans at £9 9s. 0d. !

JOHN W. CRAKE, Liverpool.

THE THREAT OF INVASION.

Great preparations were made by the French in the earlier years of the century for the invasion of England. Dunkirk and Boulogne were the general rallying ports. The latter harbour was the principal point of assemblage, and the efforts made there in 1803 were such as to excite the serious attention of the British Government. Gunboats and flat-bottomed praams were collected in great quantities, furnaces were heated for red-hot shot, immense batteries constructed, and every preparation made, not only for a vigorous defence, but the most energetic offensive measures. Nothing was talked of but the approaching invasion on either side of the Channel. On the English side, fame so magnified the extent of the public danger that every old woman who heard a gun go off fancied it was the French landing. In one of our North-Country towns, even the running of a wheelbarrow down the High Street by a midnight wag brought a nightcap to every window, and scattered a rumour all round "that the French had landed." Indeed, very little sufficed to set a whole town in motion any time during the expected invasion. In 1794, whilst the Durham Militia lay at Whitby, a part of the old abbey, with the great window, fell at night with a crash like thunder, starting the people from their beds. In a few seconds the whole town was in the streets in their night clothes. The militia beat to arms, and turned out for a set to, but a brief inquiry revealed the cause of the general consternation, and the people's fears "went to bed with the sun."

It was Bonaparte who threatened that he would equip a flotilla of flat-bottom boats to invade this country, and swore in the presence of our ambassador that he would put himself at the head of the invading army. That put

England on her guard. Through his spies and agents he sounded our harbours and landing-places. But the Government not only took active steps to destroy or cripple the French flotilla at Boulogne, but strengthened the coast and harbour defences from the Firth of Forth to Land's End.

In anticipation of an attempt to burn the shipping in the Tyne, a strong iron chain, manufactured for the purpose by Messrs. Crowley and Co., Swalwell, was laid down, so as to be drawn across the mouth of the river, should occasion require, in order to obstruct the passage of fireships at night. (Brockie informs us that the first chain manufactured for this purpose fell into the river when it was being put aboard a keel at Swalwell, and that it was never got out again.) A crab, or upright shaft, having several holes at the top for levers to be thrust through to be worked like a capstan, was put up at each side, and the chain was loosely attached to them by strong ropes intended to be wound round them to draw it tight. By a part of the contrivance fireships were to be grappled with as they came up the river and hauled upon the Mussel Scarp. The apparatus was used on the occasion of the Poppelwell's Pink taking fire at the entrance to the harbour, to the imminent risk of the vessels lying there. She was cleverly seized hold of before she could do any mischief, and hauled upon the Scarp, blazing fore and aft in an awful manner, and there she burned down to the water's edge.

W. S., South Shields.

CARLYLE'S ESTIMATE OF THE FOLKS O' SHIELDS.

The following extract from a letter by Thomas Carlyle, dated Ecclefechan, 19th July, 1841, may be found in the recently published Life of Lord Houghton:—"I spent about a week in coming hither by Newcastle, &c. At Tynemouth I had a swim in the beautiful blue sea; saw Harriet Martineau; saw the North Shields election; admired the rugged energy of that population and how completely Annandale Scotch they are from the Humber to the Forth. Still more from the Tyne to the Forth I find no real distinction at all, except what John Knox introduced: it is all Scotch—Scotch in features and face, in character, in dialect, and speech. You, too, if you behave yourself, shall be accounted Scotch! They are all Danes, these people, stalwart Normans; terrible sea kings; are now terrible drainers of morasses, terrible spinners of yarn, coal borers, removers of mountains; a people terrible from the beginning."

EDITOR.

A CUMBRIAN BIDDEN WEDDING.

The "Bidden Marriages," once so common in Cumberland and Westmoreland, are fast dying out, and their remembrance will ere long have faded into the past. Among some old historical papers which have fallen into my possession I find the following:—

BIDDEN WEDDING.

No GRETNA-SMITH shall forge our Fetters,
We leave such Customs to our Betters.

JOHN STAMPER, of Little Clifton, in the County of Cumberland, and CATHERINE YEOWARD, of Harrington, hereby respectfully solicit the Company of their Friends and Acquaintance, to their MARRIAGE, which will be on TUESDAY next, the 11th of July, 1797, at Little Clifton aforesaid.

Then come one and all,—to the wedding repair;—
The neighbouring Youth bid the Bridegroom declare,
That with Running, and Wrestling, and Leaping they'll strive
To create and keep Mirth and Good Humour alive.
Here's a Galloping Match for Two Bridles,—and then
A heat for Six Dogs,—and a Foot Race for Men;
One Bridle to trot for,—a race run in Sacks,
And a Heat for Six Lasses with Lads on their Backs;
For a Belt some will Wrestle, and some leap for Gloves,
Whilst innocence each rural gambol approves.
Then come one and all;—to the Wedding repair:—
Your Cheer will be good,—and the Sports be most rare.

J. W. FAWCETT, The Grange, Satley.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE BRITISH FLEET.

James: "Did ye gan doon an see the Fleet at Tinmuth?" Joseph: "No, aa didn't gan; but aa seed yen o the man-o'-war cheps in Graingor Street. He wad likely be here wi' the Fleet on furlong!"

THE BIG DRUM.

An old story is worth retelling. Scene: Central Station, Newcastle. Railway official to inebriated bandsman who is without an instrument: "Noo, then, let's hev yor ticket." "Man, aa've lost hor." "Nonsense! ye cannet hev lost it!" "Wey, man, aa've lost the big drum!"

ST. SWITHIN.

One very wet day lately, a party of pitmen were assembled in a public-house not far from Bedlington. From the weather the conversation naturally turned to St. Swithin. None of the company seemed to know anything about his saintship, though many conjectures were made as to what he had been. At length a person not connected with mining entered, and as he seemed to be a likely man to know, the query was put to him. "Wey, lads," he replied, "aa divvent knaa varry much aboot him; but from what aa've hard, aa think he must ha' been a wet hand!"

MUCH IN LITTLE.

"*Multum in parvo:* whaat dis that mean?" asked one Tynesider of another. "Bother if aa knaa," was the reply; "they hev sic new-fangled nyems for things nooa-days; but if thoo axes Dick Stavers, he's sure te tell, for he's a grand scholar; aa've hard him spell scissors backwards monny a time." Dick, being fond of a joke, explained that it was a Latin term, and meant to carry a locomotive in a wheel-barrow. "Ma sarties, but that's a queer job te de," exclaimed the querist. "Aa divvent

wonder that it tyeks a clivvor fellow te manage Latin, when they de sic things as that!"

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUP.

As several persons were inspecting the large photographic group of Contributors to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, which was on view in the window of Messrs. John Hay and Co.'s shop in Northumberland Street, Newcastle, a man and his wife, who had probably just arrived by train, approached. The better half drew the attention of her lord and master to the group. He, however, did not deign to notice it, but putting on a supercilious air, remarked:—"The crooned heeds o' Europe, aa suppose!"

PROFICIENCY IN LANGUAGE.

It is Dr. John Collingwood Bruce who tells the following story:—"A Newcastle alderman, who was very well known in Newcastle when I was a boy, went to London, and took up his quarters in Wood's Hotel, Furnivall's Inn. There he picked up the acquaintance of a young foreigner—we will say a Dane. One day the foreigner said to the alderman, 'And how long have you been in dis contry, sor?' He, thinking he meant 'How long have you been in town?' replied, 'Three weeks.' 'Dearee me,' said the Dane, 'and you do speak the langage nearly as well as I do who have been here tree months!'"

GEORDY ON GUARD.

Scene: Military camp, Shoeburyness. A Seaham Colliery pitman was on guard about eleven p.m., and, not being accustomed to such duty, he rested his carbine against the rails and leaned over them. The officer on duty came sharply up behind Geordy, and shouted:—"What are you doing there? That's no position to be in when on guard. I might have knocked you on the head before you could have seen me." Pitman:—"Aye, aye, ye beggor. It might just tyek thee all the water on te knock me on the heed. Aa's a bonny teuff un. Thoo might find thysel in the wrang box. 'Just tyek ma advice an' gan te bed, or ye'll be sleepin the caller i' the morning!" The officer (a Londoner) strode away without remark, for he had not understood one word that was addressed to him!

THE RULING PASSION.

A person having occasion, some years ago, to visit an old couple at Durham, of extremely penurious habits, found them holding counsel together upon a matter which apparently weighed heavily on the minds of both of them. Thinking it was the probable dissolution of the wife, who was at the time lying dangerously ill, he proceeded to offer them all the consolation in his power. He was quickly cut short, however, by being informed that that was not exactly the subject they were discussing, but one which affected them still more deeply, viz., the cost of her funeral; and, to the stranger's astonishment, they continued their ghastly calculations until every item in the catalogue, from coffin to cap, had been gone through, with much grumbling at the rapacity of undertakers. Suddenly a bright thought occurred to the husband, who exclaimed, "Wey, Janey, hinny, thoo may not dee efter aall, thoo knaas." "Aa's shoor aa hope not, Robert," replied his helpmeet, in a low, feeble voice, "for aa's sartin we cannot afford it!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Andrew Hope, a well-known draper in South Shields, who took an active part in public affairs, died suddenly on the 11th of August. He was 44 years of age.

On the 11th August, also, Mr. Johnson Harle, at one time a prominent merchant in Monkwearmouth, died in London at the age of 60 years.

Mr. John Bell, caretaker of Newcastle Cattle Market for 29 years, died on the 14th of August, his age being 72 years.

On the same day, Mr. John Graham, farmer, of Wyliesyke, Gilsland, one of the oldest tenants on the Naworth estate of the Earls of Carlisle, died at the age of 72 years. The deceased was noted as a successful breeder of Cheviot and blackfaced sheep.

Intelligence was received on the 14th of August of the death, at Sydney, New South Wales, of Mr. Henry E. Dickinson, engineer, who had served his apprenticeship at Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn's, Forth Banks, Newcastle. The deceased became a member of the 1st Newcastle Volunteers at the time when Sir John Fife was in command. He was 42 years of age.

At the age of 83 years, Mr. Henry Sidney, a justice of the peace for the petty sessional courts of Blyth and Bedlington, died at Cowpen Hall, Cowpen, on the 15th of August.

On the same day, at the age of 75, the death took place, at Prudhoe, of Mr. Siddle Dixon, late huntsman of the Northumberland and Durham Harriers.

Mr. Richard Witten, keeper of the Station Hotel, Seaham Harbour, and formerly a ship captain, died on the 18th of August, at the age of 52 years.

Also, on the 18th, died Mr. Andrew Watson, head engineer at the Marquis of Londonderry's New Seaham Collieries, aged 44 years.

Another death took place on the 18th of August—that of Mr. Roger Errington, a well-known manufacturer of cattle spice at Sunderland. The deceased was a member of the Sunderland Town Council, and took an active interest in all matters affecting the welfare of the borough. He was a prominent member of the Primitive Methodist body, and was president of the Sunderland Sunday School Union. Mr. Errington was about 42 years of age.

Mr. George Bartram, who all his lifetime had been identified with the shipbuilding industry on the Wear, died at Sunderland, on the 19th of August, at the advanced age of 91 years.

On the 21st of August, in his eighty-ninth year, the Duke of Cleveland (Harry George Powlett) died at his residence in London. His other titles were Earl of Dar-

lington, Viscount and Baron Barnard of Barnard Castle, and Baron Raby of Raby Castle. Before his succession to the peerage, his Grace, as Lord Harry Vane—a name subsequently exchanged for Powlett—had a seat in the House of Commons, as one of the members for South Durham, from 1847 to 1859, becoming in the latter year member for Hastings. He was married in 1854 to Catherine Lucy Wilhelmina, widow of Lord Dalmeny, and mother of the Earl of Rosebery. With the death of his Grace, the title of Duke of Cleveland became extinct, but that of Baron Barnard of Barnard Castle survives in the person of Mr. Henry de Vere Vane, member of a collateral branch of the family. The body of the deceased was conveyed from London by special train to Winston Station, and thence by road to Raby Castle, where it lay in state till the 28th. With solemn ceremony, and amid general manifestations of sorrow, the remains were then interred in the family mausoleum in Staindrop Churchyard. The personalty of the late duke was estimated at one-and-a-half millions sterling.

THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey.)

The Rev. Father Sharples, of New Tunstall, near Sunderland, a Roman Catholic priest who had been in charge of various missions in the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, died on the 22nd of August.

On the 22nd of August, Mr. Frederick Robertson Goddard, of the firm of Messrs. Monkhouse, Goddard, and Co., accountants, Newcastle, died at his residence, Victoria Square, in that city. His father, who belonged to Ipswich, came to Newcastle as sub-agent of the Bank of England's branch in Grey Street. Mr. Goddard was official auditor of the Corporation. Possessed of considerable literary capacity, he wrote a series of admirable articles on Lapland in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. The deceased gentleman was 44 years of age.

Dr. Edward Anthony Hedley, who had laboured for thirty years as a medical practitioner at Felton, died there on the 22nd of August, in the 50th year of his age. He was married to Eliza, only daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Donkin, of Bywell Felton.

Mr. Lancelot Bell, a dealer in flour and meal, and who had for many years been a member of the School Board in Allendale Town, died suddenly on the road leading to Keenley on the 24th of August, the horse and cart which he had in charge returning home without him.

Mr. Henry Irwin Jenkinson, a well-known writer of guide-books to the Cumberland Lake District, died at Brentwood on the 28th of August.

On the 2nd of September, the death was announced of Mr. William T. Bell, at High Green, coalowner, Sunderland, at the age of 80 years. The deceased was for many years a member of the River Wear Commission, and was a magistrate for the county of Northumberland.

Mr. Alderman P. Matthews, Lord Mayor of York, died at his official residence in that city on the 6th of September.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

AUGUST.

10.—The colours presented to the 2nd Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment (the old 84th) in 1861, and carried by it through the Egyptian campaign in 1882, were placed in the south aisle of York Minster.

11.—A seal, three feet in length, was caught in Shields Harbour.

—The August Fair was proclaimed at the entrance to St. Nicholas' Cathedral, and in Newgate Street, Newcastle.

12.—At Shoeburyness Artillery Volunteer Meeting, the 1st prize in the 10-inch gun competition was won by the first and second detachments of the 4th Durham.

14.—As the guest of Sir Charles Mark Palmer, M.P., his Royal Highness the Prince of Naples, Crown Prince of Italy, arrived in Newcastle, from Edinburgh, on a two days' visit to Tyneside. He was received at the Central Station by a distinguished party, including his Excellency Count Tornielli, Italian Ambassador at the English Court. The Mayor (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis), in the name of the Corporation and citizens of Newcastle, extended to his Royal Highness a warm and hearty welcome to the ancient town. A procession having been formed, the Prince proceeded in the Mayor's carriage to the residence of Sir C. M. Palmer in Jesmond High Terrace, where a banquet was given in his honour in the evening. On the following morning the Royal visitor, accompanied by the Italian Ambassador and his suite, was treated to a trip down the river, the various works and the nature of the industries carried out in connexion with them being explained in the course of the passage. On arrival at Jarrow the Prince was welcomed by the Mayor (Mr. Matthew Dent), and was presented with an address on behalf of the Mayor and Corporation. His Royal Highness was then conducted over the works of the Palmer Iron and Shipbuilding Company, luncheon being served in the drawing office. Returning to Newcastle by rail, the Prince paid a short visit to the works of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., at Elswick; and in the evening he set sail from the Albert Edward Dock, Tynemouth, on board the passenger steamer Britannia for Norway.

PRINCE OF NAPLES.

15.—New rolling mills, enclosed in an area of upwards of 46 acres of ground, were opened by Messrs. John Spencer and Sons at Newburn Stanners.

17.—In pursuance of the bequest of the late Mr. Lewis Thompson, the ceremony of placing a memorial garland

on the tombstone of the late Mr. Thomas Thompson, of Byker, was performed by the Guardians of that township in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle.

—At a meeting of the Newcastle School Board, it was unanimously resolved that the Government fee grant of 10s. per head on the average attendance be accepted. At a subsequent meeting, it was resolved to free all the schools of the Board, with the exception of the Westmorland Road and Heaton Park Road mixed departments, where a uniform charge of 4d. will be made, the new arrangement commencing with the 1st of September. The majority of the other local School Boards and the managers of several voluntary schools also availed themselves of the provisions of the Free Education Act.

18.—Dr. Brown tendered his resignation to the Gateshead Board of Guardians as medical officer for Winlaton, which he had held for 35 years.

—Probate was granted of the will of Mr. Edward Hedley, of the Borough Road, North Shields, who died on the 27th of March, 1891, the personalty being sworn at £9,428 4s. 2d.

—It was announced that Mr. Joseph Skipsey, the pitman poet of Northumberland, had tendered his resignation as custodian of Shakspeare's birthplace at Stratford-upon-Avon.

19.—The annual meeting and excursion of the English Arboricultural Society were held in Hexham and district.

—A commercial, scientific, and model exhibition, promoted by Mr. J. D. Lawson, manager for Mr. F. M. Laing, was opened in the Royal Assembly Hall, Stanhope Street, South Shields.

20.—About this time, a handsome new Wesleyan Chapel, the gift of Mr. Emerson Muschamp Bainbridge, of Eshott Hall and Newcastle, was opened at Eastgate, in Weardale.

21.—The Rev. Malcolm Smith, of the Tron United Presbyterian Church, Hawick, was drowned while bathing at Spittal, Berwick-on-Tweed.

22.—A woman named Cavanagh, wife of Michael Cavanagh, died under suspicious circumstances at Walker, and her husband was arrested on suspicion of having caused her death.

—Ann White, a woman living in John Street, off Bishopton Lane, Stockton, was found to have been murdered in her house; and William Wood, a blacksmith, who cohabited with her, subsequently gave himself into custody on the charge of having committed the deed, jealousy being assigned as the motive. The victim of the tragedy was 43, and the prisoner 39 years of age. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Wood.

—At the meeting of the British Association at Cardiff, great admiration was expressed by eminent naturalists of the bird sketches drawn by Mr. John Duncan, naturalist and artist, which appear in the *Weekly* and *Monthly Chronicle*.

—During a heavy gale, a herring boat was capsized while making for North Sunderland harbour, and two men, one being the captain, Adam Durham, were drowned.

—The twenty-first annual prize meeting of the Newcastle Rifle Association was held at the Harton Moor rifle range, near Tyne Dock.

24.—John Thomas Elliott, 36 years of age, an engine fitter, who had drunk himself out of his senses, committed suicide by throwing himself from the High Level Bridge into a yard in Pipewellgate, Gateshead, a height of 86 feet.

25.—Owing to an unusually heavy rainfall on the previous evening, great floods prevailed in the upper reaches of the Tyne; and a farm horse, in harness, was drowned in the river opposite Newburn.

— The annual Brewster Sessions for Newcastle were held in the Police Court. There were twenty new applications for licenses, a number of which were eventually refused. The other local licensing meetings took place about the same time.

26.—During the early hours of this morning, a violent gale of wind raged in Newcastle. The tents in the Leazes Park, in which the annual exhibition of the Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle Botanical and Horticultural Society was to have been held, were, unfortunately, blown to the ground. Many valuable plants which had been ranged under the canvas were damaged through the fall of the poles, Mr. W. J. Watson, of the Fenham Nurseries, being the greatest sufferer in this respect. Such, indeed, was the vast and general amount of destruction wrought by the storm that, at an early meeting of the committee, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis), it was decided to abandon the autumn show for the present year. At a subsequent meeting of the same body, it was reported that, so far as could be estimated, the liabilities of the society amounted to £560, against which there was available a sum of £226 15s. The Mayor issued an appeal soliciting public support for the unfortunate society. The result of the mayoral manifesto, in conjunction with other efforts, was such, that the whole of the liabilities were ultimately met, and there remained a substantial surplus in favour of the society.

27.—The inquest on the bodies of the seven men who were killed by the fall of hydrochloric acid condensers at the Friar's Goose Chemical Works, Felling, on the 26th of July, was brought to a close. The jury found that a crack in the furnace was the cause of the disaster. The hot air was drawn into the centre condenser and ignited the coke; the fire, acting upon the stone sides of the condenser, split them, and the condenser collapsed. In falling it damaged the other three condensers, which also fell soon afterwards. The occurrence was accidental. (See page 431.)

—Steps were taken for the promotion of a Canine Society in connection with Newcastle and district, to encourage the breeding of dogs, and to increase the number of fanciers. Colonel J. A. Cowen, J.P., of Blaydon Burn, was appointed president.

—In the Guildhall, Newcastle, the Mayor presented bronze medals and certificates of the Royal Humane Society to William James Carr and William Woods, two boys belonging to the Wellesley Training Ship, who, on the 15th of June, rescued from drowning a companion named George Mill Pattison.

—At a meeting of the governors of the Newcastle Royal Infirmary—Alderman W. D. Stephens in the chair—Dr. Page offered, on behalf of one of his patients, a sum of £1,000 towards the projected new building. Mr. Ralph Atkinson followed this up by stating that, when it came to subscriptions of £100, he would be one subscriber to that amount. On the strength of these promises, and as the outcome of several suggestions, it was agreed that the opinion of an architect should be obtained as to the eligibility of the present site for the building of a new Infirmary.

29.—On the occasion of temporarily severing his con-

nection with the literary staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, to proceed on a business mission to India, Mr Archibald Erskine Macdonald was presented with a handsome silver cigar case by his colleagues. Mr. Macdonald had previously been made the recipient of a testimonial from the members of the composing department.

—A cycling contest for a fifty guinea silver challenge

"WEEKLY CHRONICLE" CYCLING CUP.

cup, offered by the proprietor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, through the contributor "Vagabond," and to be called the *Weekly Chronicle* 100 Miles Road Record Cup, with medals added to the value of £20, took place to-day. The course selected was from Ponteland to Jedburgh and back, the starting point being at Prestwick Lane End, about a mile on the Newcastle side of Ponteland, the turning point near Jedburgh Abbey, and the finish a couple of hundred yards on the Newcastle side of Prestwick Lane End. Eighty cyclists entered the lists, representing the four Northern Counties of Northumberland, Durham, Westmorland, and Yorkshire. The number who came to the scratch was 49, the times of starting extending from 5.20 a.m. to 6.18 a.m. The result of the race was as follows :—

W. HOWITT.

	H.	M.	S.
1. W. Howitt, Jubilee Rovers A team	7	18	42
2. J. R. Chalmers, Newcastle C.C.	7	28	10
3. J. Tait, Brunswick C team	7	33	23
4. C. Rule, Jubilee Rovers A team	7	55	0
5. Joseph Armstrong, Arthur's Hill	8	0	0
*6. John Stanners	8	19	42
7. George Potts	8	29	35
8. Arthur Norton	8	31	15
9. J. Hall	8	39	5
10. W. A. Armstrong	9	15	34
11. Wm. Cummings	9	41	34

The cup thus became the possession, for one year, of the Jubilee Rovers. The cup and medals were formally presented at a dinner, also given by the proprietor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, at the Crown Hotel, on the 5th of September, Mr. W. C. B. Cowen ("Vagabond") occupying the chair, and Mr. C. X. Sykes (assistant editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*) the vice-chair.

31.—It was ascertained that, as the result of a poll of the ratepayers, it had been decided that the elections of the Sunderland Board of Guardians should henceforth take place triennially instead of annually.

SEPTEMBER.

1.—During the prevalence of another severe gale, the tents in Saltwell Park, Gateshead, in which it had been arranged to hold the autumn show of the Floral and Horticultural Society connected with that borough, were blown to the ground. Owing to the unfortunate disaster, it was found necessary to abandon the exhibition of plants in bloom, ferns, &c., but the cut flowers and several other products were displayed in a pavilion speedily erected in a less exposed part of the grounds. The force of the storm uprooted several large trees in the park and neighbourhood, and the massive drinking fountain, bearing the name "Salte Well," erected many years ago for the benefit of the public by the late Mr Wailes, when proprietor and occupier of Saltwell mansion and grounds, was much damaged.

2.—At a meeting of the Newcastle City Council, it was resolved to increase the salary of the City Treasurer (Mr J. J. Pace) from £650 to £850 per annum.

—The annual meeting of delegates in connection with the Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutes was held at Blaydon-on-Tyne. The chair was occupied by Dr. Philip Brown, the president for the year, who delivered an admirable address; and a very able paper on the question "Has the Education Act realised the Expectations of its Promoters?" was read by Mr. Ald. John Lucas, of Gateshead.

—Mr. Duncan McLaren, of Lee Mount, Broomieknowe, lost, by death, a famous St. Bernard dog, "Albert Edward Prince of Wales," for which he had recently been offered £300.

—As the result of boring operations conducted by Mr. W. Laws, of Ponteland, a seam of coal was discovered to the north-west of Clifton, near the Newcastle turnpike, on the road to Morpeth.

—Mr. Fenwick Ironsides, of Ravensworth, grandson of Mr. Thomas Ironsides, the centenarian of Kibblesworth, was married to Elizabeth Jameson Chapman, eldest daughter of Mr. John W. Chapman, West Rainton. (See pp. 90, 284.)

—The sale by auction, extending over two days, commenced at the rooms of Messrs. R. and W. Mack, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, of the books, manuscripts, autographs, portraits, and other literary curiosities belonging to the late Mr. William Dodd, successor to Mr. Emerson Charnley, the famous bookseller. The large and miscellaneous collection included many cuttings from the *Weekly Chronicle*, to which Mr. Dodd was an occasional contributor.

4.—On this and the following day the annual meeting

of the National Association of Colliery Managers was held in the Wood Memorial Hall, Newcastle.

—A man about 30 years of age, but of unknown name, was killed, the body being shockingly mutilated, by falling down a pit shaft at Houghton-le-Spring.

—It was decided by the employers to give a month's notice for a reduction in the wages of the men connected with the shipbuilding industry of the Wear, Tyne, and Tees.

5.—The house of Mr. Cuthbert Richardson, butcher, at Walbottle, was entered by burglars, and about £400 in gold and cheques stolen from a safe, which was blown up by gunpowder.

—Mr. John Burnett, corresponding secretary to the Board of Trade, and formerly of the literary staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, presented the £100 benefit to a disabled member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in Newcastle.

—Several events took place as preliminaries to the meeting of the Trades Union Congress, appointed to be held in Newcastle. A new banner, the property of the Tyneside branch of the National Coopers' Society, was unfurled in the Church Institute, Felling, by Mr. T. Burt, M.P., the chair being occupied by the Mayor of Newcastle. In the Leazes Park, Newcastle, Mr. Councillor Laird unfurled a new banner for the use of the members of the United Machine Workers' Association. On the following day, at an open-air meeting in the Milk Market, Newcastle, a new banner belonging to No. 25 branch of the National Labour Union was unfurled by Mr. John Burns, of London. The People's Open Platform was inaugurated for the winter in Rye Hill Baptist Church, Newcastle, by a discussion on "How Trades Unionism raises the Social as well as the Industrial position of Women."

7.—The actual business in connection with the twenty-fourth meeting of the Trades Union Congress commenced in the Town Hall, Newcastle. The chair, at the outset of the proceedings, was occupied by Mr. E. Harford, secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, and there were present 620 delegates, representing two million workmen. The Mayor (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis), who was accompanied by the Sheriff, the Town Clerk, and several members of the Corporation, extended to the members a cordial welcome to the city; and Mr. T. Burt, M.P., of the Northumberland Miners, who was unanimously elected President of the Congress, afterwards took the chair in that capacity. The sittings of the Congress, beginning on the Monday, extended over the entire week, the business being relieved by several entertainments, including a breakfast by the Mayor and Corporation in St. George's Hall on the 8th, and a Garden Party in the Leazes Park on the 10th. The proceedings of the Congress concluded with a great labour demonstration on the Town Moor on the 12th, about 40,000 workmen belonging to Newcastle and district, accompanied by bands, banners, and models, taking part in the procession.

—A man, apparently between 30 and 40 years of age, committed suicide by throwing himself from the parapet of the High Level Bridge, Newcastle, falling close to the woodwork connected with the Swing Bridge.

10.—A serious fire occurred in the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. Priestman and Co., Sunderland. The outbreak resulted in the partial destruction of a fine steamer which was almost ready for launching.

General Occurrences.

AUGUST.

12.—The result of a Parliamentary election at Walsall was declared as follows:—Mr. Edward Holden (Gladstonian Liberal), 4,899; Mr. Frank James (Conservative), 4,360.

—Mr. James Russell Lowell, author of the "Biglow Papers," &c, died in America in his seventy-third year.

15.—The Senaputty and the Tongal were executed at Manipur in accordance with the sentences passed upon them for the massacre of Mr. Quinton's expedition.

18.—Walter Lewis Turner was executed at Leeds for the brutal murder of Barbara Waterhouse, at Horsforth, near Leeds, on the 6th of June.

19.—The annual meeting of the British Association was commenced at Cardiff under the Presidency of Professor Huggins, who chose for his opening address the subject of Astronomy.

—The French fleet, under command of Admiral Gervais, arrived at Spithead on a visit to this country.

20.—At the execution of John Conway, at Kirkdale Gaol, Liverpool, for the horrible murder of a little boy, Nicholas Martin, the murderer's head was almost torn from his body by the force of the drop.

21.—A girl named Catherine Dennis was found with her throat cut at a public house near Huddersfield. Subsequently, a man named James Stockwell was arrested and confessed to the murder.

22.—Severe fighting began near Valparaiso between the rival factions in Chili. After three days' fighting, the Government troops were forced to retire. Subsequently a decisive battle was fought, and President Balmaceda's forces were completely routed.

24.—Mr. Raikes, Postmaster-General, died at his residence in Cheshire in his fifty-third year.

26.—The result of a Parliamentary election at Lewisham resulted as follows:—Mr. John Penn (Conservative) 4,585; Mr. Warmington (Gladstonian Liberal), 2,892.

28.—The death was announced of Marie Taglioni, the famous operatic dancer.

30.—Serious disturbances took place at Eastbourne in connection with the parading of the Salvation Army.

SEPTEMBER.

1.—The Education Act providing free education for children between 3 and 15 years of age, came into operation.

3.—Edward Arthur Maurice Calendar Newton, described as a journalist, was committed for trial at Bow Street Police Court on a charge of having abducted Edith Pearson, aged fifteen, the daughter of a Strand tobacconist.

6.—Alderman P. Matthews, the Lord Mayor of York, died in his fifty-third year.

9.—M. Grevy, ex-President of the French Republic, died at Montsous-Vaudrey, his country seat in the Jura. He was seventy-eight years of age.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. V.—No. 57. NOVEMBER, 1891. PRICE 6D.

Plague and Cholera in the North.

Part I.

THE towns of the Tyne and Wear have had several visitations of pestilence which left behind a great blank, a sad memory, and a host of practical lessons. Turning over the scanty records of bygone times, we come every now and again upon pages that tell only of plague, famine, and raging death.

The annals of pestilence in Newcastle carry us back to the days of Henry III., who built the Black Gate of the Castle. On the eve of the battle of Bannockburn, Newcastle was a place of rendezvous for Edward II. and his army. War and want, the sword and sickness, are close cousins (as our ancestors often found to their cost). Grievous was the famine and mortality. "The quick could hardly bury the dead."

Glimpses of the epidemics of the reign of Elizabeth may be given by a few extracts from the Chamberlain's accounts in Newcastle. These will enable the reader to realize to some extent the sufferings of citizens and strangers, and the burdens brought upon the public purse :—

1563. Paid to Sanders Forster and Ralf Henrysone, for watching the bridg yaitt for comyng of the sek men that com from Newhaven, for four dayes a pece, 6s. 8d.

1576. Paid for vittelles for the relefe of the seke folk a feilde this weeke (December), 49s. Paid for vittelles for the relefe of the seke folke about the towne, having theare doors sparred upp, 19s. 2d.

1596. Paid to John Butlande (bellman), for goinge 1 time abutte towne to warne all men to kepe in their doggs and their swine for the plaug, 2d. Paid to George Hindmers, boocher, and 1 other with him, for their killing 5 swine, 24 dogges, and 16 dukes, which founde in the strete after warninge was given ; 4d. a peice, swine ; 2d. a peice, doggs ; and pence a peice, dukes ; 7s.

1596. Paide for the charge of burying 7 poore folke which died in the streete, for winding theme, grave-making, and carrying to the church, 7s. 4d.

Archdeacon Magnus, statesman and diplomatist, writing from Sheriff Hutton in North York, in October, 1528, told Cardinal Wolsey that "the pestiferous and ragious swete" was reigning round about. In 1545, the Earl of Hertford was in Newcastle, and sent word to Henry VIII. that the plague was lingering there, and prevailed from Berwick to Darlington. The Governor of Berwick, Lord Hunsdon, cousin of Queen Elizabeth, informed Sir William Cecil, in 1570, that the plague was very sore in Newcastle, "and sum of ytt had come to Anwyke." "God kepe it hens," he exclaims ; "for yf yt come hether yt wyll skowre six or seven thousand pepell yn ytt, wherof 2,600 chylder, as I thynke." In 1596, there was pestilence in all parts of the North of England. The Bishop of Carlisle died of it. The Bishop of Durham retired from his castle on the Wear to his safer manor-house on the Tees. The city of Durham was so plague-stricken that numbers of the inhabitants were camped out on the moors. The Vicar of Stranton, near Hartlepool, fell a victim ; and the parish-register subsequently coming to a stand, Mr. G. B. Richardson infers that the parish clerk had followed the incumbent to the grave. "9 poore folkes died for wante in the streetes" of Newcastle in September, and "16 poore folke" in October ; and on Michaelmas Monday, when the new Mayor was to be chosen in the chapel of St. Mary's Hospital, the air was heavily laden with the perfume of herbs, and the floor thickly strewn with rushes.

In the year 1636, what is usually designated the Great Plague burst upon Newcastle and Gateshead with unex-

ampled fury. In the former town—the population of which could not have been more than 30,000, if so much—the deaths rose from 58 in the week ending May 14th to 422 in the week ending Aug. 14th, and to 520 in that ending Sept. 4th. The plague ceased with the year, and during the eight months of its continuance there died of it 5,037 persons. In Gateshead, with a population of only three or four thousand, there were 550 deaths. It is on record that the good citizens of Berwick, by their Corporation, sent a present of 40 marks to the Mayor of Newcastle as aid for the pest-smitten town. In quaint but most touching phrase, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Vicar of Newcastle acknowledged this liberal gift in the following letter :—

RIGHT WORTHIE GENT.

Wee haue receaved from yow by a servant of Sir John Clavering the some of 40 marks a verie ample expression of your pittie to us in this our great calamitie by reason of the sore pestilence so long contynueing in this place. Your charitie with the helpe of God shall be by us continually had in remembrance, and as occasion shall require shall be requited with thankfullness according to our powers. God in his mercye for Christ Jesus his sake cease the sickness and preserve yuw and all others from the same. The nomber of the dead is not so manye this last weeke as formerly, being but one hundred twentie two. The great death of people that hath beene, which doth amount to verie near 6000 persons since the beginning, wee feare there is the cause that there dye fewer now; there being not so many people left in the towne as there was. Thus with all due respect of thankfullness we rest,

Your truly loving friends

PETE RIDDELL, maior.

WM. WARMOUTH, ROB. ANDERSON,

Octob 1636. RALPH COLE, LEONARD CARR, vic.

Ten years later, that is to say the year after the town had surrendered to the Scotch (1646), the plague once more broke out. In the life of Ambrose Barnes we read :—

That desolating judgment, the pestilence, had made for some months, an horrible devastation in Newcastle. Heaps of dead bodies were every night carried in carts, to be buried without the walls, and the town was very much become a solitude. One of the maidservants in the family where Mr. Barnes liv'd was lying below stairs, sick in bed, the other was to appearance in health, waiting at table upon her master. Mr. Barnes informed him of some dangerous symptoms which the maid who was sick began to have upon her body. The master, perceiving the contagion had reacht his house, arose immediately from dinner, leaving the shop, counting-house, "scritoire, debt-books, keyes, and all his effects," to the care of Mr. Barnes, and the same day took ship at Shields for Hamburgh. That night dy'd the maid, who at dinner time was waiting at table in perfect health, the next day dy'd the other maid, who had fell sick before. Mr. Barnes was quickly after infected, and shut up in an empty large house near the Exchange, without any living creature besides himself, but they rapt at his door, when they brought him meat, and he himself came and took it in. In this hideous lonely manner he spent several dayes and nights. A huge great tumour rose upon his neck behind, the suppuration whereof, physitions were of opinion, saved his life.

Since that day there have been occasional outbreaks of malignant fever, but nothing at all to compare with this old desolation and horror until the outbreak of cholera in 1831-1832.

Cholera morbus first became an epidemic in 1817. In that year it suddenly broke forth from its nest in the marshes and jungles of India. It smote many parts of India, Persia, Turkey, Russia, and Germany in the course of its gloomy flight, and reached England in the late summer or early autumn of 1831.

The generally received report places the outbreak of Asiatic cholera in the port of Sunderland, and dates it October 26, 1831. It spread rapidly, and in a short time Government sent down Dr. Daun, a medical man who had been much among cholera in the East, and Dr. Barry, who had been specially deputed to investigate the mysterious distemper in the hospitals of Russia. These gentlemen concurred in pronouncing the disease malignant cholera of the most dangerous and truly epidemic type. Immediately the most stringent quarantine was put in force against Sunderland, and stoppage of trade was added to the bitterness of death all over the town. The town officials became exceedingly alarmed and energetic. The streets and alleys were cleansed by fire-engines. The dreadful poverty of the people was relieved by munificent contributions from all classes above the range of actual want. In all about 538 cases occurred, of which about half were fatal.

Newcastle escaped for many weeks. None of the town authorities, however, counted on any long exemption; on the contrary, every preparation was made for the advent of the dreaded stranger. Owners of wretched property in and about Sandgate, the Close, Pandon, Bailiffgate, and the like places were stirred up by no gentle admonition, and the narrow entries near the Quay were washed out with hot lime. Hospitals were extemporized at convenient points. The Castle was appropriated as a Cholera Home for the parish of St. Nicholas. St. John's and St. Andrew's had the St. John Poor House, Bath Lane, while the paupers resident there were removed to other premises. All Saints had a large home fitted up on the North Shore, just behind Sandgate. Mr. Archibald Reed, the Mayor, specially empowered by the Privy Council, distinguished himself by his great activity; but the whole Corporation behaved with prompt generosity and vigour. The regulations for interment were strict, and strictly carried out. Twelve hours was the limit within which all who died from the pest were to be buried. In six weeks there were thirty-one interments in St. Nicholas' Churchyard—to the east of the north transept; in All Saints', in ten weeks, there were eighty-seven burials of cholera patients. After this, it was decided that the churchyards were too full, and the bodies of all who died from cholera were thenceforth disposed of at the Ballast Hills, Westgate Cemetery, or St. Ann's. The highest number of deaths in one day was 12. The total number from 9th December to 13th March was 306, out of 971 attacked. As in the case of Sunderland, the wealth of Newcastle was freely consecrated to the relief of the poor. The frequent tolling of the bells, and passing of small

funeral companies, caused a deep sadness to fall upon the town. The plague had ceased about ten days, when, in obedience to an Order in Council, Wednesday, 21st March, was observed as a general fast on account of the grievous visitation.

The little village of Newburn suffered to an extent that happily was without parallel. Out of the 550 inhabitants 424 were attacked, and 57 died. Amongst those who died was Mr. Edmondson, the vicar; and so great was the panic that not even over his grave was the usual burial rite performed.

Gateshead also suffered very severely. The earliest clearly recognised cholera burial occurred on the 16th of October. "One of the first three cases," says Mr. James Clephan, in his useful pamphlet on the subject, "was that of Mary Hymers, or Hindmarsh, a rag-gatherer of depraved habits, living in the Hawk Entry, Bottle Bank, on the Pipewellgate slope, to whom Mr. Henry Brady was called on the 15th. In the other case, the patient, James Morgan, a blacksmith, lived at Springwell, and was brought into Gateshead parish after death. There was then a pause until Christmas Eve, when (on the 24th) a second Gateshead case occurred in Pipewellgate, in the person of Elizabeth Thompson, *alias* Hales. The date of her burial is Christmas Day; and this case is rapidly succeeded by others, until the abatement of the epidemic in the spring of 1832. In July, the 'red cross' reappears on the register, and it does not vanish until the month of November. The total number of cholera burials in St. Mary's parish was 225. Deducting 3 (two from Newcastle and one from Hebburn), 222 remain—the number inscribed on the pillar in St. Edmund's Cemetery. There were also 12 cholera burials in St. John's, making the total number of the Gateshead burials 237." The highest number of interments in one day was on the 28th December, 1831, when it was 20. One joiner in the town made fifty coffins in one week, and as many as 102 between Christmas Day and January 13.

John Lilburne, "Freeborn John."

IT is doubtful if justice can ever be done to thousands of historical personages—of men who, either in spirit, or energy, or intelligence, or prowess, or character lived before their time, or made better times for other people to live in by their pluck, skill, heroism, or wisdom. It is the passive and enduring people who float quietly down the stream of an era; but the men who stick in the stream, who make the times froth around them, or who dam it up for a future flood and rush—these are the history-makers. The times they live in cannot understand them: hence they are written down as disturbers, rioters, madmen, or rogues. A host of such men lived two or three hundred years ago—men who were then hated as firebrands, but who, in our days, are justly esteemed as noble and worthy fellows. John Lilburne was a man of indomitable spirit, incapable of fear—a man made for yeasty times. A pretty character he got from some people, and just a contrary one from other people, which proves it to be proper to estimate him wisely.

It appears that Wood has made a nosegay of the wild flowers stuck about him in his day:—"From his youth he was much addicted to contention, opposition of government, and to violent and bitter expressions. He was the idol of the factious people; he was naturally a great trouble-world in all the variety of governments; a hodge-podge of religion, the chief ringleader of the Levellers, a great proposal-maker, a modeller of State, a publisher of several seditious pamphlets, and of so quarrelsome a disposition that it was appositely said of him, by Judge Jenkins, that if there was none living but he, John would be against Lilburne, and Lilburne against John."

This is a part of the historic label stuck on to Leveller John. A good deal of it would fit any great man who puts easy people about in his time. Peter and Paul had a little of this sort of reputation; still they are respected. And how much of it Luther got all men know. Clarendon gives a more rational account of this loud battle man who died a Quaker. He says that Lilburne was "an evidence of the temper of the nation, and how far the spirits of that time (1653) were from paying a submission to power, when nobody had the courage to lift up their hands against it." Hume took him to have been "the most turbulent, but the most upright and courageous of human kind."

John Lilburne was a North-Country man; he came of a thrifty old Durham family; his father was Richard, who owned an estate at Thickney-Purcharden, and John was born in 1618. Two other sons came to be men of note, as we shall see at the end of this article—Robert, who was a Major-General in the Commonwealth Army, and George, who became Mayor of Sunderland. Poor John was a younger child, and, according to the law of entail, he had to be trained to shift for himself, and he did it. At twelve years old he was apprenticed to a clothier in London. Both Richard, the father of John, and the clothier whom John had to serve, were disaffected towards the hierarchy of the day. So were a vast lot of other people. King James, and King Charles, and Queen Mary, and other powers that then were, had done much to vex souls and make Puritans. The religious revolution was fermenting in all places, abroad and at home—in Germany, Spain, Rome, Scotland, and England; and John Lilburne took the fever and with it infected other young men. If John was eager and earnest, so were Cromwell, Milton, and all other people on all sides, Church and Dissent, if they had any heart at all.

Young John, they say, had a genius in advance of his

years. There is no doubt of that; but he had the defect of being too honest and outspoken. John would not be imposed upon: so when his master, the clothier, was hard upon him, he got better terms by complaining to the City Chamberlain. Having more time for himself after his complaint, and having some money, he bought books, and read them, and drank in the elixir, and showed signs that he did "inwardly digest" his reading. Reading lads in our day are properly applauded. Being a reader and so on, he talked to his companions of the shallow and deep things he read of politics, of religion, and of other matters interesting and stirring; thus he soon became an authority in the midst of his sympathising circle of friends; and they, admiring his genius, became his auditors and banded helpers. This, of course, was, in those times, seditious, because then the cobbler had to stick to his lapstone, or be counted a foe to the State. The fact is that John inherited Richard's blood and pluck. There was one Ralph Auxton who owed Richard Lilburne £200 on account of some land; the ancient custom of trial by battle was unfashionable; but Richard and Ralph were prepared to fight it out. They were armed and went to the skirmishing place for the fray; but the judges and king put their veto on it, and they did not fight.

John left his master and his trade for more congenial pursuits. He was a member of a congregation in which he was flattered on account of his attainments and fervour. A teacher of this congregation introduced him to Dr. Bastwick, an English physician. This doctor physicked the Church as well as other of his sick patients, and he got his fees in coin that vexed him greatly. Bastwick wrote and published pamphlets under learned Latin titles, "Flagellum Pontifices," &c., and he entered into the discussion in which Atterbury and the Convocation fought, viz., whether the King was lord of the Church or not, and whether he gave authority to bishops or not: so Bastwick fell under the bishops, got into the Star Chamber, was fined £1,000, excommunicated, disallowed to practise physic, had his book burnt, called to pay costs, and sent to gaol till he recanted. He was lodged in the Gate House, where he wrote more wicked books, and John Lilburne was introduced to him in the prison, and John pitied him and got his writing printed for him on the Continent. John came home from Holland loaded with the "Merry Liturgy" of Dr. Bastwick and some Latin-headed pieces, which he circulated, and get betrayed and into limbo, like the doctor. Bastwick was sentenced to pay another £5,000 for this little affair, to exhibit his face in the pillory, to lose his ears, and to live all his life in prison. However, Bastwick was liberated after a time by the Parliament, his incarceration pronounced illegal, and thousands of people hailed his liberation and chimed his praises; but the ungrateful fellow wrote a tract called the "Defence of Himself against Lilburne." So keen were the contentions in those days that friends could not think and write and be ever friendly.

There was another man who scribbled paper with a pen that was not approved—a Mr. Prynne, whose "News from Ipswich" young Lilburne circulated. You see the clothier had turned bookseller, an awkward trade in times when the mind of England was breaking into independent thought. Therefore, Master John was led to his trial, and he was condemned, for what else could the authorities do with him? In February, 1637, he was ordered to be whipped at the cart's tail from the Fleet Prison to the Old Palace Yard, there to be set up in the pillory; then he was to go back to the gaol of the Fleet to abide till he conformed to the rules of the court, to pay £500 to the King, who was in want of money, and to find security that he would behave himself for the future. Thus, John Lilburne was being schooled in adversity, which lessons would not improve his temper; but he took his sufferings without relenting; he made mighty speeches against his persecutors; he flung away pamphlets from the very pillory, like seeds of dandelions; so the Star Chamber said, "Gag him," and he was gagged; but he stamped with his feet to show his pluck, and the people so thoroughly admired him that they gave him new names—"Freeborn John" and the "Little Saint." In gaol they dressed him in double irons, and left him in a close ward. Then there was an alarm. "Fire, fire," was the cry; smoke and flame appeared near his ward! John was suspected of having got it lighted, and the authorities took it as a hint that if they did not look out the prison and the inmates would be roasted. So John was better provided for, for the prisoners and the neighbours interceded for him. He had been made a hero by the Star Chamber. Then John, when his irons were off, wrote "The Christian Man's Trial," and the "Nine Arguments against Episcopacy," with "Epistles to the Warden of the Fleet." This man was not to be daunted. It was the Long Parliament that mitigated his prison miseries in November, 1640.

The year following John was topsawyer in a street assembly which demanded justice to be executed on the Earl of Strafford. The day after this hubbub, he stood at the bar of the House of Lords, for an alleged assault upon Colonel Lunsford, the Governor of the Tower. But the temper of the people was up in favour of John, for he had been in the irons: so the noble lords let him off. Moreover, the Parliament, on the very day that the Lords dismissed the assault case, voted that John's previous incarceration was illegal, and that he ought to have compensation for his sufferings and losses. And, what is more, this reparation was actually made to him in the year 1646. After various obstructions and long delays, by a vote of the Lords, then a petition to the Commons, and lastly by the intervention of Cromwell, John received compensation to about the value of £3,000; but it took some five years to get it; and some said that this delay

was his own fault. Poor fellow! he could not please everybody, nor did he try. This money was voted to him out of the estates of persons who would not like to part with it. James Ingram, Warden of the Fleet, was one of them.

The King, meanwhile, had been playing fearful pranks with the liberties of the nation; he believed in the divine right of kings to do as they liked, that they were not responsible to either Lords or Commons, only to God. The Parliament voted an army to oppose the king, and then John Lilburne volunteered to be a soldier. He was a captain at the battle at Edge Hill, taken prisoner, marched to Oxford, and escaped execution on a charge of high treason against the king only on the threat of Parliament to retaliate such sharp practices on some of his Majesty's people. He was, therefore, exchanged, and, through the Earl of Essex, was rewarded with £300. But he opposed the earl's imposition of the Scotch Covenant on the soldiers. Owing to Cromwell's interest, he became a major in the division under the Earl of Manchester, and in raising the siege of Newark he nearly lost his life. And then Colonel King and he disagreed. King tried to damage his reputation with the earl; but the latter prized the valour of his major, and as his answer to King made him lieutenant-colonel of his own dragoons, in which post he signalised himself greatly by his bravery at Marston Moor. He had a most determined spirit, and his sense of honour at times was terribly hard. This was seen in his giving evidence against his friend Lord Essex when Cromwell complained to the Commons against him. He had not forgiven the earl for not bringing Colonel King to trial by court-martial on account of the charges he made against him. This was the spirit of the age, and we must forgive Lilburn for not forgiving King, though he followed up the matter till he was impeached for high crimes before the Commons. The House of Commons was disinclined to punish Colonel King. The Earl of Manchester, under whom Lilburne had served, was then Speaker in the Lords, and held John responsible for the neglect of the Commons: so John set to work and lashed the earl with a pamphlet. John was hailed before the Lords, but he would not answer the questions put to him there; the Lords, of course, could not put up with contempt, so John was sent to Newgate and thence to the Tower. He appeals to the Commons: they do not deliver him; he thunders from prison in another stormy tractate, in which he picked out, as we do now-a-days, the bad laws they had passed, and called them unjust and oppressive. This was the "Oppressed Man's Oppression." The Commons seized the pamphlet; but John wrote another in its stead, for he was prolific and ready, "The Resolved Man's Resolution." This was bold, for he was bold, and he knew he had the ear of thousands. Still he could not get released: so he stirred up his friends in the army, which had the effect of providing for him a splendid testimonial to his honour, for a committee was appointed to report on his case, and he, a prisoner, was allowed to attend that committee every day without a keeper, returning every night to his place in the Tower. Then he was charged with seditious practices. Whether he was guilty or the charge was got up, he was again committed to prison in the said Tower, and his trial was ordered. But there is a hubbub in town at the moment. King Charles appears in the Downs with a fleet. The Cavaliers are not perfectly trusted; Lilburne's instinct is just and keen; he sends a petition to Parliament, signed by 7,000 persons and upwards; so the Commons discharge him from prison and make arrangements for his compensation.

It was in the year when Cromwell returned from Ireland, where he had done what no lieutenant or king could do, that he aided Lilburne in securing the compensation receipts that had been so long coming, and John was grateful to the mighty Commonwealth hero. Still, there were clouds and storms for him, our John, to penetrate and to hush, if he could. He fell into a law suit, in which his uncle George was implicated. In this case he petitioned the Commons; they got again offended with him, fined him £7,000, and voted to banish him from the realm. But John had wings, and before they could catch him he was off to Amsterdam, and there he fired off his quill gun again. This he called an apology. He sent a copy of it to the great Oliver, with a letter in which he blamed him as the cause of this new trouble. The tiff gave the Royalists a chance; they bothered him; in a bad temper revenge is sweet; they took John when he was out of tune; they struck a bargain with John the soldier; they would give him £10,000 if he would restore Charles to the throne. It came to nothing. John remained in exile. But when the Long Parliament was broken up, he came back home. This was in 1653. He could not get a pass, so he did without it, as he knew he could do. But his enemies were on the watch. They took him and laid him aside as lumber in the Old Bailey. And a jury acquitted him again. Cromwell did not like this jury job; he had John walked off to Portsmouth to give him another ride in a ship. But it is believed that his brother Robert, Oliver's major-general, interceded and stood bail for him; so John was free again.

Now John is calm; he reads, he studies, he prays, he looks up to Heaven, he joins the Quakers, and for them he preached at Eltham, where he lived; and then he died on August 29, 1657. He was buried at Moorfields. Four thousand people marched behind his corpse and wept at his grave. He had lived 49 years. He was a true Englishman; his modes may be questionable, but his motives were high, strong, and quenchless.

Douglass's "History of the Northern Baptists," under date of 1651, contains a petition which Mr. George Lil-

burne, Mayor of Sunderland, sent to Parliament anent certain disturbances that had occurred at Muggleswick. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, page 370.) Douglass adds that George Lilburne, as Mayor, and in other respects,

was a man of great influence in Sunderland—a knight of the shire in the Parliament of Cromwell, 1654.

Robert Lilburne was governor of Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1647. It was he who sat as one of the judges in the trial

of King Charles. Robert, along with his brother George, was elected in 1654 to represent the county of Durham. Five years later, in the last year of the Commonwealth, 1659, Robert was the representative for Malton. During the Restoration, he was, of course, tried as a regicide: and he so well knew his fate that he made no defence. Banished to the island of St. Nichola, near Plymouth, he died peacefully there in the 52nd year of his age.

According to Surtees, the Lilburne family were at one time, in effect, lords paramount of the borough and port of Sunderland. The door case of the Lilburne mansion in that town, of which we give a drawing by the late J. G. Brown, was demolished a few years ago. The mansion was situated in High Street East, nearly opposite the Custom House. Mr. Brown's sketch of the figure seen in the doorway was copied from a drawing of Oliver Cromwell's porter.

WHICKHAM CHURCH.

FEW of the villages in the county of Durham can vie with Whickham for picturesqueness and quaintness. Pleasantly situated on rising ground about a mile south of the river Tyne and about four miles from Newcastle, the village commands extensive views of the valley of the Tyne, not the least interesting being that which includes the Redheugh Bridge, the High Level Bridge, and all the important edifices in the city of Newcastle.

The Church of St. Mary is of great antiquity. Indeed, the first rector of the parish was appointed in 1287. As regards the church itself, it is a quaint and interesting structure. On the 5th November, 1841, well-nigh a hundred of the old-fashioned pews were destroyed by fire. From a lettered brass-plate in the interior of the fabric, we learn that the edifice was restored externally and internally in 1861-2, as well as considerably en-

larged, at a cost of £2,875, which sum was raised by private contributions.

The register of the parish of Whickham commenced with 1575, but has, unfortunately, to a great extent been mutilated, lost, or destroyed. It is represented to have been formerly kept with great care, and in addition to the registration of births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths, contained chronicles of local events, historical allusions, and other incidents of great value. For example, there were notices of the visitation of the plague in 1597, 1610, 1626, 1645, and 1647, as well as descriptive references to the depredations committed by the Scotch armies in 1640, 1644, and 1648.

Charitable bequests to Whickham have been numerous and varied. The first parochial school was founded in 1714 by Dr. Thomlinson, vicar of the parish and founder of the Thomlinson Library, who applied to this purpose a legacy of £100, left by Jane Blakiston for teaching the children of the poor reading, writing, the Church Catechism, and putting them to various trades. By his will, in 1745, Dr. Thomlinson bequeathed £100 for the support of the day schools, with receipts from certain pew rents in the church, amounting to £12 annually. In 1825, the school was enlarged by Archdeacon Bowyer, and a house erected for the schoolmistress. The Hon. and Rev. E. Grey was a benefactor to the school, and enabled that institution to extend the means of education to 160 children. Many other bequests have been left to the poor of the parish from time to time by neighbouring gentle folks.

Whickham Churchyard commands a sweeping view of the Tyne. One striking feature about it is the numerous trees which shade the path running through it. Many of the graves, too, give evidence of being well tended by the friends of the departed ones. Wreaths, crosses, and bunches of flowers adorn graves whose occupants have been buried over a period of forty and fifty years. In some cases rose-trees may be seen clambering over the tombstones, almost concealing the inscriptions, while in others the stones are completely hidden by weeping willows. Directly facing the church there are two graves literally covered with moss. The one nearest the edifice is ornamented by a rose-bush planted at the head, and a line of daisies running to the foot.

On the north side of the church there is a very handsome stone to the memory of Oswald Gardner, who was killed near Stocksfield Station, on the North-Eastern Railway, owing to the breaking of the connecting-rod of his engine, on August 15, 1840, at the age of 27. The lines upon the slab are as follows :—

My engine now is cold and still,
No water does my boiler fill;
My coke affords its flame no more,
My days of usefulness are o'er;
My wheels deny their noted speed,
No more my guiding hand they heed.
My whistle, too, has lost its tone,
Its shrill and thrilling sounds are gone;
My valves are now thrown open wide,
My flanges all refuse to guide.
My clacks, also, though once so strong,
Refuse to aid the busy throng.
No more I feel each urging breath—
My steam is now condensed in death.
Life's railway's o'er, each station's past,
In Death I'm stopp'd and rest at last.
Farewell, dear friends! and cease to weep,
In Christ I'm safe—in Him I sleep.

The above descriptive sketch is said to have been "penned by an unknown friend, to commemorate Gardner's worth, and was left at Blaydon Station." Inasmuch as the very same epitaph was placed in Bromsgrove and Newton-le-Willows churchyards before the death of Gardner, the mysterious friend had no claim to be the author. There is, however, this addition in the one at Newton-le-Willows—"He sleeps among the *sleepers*, and thousands shall follow in his *train*."

It is in Whickham Churchyard where rest the remains of several members of the Clasper family, including the famous oarsman and boatbuilder himself. The latter's resting place is indicated by a handsome monument which strikes the eye of the stranger as soon as he passes the church and proceeds to walk down the churchyard. It bears the following inscription:—"Beneath this stone, reared to his memory by the ardent affection of friends and admirers from every class and from all parts of the kingdom, and in this sacred spot commanding a full view of that noble river, the well-loved scene of former triumphs, rest the mortal remains of Henry (Harry) Clasper, the accomplished oarsman and boatbuilder, of Derwenthaugh, who died July 12th, 1870, aged 58 years."

There is another tombstone in Whickham Churchyard which may not be without interest. We allude to the tombstone of Cuthbert Howstan, who was a frequent contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, chiefly on subjects of Natural History. Cuthbert Howstan, Jun., who died at Swalwell, Feb. 15, 1877, at the age of 19, was a helpless and afflicted cripple; but this fact was not generally known until he was beyond the reach of human sympathy. After his death, it transpired that, though he was unable to lift his hand, and so had to dip his pen in the inkstand with his teeth, he nevertheless struggled against pain and difficulty, not only to obtain knowledge for himself, but to impart that knowledge to others. This affecting story so touched the hearts of the contributors and readers of the *Weekly Chronicle* that they opened a subscription for the purpose of erecting a memorial over Cuthbert's grave. While the subscriptions

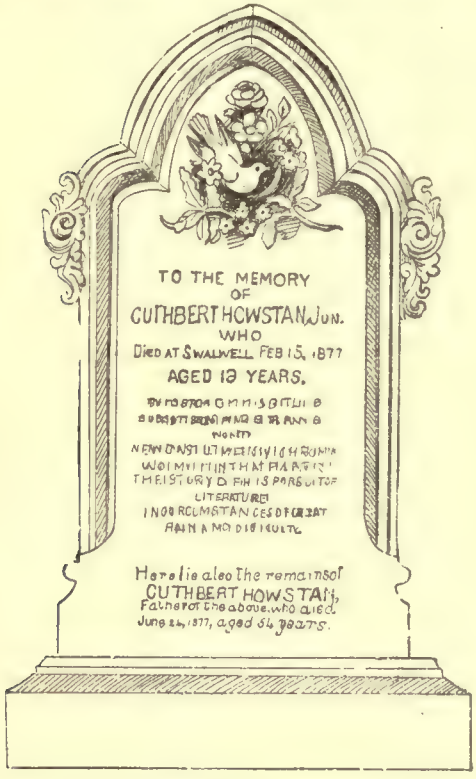
Street in Whickham.

A Bit of Whickham.

were being collected, the elder Howstan also died; hence the names of father and son appear on the memorial. The stone bears the following inscription:—"To the memory of Cuthbert Howstan, Jun., who died at Swalwell, Feb. 15, 1877, aged 19 years. This stone is erected by subscribers and contributors to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, who had read in that paper the story of his pursuit of literature in circumstances of great pain and difficulty. Here lie also the remains of Cuthbert Howstan, father of the above, who died June 24, 1877, aged 54 years." (See next page.)

The following passages relating to Whickham are extracted from the Diary of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism:—"1742, Friday, Dec. 26. Between 12 and 1 I preached in a convenient ground at Whickham, four miles from Newcastle. I spoke strong, rough words; but I did not perceive that any regarded what was spoken. The people, indeed, were exceeding quiet, and the cold kept them from going to sleep; till (before 2) I left them, very well satisfied with the preacher and with themselves." "1746, Wednesday, March 5, I preached at Whickham at noon; in the evening at Spen," &c. "1752, Tuesday, May 19, I preached at Whickham, before Mrs. Armstrong's door. I was a little sur-

prised at the account she gave of God's late dealings with her. When her ancient husband, with whom she had lived from her youth, was, on account of a debt contracted by his son, hurried away and thrown into Durham Gaol, which soon put an end to his life; when she was likely to lose all she had, and to be turned out of doors, at fourscore years of age; still the oracles of God, which she had loved from a child, were her delight and counsellors. But one day, when she put on her spectacles to read, she could not see a word. She was startled at first, but soon said, 'It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth



Him good.' She then laid her spectacles down, and, casting her eye on the corner of the Bible, thought she could discern some of the letters. Taking up the sacred book, she read as well as her daughter could; and from that hour she could not only read without spectacles, but sew or thread the finest needle with the same ease as when she was thirty years of age."

A memorial chapel is erected at Whickham in honour of a remarkable man—the Rev. Joseph Spoor, for nearly forty years the prince of revivalist preachers among the Primitive Methodists. Of this singular character many strange anecdotes are related.*

* Some of the stories told of Mr. Spoor are told also of another eccentric preacher who was once well-known in the Northern Counties—Hodgson Casson.

When Primitive Methodism was at a low ebb at Cockfield, near Raby Castle, Mr. Spoor resolved to impart a new spirit into the lagging residents. Presently coming to a corner near a brewery, where many persons were collected together in listless idleness, he knelt and prayed in their midst, as they had never heard man pray before. When he rose from his knees, he cried aloud, "There's going to be a grand sale to-night at the Primitive Methodist Chapel. We are going to sell the devil up, and leave him neither stick nor stool; and I am the auctioneer. The sale will commence at six o'clock. You are all invited; come away!" He then sang his way to the chapel, followed by a mass of people, so that the building was crowded.

The dramatic turn given by Mr. Spoor to many of his pulpit efforts would have been ridiculous in any other minister of the Gospel; but people knew him as the "keelman's preacher." For example, when lecturing upon the parable of the Sower, he described himself as a sower spreading the seed of the kingdom of heaven, and, becoming excited and absorbed in his text, he opened the pulpit door and walked down the steps, striding along the aisle in measured steps, throwing out his arms as if sowing in a field. When accompanied with the forcible exclamations of an enthusiast, the effect is said to have been electric. On another occasion Mr. Spoor was dwelling upon his favourite theme, the Prodigal Son. Having dramatised the imagery of the parable representing the youth revisiting "a far country" with his substance, he rapidly stripped off his coat and waistcoat, rolled them up in a bundle, ran down the pulpit stairs and along the aisle, in imitation of the prodigal on a long journey. Imagining the penitent's return homewards, he exclaimed, "He's coming; I see him coming!" He then ran to the chapel door, seized a ploughman who was loitering outside, and dragged him up the aisle, shouting all the while—"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found." Again, when preaching upon the solemnities of the day of judgment, as predicted in Revelations, representing an angel standing with one foot on land and the other on the sea, Mr. Spoor personified the angel by a sudden leap, placing one foot on the shelf for the Bible and the other on the back edge of the pulpit. Seizing a roll of papers close at hand, and placing them to his mouth to form a speaking trumpet, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Time shall be no longer."

When preaching at Darlington in 1869, "a great power rested upon him and the congregation." Towards the end of his discourse, he straddled his legs from the Bible-board to the back of the pulpit, then gradually descended the pulpit rail, as an illustration of how easy it was to go to perdition. When the danger of this freak was named to him next morning, he expressed surprise, and replied, "Well, the Lord must have had hold of me, or I should

have fallen." It was asserted that he attempted to return to the rostrum by re-climbing the handrail, by way of showing the difficulty of reaching heaven; but this statement is not verified in Mr. Ebenezer Hall's memoirs of Mr. Spoor, from which these facts are taken.

Whilst stationed at Appleton Wiske, Mr. Spoor was so intensely affected by religious frenzy that he could neither eat nor sleep; passion overmastered his will; he often became unconscious and fell with great violence to the earth, falling upon chairs, forms, or tables, and once even into the fire. "But in no case, however violent the fall, was it ever known that he sustained any bodily damage or hurt." Remarkable success followed these manifestations. Thus:—A young lady, solicitous for the conversion of her parents and brother, invited Mr. Spoor to breakfast; a family gathering was held; he wrestled with the devil until the mother fell at his feet; next the father; then a son, then the second son, "shouting aloud under poignant convictions of sin." Neighbours were attracted by the noise; they rushed in upon the scene; some ran through the village proclaiming the extraordinary tidings; the population flocked to the spot; many were awe-stricken; there was "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." By dinner time Mr. Spoor became exhausted; he required help to clinch the victory, and a man who was hedging and ditching cast aside his gloves, spade, and shears, and came to his aid. Towards evening hostilities were suspended through sheer exhaustion, but Mr. Spoor rejoiced greatly in this great feat as one of the most glorious in his experience.

A strange incident is recorded to have happened at Carrville, near Durham, at some anniversary services. Mr. Spoor became exceedingly animated. In giving additional weight to his theme, he struck the Bible with great force, shattered the shelf upon which it rested, and sent Bible, shelf, and part of the pulpit upon the heads of several friends underneath. By sheer luck he recovered his own equilibrium. Clutching the sides of his pedestal, and, looking below, with a smile, he observed, "Reach the Bible up again. We can do without the board and the pulpit too, but we can't do without the Bible."

Mr. Spoor once encountered Billy Purvis at Morpeth. When about to commence his exhibition, Billy was attracted by a number of voices singing, and, thinking they were rivals, he resolved to overpower them with his "band," the said band consisting of a single horn and drum. Full power was given to the instruments, but the musicians were soon exhausted. Taking up his speaking trumpet, Billy shouted, "Aa warn thoo thinks thysel' a clivvor fellow, noo!" and then left the field to Spoor, "who preached with divine power to a large crowd of persons."

The last sermon delivered by Mr. Spoor was at North Ormesby, near Middlesbrough, on August 29, 1869. He died at Stockton on September 9 following, and was buried in the cemetery at Middlesbrough, deeply regretted as an earnest, but eccentric man.

The Northern Circuit Fifty Years Ago.

By the late W. W. Robson.

II.

OF all the Bar on the Northern Circuit, I knew Watson the best. I carried many a brief to his lodgings when a lad, and, when I came to man's estate, Watson was always my counsel. Nor was it without reason, for to me he never failed to show far more familiar kindness than I had any title to expect. Watson had been a cavalry officer at Waterloo, and the soldier was visible in his manner. He afterwards became a special pleader in the Temple, and laid the foundation of future success by years of hard and patient plodding toil. He wrote two excellent books, which have never been superseded, and then came the Northern Circuit, getting into practice almost immediately on the strength of his reputation as a pleader and writer. Excepting Cresswell, I never saw a better leader, and I knew him as a junior, in which capacity I did not know Cresswell. Even as a junior, Watson was no bad match for Cresswell, and I have seen Watson in stuff and alone successfully defend a case against Cresswell, Alexander, and somebody else all put together. There was no man so good single-handed with a lot of witnesses to call. He wanted no help, nor anybody to keep him right, either in his law or his facts. He was always a leader in mind. He had scarcely quite the tact, the dexterity, the neatness, or the adroitness in turning a corner, of Cresswell, but he was wonderfully clear-headed and far-sighted, and was never caught napping. His nerve, presence of mind, and promptness of decision were most marvellous. Instructions forsooth! Give Watson the pleadings and the proofs, and he would instruct himself. The idea of being tied down to any line taken or suggested in the brief never seemed to enter into his head. I have known Watson shape a case to the utter and entire surprise of the attorney. He was a host in himself, and with Watson it was no matter what other counsel you had. If it came to a question of law, you might sleep on roses if General Watson said you were all right. I cannot readily forget a consultation, in which nothing was consulted, I had many years ago with Watson at Newcastle. It was a ship collision case, in which, to say the honest truth, any consultation would have been a farce, and was only a decent way of giving and getting fees. Watson had just been arguing for me in the Exchequer, with Willes and Seymour for his juniors, a

rather troublesome case. In Pilgrim Street he would talk of nothing but the rule at Westminster a few days before. When he had about exhausted himself, Digby Seymour timidly suggested "the case to-morrow." "Oh, the case to-morrow," said Watson. He took a shilling out of his pocket, tossed it up, and caught it as it fell with a cleverness of "hoy" and "kep" which a pitman might have envied, and bowed us to the door! This piece of pantomime was my consultation. Next morning, after Watson had opened his case for my clients the defendants, down came a scrap of paper from Mr. Justice Cresswell: "Watson, this looks like a toss up. What say you to a draw? C. C." This was passed over to Knowles, and a juror was withdrawn, which sent my clients and myself home happy. I once had an opinion from Watson in which every line cost a guinea and was cheap at the money. With a good case, Watson was like Tom Aldcroft on a good horse—he got every ounce out in a close finish. Watson was not a fluent speaker, but he had an exceedingly vigorous if homely style. It might have been told in two words — varied repetition. His speeches were like a Scottish tune—you never lost one note all through. Watson always instinctively apprehended and foresaw the true turning point, and this he used fairly to "in-sense" into the jury. His replies were a summing-up. He used to put the whole case broadly, candidly, and fearlessly to the jury, when he felt certain of success, and then My Lord could do nothing more than repeat and re-echo Mr. Watson. Latterly, I thought he evidently felt not being made a Judge, and he seemed to work with a determination to make his merits acknowledged. The real Judge at *Nisi Prius* did not sit upon, but below the Bench. At length, Watson was made a Baron of the Exchequer, but the country did not long enjoy his services. On the last day of a Durham Assizes, being also the Commission Day at Newcastle, I once heard Watson address a jury without his wig, and dressed in an olive-green Newmarket coat with metal buttons, close-cut, tight-strapped trousers, and military spurs! Even this disguise looked less unprofessional than the beastly beards and wild whiskers we see now-a-days.* No brief of mine ever did or should go into the hands of a barrister with the hairy face of a hermit. Watson generally rode the Summer Circuit on horseback, and was said sometimes to play the fiddle, *neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*. One day, at Durham, he had gained a verdict for a defendant. Next day, the unlucky plaintiff came under his clutches as a witness. "Ah, Mr. ——," said Watson, "you were the unfortunate plaintiff yesterday. From my heart I am sorry for you." "Yes, sir," gravely replied the witness, "you may be sorry, but the grief is all my own!"

Decidedly the most popular and by much the most frequently employed man at Durham was Mr. T. C. Granger, who became member for the city, and a Queen's Counsel. "Tom Granger," as he was familiarly called, was, in his day, even a greater favourite than "John Davison" at a later period. Granger never seemed to be in the least over-matched. He always knew his own case thoroughly. He was a very good lawyer, and was never unprepared for any legal difficulty which might be started. There was no springing a mine under the feet of Granger. Added to a sound, not a superficial, knowledge of law, he had an untiring industry, a zeal, and a pertinacity, which made him unrivalled as a "poor man's Counsellor." He threw himself heart and soul into his cases; and, win or lose, and twice out of thrice it was a win, he always satisfied his clients. Granger had a world of shrewdness and sagacity, and knew human nature far better than most folks. He cross-examined a witness well, and, despite a slight physical impediment or peculiarity, spoke fluently, though not glibly, and, on occasion, eloquently. Nobody was his equal in anything which might be termed local: he knew the dialect and the habits and customs of the people intimately. With a Durham common jury, it was always far more than old Michael Brunton the Richmond druggist's favourite odds of five to four on Tom Granger. But *Nisi Prius* was but a part of what Granger did do and could do. He was a fairly good conveyancer; he did Equity in the Durham Court of Chancery; he did Insolvent Court; he did Sessions appeals, and criminal business, almost exclusively defensive, both at Sessions and Assizes. His defences of prisoners were really masterpieces of ingenuity and invention. His great forte was to show that the innocence of the prisoner was quite consistent with the evidence for the prosecution. Not only did he know what to say, but where to stop, and when to be silent, and how to leave a witness alone. Vulgarly, he was what is called "hard-bitten," but there was nothing vulgar about Tom Granger, without it was his whiskers, which were then only tolerated, and not approved. No man was more constantly before the public, and I never knew any man at the Bar who did so many things so well. His labour must have been enormous, and his only relief variety. All was thrown upon his shoulders. He hardly ever had a junior, and few of the attorneys who habitually employed him were men likely to assist him with a reference or a suggestion. In my opinion, Granger did not live long enough to be rightly appreciated. That he would at last have been a judge I entertain no manner of doubt. Atherton, in my opinion, was by no means the equal of Granger; yet,

* The Beard Movement, which began when our veterans, bronzed and unshorn, returned from the Crimea, had well-nigh reached its full development, except among a few old-fashioned people like Mr. Robson himself, at the time this passage was written.

when Atherton got Granger's seat at Durham, Atherton was soon made Attorney-General.

On the Northern Circuit we had Serjeant Murphy, who was a most eloquent and highly humorous Irishman, and in education and in manners a gentleman all over. We had also Serjeant Wilkins, who was widely renowned for his defence of prisoners. In my humble judgment, he was vastly over-rated. He had none of Granger's ingenuity and dexterity in dealing with facts or with witnesses, and just as little of Granger's astuteness, subtlety, and vigilance, in picking a hole in an indictment. You could tell in a moment that Wilkins was neither a scholar, a lawyer, nor a gentleman, and that he was a mere half-bred and half-schooled adventurer in the profession, which was the fact. If Dundas and Stuart Wortley were literally blood to the heels, there was not as much gentle blood in Wilkins's whole body as would supper a hungry flea. No man is the worse for being purely plebeian, but I confess to a reverence for birth, and in my opinion an ounce of blood is worth a pound of flesh. Wilkins's frowns and tones used to remind me of the leading tragedian in Billy Purvis's show, and his language was seldom either chaste or classic, and not by any means the English of Swift, Bolingbroke, Chatham, or Burke. He always made me think of a Methodist preacher, not that he spoke with either whine or nasal twang. Cases for bullying, brow-beating or badgering witnesses, or for powerful and earnest appeals to the jury, come but seldom; and when you have this sort of thing over and over again, you are no more affected by it than by the sad face of an undertaker at a funeral. Still, there was no denying that Wilkins had a vast deal of inborn ability and natural oratory. Lay aside prejudiced or fastidious criticism, and you could not fail to be impressed and to admire. Some of Wilkins's apostrophes or exclamations, in my opinion, far exceeded his set speeches—such for instance as, "O witness, forget for one moment that you are a policeman, and let the truth escape!" It was no wonder that Wilkins was well employed. But though his gains, even on the scale of criminal courts, must have been considerable, he is said to have died very poor. I have heard that Baron Martin, who was a kind friend to him during life, had to subscribe either to bury him, or towards making some temporary provision for his widow.

Mr. Hugh Hill was one of that almost extinct class whom we were wont to call great juniors. Where was there ever a neater pleader or a safer adviser than Hugh Hill? He was very nearly the equal of Watson in these respects, but, unlike Watson, he had not in him the making of a leader. Bramwell, Willes, and Blackburn, three very great judges, never were Queen's Counsel, and Hugh Hill was not one long. He was speedily raised to the Bench which was his proper place, but, like Watson, he died almost too soon for judicial fame.

Mr. Stapylton, the late Judge of the Durham County Courts, was a junior between the beginning of 1840 and the end of 1846. How much earlier he was a junior is more than I can say, but as he was a steward along with Granger at a Bachelors' Ball in Durham before the passing of the first Reform Bill, I presume that his professional career at the Assizes would begin before my going to Durham. Mr. Stapylton was principally employed as a conveyancer, and as such was held in high repute. But he also did a good deal of ordinary pleading in the Court of Pleas at Durham, and this occasionally led to a brief at the Assizes. I cannot take upon mysef to say that Mr. Stapylton would have been fully equal to the mystery of giving colour, or the abstruse nicety of the replication *absque hoc*, but he was a safe and judicious pleader for the common run of actions. He used also to sit as Assessor for the Sheriff on the execution of writs of trial under £20, and writs of inquiry to assess damages, a practice which was found to be erroneous. All this was excellent training for his long and useful career as a County Court Judge, which began in 1847 and ended in 1872.

Mr. Robert Ingham is another man with a local name and habitation. Mr. Ingham, who, called to the Bar in 1820, still lives* at Westoe, in excellent health and universal esteem, is, I believe, the son of an eminent surgeon in Newcastle. He was a fellow-pupil with the late Baron Watson of Mr. Patteson, afterwards Sir John Patteson, a Justice of the Queen's Bench, whose fame will be enduring, and hardly more as a Judge than as one of the joint-editors or annotators of Saunders's Reports. Mr. Ingham was Recorder of Berwick, and became a Queen's Counsel and Attorney-General of the County Palatine. Mr. Ingham often did junior practice at the Assizes, and got a very great many references. His great place before being made a Queen's Counsel was the Quarter Sessions. Mr. Ingham was not a man to prosecute or defend prisoners, but there was a fund of lucrative employment in those days in the way of rating and settlement appeals which, not infrequently, went to the Queen's Bench.

It used to be profanely said that faith might remove a mountain, but not a pauper. I have known more money spent in vainly trying to remove a pauper from Sunderland to Alnmouth than would have purchased the pauper an annuity on which he might have lived in clover. The technical objections to the order and the examinations were sure to prove insuperable, and they were all masked under a general ground of appeal that the order and examinations were "informal, irregular, insufficient, bad, and defective on the face thereof." Granger was a dreaded assailant, but even Granger at Durham was nothing to Robert Pashley, who was a West Riding Sessions man. Pashley used to come to Durham Assizes.

* Mr. Ingham, who sat in Parliament for some time as member for South Shields, died at Westoe on October 21st, 1875. (See Mr. Welford's "Men of Mark," in *Weekly Chronicle*.—Ingham.)

He had the finest head I ever saw on human shoulders. Baron Alderson is said to have owed his introduction to practice to his big head. This attracted the notice of a Yorkshire attorney, who thought that there was plenty of room to hold a deal, if it was only full! When an Act was passed to get rid of merely formal objections wholly beside the merits, it was humorously termed, "An Act for the better suppression of Pashley."

Bliss was another Yorkshire Sessions man who came to Durham. So was Price and so was Overend. All three were good men, and all three took silk. When York was taken from the Northern Circuit and added to the Midland in 1863, all the barristers then belonging to the Northern Circuit were set free either to join the Midland Circuit or to continue on the Northern Circuit as altered, and retain York in addition. The Northern Circuit then lost nearly all the men whose main connection lay in Yorkshire. Mr. Digby Seymour, whose chief Sessions place had been Hull, also changed his circuit. Mr. Seymour is not, of course, a barrister of bygone days, and therefore of him I cannot speak any more than of Mr. Manisty, Mr. J. C. Heath, and some others.*

Out of regard to space and to the patience of my readers, I must group together the remaining barristers of bygone days. There was the astute and learned Cowling, whom nature bred for the Bench upon which he did not live to sit. There was Stephen Temple, a fair average man, whether single-handed, or as a junior, or as a leader. I saw Temple get one of the only two verdicts I myself, with my own ears, ever heard given for a railway company when sued by a passenger. Temple's plaintiff was a dirty, low, roguish Jew, who was about put out of court by the candour and honesty of his own Gentile surgeon. I well recollect Stephen Temple ridiculing the idea of "a shock to the nervous system" of a Jew whose pocket had not been touched. There was "Pig" Addison, who always did the work of the Darlington attorneys. I ought to explain that the learned and painstaking Joseph Addison was not called "Pig" Addison from any uncleanliness of person or habits, like the Manchester barrister of bygone days who was nicknamed "Vambeest Brown," but that the prefix of "Pig" was put figuratively and complimentarily on account of his patient grubbing and getting at the bottom of everything. There was Hindmarch, great in the law of patents and good at a vast deal of other law besides, and whom I have seen force Mr. Justice Cresswell to listen, and to end by changing his opinion. There was Samuel Warren, of abundantly-earned literary fame. There was Robert Matthews, who was no bad hand at defending a prisoner. There was John Unthank and Frederic Robinson, who equalled Thomas Chitty, below the bar, in the science and the art, or, to speak more correctly, the artful science of drawing pleadings in the days of special demurrers. There was Sir Gregory Lewin, who, on the strength of his having once been in the navy, sometimes got a brief in a running-down case at sea. Sir Gregory was a good man on the Crown side, though but moderate at *Nisi Prius*. He was the writer of "Lewin's Crown Cases Reserved," and was judicially described the other day as "a notoriously inaccurate reporter." There was Ramshay, afterwards the eccentric Judge of the Liverpool County Court, whose face always suggested soap as his wig did powder. And there were many other barristers of bygone days, doubtless equally deserving of a passing notice, whose names I cannot at this moment call to mind. In 1844, the Hon. Adolphus F. O. Liddell joined the circuit. He might owe his early introduction to practice to his family influence and connections, but he indisputably owed his success to his own intrinsic merit alone. After patiently working his way up to a silk gown, with the leadership of the Northern Circuit almost within his grasp, he suddenly surprised the profession by accepting the office of Permanent Under-Secretary of State, and became a barrister of bygone days.

* Mr. Seymour is, of course, his Honour Judge W. Digby Seymour, now in charge of the Newcastle County Court District.

The Late Baron Watson.

The following communication, from the late Mr. John Theodore Hoyle, then Coroner for Newcastle, who had the high honour and great advantage of being himself a pupil of the late Baron Watson, was sent to Mr. Robson at the time his articles originally appeared :—

William Henry Watson was the son of an officer in His Majesty's army, I believe in the Enniskillen Dragoons. He had a small patrimonial estate in the Parish of Bamborough in Northumberland, which the late Baron parted with only a few years before his death.

After the peace of 1815, Mr. Watson became the pupil of Mr. Patteson, then a special pleader, afterwards Sir John Patteson the Judge, and, after the usual course of study in his Chambers, Mr. Watson soon got into considerable practice as a special pleader. His first Chambers were, I think, in Lamb's Buildings in the Temple, and, in 1830, he removed from thence to King's Bench Walk, where he continued until called to the Bar in that year.

Here, I believe, he had eleven pupils, including amongst them the present Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, Mr. Dickenson, who afterwards became a Judge in New South Wales, and Mr. Edward Rushton, afterwards Stipendiary Magistrate at Liverpool.

Mr. Watson was wont often to discourse with his pupils with the view of inciting them to industry in the pursuit of their profession. He used to say that he inherited nothing but his father's sword, and had no education except the little reading, writing, and arithmetic which he got at Tommy Redman's school at Kirkharle, in Northumberland. It is not quite clear whether he was in action at Waterloo, but he had the medal, and he used frequently to advert to the fact that he was under fire in the Peninsula, and had cooked his food on his sword when at Passage.

He married twice—first, the sister of the present Sir William Armstrong (now Lord Armstrong), and after her death, Miss Capron, the daughter of the Rector of Midhurst, in Sussex. There was a son by each marriage. The first is a Barrister, and the second, who is in the Royal Engineers, was in the advanced parallel at Sebastopol, and, after that, when his father became a judge, he was once or twice on the Northern Circuit as judge's marshal.

John Foster, the Essayist, in Newcastle.

AMONG the most eminent literary men who flourished in the early part of the century was John Foster, the son of a small farmer who resided near Halifax, Yorkshire, where Foster was born on Sept. 17, 1770. Known far and wide as Foster the Essayist, the Yorkshireman's son is famous for his essays "On Decision of Character," "On the Evils of Popular Ignorance," "On the Application of the Epithet Romantic," and on other kindred and thoughtful subjects.

The youth was first placed to learn the trade of a weaver. When he was seventeen years old, however, he attracted the notice of a Baptist minister at Hebden Bridge, who procured for him the means of entering as a student the Baptist College at Bristol. The first pulpit which he seems to have occupied after leaving college was that of the old Baptist Chapel (still in existence, but in a ruinous condition) on Tuthill Stairs, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here, however, he did not remain long. Afterwards he held appointments at Chichester in Sussex, at Frome in Somersetshire, and at Downend, near Bristol.

At intervals between these different appointments he devoted himself to literature, contributing regularly to the *Eclectic Review*, for which magazine he wrote altogether 185 articles. The Essays were first published in 1805; nearly forty years later fifty of the papers he had contributed to the *Review* were selected and issued in a separate form; while two volumes of lectures, delivered at Broadmead in 1822, were edited from his notes by his friend Mr. J. E. Ryland, and published subsequent to the author's death, which took place at Stapleton, near Bristol, on Oct. 15, 1843.

Mr. Ryland published also a most interesting volume entitled "The Life and Correspondence of John Foster." It is from this volume that we take the following account of Foster's experiences in Newcastle :—

After leaving Bristol, the first place in which Mr. Foster regularly engaged as a preacher was Newcastle-on-Tyne. An ancient room in this town, situated at the top of a flight of steps called Tuthill Stairs, had been occupied by a Baptist congregation ever since the year 1725. It was capable of holding scarcely more than a hundred persons, and both before and during Foster's stay the average attendance was much below this number. Yet, in so small an auditory, there were a few individuals capable of appreciating the merits of the preacher, and who took a very gratifying interest in his discourses.

"I have involuntarily caught a habit," he tells his friend Mr. Horsfall, "of looking too much on the right hand side of the meeting. 'Tis on account of about half-a-dozen sensible fellows who sit together there. I cannot keep myself from looking at them. I sometimes almost forget that I have any other auditors. They have so many significant looks, pay such a particular and minute attention, and so instantaneously catch anything curious, that they become a kind of mirror in which the preacher may see himself. Sometimes, whether you will believe it or not, I say humorous things. Some of these men instantly perceive it, and smile; I, observing, am almost betrayed into a smile myself!"

Mr. Forster remained at Newcastle little more than three months; he arrived August 5, 1792, and left towards the close of November. According to his own account, his mode of life during this period was almost that of a recluse; his mental habits were undisciplined, his application to study fitful and desultory, and his purpose as to the specific employment of his future life unfixed.

"I am thinking," he writes to his friend, who was then a student at Brearley, "how different is the state of the family in which you reside from that where my lot is fixed for the present. Your family seems a kind of ludicro-moral museum, comprising specimens of all the odd productions found in the world of men. Now observe the contrast. Mrs. F. is, with one of the servants, gone some time since to London, and the whole mansion is now left to Mr. F., one maid, and myself. Mr. F. was bit by the mastiff that guards the factory, so severely that he has been confined to the house, and at present does not even quit his bedchamber. Now, then, I absolutely breakfast, dine, drink tea, and sup alone; except that beside my table places himself Pero, a large and very generous dog, my most devoted friend, and the willing companion of all my adventures. Having, you know, neither spouse nor children, I frequently amuse myself with Pero. I am mistaken, or the name of Pero shall live when your coxcombs, your consequential blockheads, and your . . . images of fattened clay, are heard of no more. Though the town is only about two or three hundred yards from the house, I never take any notice of it, and very rarely enter it, but on the Sunday. I often walk into the fields, where I contemplate horses and cows, and birds and grass; or along the river, where I observe the motions of the tide, the effect of the wind, or, if 'tis evening, the moon and stars reflected in the water. When inclined to read, I am amply furnished with books. When I am in the habit of musing, I can shut myself in my solitary chamber, and walk over the floor, throw myself on a chair, or recline on my table; or, if I would dream, I can extend myself on the bed. When the day is fled, I lie down in the bosom of night, and sleep soundly till another arrives; then I awake, solitary still; I either rise to look at my watch, and then lay myself awhile on the bed looking at the morning skies, or . . . . in a magic reverie behold the varied scenes of life, and poise myself on the wings of visionary contemplation over the shaded regions of futurity. . . . . Such, my friend, are the situation and the train in which I pass life away."

That Foster did not like Newcastle is perhaps still more conclusively shown in another letter to Mr. Horsfall, dated October 2, 1792 :—

A correspondent of genius and observation might give you an amusing account of Newcastle; but such qualifications are but in a small degree mine. The town is an immense, irregular mass of houses. There are a few fine uniform streets; but the greater number exhibit an awkward succession of handsome and wretched buildings. The lower part of the town, as being in the bottom of the valley, is dirty in an odious degree. It contains thousands of wretched beings, not one of whom can be beheld without pity or disgust. . . . The general characteristic of the inhabitants seems to be a certain roughness, expressive at once of ignorance and insensibility. . . . . I know little of the dissenters in general. I was one evening lately a good deal amused at the Presbyterian or Scotch meeting, by the stupidity of their psalms—the grimace of the clerk—the perfect insignificance of the parson—and the silly, unmeaning attention of a numerous auditory. . . . But *our* meeting for amplitude and elegance! I believe you never saw its equal. It is, to be sure, considerably larger than your lower school; but then so black and so dark! It looks just like a conjuring-room, and accordingly the ceiling is all covered with curious antique figures to aid the magic. That thing which they call the *pulpit*

is as black as a chimney; and, indeed, there is a chimney-piece and a very large old fire-case behind it. There is nothing by which the door of this same *pulpit* can be fastened, so that it remains partly open, as if to invite some good person or other to assist you when you are in straits. My friend Pero, whom I have mentioned before, did me the honour one Sunday to attempt to enter; but, from some prudential notion, I suppose, I signified my will to the contrary by pulling-to the door, and he very modestly retired. Yet I like this pulpit mightily; 'tis so much the reverse of that odious, priestly pomp which insults your eyes in many places. I hate priestly consequence and ecclesiastical formalities. When I order a new coat, I believe it will not be black. In such a place as this it would be unnatural to speak *loud*, and consequently there cannot be a great degree of exterior animation. I believe my manner is always cool; this is not so happy, I confess; but it is nature, and all nature's opponents will be vanquished.

The Keelmen's Hospital.

IT was in 1539 that the keelmen announced themselves as a fraternity in Newcastle. In 1556 mention is made of them as an independent society, though nearly a century later (1649) we find them depending upon the Hoastmen, which body they solicited to furnish them with a chapel and minister. In 1697, the keelmen had established a charitable fund, to which, two years later, each of them contributed the sum of fourpence a tide. But it was not till 1700 that they petitioned the authorities of the town for a site on which to build a hospital, to the maintenance of which the aforesaid contributions were to be devoted. The request was granted, and a lease was accordingly executed on the 4th of October of the same year, in the name of the governor, wardens, and fraternity of Hoastmen, for the use and benefit of the keelmen during a period of ninety-nine years.

The hospital thus founded is situated on a piece of rising ground in the New Road above Sandgate, and was built in 1701, at a cost of £2,000. It is a fine old square brick building, "done," as Mackenzie, the historian of Newcastle, says, "in the form of colleges and monasteries, having its low walk round in imitation of cloysters." The area in the middle of the hospital is about eighty-three feet broad, and about ninety-seven feet long. The institution contains sixty dwelling-rooms, which are occupied by the widows of decayed keelmen. The inmates are supported by a fund connected with the hospital. A stone bearing the following inscription records the gift of an early benefactor:—"In the Year 1786, the Interest of £100, at 5 per Cent. for ever, to be annually distributed, on the twenty-third Day of December, among the ten oldest Keelmen resident in the Hospital, was left by John Simpson, Esq., of Bradley, Alderman of this Town, and forty Years Governor of the Hoastmen's Company. The grateful objects of his Remembrance have caused this Stone to be erected, that Posterity may know the Donor's Worth, and be stimulated to follow an Example so benevolent."

It was in 1786 also that an Act of Parliament was passed for the better regulation of the Keelmen's Benefit Society. The measure was entitled "an Act for establishing a permanent fund for the relief and support of the skippers and keelmen employed on the River Tyne, who by sickness or other accidental misfortune, or by old age, shall not be able to maintain themselves and families, and for the relief of the widows and children of such

KEELMEN'S HOSPITAL, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

skippers and keelmen." The stewards and clerk meet, or did meet, to collect and distribute the funds of the society every six weeks. At the general annual meeting, or "head meeting day," as it was called, the keelmen in other days used to form themselves into procession, and, accompanied with bands of music, march through the town, and then dine together in state. Speaking of the Keelmen's Hospital, Dr. Moor, a former Bishop of Ely, remarked "that he had heard of and seen many hospitals, the works of rich men, but that was the first he ever saw or heard of which had been built by the poor."

The institution was the scene of a dreadful tragedy on January 2, 1829, when a woman named Jane Jamieson murdered her mother, who was an inmate of the place. For this she was afterwards (on the 7th of March) executed on the Town Moor.

Egglestone Abbey.

ABOUT a couple of miles south-east of Barnard Castle the ruins of the once stately Egglestone Abbey occupies a picturesque position on the Yorkshire bank of the Tees. The abbey is said to have been founded by Ralph de Multon near the year 1189 for Premonstratensian canons. It was dedicated to St. Mary and St. John the Baptist. Between the years 1195 and 1208, Philip of Poictou, Bishop of Durham, granted to the inmates the manor of Egglestone, in the county of Durham, seven miles further up the Tees. History otherwise is almost silent as to the place until the Dissolution of the Monasteries, when, like other religious houses in the kingdom, it was seized on behalf of the Crown.

The venerable remains are but a mere shell, and no conception can be formed by the ordinary observer of the architectural beauties of the original building. The abbey church, a cruciform structure, has best sustained the ravages of time and the destroying hand of man.

Turner, the great landscape painter, made a drawing of Egglestone for Dr. Whittaker's "Richmondshire," and it is probable that, long after Whittaker's bulky tomes are forgotten, copies of the artist's composition will be in demand. Turner, it may be remembered, made many sketches for the same work, and proofs thereof are treasured by collectors for the light they throw upon the development of the genius of one of the most gifted painters of all time. As showing the interest attached to the engravings in Whittaker's book, it may be stated that they were recently published as a volume quite independent of the historian's description.

Leland tells us that a bed of grey limestone in the Tees was in his time wrought as a marble quarry, and Whittaker was of opinion that most of the tombs in some of the churches in Richmondshire were made of the material thus quarried. According to Leland, there were once

EGGLESTONE ABBEY, NEAR BARNARD CASTLE.

to be found in Egglestone Abbey "two fair tumbes of gray marble." "In the greater," he says, "was buried, as I learned, one Syre Rafe Bowes; and in the lesser one of the Rokebys." But the tomb of Sir Ralph Bowes has since been removed to Rokeby, where it stands in the grounds near Mortham Tower.

Sir Walter Scott, in his poem of "Rokeby," places the tragic death of Oswald Wycliffe and Bertram of Risingham in Egglestone Abbey.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Thomas Haswell,

SCHOOLMASTER AND MUSICIAN.

IN the year that Louis XVI. was beheaded, and about the date that England declared war against his executioners, a Shields seaman, named George Haswell, married, enjoyed a brief honeymoon of twenty-four hours, and then signed articles for a voyage to Riga. The vessel to which he engaged himself proceeded to sea, completed her passage, discharged her coals, took in her homeward cargo, and, when all was ready, sailed for the Tyne. To the Tyne, in due course, she came, but George Haswell did not arrive with her. The good ship had been overhauled in the North Sea by the frigate Lezard, and he, with others of the crew, had been "pressed" into the navy. There was something unusual about this particular impressment—so unusual indeed that an inquiry was held, which ended in the captain of the Lezard being superseded by the gallant, and afterwards heroic, Rodney. Punishment of the captain did not, however, procure the liberation of the impressed seamen. George Haswell served his Majesty for three years before he saw his bride again. At the end of that time, a free man once more, he obtained one of the sham protections commonly used among seamen in those days, and, contriving to escape the attentions of the "pressgang" during the remainder of the war, settled down in the harbour town of his birth as a foy-boatman.

Thomas Haswell, one of a numerous family born to the industrious seafarer, first saw the light in 1807. At the age of eight he was sent to learn the little that was taught in North Shields Royal Jubilee School—one of a series of similar institutions that in various parts of the kingdom had been opened, four years before, to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the reign of George III. After only three years' schooling he was taken from school and set to work—first as helper to his father on the river, then to grind glasses with a maker of "watch crystals," next as errand boy to a grocer, and at length, when fifteen years of age, as apprentice, for six years, to a master painter. The little knowledge which he had acquired in the "Royal Jubilee" excited a thirst for more, and, the means of obtaining it in the usual way being withdrawn, he began to educate himself. A passion for music sprang up; to gratify and cultivate it he joined the choir of Christ Church, where he had the advantage of studying thorough bass and counterpoint under a fine specimen of the old-fashioned choirmaster, Thomas Oxley. Mr. Oxley possessed a magnificent voice, had a thorough knowledge of music, and was so devoted to his art that he held his choir practices at six o'clock in the morning! Young Haswell made rapid progress under Oxley's tuition, and at the age of sixteen joined a military band, of which, shortly afterwards, he was made the leader. Up to that time scarcely anything beyond a plain quick-step or slow march was attempted by bands of this class; but he, not content with such a limited repertoire, arranged standard glees and choruses from the oratorios for his players. The new departure led to his becoming leader of a fine band in South Shields, which gave a weekly performance of classical music, scored by himself. Before long he acquired, without any tuition, a complete knowledge of the pianoforte and organ. Nor were graver studies neglected. All the time that could be spared from his trade and his music was devoted to mental improvement. He had formed the idea that his real life's work was to be found in teaching; he was determined to bring to that work, when the time

arrived for it, a well-stored mind, and he realized his object.

Preferring the "National" to the "Lancasterian" system of imparting instruction, he entered Westoe Lane National School, South Shields, as a pupil teacher, and having acquired the method adopted in such institutions, he accepted the mastership of Trinity Church School in that town. Here an excellent prospect appeared to be opening out before him, and it did open out, though not exactly in the way that he and his friends expected. For, instead of remaining in the southern harbour town to win his laurels, he was enabled to re-cross the water and win them in the place of his nativity. In 1838, soon after he had taken charge of the Trinity lads, the head-mastership of his old school, the "Royal Jubilee," fell vacant; he became a candidate, carried all before him, and was elected over the heads of thirty competitors. Thus in the 32nd year of his age, twenty-one years after he had left the Royal Jubilee a half-educated scholar, he re-entered its walls as chief master.

Mr. Haswell found his old school, with only forty pupils, in a deplorable condition. The system of teaching had but little changed since he spent his two and a half years of drudgery within its uninviting walls. The same dull, stereotyped plan prevailed—weary copying of monotonous platitudes upon ricketty slates, listless reading of dull monitions from repellent lesson books, objectless iteration of sums in the four simple rules of arithmetic. As fast as he dared, and his private means would allow, Mr. Haswell changed all this. Music, drawing, elementary chemistry, and many other subjects were introduced into the school curriculum. Nor were athletic exercises forgotten. At regular intervals the boys, about 200 in number, were marched to Tynemouth to bathe and to swim, or be taught to swim, in the sea. At all times games of strength and skill were encouraged, and although the master superintended them and joined in them, he never obtruded his authority unnecessarily, but allowed his lads to play as boys love to play—in their own way. Thus there grew up between him and his pupils, poor, ill-fed, and ill-clad as many of them were, an affectionate regard, a mutual pride, and a generous confidence that lightened the task of the one and eased the toil of the other. In after years, old boys filling useful stations in life acknowledged their obligations by friendly correspondence, gifts to the old school, and other tokens of grateful remembrance. Numbers of them, taking to the sea, rose from forecastle to cabin, and commanded great ships in great waters. A writer in the *Newcastle Chronicle* some years ago recorded a gathering of ship captains icebound in the Baltic, who, dining together on Christmas Day, and recounting the exploits of youth, discovered that each of them had been a scholar at the "Jubilee," and received his first lesson in navigation from Mr. Haswell.

In the second year of his mastership, Mr. Haswell married a lady of musical taste and culture—Miss Matilda Preston Armstrong, and with her assistance was able to develop his musical genius side by side with his school duties. Absorbing as these duties were, he managed to instruct private pupils in music, to organise concerts and entertainments, and, in 1851 or 1852, to undertake the duties of organist at the parish church of North Shields, with all its responsibilities of choir training, choir practice, and frequent service. He found time also to compose music for his choir, and melodies for the poetical inspirations of his friends. "Tynemouth Abbey," a beautiful air which he set to words by Mr. John Stobbs, is known all over the North-Country. One of his melodies, wedded to verses written by Mr. J. S. Edington for the opening of North Shields Mechanics' Institute, is strangely suggestive of the gem in Gounod's "Redemption," published years afterwards, both compositions being founded upon an identical bass. Another air, "Welcome to the Hungarian Exiles," gave life to other stirring lines by Mr. Edington, while "The Life Brigade" performed the same service for a song by Dr. Spence Watson. The theory of music was his favourite study; the practice of it his chief delight. That he had penetrated deeply into the subject is shown by the following passage from the preface to a profound work on "Musical Intervals and Temperament" (now a University text-book), written by his friend W. S. B. Woolhouse, F.R.A.S., the eminent mathematician and astronomer:—

> The publication of the first edition of this essay was originally prompted by the suggestions of an old and highly esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Haswell, of North Shields, who always took great interest in musical disquisitions, and was a diligent inquirer into everything appertaining to them.

During the early years of its existence, the "Royal Jubilee," supported by voluntary subscriptions, had been a free school. Later on a penny a week was charged. But after the Education Act was passed subscriptions fell off, and it became necessary to obtain a Government grant and place the institution under Government inspection. Mr. Haswell rose to the occasion. Such was his devotion to his work that, at 63 years of age, submitting to the ordeal of a formal examination, he obtained a piece of parchment certifying that he was competent to conduct a school in which he had already trained from four to five thousand boys for the battle of life! In 1880 the school was taken over by the School Board, and in December, 1886, having the year before sustained an irreparable loss by the death of his wife, he retired from his post. Verging upon fourscore years, he had been, for the most part of half a century, in active service, and the Education Department, mindful of his long and arduous labours, assigned to him a small retiring pension. It was a considerate act, which the recipient appreciated. Unfortunately he did not live long to enjoy it. On the 8th December, 1889, his 82nd

birthday, he passed away, his last words being the formula with which he had closed the Jubilee School every day for nearly fifty years—"Slates away, boys!"

Twelve months after Mr. Haswell's death his old scholars and friends honoured his memory by presenting his portrait (painted by Mr. Shotton, a local artist) to the Public Library at North Shields, and by giving to the dux of the Jubilee School a medal bearing his name, a view of the school, of the house in which he lived, and of the tower of the church in which he played the organ.

Sir Arthur Hazlerigg,

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNOR OF NEWCASTLE.

This family traces from Rodger de Hezilrigge, one of the knights in the invading army of William the Conqueror, and it ranks amongst the most ancient gentry in the kingdom.—*Burke.*

The family of Hazlerigg, or Heselrige, is found, a century and a half after the Conquest, in possession of valuable estates in the county of Northumberland. It

Sir Arthur Haylerigg.

held the fertile manors of Brunton and Fawdon, in the parish of Gosforth, and of Weetslade, which lies to the northward, a little beyond Gosforth boundary. By virtue of these possessions, "William de Hesilrigg" was sent to represent Northumberland in two successive Parliaments of Edward II. For some or all of these estates, in July, 1323, when the muster-roll was called over at Newcastle, "Simon de Heselrige" answered to his name, and, for the same reason, in the later Parliaments of Edward III. and the first of Richard II., another William de Hesilrigg represented the county. A great-grandson of Simon, "Thomas de Hesilrigg," widened the family connection by a fortunate marriage. Towards the close of the fourteenth century he was united to Isabel, co-heir of Sir Roger Heron, Knt., by Margaret, daughter of Sir Ralph Hastings, and through this alliance he acquired the fine estate of Nosely, in the county of Leicester, which has been ever since the family seat. From their union descended, in the seventh generation, Sir Thomas Hazlerigg of Nosely and Brunton, created a baronet in July, 1622. Sir Thomas died in January, 1629, leaving, as his heir, his son Arthur, whose career is now to be recorded.

Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, succeeding to the title and estates at his father's decease, was living the life of a country gentleman at Nosely when that fatal contention began between Charles I. and his subjects which ended in Civil War. Party spirit, engendered and fostered by the struggle, ran so high that every man of position in the kingdom was, as it were, compelled to take sides in the quarrel. Sir Arthur cast in his lot with the rising party in the State who were determined to check the king's tendencies towards absolute sovereignty, to uphold the privileges of Parliament, and to maintain the rights and liberties of the subject. His neighbours, the freeholders of Leicestershire, sympathising with his opinions, returned him as one of their representatives to the first Parliament that assembled after his father's death. Charles had been governing the realm without consulting either Lords or Commons for ten years, and Sir Arthur Hazlerigg entered the House of Commons as a member of that assembly which, hastily summoned in the spring of 1640, and as hastily dissolved three weeks afterwards, is distinguished in English History as the "Short Parliament." To the "Long Parliament," which met in the November of that year, he was re-elected, and from that date his public life may be said to run.

As soon as the House settled down to business, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg began to take a leading part in its proceedings, acting uniformly with the "Northern men," and identifying himself generally with the party led by Hampden and Pym. On the third day of the session he was placed upon an important committee—that of Elections, Returns, and Privileges. Within a few months he had made his mark by bringing in bills for the attainder of the Earl of Strafford, and for vesting the command of the militia in officers chosen by Parliament, supporting at the same time with much ardour and persistency Sir Edward Deering's bill for the extirpation of Episcopacy. In little more than a year his name was blazing all over the kingdom as that of a patriot, if not of a martyr.

So active had been Sir Arthur Hazlerigg's opposition to the Royal will that the king ordered him and five others to be put upon their trial for treason. On the 3rd of January, 1641-42, the House of Lords was startled by the sudden appearance in their midst of Herbert, the Attorney-General, who presented "articles of high treason and other misdemeanours" against Lord Kimbolton, a peer, and Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur

Hazlerigg, John Pym, John Hampden, and William Strode, members of the House of Commons. Shortly afterwards, the Commons were agitated by the entrance of the Sergeant-at-Arms, who, in the name of the king, demanded the arrest of the five members. The demand was not complied with, but next morning the accused attended in their places, and defended themselves from the vague accusations brought against them. The Commons thereupon took a bold step; they ordered the apprehension of the Royal emissaries who had seized and sealed up papers belonging to the five members, and, declaring the articles of high treason to be a "scandalous paper," desired the House of Lords to assist in bringing the authors of it to condign punishment. While they were deliberating, word was brought to the House that the king was on his way with a strong retinue to apprehend Sir Arthur Hazlerigg and the other members within the precincts of Parliament.

What followed, Rushworth, who was clerk's assistant, sitting at the table near the Speaker, has told us in his "Historical Collections":—

The doors of the House of Commons being thrown open, his Majesty entered the House, and as he passed up towards the Chair, he cast his eye on the Right-hand near the Bar of the House where Mr. Pym used to sit, but his Majesty not seeing him there (knowing him well) went up to the Chair and said, "By your leave (Mr. Speaker) I will borrow your Chair a little." Whereupon the Speaker came out of the Chair, and his Majesty stept up into it; after he had stood in the Chair a while, casting his Eye upon the Members as they stood up uncovered, but could not discern any of the five Members to be there. Then his Majesty made this speech:—"Gentlemen, I am sorry for this occasion of coming unto you. Yesterday, I sent a Sergeant at Arms upon a very Important occasion to apprehend some that by my command were accused of High Treason, whereunto I did expect Obedience, and not a Message. . . . Therefore, I am come to tell you that I must have them where-soever I find them. Well, since I see all the Birds are Flown, I do expect from you that you shall send them unto me, as soon as they return hither. But I assure you, on the word of a King, I never did intend any Force, but shall proceed against them in a legal and fair way, for I never meant any other."

When the King was looking about the House, the Speaker standing below by the Chair, his Majesty ask'd him whether any of these persons were in the House? Whether he saw any of them? and where they were? To which the Speaker, falling on his Knee, thus Answered:—"May it please your Majesty, I have neither Eyes to see, nor Tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose Servant I am here, and humbly beg your Majesty's Pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me."

The "birds" had "flown" indeed, and the king's pursuit of them into the City, where they were concealed, was as abortive as his intrusion into the House of Commons. Within a week, soured and disappointed, his Majesty quitted Whitehall, to which place he never returned till he was led through it to the scaffold. A few days after his departure, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg and his colleagues, leaving the City in a gaily-decorated barge, returned to the House "with such multitudes as had far more of a triumph than guard; and the seamen made fleets of boats, all armed with muskets and murdering pieces, which gave vollies all the way they went." The whole House, with the Speaker, rose to receive them, and while Sir Arthur, with Hampden, Hollis, and Strode, remained silent and uncovered, Pym tendered thanks.

Thenceforward Sir Arthur Hazlerigg resumed his accustomed place. It is scarcely possible to open the Journals of the House of Commons at this period without encountering his name as member of a committee, reporter of conferences with the House of Lords, teller for the Ayes or the Noes, or as acting in some equally useful and important capacity. Thus he continued till the failure of negotiations with the king at Oxford, in the early part of 1643, sent him into the field as a combatant. Parliament gave him the command of five hundred horse, and directed him to join Sir William Waller's troops in the West of England. His horsemen Clarendon describes as "so completely armed that they were called by the other side the Regiment of Lobsters, because of their bright iron shells with which they were covered, being perfect Cuirassiers; and were the first seen so armed on either side, and the first that made any impression on the King's Horse; who, being unarmed, were not able to bear a shock with them; besides that, they were secure from hurts of the sword, which were almost the only weapons the others were furnished with." The first battle in which he was engaged was that of Lansdown, near Bath, fought on the 5th of July, where his cuirassiers did good service, but neither side reaped much advantage. A week later he was in the fight at Roundway Down, near Devizes, where his horse, galloping up the hill, charged the Royal troops disadvantageously, and after a sharp conflict, in which he received many wounds, was put to a disorderly retreat. As soon as he recovered, Sir Arthur returned to his Parliamentary duties, and on the 22nd September he subscribed the Solemn League and Covenant. Parliament, appreciating his zeal and activity, voted him in December, 1644, "an estate in hands of the value of £2,000 per annum, in acknowledgment of his many great and faithful services to the kingdom," and, three years later, he was appointed Governor of Newcastle.

To the people of Tyneside, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg was no stranger, and they received him with open arms. The burgesses of Newcastle presented him with a silver basin and ewer, and in due time admitted him to the freedom of the town. Nor was their confidence in him misplaced. He was a resolute and capable man, and his government of Newcastle, to which was afterwards added Tynemouth, Berwick, and Carlisle, was characterised by firmness, prudence, and tact. A few months after his appointment he put down a general rising of the King's friends in the North under Marmaduke Langdale. A little later, when the troops at Tynemouth, seduced by his deputy, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry

Lilburn, declared for the king, he stormed the castle, put the garrison to the sword, and, cutting off Lilburn's head, placed it upon a pole as a warning to like offenders. For this service he was appointed one of the Council of State, and received a special vote of thanks from the House of Commons. In July, 1650, when Cromwell came through Newcastle, marching to the victory of Dunbar, Sir Arthur was his host. Later on, joining Cromwell in Edinburgh, he shared in the feastings and rejoicings there, and "at their going away the castle saluted them with many great guns, and vollies of small shot, and divers lords convoyed them out of the city."

While he was Governor of Newcastle, Sir Arthur added to his Northern possessions large portions of the confiscated lands belonging to the dissolved see of Durham. He acquired, among other estates, the rich manors of Bishop Auckland, Wolsingham, and Easingwold. So extensive indeed were his acquisitions of ecclesiastical land in the Palatinate that he was nicknamed by his adversaries Bishop of Durham. Nor did his dealings with the property of local Royalists, as one of the Commissioners for Sequestered Estates, escape criticism. Courageous John Hedworth, of Harraton, vented his feelings against him in "The Oppressed Man's Outcry," a remarkable epistle, which may be read in Richardson's "Reprints of Rare Tracts." To that most pungent attack some friend of Sir Arthur's published an equally pungent reply, entitled "Musgrave Muzzled, or the Traducer Gagged; Being a Just Vindication of the Rt. Honble. Sir Arthur Haselrigg. Newcastle: S. B. 1650." Into the quarrel turbulent John Lilburn intruded himself, and, as usual, met with discomfiture. A petition which he, and one Josiah Primat, a London leather-seller, circulated, accusing Sir Arthur and the Commissioners of wholesale confiscation and jobbery, was investigated by the House of Commons, voted to be "false, malicious, and scandalous," and ordered to be burnt by the common hangman.

Being a rigid Presbyterian, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg was the great friend and protector of the Puritan preachers in the North of England. To him four of them—Weld, Hammond, Trurin, and Durant—when publishing a posthumous volume of sermons by Ambrose Barnes's favourite minister, Cuthbert Sydenham, dedicated the work.

While the Long Parliament lasted, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg worked in harmony with the leaders of his party. But when, in 1653, Cromwell forcibly dissolved the House of Commons, a breach of the friendship which had for so long existed between these two great men occurred—a breach which was never properly healed. Sir Arthur resented Cromwell's violence as an infringement of the freedom and privilege of Parliament; Cromwell retaliated by omitting Sir Arthur from that political assembly, of his own choosing, which is known in history as the "Godly, or Barebones Parliament." At the election which followed the break up of Barebones's select convention, Sir Arthur was chosen to represent Newcastle; but, so far as the Journals afford evidence, he took no part whatsoever in the proceedings of the House. He was returned again in 1656, though for what constituency does not appear.

When the House of Peers was abolished, Cromwell nominated Sir Arthur Hazlerigg to be a member of an Upper Chamber which was to supersede the Lords, but Sir Arthur declined the honour. He did not approve of a division of parliamentary authority, and, according to Whitlock, he and his friends created difficulties which brought the affairs of the nation to a standstill. This condition of things continued till Cromwell, seeing no sign of returning harmony, dissolved both chambers. After the Protector's death, a new Parliament assembled under Richard Cromwell, and again Sir Arthur proved refractory. He procured the dismissal of Lambert, Fleetwood, and other old officers who had led the forces of Parliament to victory, and placed the entire control of the army in the hands of himself and six colleagues of his own party. General discontent of the troops followed this rash and ill-judged movement. Something like a mutiny occurred at Portsmouth. Within a few weeks afterwards, Monk came through Newcastle, marching southward with his Coldstream Guards, and the Commonwealth was tottering to its fall.

Monk, a wary tactician, feeling every step of his ground, conferred and coquetted alternately with both the great parties in the State. While the Puritans noted his attentions to Royalist leaders, the Royalists regarded him with suspicion, because, according to Clarendon, "he was thought to have most familiarity and to converse most freely with Sir Arthur Haslerig, who was irreconcilable to monarchy, and looked upon as the Chief of that Republican Party which desired not to preserve any face of Government in the Church, or Uniformity in the publick Exercise of Religion." The fears of the Royalists were groundless. Sir Arthur Hazlerigg had no influence over the General, and he soon found that even his hold upon the House of Commons was slipping from his grasp. In little more than twelve months after he had received the thanks of the House for his conduct at Portsmouth, viz., on the 6th March, 1660, in the restored Long Parliament, an information was laid against him by the Council of State, and the day following the charges were openly read in his presence. Standing up in his place, he denied the truth of the accusations, and that was his last appearance in the scene of his triumphs. After the Restoration, he was excepted, as regarded liberty and property, from the Act of Indemnity. He died in the Tower, a prisoner, about the 9th or 10th of January, 1661.

Sir Arthur Hazlerigg was twice married, his second wife

being a sister of Robert Greville, Lord Broke, the Parliamentary General. One of his daughters was that persistent Nonconformist, Kate, wife of Philip Babington, whose body found a resting-place in the garden at Alnham, as described in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 375, where, also, a curious sketch of Sir Arthur on a playing card appears. His successor in the title was his son Sir Thomas, married to the daughter and co-heir of George Fenwick, of Brinkburn. Sir Thomas was able to satisfy the King that he was a loyal subject, and about two years after his farther's death, the estates, or the greater part of them, were restored to him. The Northumbrian manors of Fawdon and Brunton were among the lands so restored, and they remained in possession of the family until 1768, when, by order of the Court of Chancery, they were sold, reserving only the coal royalites, which the family stil own.

"Shuffle, Darby, Shuffle."

JOHN STOBBS, of North Shields, who died in London a few years ago, communicated to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, in 1876, the following account of this song :—

I once heard an uncle and aunt of mine singing a song of which this was the chorus :—

Shuffle, Darby, shuffle, Darby,
One, two, three ;
Shuffle, Darby, shuffle, Darby,
One, two, three,

Now the most curious part of the case is, that it is the tune of the once famous "Jim Crow," and my relatives must have heard and learnt the song when they were young people, the air must have been in common use in the North long before Rice brought it back again from America ; and I think, taking their age into account, it is very possible they never heard "Jim Crow" at all. I think it very likely they would hear this old song in the neighbourhood of Bamborough, where they would spend a part of their youth, or perhaps at Glanton, where they afterwards removed. I could only get a fragment or two more than the chorus, but I had the subject matter told over to me. It was this :—A well-to-do farmer's daughter married her father's man-servant ; owing to circumstances, his education had been neglected, *i.e.*, he had not learned to dance. To make up the deficiency, she undertook to teach him herself, which certainly must have been a heavy undertaking, as she had to keep a young baby, do such work as scouring, darning stockings, &c., sing the tune, and tell him what to do—all at once. I was so pleased with the description that I have made up, with some of the fragments, a song of my own, which I will give below. How strange it seems, the possibility of the tune of "Jim Crow" having been played or sung at the Court of Ida, in his palace of Bamborough ! Yet such may have been. I cannot say whether or no the present song is like the original, but it will give a better idea of the description I had than I can convey in writing. The reader will please to take notice that the first eight lines are to be sung to the first part of "Jim Crow"; that is, the first part of the tune will be twice sung over ; whilst the chorus, "Shuffle, Darby," is to be sung to the "Wheel about, turn about," &c., of the same, but the words must be twice gone over as well as the music. This song has never been in print, and, I think, scarcely ever sung, although I have had it by me for a long time :—

Set aside the chairs, Darby,
Shut the cupboard door ;
Get yoursel a' ready on
The middle o' the floor.
Dance away, Darby, hinny,
Dance, dance, away ;
Never mind what ony body
Hes a mind to say.
Shuffle, Darby, shuffle, Darby,
One, two, three ;
Shuffle, Darby, shuffle, Darby,
One, two, three.

Round by the table, Darby,
Past the easy chair ;
Stop before the looking glass,
Cut and shuffle there.
Hush abi my bonny babby,
Never mind your dad ;
He's only in a merry fit,
He isn't gannin' mad.
Chorus : Shuffle, Darby, &c.

What would you like o' Sunday, Darby,
For your Sunday's dinner ?
My eyes, but your a good'n
To be only a beginner.
Run the reel, Darby, hinny,
Darby, run the reel,
Lor-a marcy, what a hole
There's in your stocking heel !
Chorus : Shuffle, Darby, &c.

Dance to the clock, Darby,
Dance to the clock ;
Mind as ye turn about
Ye dinnot get a knock.
Dance to the clock, Darby,
Turn about agyen,
Mind ye dinnot kick your toes
Again the trough styen.
Chorus : Shuffle, Darby, &c.

Cross the buckle, cross the buckle,
That's the way to dance ;
Cross the buckle, Darby ; wey,
Ye mun ha been at France.
Hush abi, my bonny babby,
Hush upon my knee ;
Your dad 'll be a first-rate
Dancer I can see.
Chorus : Shuffle, Darby, &c.

EDITOR.

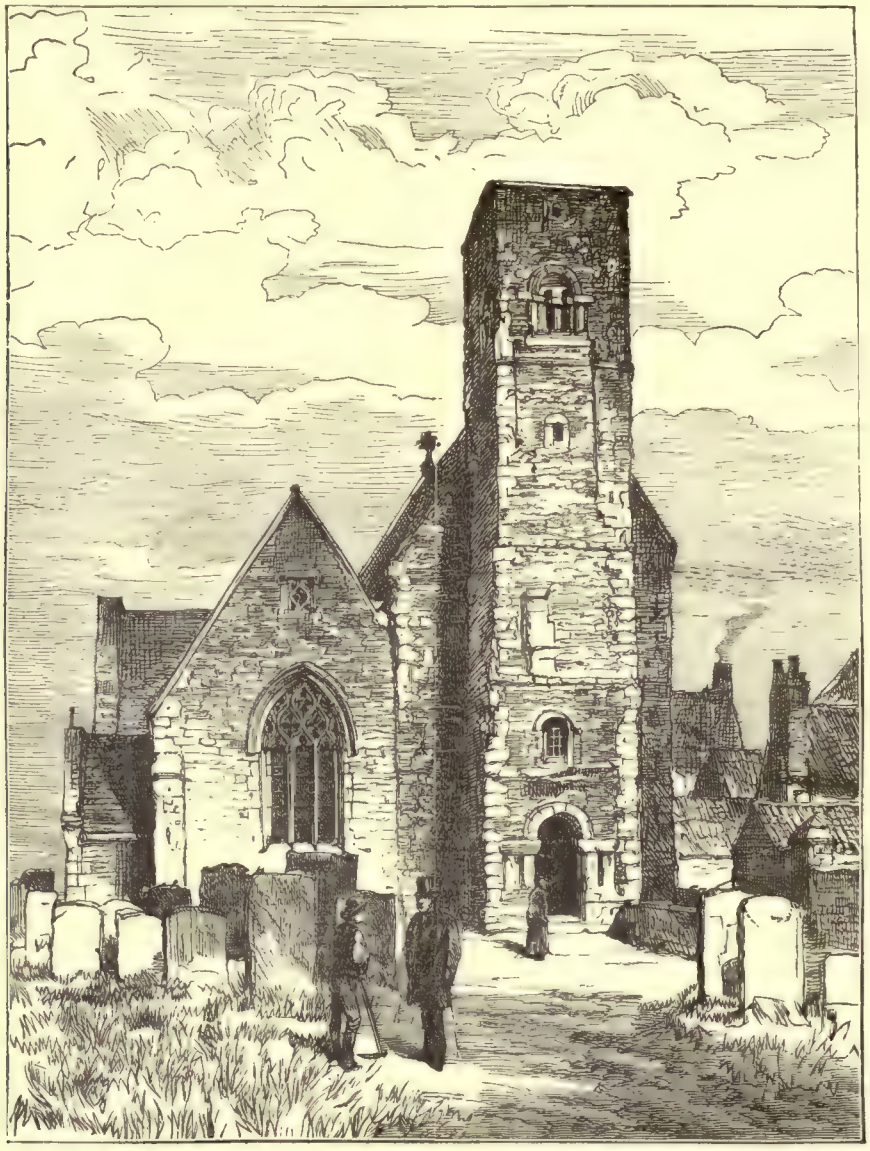
Monkwearmouth Church.

THE tower and the west wall of St. Peter's Church, Monkwearmouth, are now the only portions remaining of the monastic establishment founded at this place in the year 674 by Benedict Biscop, and immediately endowed with great liberality by King Ecgfrid. Before the sister house at Jarrow was founded, seven years later, Monkwearmouth was the home of Bede, who has left a valuable record of the early history of the twin monasteries in his "Lives of the Abbots of Wearmouth and Jarrow."

The early churches founded in the North were chiefly built of timber, "after the manner of the Scots"; but Biscop built his churches of stone, "after the manner of the Romans." And it is interesting to find that the same great founder of churches also brought makers of glass from France, who not only, as Bede tells us, glazed the windows of Benedict's churches, but taught

their art, which till that time had been unknown in Britain, to the natives.

The sight of a structure which has withstood the storms and changes of more than twelve centuries is always impressive; but especially is this the case when, as at Monkwearmouth, that structure is linked with an event of absorbing interest in the early history of our country. Biscop and Bede were great men. The former was a great builder, a man of large and liberal views, and a generous patron of literature and the arts. The latter was the great scholar of his age. Jarrow and Wearmouth were the principal seats of learning, not in the North alone, not in Britain alone, but in the whole of Western Europe. The perishing sculptures which adorn the sides of the entrance of this ancient tower may seem rude to us, but no one can fail to see in the baluster shafts which are built into the same doorway, and which also occur in the little windows high up in the west wall of the nave, evidence of genuine and refined art. And it must not be forgotten that the famous Codex Amiatinus, the most valuable MS. now in existence of the ancient Latin version of the Bible, with its beautiful caligraphy and its gorgeous illuminations, was certainly written either at Jarrow or at Monkwearmouth.



MONKWEARMOUTH CHURCH, SUNDERLAND.

We have only space to add that the lower portion of the tower is of much earlier date than the upper part. This lower part was originally not a tower, but a porch, the *porticus ingressus* as it is called by Bede. The gable line of its original roof may be seen rising to a point between the second and third string courses.

J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

The Blackfriars, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE order of Dominican or Black Friars was first introduced into England about the year 1221, and, at the dissolution of the Monasteries, there were in this country fifty-five houses belonging to the order. At least as early as 1240 they had acquired a footing in Newcastle; for, on the 2nd November in that year, Henry III. gave to each of the Friars Preachers (Black Friars) dwelling in that town, and to each of the Friars Minors (Grey Friars) dwelling at Hartlepool, a tunic made of four ells of cloth, of the value of twelve pence. Sir Peter Scot and his son, Sir Nicholas Scot, are said to have been the founders of the house, and this is no doubt correct; as, in an inquisition held in 1442, to ascertain the heir of John de Hawkswell, the lineal descendant of the Scots, Sir Peter is described as "the founder of the house of the Friars Preachers in the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne." The site of the house, however, is said to have been given by three sisters, "whose names," to use the words of Bourne, "have long since been ingratefully buried in oblivion."

The recorded historic events connected with this house are not numerous, but some of them are of extreme interest. It is interesting to find that the Black Friars of Newcastle had a library containing books which the

THE BLACK FRIARS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

bishop of a distant see cared to consult. In 1275, William de Merton, Bishop of Rochester, bequeathed twelve marks to the Dominican Friars of Newcastle, and ordered that a book which he had borrowed from them, and which contained the Epistles of St. Paul, with a commentary, should be returned.

That part of the wall of Newcastle which enclosed the town on the west was built in the early years of Edward I. The portion of it which still exists behind the south end of Stowell Street was carried through the garden of the Friars, and, in consequence of this, the king gave them permission to make a narrow gate, which in a later grant is called a "postern," through the wall, in order that they might have ready access to their garden. Then, by and by, as a further means of defending the town, a deep fosse was dug outside the wall; and when this was done, Edward II. gave the friars liberty to construct a wooden drawbridge across the fosse, so that they might pass "from their house within the wall of that town, by their postern of the said wall, into their garden beyond the fosse aforesaid."

Perhaps, however, the most interesting event recorded in connection with this house is that on the 19th June, 1334, Edward Baliol did homage for the crown of Scotland to Edward III. of England in its church. (See page 467.)

At this period the king frequently passed through Newcastle, and, on several occasions, made his home for a time with the Preaching Friars. He was here in the autumn of 1334, and was present on All Saints' Day in the church of this house, when Philip de Weston, a royal chaplain, celebrated his first mass. The king gave him a silver-gilt goblet, which weighed 37s. 1d. in silver pennies, and which was valued at 55s. 7d. The king in various ways compensated the friars for the cost of entertaining him. On one occasion he gave them ten quarters of corn, worth 50s., a tub of flour worth 40s., and a cask of wine worth £5. At another time he gave them an alms of 10s. 8d., together with a present of 100 quarters of corn. We learn incidentally that at this period there were thirty-two friars dwelling in the house. On two other occasions the king gave them 100s., and these benefactions are expressly said to have been made in consideration of "the injuries their buildings had sustained during his visits." In 1335 Edward spent Christmas here, and on Christmas Day heard three masses in the church, when he made an offering of 9s. 4d. in honour of the great festival.

In the year 1341, or a little before, a riot took place at Newcastle between the inhabitants and the retainers of the Earl of Northumberland. The then warden of the Scottish marches, the Earl of Warren, was in the town, and his proceedings in some way incensed the inhabitants. Lord Warren took refuge in the Friary, to which the people laid siege, when its gates were thrown down and broken. The prior and brethren wished to set up new gates, but the inhabitants would not allow them. They appealed to the king, and he, in consideration of certain masses to be celebrated by them for his good estate and for the souls of his ancestors, gave them the required permission.

After this period, we learn little of the Black Friars till we approach the time when the order was suppressed in England. About the year 1536 one Richard Marshall was prior of the house. He was a man of some note, and when Henry VIII. threw off his allegiance to the Pope and proclaimed himself under God the supreme head of the Church of England, Marshall boldly preached against the new doctrine. By so doing he incurred the king's displeasure, and found it necessary to leave the kingdom with all speed. He took refuge in Scotland, whence he addressed a long letter to his brethren in Newcastle, and where we afterwards hear of his preaching against the practice of addressing the *Pater Noster* to saints.

In 1537 a covenant was made between the prior of the Black Friars and Robert Davell, then archdeacon of Northumberland, and master of the Hospital of the Virgin Mary in Newcastle, by which, in consideration of a sum of £6 18s. which Davell had bestowed on the friars, "in their great need and necessity," they undertook to perform daily certain services for the dead "before the picture of Our Lord named the Crucifix, that is, betwixt the cloisters and the outer choir door within the church of the same convent." If at any time the friars omitted to discharge these duties they were to "sing a solemn dirge with mass of requiem with note, sending the bellman about the said town to notify the same, that some may come to the said Friars to make oblation for their friends' souls and for all Christian souls."

Within less than two years after this time the house was suppressed at the dissolution of all the smaller religious houses in England. On the 10th June the last prior surrendered the house, with all its possessions, into the king's hands. It was at that time occupied by a prior and twelve brethren, and its annual revenue was estimated at 59s. 4d. Five years afterwards, the king granted the Friary to the Mayor and Burgesses of Newcastle, for the sum of £58 7s. 6d. and an annual payment of 5s. 11d., reserving to himself, however, the bells and lead of the church and other buildings.

In 1552, the house with its gardens and orchards was granted to nine of the twelve ancient trade guilds of the town, viz., the Bakers and Brewers, the Fullers and Dyers, the Smiths, the Tanners, the Butchers, the Cordwainers, the Saddlers, the Tailors, and the Skinners and Glovers. All these companies still retain their respective shares of the property, and most of them still have their halls or meeting places within the ancient precincts of the Friary.

Of the semi-monastic establishments which once flourished within the walls of Newcastle, the remains of the

house of the Black Friars are by far the most extensive. Of the houses of the Grey Friars, the Trinitarian Friars, and the nuns of St. Bartholomew, not a vestige exists, whilst of the ancient homes of the Austin Friars and the White Friars the remaining portions are of the most meagre character. Of the house and church of the Black Friars, however, much is still standing. The existing buildings occupy three sides of a quadrangle, which, there can be no doubt, formed the cloister. Some of the corbels on which the cloister roofs rested may yet be seen. Many parts of the buildings which surrounded the cloister have been rebuilt, and it is impossible to determine with certainty the uses to which some of those which remain were originally devoted. The church extended along the whole south side of the cloister. Outside the Tanners' Hall the heads of four arches which opened into a south aisle are still visible. Drawings exist which show a continuation of the same arcade in the front of the old Cordwainers' Hall, which was taken down in 1843. The nave was entered from the cloister by a pointed door which still exists near its east end, and was entered from the south side by a similar doorway a little east of the termination of the aisle. These doorways are now utilised for a passage which leads from the street called the Friars into the quadrangle. The Smiths' Hall occupies the site of the transept or choir, or both. The outer wall of this part, immediately east of the buttress which projects into the street, is of Early English date, and may be safely regarded as contemporary with the foundation of the house. It still, as may be seen from the accompanying engraving, retains the arches and jambs of three lancet windows. The Skinners' and Glovers' Hall, on the west side of the cloister, retains several curious features. On its east side is a pointed doorway, and on its west side are two arches resting on a central pillar. Over these is an ancient doorway. On the east side of the Saddlers' Hall is a very singularly constructed arch, the recess beneath which, there can be little doubt, marks the site of the "curious old well" mentioned by Bourne, and which, he assures us, "served the monastery with water," and was "called Our Lady Well." There is an ancient pointed doorway and a walled up pointed window on the west side of the Bakers' and Brewers' Hall. A very slight examination of these parts is sufficient to show that they have been built at different times; but they are altogether too fragmentary to justify an attempt to state their chronological order.

The remains of the home of the Black Friars in Newcastle form one of the rapidly diminishing number of monuments which serve to connect the city with its own past history. These ancient walls retain no single feature of the art of bygone ages which we should be justified in calling beautiful. The Black Frairs who once dwelt here were a mendicant order, pledged to perpetual poverty, but, to many of their houses, an incessant stream of donations and endowments was ever flowing, and the undefined estimate of religious poverty relaxed and widened as the means by which poverty shades off into comfort and luxury increased. The Black Friars of Newcastle, despite the visits of kings, seem, however, to have been always really poor. Their ancient dwelling place is stil the abode of poverty. But the poverty of the Friars, unlike that by which it has been succeeded, was never filthy and squalid.

J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

Brass Crosby, Lord Mayor of London.

THE subject of this memoir has the glory which belongs to the perception of duty in a grave political crisis, and the quiet discharge of it in the face of a frowning host in high places. He could calmly say, in his place in the House of Commons, "I have kept my oath, and done my duty to the City of which I have the honour to be Chief Magistrate, and to my country." He did his duty, and was thereby an effectual promoter of the freedom of the press. How this

Brass Crosby

came about is well told by his nephew, the late Sir Cuthbert Sharp, historian of Hartlepool, in his "Memoir of Brass Crosby," published in 1829. But before we fall back on this instructive quarto, let us take up the tale of Parliament and Press at an earlier period than that of the patriotic Lord Mayor.

Not, however, to go too far back, we may begin with the case of Dyer the news-letter writer, who in 1694 had presumed to notice the proceedings of the House of Commons, and was brought to the bar in December. On his

knees he prayed for pardon, and was dismissed with a reprimand; and it was resolved that no writer of news-letters should presume to intermeddle with the debates or other proceedings of the House. Poor Dyer escaped from the Commons with words, but from Lord Mohun he had blows. His lordship had been brought into a news-letter, and cudgelled the writer in a coffee-house.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, when her indefatigable Minister, Sir Ralph Sadler, rode to and fro on errands of State, his intelligent countrymen of the humbler sort gathered into curious knots wherever he tarried on his way, and strove to learn from his lips the "news" of the day. Thereafter, in a later generation, the pen and the press began to cater for the commendable passion of a free people for public intelligence. Men who had little part in the choice of their rulers hankered after a larger knowledge of their sayings and doings. In 1738, Speaker Onslow looked with grave concern on the practice that prevailed of inserting an account of the proceedings of Parliament in the printed newspapers; and Sir William Yonge, who shared his apprehensions, suggested the adoption of a declaratory resolution against the printing or publication of the debates, either in or out of session, save with the authority of the Chair. As it was, said Sir William, an account not only of what they did, but of what they said, was regularly circulated throughout the country; and if the Commons did not punish the publishers, or take some effectual method of checking them, "they might soon expect to see their votes, their proceedings, and their speeches printed and hawked about the streets while they were sitting in this House!" To print the speeches of honourable members, chimed in Mr. Pulteney, "even though they were not misrepresented, looked very like making them accountable without-doors for what they said within." And it was unanimously pronounced by the Commons to be a high indignity, and a notorious breach of privilege, for any one to presume to publish the proceedings of the House, or of any committee, in the recess or the session—an offence to be visited with the utmost severity.

The reign of our second George was still young when a copy of the *Gloucester Journal* was laid on the table of the House of Commons. The printer and publisher was Robert Raikes, father of the philanthropist whom we all know and revere in association with the general establishment of Sunday Schools. Attention was called to the insertion in this paper of the proceedings of Parliament, and an order was made for the attendance of the proprietor. Confined to his couch by fever, Raikes prayed to be excused from personal appearance, and explained that before the opening of the session he had given instructions that no votes or resolutions of Parliament should be inserted in his paper; but, as he understood, the report complained of was copied from a news-letter sent to the King's Head Inn, Gloucester, by Mr. Gythens (or Giddins), Clerk of the Bristol Road, or his assistant. So the writer of the news-letter, John Stanley, came under examination; and having admitted the authorship, he was declared guilty of a breach of privilege, and given into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, where we leave him, and pass onward to the time of the Rebellion; beyond the days in which Dr. Johnson, receiving details of the debates from a clergyman with a good memory, moulded them into a connected form for Cave of the *Gentleman's Magazine*—"frequently written from very slender materials and often from none at all—the mere coinage of his own imagination."

Cesar Ward, of the *York Courant*, was at the bar of the House in 1745, receiving on his knees a reprimand from the Speaker for his breach of privilege. The world was agog for news: and if the news concerned the House of Parliament, great was their offence who published it. In 1747, Edward Cave, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Thomas Astley, of the *London Magazine*, were brought before the Lords in custody for printing and publishing an account of the trial of Lord Lovat before his Peers. In the course of the examinations, the question of the printing of the debates also came up; and we catch glimpses of the mode adopted by the Press for getting over the orders of Parliament. Astley, who described himself as "the first that printed magazines," said "of late the debates had been inserted under the notion of an imaginary club." Many speeches had been furnished to him by one Mr. Clarke, who, he believed, sometimes got into the House behind the Throne. Cave also told the Lords' Committee that he himself got into the House, heard the speeches, and made use of a black-lead pencil, only taking notes of some remarkable passages, and from his memory putting them together. Being questioned how he came to take upon him the publication of the debates, he admitted that it was very great presumption, but he was led into it by custom and the practice of other people, and never heard till lately that any one was punished for it. The result was that both Cave and Astley, laudable as was their pursuit, and deserving of encouragement, had to express themselves sorrowful for their offence, beg pardon for what they had done, and promise to offend no more!

To such humiliation did Parliament bring the Printer in a former age. Cesar Ward must accept the reprimand of the Speaker on bended knee; Edward Cave and Thomas Astley must crave forgiveness, and promise to do no more so; yet they were on the winning side. The Houses were divided, and the nation was with the Press. It was simply a question of time, and Time was impatient of delay. Another reign, and Privilege of Parliament was to break down.

When Sir William Yonge was unconsciously predicting an age of cheap newspapers and ubiquitous news-boys, there was a youth in his teens who was to deal under the Constitution one of the last and hardest blows at Parlia-

mentary Privilege. This was Brass Crosby, born at Stockton-upon-Tees on the 8th of May, 1725. At a suitable age he had been articled with Benjamin Hoskins, an eminent solicitor in Sunderland; and, removing to London in after-years, he there practised his profession with success. Prosperity came to him by natural law. The historian of the County Palatine, Surtees of Mainsforth, said Crosby was born to be rich; and, certainly, he was aided by some lucky chances in the lottery of matrimony; yet was he undoubtedly the architect of his own fortunes, by his talents, address, and assiduity, qualities which had been remarked in him from his earliest years. When little more than thirty, he was called to the Common Council of London by the Tower Ward. Two years later—in 1760—he was made City Remembrancer; and in 1764 he was appointed Sheriff. Next year he was elected Alderman of Bread Street Ward; and in 1770, when, with Sir George Yonge as his colleague, he was Member for Honiton, he became Lord Mayor of London.

This rapid progress to wealth and honour, through all the successive grades of distinction, was the fair effect of a sound head and stout heart, of unwavering diligence and steady industry. "But it is neither on account of his wealth nor his civic honours," as Sir Cuthbert Sharp justly observes, "that the name of Brass Crosby will be recorded to posterity, but for the manly stand he made against the whole power of Government, in defence of the rights and franchises of which he was the protector, and which forms an important epoch in the history of the liberties of England; for, ever since that period, the proceedings and debates in Parliament have been regularly printed and published, which before were not, and the British empire is thereby in possession of an inestimable advantage, for which Crosby deserves to be pointed out in grateful remembrance, and to hold a distinguished place in the annals of his country."

The proceedings of Parliament were still reported, as remarked by Astley, "in the notion of an imaginary club." The names of the speakers were veiled under thin disguises. English lawmakers wore the aspect of Roman senators. Everybody knew all about it, but the printer must resort to his stars and dashes, and fancy names, and fictitious assemblies. The *Town and Country Magazine* for November, 1770, was announcing that on a certain day "it would be finally determined, in the Upper and Lower Club Rooms of the Robin Hood, whether the company were for war or peace; and the next day the same question would be finally determined in the Cabinet." Gradually growing bolder, initials came into use among the printers, and the disguise was still more thin. In the month of March, 1771, the *Political Register* thus dealt with the proceedings in the House of Commons—("Sir G. S." being Sir George Savile, one of the members for Yorkshire, after whom a Newcastle thoroughfare was named in the last century):—"On Thursday, February 7, before Sir G. S. moved in a certain club on an election matter, Sir J. T., one of L. B.'s Lords of the T., got up and proposed that, as there had been so lately a call of the club, and they were likely to be crowded, the room should be cleared. The standing vote of the room was accordingly read, and the S. at A. had authority to seize all strangers, and not to dismiss them without leave of the club. Before the gallery was quite evacuated, some Irish members of a club on the other side of the water were excepted; but very few remained behind, though the Hon. T. T., like a true Englishman, beckoned to them to resume their seats."

It was on Michaelmas Day, 1770, that the election of Alderman Crosby to the office of Lord Mayor was made; and on the 9th of November he took the chair. The Speaker of the House of Commons subsequently issued his warrant against the printers of two newspapers on a charge of misrepresenting the speeches of certain members. Refusing to attend at the bar, they were secured under a Royal proclamation offering a reward for their apprehension, and brought before the sitting Aldermen, Wilkes and Oliver, who not only discharged them from custody, but bound them over to prosecute the person who made the capture. Meanwhile, John Miller, printer of the *London Evening Post*, similarly circumstanced, was taken into custody by a messenger of the House; and the Sergeant-at-Arms hastened to the Mansion House to demand the bodies of both the printer and publisher, who had appealed to the Lord Mayor. His lordship asked the messenger whether he had applied to a magistrate to back the warrant, or to any peace-officer of the City to assist him; and receiving an answer in the negative, he said that so long as he held the office of Chief Magistrate he was guardian of his fellow-citizens' liberties, and no power on earth should seize a citizen of London without authority from him or some other magistrate of the franchise. Then, declaring Miller at liberty, he made out a warrant to commit the messenger for assault and false imprisonment. The commitment was signed by his lordship, alone in the first instance; but afterwards, at the request of Miller's counsel, by Wilkes and Oliver also. The messenger was bailed by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

The circumstances were reported to the House by the Speaker on the 18th of March, when it was ordered that the Lord Mayor, who was suffering from indisposition, do attend in his place on the morrow, if his health should permit. Alderman Crosby was in his place accordingly: the facts were set forth; and having recited his municipal oaths, he said that by the charters of the City, which had been confirmed by Act of Parliament, no warrant, command, process, or attachment, must be executed within the City of London, but by its ministers. At the time the messenger was brought before him, he asked him particularly if he was a constable of the City, or a peace officer. He said he was not. He then inquired if he had applied to an alderman of London to back the warrant,

that it might be properly executed. He said no. Thus situated, he knew extremely well that, if he had not acted in the manner he did in discharging the prisoner, he should have been guilty of perjury, or of a breach of his oath. With respect to the commitment, he did sign the warrant; but, at the same time, he rather desired that the messenger might be admitted to bail, and much pressed it. The officer of the House refused, however, to give bail, though several gentlemen, then present at the Mansion House, offered to become bail. If he had not gone further than discharging Miller, and proceeded to commit the messenger for the assault, he apprehended he was liable to be called upon to answer in the Court of King's Bench for not executing his duty as a magistrate. The House, he was persuaded, would be very tender, when they found on what motive he acted; he meant the obligation by the oath he took when he was first appointed a magistrate.

In deference to the ill-health of the Lord Mayor, the further consideration of the matter was adjourned to Friday, March 22, and, meanwhile, his lordship was on the 19th suffered to return home. On the 20th, his clerk attended the House, by order, with the Book of Recognizances; and the recognizance of the messenger was read. Whereupon, on the motion of Lord North, its erasure was ordered; and the clerk of the Mansion House had to erase it accordingly on the spot. On the 25th, the Lord Mayor having, with Alderman Oliver, resumed his place, Mr. Welbore Ellis, for the Government, submitted a motion that the discharge of Miller and committal of the messenger constituted a breach of privilege. The numbers were 272 to 90. It was now past midnight; the Lord Mayor, with the leave of the House, had withdrawn; and the case of Alderman Oliver having been taken in turn, it was resolved, by 170 to 38, that he be committed to the Tower. Thither, accordingly, he was conducted about 8 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, the 26th. On the 27th, the Lord Mayor being again in his place, Mr. Ellis said the crimes he had been guilty of were, in a degree, higher than those of Mr. Oliver, and therefore ought to meet with at least as severe an imprisonment; but as his lordship was not in a good state of health, to show the tender mercy of the House, he should only move that he be committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Indignant at this movement, the Lord Mayor, craving no mercy from the Treasury Bench, expressed his readiness to repair to the Tower if the House should so order; and Mr. Ellis then moved his commitment, which was carried after midnight by 202 to 39. Mr. Alderman Crosby had at this time retired to the Mansion House for a few hours' sleep; and at 4 in the morning, to avoid a popular demonstration, he drove quietly to the Tower in a hackney-coach.

Never was the City or the country more moved than by this great conflict between Parliament and the Press. The nation was agitated in all its members; and at the close of his mayoralty, the warm thanks of the Court of Aldermen and Common Council were awarded to Alderman Crosby for his defence of the rights and privileges of his fellow-citizens. He was made free of various corporations and companies; addresses from all parts of the kingdom were presented to him; and the Muses were not silent when his praises were sounding on every side. The close of the session of Parliament, May 8, 1771, the anniversary of the day of his birth, brought release to the Lord Mayor. He and Alderman Oliver left the Tower under the discharge of twenty-one guns of the Artillery Company of London. The City bells filled the air with their music; and upwards of fifty carriages were in the long procession from Tower Hill to the Mansion House.

Let the reader now turn to the memorial quarto of Sir Cuthbert Sharp, and think of the words of good Sir William Yonge in 1738, who foresaw that if the newspapers were not restrained they might see "their votes, their proceedings, and their speeches printed and hawked about the streets, while they were sitting in this House." The voice of the newsboy in the street is the everyday comment on the controversy of the last century, with its erased recognizance and committals to the Tower of London. JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

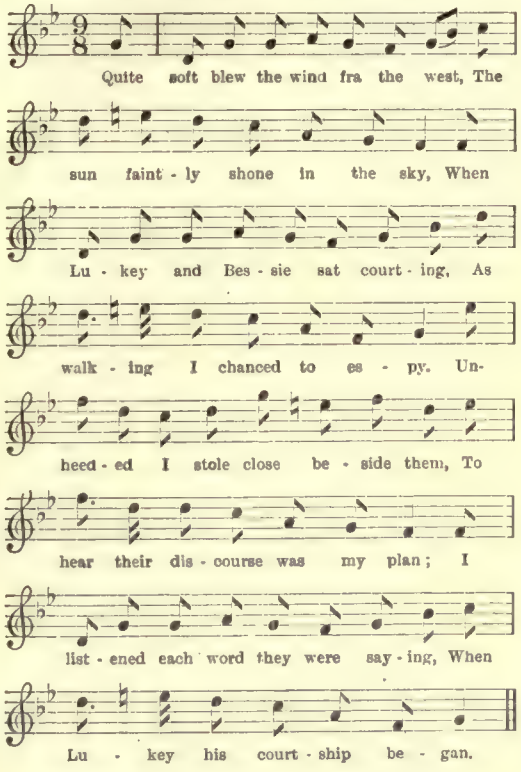
THE PITMAN'S COURTSHIP.

A SHORT account of the author of this song, William Mitford (or Midford), appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1887, page 311. Mitford also wrote "X Y Z" and "Famous Aud Cappy," which in their day attained the greatest popularity, and will live as long as Tyneside songs are sung.

"The Pitman's Courtship" has been usually considered one of the best of our local songs, though there has been some doubt as to the tune to which it was written. Mr. Joseph Crawhall, in his "Newcassel Sangs," 1888, does not solve the doubt, but gives two tunes for the song—"The Night before Larry was Stretched" and "Drops of Brandy"—both Irish.

During the present year, however, the writer, in the course of a correspondence with Mr. Samuel Reay, of the Song School, Newark (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1891, page 325), received from him a copy of a very quaint tune to which he heard the song sung in his early days—a tune, he says, which he never forgot. As Mr. Reay is a Tynesider and a musician of note, having been organist of St.

Andrew's Church, Newcastle in 1841, we have adopted his copy as the correct melody of the song.


Quite soft blew the wind fra the west, The
sun faint - ly shone in the sky, When
Lu - key and Bes - sie sat court - ing, As
walk - ing I chanced to es - py. Un-
heed - ed I stole close be - side them, To
hear their dis - course was my plan; I
list - ened each word they were say - ing, When
Lu - key his court - ship be - gan.

Quite soft blew the wind fra the west,
The sun faintly shone in the sky,
When Lukey and Bessie sat courting,
As, walking, I chanced to espy.
Unheeded, I stole close beside them,
To hear their discourse was my plan;
I listened each word they were saying,
When Lukey his courtship began.

"Last hoppen thou wun up my fancy,
Wi' thy fine silken jacket o' blue;
An', smash! if their Newcassel lyedies
Cou'd marrow the curls on thy brow.
That day aw whiles danced wi' lang Nancy,
She couldn't like thou lift her heel.
Maw grandy lik'd spice singin' hinnies;
Maw comely, aw like thou as weel.

"Thou knaws ever since we were little
Together we've ranged through the woods,
At neet hand in hand toddled hyem,
Varry oft wi' howl kites an' torn duds:
But noo we can tauk aboot marriage
An' lang sair for wor weddin' day;
When married, thou's keep a bit shop,
An' sell things in a huikstery way.

"An' to get us a canny bit leevin'
A' kinds o' fine sweetmeats we'll sell,
Reed herrin', broon syep, and mint candy,
Black pepper, dye-sand, an' sma' yell;
Spice hunters, pick shafts, farden candles,
Wax dollies wi' reed leather shoes.
Chalk pussy-cats, fine curly greens,
Paper kyets, penny pies, and huil doos.

"Aw'll help thou to tie up the shugger,
At neets when fra wark aw get lowse!
An' wor Dick that leaves ower by High Whickham,
He'll myek us broom buzzems for nowse.
Like an image thou'll stand ower the coonter,
Wi' thy fine muslin, cambrickor goon;
An' te let the folks see thou's a lyedy,
On a cuddy thou's ride to the toon.

"There'll be matches, pipe-clay, an' broon-dishes,
Canary seed, raisins, an' fegs;
An' to please the pit laddies at Easter,
A dish full o' gilty paste eggs.
Wor neybors that's snuffers an' smokers,
Wor snuff an' wor backy they'll seek,
An' to show them we deal wi' Newcassel
'Twee Blackeys sal mense the door cheek.

"So now for Tim Bodkin aw'll send,
To darn my silk broeks at the knee,
Thou thy ruffles an' frills mun get ready,
Next Whissenday married we'll be.
Now, aw think it's high time to be stepping,
We've sitten tiv aw's aboot lyem."
So, then, wiv a kiss an' a cuddle,
These lovers they bent their way hyem.

Newcastle from Gateshead.

MANY changes have taken place since the accompanying drawing (page 512) of the Quayside, Newcastle, from Hillgate, Gateshead, was made. The aspect of the great mercantile centre has been considerably improved. Many of the old-fashioned, albeit picturesque, erections have disappeared, their place being filled by palatial buildings, containing fine suites of offices; but one or two of the quaint structures remain to remind us of the former aspect of the place.

The view from Hillgate is indeed a moving sight now. Pinnacles and towers innumerable rise one above another. The grandest of all is the tower of the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, a beautiful object from any point of view—always predominating, and always acknowledged to be the noblest and best of its kind. To the right of St. Nicholas in the picture is seen the spire of All Saints' Church; while to the left is shown the Moot Hall, with the Norman Keep of the Old Castle towering above it. The railway viaduct that crosses Dean Street runs on a level with the roof of the Moot Hall. Grey's Monument is indicated near the centre of the view. There are now many other prominent objects on the sky line; but some of these were probably undreamt of when the sketch was taken, some forty or fifty years ago.

From amidst the crumbling, poverty-stricken conglomeration of human dwellings that rise from the south bank of the River Tyne near the foot of the High Level Bridge we get another fine view of Newcastle. It is not a very comprehensive view, but it includes several of the most interesting buildings seen in the first picture. This second sketch of Newcastle from Gateshead was made by the well-known local artist, Robert Jobling, in 1884, to illustrate Mr. R. J. Charleton's "Newcastle Town."

It is from that interesting work that the drawing on next page is reproduced by permission of Mr. Walter Scott.

Lord Collingwood.

CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD, William Scott, and John Scott were among the pupils of Hugh Moises, the famous headmaster of the Newcastle Grammar School; and of these three school-fellows, all of whom rose to the peerage, one commanded the British navy, another was judge of the High Court of Admiralty, and the third sat on the woolsack. Lord Eldon, on attaining the dignity of Lord Chancellor, hastened to offer his old teacher a benefice; Lord Stowell wrote the inscription for his tomb in St. Nicholas' Church; and Lord Collingwood, who completed Nelson's victory of Trafalgar in the year before Moises died, wrote home from his ship, in 1806, sending "£20 for the monument of his worthy master."

Collingwood came of a good stock. He was of an ancient Northumbrian family—one of the oldest in the county. The Collingwoods are of frequent mention in Border song and story. Thus, in the year 1585, we read of the capture by the Scots of the English Lord Warden, and other knights and nobles, one of whom was Sir Cuthbert Collingwood. The incident was made the subject of a ballad, comprising the lines:—

> And if ye wad a souldier search,
> Amang them a' were ta'en that night,
> What name sae wordie for your verse
> As Collingwood, that courteous knight?

Lord Collingwood's great-grandsire, Cuthbert Collingwood of East Ditchburne, taking up arms in the cause of Charles the First, lost large estates. Attachment to the Stuarts was hereditary in the family. It was inherited by George Collingwood of Eslington, whose wife, a daughter of Lord Montague, was a keen Jacobite. Persuaded by her relatives, and sympathising with the Pretender, her husband entered into the affair of 1715, and lost his lands and his life. In the ballad supposed to have been written by Surtees the historian, called "Derwentwater's Farewell," he is addressed by the youthful earl, companion of his fall:—

> And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
> Since fate has put us down:
> If thou and I have lost our lives,
> Our King has lost his crown.

Cuthbert Collingwood, the Admiral, was born on

October 24, 1748, in the tall brick house at the Head of the Side, in Newcastle, now the property of Mr. John Harvey, tobacco manufacturer, whose family purchased it from the mother of the Admiral. A tablet, erected on the premises by Mr. Harvey, records the fact of Collingwood's birth there. "Lord Collingwood's father," says Mr. G. L. Newnham Collingwood, "found himself reduced to a very moderate fortune, with which he settled

NEWCASTLE FROM HILLGATE, GATESHEAD.

at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and married Milcah, daughter and co-heir of Reginald Dobson, of Barwess, in the county of Westmoreland, Esquire, having by her three sons and three daughters." The eldest son, Cuthbert, had been sent to sea in 1761, when he would be thirteen years of age. One of his schoolfellows, William or John Scott (Lord Stowell or Lord Eldon), recalled him to memory in after life, as a pupil at the Grammar School, a pretty, gentle boy, who went away into the world (as men would say) too young; yet out of his early training in the greater school of the sea came the renowned naval commander. Little of scholarship could he carry to his profession from the old chapel of the Hospital of St. Mary; but his cabin was a school to the end of his days, and nature had given him an admirable master.

From 1761 to 1786 Collingwood was almost constantly at sea, gradually rising in his profession, and serving in various ships and in various parts of the world. Then from 1786 to 1790 he was in Northumberland, "making his acquaintance," as he said, "with his own family, to whom he had hitherto been, as it were, a stranger." He also made the acquaintance of Alderman John Erasmus Blackett, who lived in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, his cousin, Sir Walter Blackett, in whose third mayoralty he was sheriff, residing "in a fine old house directly opposite." Erasmus Blackett was a widower, whose wife (daughter and co-heir of Robert Roddam, of Heathpoole, in Northumberland) had left him in 1776 with two daughters, one of whom (as Brand has stated) married Captain Collingwood. This event occurred in the fourth mayoralty of Alderman Blackett, and is thus recorded in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, June 18, 1791:—"Thursday, Captain Collingwood, of his Majesty's frigate Mermaid, to Miss Blackett, daughter of John Erasmus Blackett, Esq., the Right Worshipful Mayor of Newcastle." "To this excellent woman," says Mr. Newnham Collingwood, "he continued for life most affectionately attached; and by her had two daughters, Sarah, born in May, 1792, and Mary Patience, born in 1793."

NEWCASTLE FROM GATESHEAD.

Collingwood and his bride took up their abode at Morpeth, uncertain how long might be his residence on shore. "God knows," says he to Nelson (in November, 1792), "when we may meet again, unless some chance should draw us to the seashore." His letter informs his friend of "great commotions" on the Tyne, "the seamen at Shields having embarked themselves, to the number of twelve or fourteen hundred, with a view to compel the owners of the coal-ships to advance their wages." Greater commotions soon ensued on a wider scale. War with France broke out; and in 1793 Collingwood was appointed captain of the Prince, Admiral Bowyer's flag-ship. Tedious and wearing service succeeded. To his father-in-law he writes from the Excellent, off Toulon, in May, 1796, where his ship had been cruising for a month:—"It is but dull work, lying off the enemy's port. They cannot move a ship without our seeing them, which must be very mortifying to them; but we have the mortification, also, of seeing their merchant-vessels going along shore, and cannot molest them. It is not a service on which we shall get fat; and often do I wish we had some of those bad potatoes which old Scott and William used to throw over the wall of the garden [at Morpeth], for we feel the want of vegetables more than anything."

The year 1797 brought the great victory of Sir John Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, in which Troubridge, Nelson, and Collingwood were conspicuous. "Nothing, in my opinion," were the words of the Hon. Admiral Waldegrave to Collingwood, "could exceed the spirit and true officership which you so happily displayed yesterday. Both the Admiral and Nelson join with me in this opinion; and nothing but ignorance can think otherwise. God bless you, my good friend; and may England long possess such men as yourself! It is saying everything for her glory." As a commander, he was indeed exemplary—firm and resolute, yet mild and merciful. He knew how to govern men. It was the frequent practice of Lord St. Vincent (Admiral Jervis) to draft the most ungovernable spirits into the Excellent. "Send them to Collingwood," he would say; "and he will bring them to order." While capital punishments were frequently taking place in other ships, he was one of those who were able to maintain rule and discipline without, and almost without the infliction of any corporal chastisement whatsoever. On one occasion a seaman was sent to Collingwood from the Romulus. This man had pointed one of the forecastle guns, shotted to the muzzle, at the quarter-deck, and, standing by it with a match, declared that he would fire at the officers unless he received a promise that no punishment should be inflicted upon him. On his arrival on board the Excellent, Captain Collingwood, in the presence of many of the sailors, said to him, with great sternness of manner, "I know your character well, but beware how you attempt to excite insubordination in this ship: for I have such confidence in my men, that I am certain I shall hear in an hour of everything you are doing. If you behave well in future, I will treat you like the rest, nor notice here what happened in another ship; but if you endeavour to excite mutiny, mark me well, I will instantly head you up in a cask, and throw you into the sea." Under the treatment which he met with in the Excellent, this man became a good and obedient sailor, and never afterwards gave any cause of complaint.

When corporal punishment was unavoidable, the spectacle wounded Collingwood to the quick; and on these occasions he was for many hours afterwards melancholy and silent, sometimes not speaking a word again for the remainder of the day. The older he grew, the greater his abhorrence of the lash, and more than a year often passed over without its infliction.

Collingwood never used any coarse or violent language to the men himself, or permitted it in others. "If you do not know a man's name," he used to say to an officer, "call him Sailor, and not You, Sir, and such other appellations: they are offensive and improper." Thus considerately did he govern his ship. Justice and kindness marked his command. Judicious and decided, he won cheerful obedience; and the seamen under his charge considered and called him their father.

"My wits are ever at work," he wrote to Alderman Blackett in 1798, off Cadiz, "to keep my people employed, both for health's sake, and to save them from mischief. We have lately been making musical instruments, and have now a very good band. Every moonlight night the sailors dance; and there seems as much mirth and festivity as if we were in Wapping itself."

Seven years later, Collingwood, ever thinking of the family of which he had seen so little, wrote to his father-in-law:—"I am delighted with your account of my children's improvement, for it is a subject of the greatest anxiety to me. Above all things, keep novels out of their reach. They are the corrupters of tender minds. They exercise the imagination instead of the judgment; make them all desire to become the Julias and Cecilias of romance; and turn their heads before they are enabled to distinguish truth from fictions devised merely for entertainment. When they have passed their climacteric, it will be time enough to begin novels."

It was on the 9th of April, 1805, that Collingwood gave his word of warning about novels. On the 21st of August, "Pray tell me," he wrote to his wife, "all you can about our family, and about the beauties of your domain—the oaks, the woodlands, and the verdant meads." With the sea ever around him, and the sky overhead, his mind wandered to the shadows of his trees and the flowers of his fields. "This being for ever at sea," he sighed, "wears me down; and if I had not Clavell with me, I should be ten times worse, for he is the person in whom my confidence is principally placed."

The same thought finds utterance when he writes to Alderman Blackett on the 21st of September, off Cadiz: "It would be a happy day that would relieve me of this perpetual cruising, which is really wearing me to a lath. The great difficulty I have is to keep up the health of the men; and it is a subject that requires an unremitted attention, of which we seldom find any person disposed to take the trouble. I am fully determined, if I can get home and manage it properly, to go on shore next spring for the rest of my life; for I am very weary."

Firm as was his determination, it could not be carried out. He was not to get home next spring, or to get home at all. Trafalgar was at hand.

The battle of Trafalgar, which cost England the life of Lord Nelson, was fought on the 21st of October, 1805, and gave her a victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain. Admiral Collingwood dressed himself that morning with peculiar care; and soon after, meeting Lieutenant Clavell, his dear friend and trusty colleague, advised him to pull off his boots. "You had better," he said, "put on silk stockings, as I have done; for if one should get a shot in the leg, they would be so much more manageable for the surgeon." He then proceeded to visit the decks, encouraged the men to the discharge of their duty, and, addressing the officers, said to them, "Now,

gentlemen, let us do something to-day which the world may talk of hereafter." Nobly was Collingwood's invocation answered; and the whole fleet responded bravely to Nelson's famous signal reminding then of England's expectations. Not a man off Trafalgar but did his duty, from the commander-in-chief to the obscurest seaman.

Captain Blackwood, anxious for the preservation of an invaluable life, had requested Nelson to allow some other vessel to take the lead of his own, and obtained his permission that the Temeraire should go ahead. Nelson, however, had no intention that the order should have effect, but crowded more sail on the Victory, and kept his foremost place. The Royal Sovereign, to which, as a better sailer than the Dreadnought, Collingwood had changed his flag, was far advanced, when Clavell observed that the Victory was setting her studding-sails; and, with that honourable emulation which prevailed between the two squadrons of the fleet, and particularly between these two ships, he pointed it out to his superior, and begged that he might do the same. "The ships of our line," was the reply, "are not yet sufficiently up for us to do so now; but you may be getting ready." The studding-sails and royal halliards were accordingly manned; and, in about ten minutes, the Admiral, observing the Lieutenant fixing his eyes upon him with a look of expectation, gave him a nod, on which that officer went to Captain Rotheram (son of Dr. Rotheram of Newcastle), and told him that Collingwood desired him make all sail. The order was at once given to rig out and hoist away; and in an instant the ship was under a crowd of canvas, and went rapidly in advance, till she broke through the enemy's line. The nearest of the English ships was now distant about a mile from the Royal Sovereign; and it was at this time, when she was pressing alone into the midst of the enemy's fleet, that Lord Nelson made to Blackwood the now historic remark, "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action! How I envy him!" While, on the other hand, Collingwood said, "What would Nelson give to be here!" Then, too, it was that Villeneuve, struck with the daring manner in which the leading ships of the English squadrons came up, despaired of the contest. "There never was such a combat," were the words of Collingwood to his father-in-law (Alderman Blackett), "since England had a fleet. In three hours the combined forces were annihilated upon their own shores, at the entrance of their port, amongst their own rocks. Twenty sail of the line surrendered to us. This was a victory to be proud of; but in the loss of my excellent friend, Lord Nelson, and a number of brave men, we paid dear for it."

England mourned the death of Nelson, but rejoiced that she had a son by his side who could so worthily carry on his victory to completion. "His Majesty considers it very fortunate that the command, under circumstances so critical, should have devolved upon an officer of such consummate valour, judgment, and skill as Admiral Collingwood has proved himself to be, every part of whose conduct he considers deserving his entire approbation and admiration." Nelson, not less thoughtful than the King, with his dying breath, sent Collingwood his affectionate farewell; and his last letter, written from the Victory on the 19th, was in familiar words addressed to "my dear Coll." The anecdote told of the King and Collingwood, however well known it may be to the reader, cannot be omitted. Coming to the close of the Admiral's despatch, narrating the incidents of the battle, George III. is said to have exclaimed, "Where did this sea captain get his admirable English? Oh! I remember! he was one of Moises' boys."

Raised to the House of Lords, Collingwood was too self-possessed to be disturbed by the elevation. He wrote to his wife and friends as sweetly and serenely as before. Five or six weeks after Trafalgar he was telling his wife of a dream. "A week before the war I dreamed distinctly many of the circumstances of our late battle off the enemy's port; and I believe I told you of it at the time. But I never believed that I was to be a peer of the realm." "I suppose," he adds in a later letter (December 16), "I must not be seen to work in my garden now; but tell old Scott that he need not be unhappy on that account. Though we shall never again be able to plant the Nelson potatoes, we will have them of some other sort, and right noble cabbages to boot, in great perfection."

"I hardly know how we shall be able to support the dignity to which his Majesty has been pleased to raise me," he writes at the New Year (1806). "Let others plead for pensions: I can be rich without money, by endeavouring to be superior to anything poor. I would have my services to my country unstained by any interested motive; and old Scott and I can go on in our cabbage garden without much greater expense than formerly. But I have had a great destruction of my furniture and stock. I have hardly a chair that has not a shot in it; and many have lost both legs and arms, without hope of pension. My wine broke in moving, and my pigs were slain in battle; and these are heavy losses where they cannot be replaced."

To "his darlings, little Sarah and Mary," now in their teens, he wrote from the Queen at sea, in February. A brig from Newcastle had brought him a letter; and with a word to Lady Collingwood, he enclosed a line to their children:—"I was delighted with your last letters, my blessings; and desire you to write to me very often, and tell me all the news of the city of Newcastle and town of Morpeth. I hope we shall have many happy days and many a good laugh together yet. Be kind to old Scott; and when you see him weeding my oaks, give the old man a shilling. May God Almighty bless you!" In the letter to their mother he said:—"I am much obliged to the Corporation of Newcastle for every mark which they give of their esteem and

admiration of my service; but where shall we find a place in our small house for all those vases and epergnes? A kind letter from them would have gratified me as much, and have been less trouble to them."

Compliments and congratulations were showered upon him by his countrymen; and he was probably happy to be out of the way of the deputations, dinners, and speeches that would have been his lot at home. He, while his honours were pouring in on all sides, hardly knew which way to turn, so many were the demands on his time. "Though I am a free burgess of many a city and town, my dinner-time," he said, "is really a plague from its interrupting me." Collingwood resembled in his perplexities not a few of the sons of men, who find their freedom beset by a thousand limitations. "I was happy to hear," he continues, "that everybody had been so attentive to you (Lady Collingwood); and, indeed, to me the people of England have been kind beyond example. I have received congratulatory letters and freedoms from the principal cities of England—London, the City, the Goldsmiths' and Drapers' Companies; Bath, Exeter, Cork; Portsmouth and Southampton I had before; and letters from members of the nobility to whom I was but little known." "How I long," he adds, a few days after, "to have a peep into my own house, and a walk in my own garden! It is the pleasing object of all my hopes." Home was in all his thoughts. Yet how little he ever saw of it! Once after he had left it in 1793, he had a meeting with his wife and eldest child at Plymouth, in 1801, "for a few hours, with scarce time for her to relate the incidents of her journey." After Trafalgar they never met. As Lord and Lady Collingwood they never saw each other.

Few as were the years he had passed in Newcastle, Collingwood looked lovingly back to the place of his birth. In November, 1806, he sent to Alderman Blackett, his father-in-law, "£20 for the monument of his worthy master, Mr. Moises," and £20 each for the Infirmary, Dispensary, Fever House, and Lying-in Hospital. "It is now nearly thirteen months," he said in December, "since I let go an anchor; and, for what I see, it may be as much longer." "This," he writes to his wife on the 20th, "is my second Christmas at sea without having been even at an anchor; and, unless it shall please God to take the Corsican out of this world, I see no prospect of a change."

But the end was drawing near. "The health and strength" of the Admiral "were wearing away, and he was become an infirm old man." Such was his report of himself in the autumn of 1809. In February, 1810, he writes to Clavell:—"I have been failing in my health very much for more than a year, and it is my constant occupation alone that keeps me alive. Lately I have had a very severe complaint in my stomach, which has almost prevented my eating. It is high time I should return to England, and I hope that I shall be allowed to do so before long. It will, otherwise, be soon too late."

It was too late already. Early in March he was compelled by extreme ill-health to leave the squadron. Business was beyond him. He could not even write a letter; it was with the utmost difficulty that he could even dictate one. He had been repeatedly urged by his friends to surrender his command, but he felt bound to remain at his post until duly relieved. "His life was his country's," said he, "in whatever way it might be required of him." But such was his prostrate state, that on the 3rd of March he surrendered his command into the hands of Rear-Admiral Martin. Captain Thomas observing to him, on the 7th, in the cabin of the Ville de Paris, that he feared the motion of the vessel disturbed him, "No, Thomas," he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more." Once, on the 6th, when his ship had sailed out of Port Mahon, and he was told that he was again at sea, he rallied for a time his exhausted strength, and said to those around him, "Then I may yet live to meet the French once more." It was the ruling passion asserting itself, but it was not to have gratification: the flame of life was flickering, and soon went out. He died calmly on the evening of the 7th, in the 60th year of his age, his death being caused by a contraction of the pylorus, brought on by confinement on shipboard, and continually bending over his writing desk in the course of his voluminous correspondence.

The Admiral's remains, conveyed to England, were laid by the side of Lord Nelson's in St. Paul's. Nelson had fallen in the hour of victory: his friend survived the battle to be worn out by laborious duty. By vote of Parliament monuments were erected to their memory in the metropolitan cathedral; by Lady Collingwood and her daughters a cenotaph was placed, in remembrance of husband and father, in the church of St. Nicholas', Newcastle. The Corporation adorned the Guildhall with portraits of the three schoolfellows, Lords Collingwood, Stowell, and Eldon; the town gave his name to a new and principal thoroughfare; and a meeting having been held in the Assembly Rooms of Newcastle in 1838, with Admiral Sir Charles Ogle in the chair, to consider the propriety of rearing some public memorial of him, the Collingwood Monument, the figure executed by Lough, was erected in 1845 at the entrance of the Tyne, four guns formerly belonging to Collingwood's ship the Royal Sovereign being three years later placed upon the base of the structure.*

* For a fuller account of the great Admiral, the reader is referred to an admirable memoir by Mr. W. Clark Russell, published in 1891.

Our Parish Registers.

No. I.

WE owe the parish register to the times of the Tudors. "Wriothesley's Chronicle' (Camden Society, 1875) informs us that in the month of September, 1538, "Lord Thomas Crumwell, Lord Privie Seale, Vicegerent to the Kinges Highnes for all his jurisdiction ecclesiasticall within this realme," sent out injunctions for the provision of the Bible in English in every parish church, the taking down of all the lights of wax save three, "and that every curate shall keepe a booke or register wherein shall be written every weddinge, christninge, and buryinge within the same churche throughout the yeare, the same booke to remaine in a chest with two lockes, and two keyes in the same church provided for the same, the one keye to remaine with the curate, and the other with the churchwardens of the same church, the charge to be at the cost of the parish."

The oldest register quoted in Sir Cuthbert Sharp's "*Chronicon Mirabile*,"* is that of St. Oswald's, Durham, dating from 1538 (the year of Lord Cromwell's injunction), and we purpose to borrow a page or two from that invaluable little volume. Full of interest are Sir Cuthbert's diligent extracts, and of instruction also. They bring back to us departed days. Our forefathers live and die for us. We read their fortunes in the story of birth and death, baptism and marriage. We smile and are sad over the quaint memorials of bygone years.

Very calm and methodical are parish registers now-a-days. No breath of passion or prejudice ruffles their leaves. The entries are as free from warmth, or partisanship, or play of fancy, or leaning to superstition or credulity, as the records of a modern ledger. But it was not so of old. Character and individuality, and love of wonder and romance, found expression in parochial chronicles aforetime.

Registration had to make its way against opposition in the beginning. A feeling of conservatism was against it. It was regarded as an intrusive innovation. Cromwell's injunction, in the reign of Henry VIII., was but partially heeded. All through the sixteenth century, successive endeavours to realise his wise purpose failed of general effect. They were continued to the end of the reign of Elizabeth, with only limited success. In the first year of James, an order was made that a parchment book be procured, into which all the old registers were to be transcribed, and registration was to go regularly forward thereafter. An ordinance on the subject was issued in the time of the Long Parliament, and there was a statute under the Commonwealth requiring every parish in the country to have a register and to appoint a registrar. The rated inhabitants were to have the appointment, and their choice was to be approved by a justice of the peace. But neither the behest of Thomas Cromwell, nor the enactments of the Parliament of Oliver, escaped neglect and resistance. The Act of 1653 produced considerable excitement and disapproval during the eclipse of the Monarchy, and was not confirmed at the Restoration.

The Elwick Register contains a minute of the election of a registrar for that rural parish:—"28th November, 1653, William Wardle, of Bridghouse, of the parish of Elwicke Hall, in the county of Durham, yoeman, being elected and chosen by the inhabitants and householders of the parish of Elwicke Hall aforesaid, was the day and yeare above said, sworne and approved registrar for marriages, birthes, and burials in the said parish according to the Act of Parleament concerning the same. Before me, CH. FULTHORPE."

After the word Parliament, some partisan pen has interlined, "*id est*, a company of rebels, assembled under yt [that] tyrant Oliver Cromwell." There is also the following "mem.":—"That marryinge by justices, election of registers by the parishioners, and the use of ruling elders, first came into fashion in the times of rebellion under that monster of nature and bloody tyrant, Oliver Cromwell."

The Staindrop registrar remarks:—"1644. From this time to 1646, through want of a minister and carelessness of ye cleark during ye wars, much of ye register is lost, only here and there a name registered." Also:—"1644. August 22, mem. From this time to 28 December following, anno 1646, no account at all can be given of the register, by reason of the carelessness of Hewitson ye then clerk." In about seven or eight years more there is a further memorandum:—"1653, 4 October, an Act of Parliament passed for registering births and baptisms of children, and Thomas Peerson, ye cleark, was sworne register by ye Right Honourable Sir Henry Vane, senior, at Raby Castle." In the next century we read:—"1709, March—Mem. From this time until the 21st of November following, anno Dom. 1710, no account at all can be given of the register, by reason of the carelessness of John Pearson, the late clark. As witness my hand—THO. LAMB, Curate of Staindrop."

After the passing of the bill of 1653, awakening the parishes to new life, there seems to have been increased action in various directions. A quaint note appears in the course of the year in the register of Houghton-le-Spring:—"Let noe man whatsoever presume to scribble, blot out, or tear out any of the leaves of this register booke, &c., as they will be answerable

* The "*Chronicon Mirabile*," published in 1841, contains a selection of all the more curious and interesting entries in the Parish Registers of the Northern Counties.

for such their great presumption and folly unto the gent. and fower and twenty of the said parish."

An instructive record was made at Monkwearmouth, in the latter days of the last century, setting forth the destruction of many of the registers of one of the most venerable of our parish churches:—"On the 12th of April, 1790, a terrible fire broke out in the dwelling-house of the Rev. Jonathan Ivison, minister of Monkwearmouth, which entirely destroyed the same, together with all the household furniture thereunto belonging; and, amongst other articles, the registers (being of great antiquity) were totally consumed, exeept the register of christenings from 2 September, 1779, and register of burials from 3 January, 1768, down to this time." "A meeting was held (adds Sir Cuthbert Sharp) to determine what was best to be done, when all persons were desired to fetch copies of such private registers as they had in their possession, when several were entered, and sworn to before a magistrate."

We shall now cull several passages from Sir Cuthbert's book throwing some of them under general heads, and giving separately such as do not call for classification, or admit of it; following in the main the words and orthography of the parish clerk, although not rigidly adhering to his contractions, capitals, and commas.

BURIAL IN WOOLLEN.

Our ancestors made many sumptuary laws. Not only the costume of the living, but the clothing of the dead, was regulated by a succession of enactments. There was an Act passed in 1666 for "burial in woollen"; and two others followed in 1677 and 1680, with amendments. "Here," says the Stockton register in August, 1678, "the Act for burying in woollens takes place." The statute states its intention to be "the lessening of the importation of linen from beyond the seas, and the encouragement of the woollen and paper manufactures." It was, in short, a measure of Protection; but it also had an eye to registration, enjoining the clergy "to take an exact account, and keep a register of burials." At St. Mary-le-Bow, in Durham, on the 24th of April, 1683, "John Archbold, *alias* Captain Catch," was "buried in woollen." But in December, 1678, Christopher Bell, gent., interred in the same parish, "was lapped in linen, contrary to the late Act." So also at St. Oswald's, Durham, in September, 1678, "Miss Faith Buck" was "burried (but not in woollen)."

THE WANDERING POOR.

In the summer of 1587, when there was pestilence in the land, and no plenty, food being at famine prices, "a poor wretch, which died in the church poorch," and "a poore young man, which dyed in the Gun House of the Sand Hill," were buried at St. Nicholas', Newcastle.

"A certayne old woman travellinge for relief," who had "died in the fields," was buried at Bishop Middleham, January 14, 1596.

The infirm poor were carried on their journeys between parish and parish. "Katherine White, a Scottish woman, being a stranger," and "having a passe to travell homeward, fell sick by the way; and being brought hither [to Merrington] upon a barrow from Winleston, extreme sick, died here; and was buried," February 12, 1615. Four days afterwards, "John Steward, a stranger, died in the bake house in Midlestone, and was here buried."

"Isabel, an old distressed cripple, died in the bake house in Merrington, buried, November 21, 1621."

RELIGION.

"Richard Snell, br'nt." So runs a burial register of September 9, 1558, at Richmond. An explanation of this record of the closing days of Queen Mary may be read in "Fox's Martyrs." Two of the Snells had been imprisoned for religion. One of them, after his toes had rotted off in confinement, walked upon crutches. At last he went to mass, having a large sum of money given him by the people; but in three or four days he drowned himself in the Swale. Thus one of the Snells died by fire, another by water.

"At Hesleden, Mr. Robert Mayer and Mrs. Grace Smythe, Mar. 24, 1591." Mr. Maire, of Hardwick, married the only child of an eminent lawyer in Durham. Both were Protestants. But after their marriage they were present at Dryburn, when four "semynaries, papysts, tretors, and rebels to hys Majestye" (such are the words of the St. Oswald's register), were hanged under the law then in force, making it death for a priest of Roman ordination to be in England. Moved by their courage and constancy, the newly married pair became converts to the Catholic faith. Mrs. Maire's father, a Puritan, was indignant; termed her in his will "his graceless daughter Grace"; and what he bequeathed her she was only to receive on condition of conformity. With her husband, however, she was steadfast to her choice. "The 27 daie of April 1595," says the Hesleden register, "was a child buried in the night supposed to be Mr. Robert Maire's of Hardwick, a recusant."

"Henry Wright, a recusant," aged 60, was on the 14th of April, 1620, at Pittington, "buried in the night."

At Whorlton, in 1630, "Richard Appleby did commit his pennance in whyte lynin ye 21 of November, according to lawe, and Margret Symson ye next Sabbeth after."

At Newcastle, in the register of St. Nicholas, is written:—"Infant Knight and Mary Watson, being excommunicated, buried in a garden, 31 December 1664."

The Ryton register has a note in 1676 of "excommunicated persons," comprising William Tempest, Gent., Francis Hedworth, Gent., Timothy Shafto, Gent.

The Battle of the Low Lights.

AN episode of the great invasion scare of the beginning of the century—the attempt to capture Clifford's Fort at North Shields—is well-nigh forgotten, but is still worth placing on record here.

On October 2, 1801, a line of keels was moored across the Tyne, near Clifford's Fort, and deals were laid over them from shore to shore. After carefully inspecting this extraordinary highway, Lord Mulgrave mounted his charger, and, accompanied by General Murray, Major Heron, and other officers, rode over from the county of Durham to Northumberland. Major Heron then galloped back again. Soon after, Lord Mulgrave marched the 1st Regiment of Royal Lancashire Militia (accompanied by their field pieces and ammunition waggons) from Tynemouth Barracks across this bridge to the Herd Sands, when an action took place against a supposed enemy. At the same time, several shells were fired from the Spanish Battery on the north side, which had a fine effect. The troops were afterwards led back again, and Major Heron, after firing three close volleys, marched the South Shields volunteers across the bridge into Northumberland. The adjacent banks and hills were covered with spectators to witness this novel sight, and the experiment succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. A large flat-bottomed boat, called by the watermen Buonaparte, was originally used for conveying troops or military carriages over the river; but the bridge of keels was found infinitely superior, as it enabled any required movements to be made with as much facility as by land.

On April 30, 1804, the North Shields and Tynemouth Volunteers entered upon permanent duty for one month. The guards at Clifford's Fort, Tynemouth Barracks, and the Spanish Battery were delivered up to them. The company in Clifford's Fort had not been in possession of it more than four hours when Major Doyle, of the Light Brigade, from Sunderland, crossed the Tyne in the Buonaparte, accompanied by one company of the 61st Regiment, one company of the Northumberland Militia, and one company of the Lanark Militia. The officers, it appears, had got vain-glorious over their cups; and when disputing about the merits of their respective corps, the major had said he could easily surprise any of the forts garrisoned by the volunteers, and he was dared to make the attempt. Accordingly at early morning on the above-mentioned date, Major Doyle's company, whose quarters were at Whitburn, crossed the Tyne, and landed on the Lighthouse Sand. From thence they proceeded, as noiselessly as possible, with the major at their head on his gallant charger, up the narrow passage, close to the fort. But before they could reach the entrance to it, the volunteers had made preparations to receive them, their landing having been observed, in spite of their caution. One man got his arm broken during the hurry in barricading the gate. The number of volunteers within the fort being insufficient for the guarding of the embrasures and the walls, an express was sent off for the remainder of the corps, who happened to be on parade in Dockwray Square. These had already noticed what was going on, and hastened down the bank to the assistance of their comrades. When the light company, which was in the van, reached the Low Lights, they found the bridge in possession of a party of the besiegers, who, being supplied with blank cartridges, instantly commenced a brisk fire upon them. By the point of the bayonet, they forced the pass along the narrow passage referred to above, up which only one or two could pass abreast. Capt. Hearne seized hold of the bridle of Major Doyle's horse, and attempted to stop him. The major then swore a round volley of oaths, and, brandishing his sword in the captain's face, asked him whether he thought they were real enemies. The captain replied that he had no reason to think otherwise, and stoutly stood his ground. But after a minute's parley, by advice of a brother officer, he allowed the major to pass, and the latter instantly rode up to the gate. This he found to be shut and strongly barricaded, and his summons was met with open defiance. Determined not to be baffled, however, the besiegers proceeded to attempt to carry the fort by storm. As the fort was not well constructed for resisting a land attack, they would probably have succeeded; but the other volunteers, arriving from Dockwray Square and the Old Barracks (Percy Square), attacked the besiegers in the rear, and effected a diversion. Many bloody knuckles and in some instances broken arms were the injuries which the regulars and militia received in their attempts to scale the walls. After a smart conflict, in which great skill was displayed on both sides, the contending parties charging bayonets at intervals, the assailants were beaten off and forced to retreat.

When making a reconnaissance, shortly before the beginning of the fray, Captain Robert Shields was captured by a party of the Northumberland Militia, who had been placed in ambush in a saw-pit. Colonel William Linskill, who commanded the Shields and Tynemouth Volunteers, hurrying down to the scene of action with all possible speed, and finding the captain in this awkward predicament, cried out, "Shields, Shields, Shields! what are you about?" "What am I about, sir?" replied the more valiant than wary officer; "bad enough; I'm taken prisoner!" He was at once rescued from his captors, who ran the risk of being captured in turn. But at a later stage of the affair he got his revenge. Meanwhile, the doughty assailants, overpowered by numbers and pressed on all sides, retreated slowly and sullenly, and disputing every inch of ground, not, however, to their ships, but to the

flat-bottomed Buonaparte, by which they made good their retreat, not without difficulty. Pushing off as they best could, they returned to the south shore, rather crest-fallen at their want of success. Nor did their misfortunes end there. On arriving at The Bents, they found that a party of the volunteers, headed by Captain Shields, had slipped across in some scullerboats during their absence, and had demolished their camp and carried off all their flags. This was worse than defeat, as it involved disgrace, and it was many a long day before it was forgotten. Throughout the day, the temper of the troops was well preserved. A determined coolness and intrepidity was visible in both parties, and the volunteers proved themselves worthy of being entrusted with the fort, having so bravely defended it against excellent troops, one-third of whom were of the line.

Major Doyle was much censured for attacking Clifford's Fort. His exploit might have led to very disagreeable and even fatal consequences, and General Grey, who commanded in the district, is represented to have said he would have put him into the black-hole had he been taken by the volunteers. The gentleman in immediate command of the fort was Captain Ramshaw, and as he happened to be indisposed that morning, the besiegers could not have chosen a better time.

The North Shields and Tynemouth Volunteers were the second volunteer corps raised in England, and among the last that were disbanded. W. S.

The Mouth of the Tyne.

MOST conspicuous amongst the objects shown in the engraving of the mouth of the Tyne on this page, are the two towers known as the High and Low Lights of North Shields. These lights guide the mariner into the harbour. Numerous fishing boats will be seen anchored near the little quay of the town. South Shields lies on the opposite side of the river. Connected with the land there is a narrow sand bank which is shown to the right of the picture, with a wooden structure at the end of it. The light which is placed in this structure is to warn mariners entering the Tyne from approaching too near the dreaded Herd Sands. Opposite the Herd Sands, but not seen in our view, are the equally dreaded Black Middens, on which many a gallant craft has gone to pieces. The two arms that are seen projecting into the sea are the North and South Piers, chief among the wonderful works of the Tyne Commissioners. There was a time when the bar at the mouth of the Tyne was so shallow that foolhardy sailors

THE MOUTH OF THE TYNE.

were said to have waded across it. But the bar itself has now practically been removed, since vessels of the largest tonnage can now enter the river at almost any time of tide.

All Saints' Church, Newcastle.

ORIGINALLY called All Hallow's, old All Saints' Church dates from the year 1286. At that time it was a Gothic structure; but it underwent many changes and restorations, until the end of the last century, when it was demolished, and the present edifice erected. Mackenzie, the historian of Newcastle, was living when old All Saints' was pulled down, and from him we learn that the steeple and west end occupied the site of the present structure. The old church itself extended to where the burial ground now is. When, on the south pillars in the interior of the church giving way, it was proposed to restore it, Dr. Sharp, the Archdeacon of Northumberland, objected to having the chancel shortened. A thorough inspection of the church showed that it was rapidly decaying, and on Easter Tuesday (April 18, 1786) a general meeting of the parishioners was held, at which it was unanimously resolved to build a new edifice. While the work of pulling down the old church was being proceeded with, an accident occurred by which a popular inhabitant, named Captain William Hedley, was killed by one of the stones of the great west door falling upon him.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, FROM PANDON.

A design of Mr. David Stevenson's having been selected, the foundation stone of the new church was laid by the Rev. James Stephen Lushington, Vicar of Newcastle, on August 14, 1786. The building was finished in 1796 at a cost of £27,000, which sum, excepting £2,061 19s., raised by the sale of pews, £30 in donations, and a gift of £100, was obtained by assessment of the parish. Built in the form of an ellipse, the church resembles the Pantheon at Rome in architectural arrangement. The roof, which is a splendid piece of carpentry, devoid of supporting pillars, was first constructed at the Austin Friars yard. It may be stated that it was there also that the bells of the old church were cast. At the south end a square tower supports the steeple, beneath which is the vestibule. There is a wing on either side. That on the right is a vestry, in which the celebrated brass of Roger Thornton hangs, while the wing on the left is utilized as a morning chapel, as well as for baptisms. Not the least important of All Saints' architectural arrangements is the noble Doric portico in connection with the south front.

It was on Tuesday, November 17, 1789, that All Saints' was consecrated by the Bishop of Durham, the Right Rev. Thomas Thurlow, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Hugh Moises, the famous head master of the Grammar School, and morning lecturer of All Saints'. In course of time the edifice began to present a neglected aspect, and in 1881 attention was drawn to its condition. The appeal for funds to restore it being heartily responded to, the work of repair was begun, and on November 23, 1881, it was re-opened, the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Joseph Barber Lightfoot, preaching the opening sermon.

Towards the end of 1881, Mr. R. S. Donkin, M.P. for Tynemouth, whose place of business is near to the old church, made an offer to improve the churchyard at his own expense—an offer which, it is needless to say, was accepted by the parishioners. And so the old churchyard was speedily metamorphosed into a pleasant retreat. Amongst the many benefactors of All Saints' may be mentioned Mr. John Hall, who presented the church with a clock. In connection with the ceremony of illuminating and starting the clock on February 3, 1882, an address was presented to Mr. Hall by Mr. Joseph Cowen on behalf of the people of the parish. It is said that at this

ceremony there were no fewer than ten thousand people present.

Mr. Jobling's sketch of All Saints' Church which accompanies this article, is taken from Pandon. It was originally drawn to illustrate Mr. R. J. Charleton's "Newcastle Town," published by Mr. Walter Scott.

Ned Corban.

EDWARD CORVAN was born in Liverpool in 1829, but in all other respects he was a genuine Tynesider. His speech and manners were racy of the soil. Although of a later generation than the immortal Billy Purvis, he is fairly entitled to rank as a public entertainer with that eccentric genius. Indeed, it was as a young member of Billy's company that he began his professional career.

Ned was a tall man, standing about 5 feet 10 inches in height, possessing a bony, muscular frame, surmounted by a head which suggested a certain kind of rough power, and a countenance whose expression betokened infinite

good nature and a rare fund of comicality. His features were rough, irregular, and certainly not classical, the nose being large and prominent. He was a consummate master of the *patois* of Tyneside, and, by his lyrical and musical talents as a performer, he made it the agent for producing some of the best effects alike of pathos and humour.

Although not in the strict sense a literary artist, he possessed sufficient knowledge of the mechanism of rhyme to construct not a few excellent local songs. These possessed the true spirit of ballad poetry, going direct to the hearts of his audience, by virtue of their homeliness of sentiment, and that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." Ned was a competent musician, too, being a really expert violinist. As a comic singer of local ditties, he has perhaps never been equalled. Moreover, he was an excellent actor.

My earliest recollection of Corvan's singing was a visit which I once paid to a music hall at the west end of the Central Station, near to the Cattle Market, Newcastle—the Tyne Concert Hall. This public resort, which stood on a vacant piece of ground now covered by substantial edifices, was a large wooden structure, and had been originally used as a circus. On the evening in question, the building was densely crowded by an enthusiastic and demonstrative audience. Corvan was the "lion" of the occasion, and his appearance on the stage created quite a *furore*, altogether eclipsing the other performers. At that time, his most popular song had reference to the then recent erection of the Central Station, by which the Forth, originally a favourite and ample playground for the youths of Newcastle, was filched away. This formed the burden of the lay, which, as rendered by Ned, dressed as a schoolboy in a white pinafore, with leathern belt, and trundling his hoop, produced an extraordinary effect. The boy's lament for the loss of his playground—

Oh, dear me,
Aa've ne plyace noo te play,
Sin' fra me
The Forth they've taen away—

appealed universally to local sympathies, and was simply irresistible.

Another lyric sung at the period of which I write, and which enjoyed much popularty, was a burlesque ditty, in which the yeomanry were rather mercilessly ridiculed. It seemed a peculiarly hard fate that our citizen soldiers of that day, who, long before the Volunteer movement was dreamt of, donned once a year a blue and by no means unbecoming uniform in defence of our hearths and homes, should be thus cruelly decried. Yet such was the fact, the appearance of these gallant defenders in our streets being the invariable signal for ragged, unkempt urchins to assail them with the most uncomplimentary epithets conveyed in such doggrel as—

Blue-legged Bumler,
Cock-tail tumler,
Fireside soulger,
Daurna gan te war.

Corvan's song, although not descending to quite so low a level of invective as this, was assuredly not lacking in the elements of broadest comedy. No one who once witnessed the singer's lugubrious grimaces when giving the refrain—

He wad be a noodle,
He wad be a noodle,
He wad be a noodle,
The greet slaverin' cull,

or listened to the tumultuous applause which greeted his mock expressions of indignant grief, will readily forget the scene.

The last occasion on which I enjoyed the treat of listening to Ned Corvan's characteristic vocalism—poor Ned died in Newcastle on August 31st, 1865—was at a mixed entertainment, held over thirty years ago, in the large room of the Grainger Hotel, at the corner of Market Street. The concerts which took place nightly were of the free and easy type, and were not specially noted for their refinement. Ned was, on the evening of my visit to this public resort, in his best form, and sang, amidst much enthusiasm, his most famous ditties. At a later stage of the entertainment, Ned, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, thus addressed the miscellaneous audience before him :—"Noo, ma freends, wad ye like to hear me play the Carnival—what de they call'd?—'de Venis,' on the fiddle, or draw ye the phiz of Napoleon on the black board?" Before the question could be answered, the accomplished entertainer swept in a masterly style the strings of his violin, which responded in the grand chorus of Paganini's *piece de resistance*. Ere the plaudits of the assembly had died away, he produced from his pocket a piece of chalk, with which he drew in rapid succession the most life-like portraits of then living celebrities, including the late Emperor of the French, Mazzini, Kossuth, and others.

It may not be generally known that Corvan possessed very considerable gifts as an artist, and that, contradictory as it may seem, he generally selected as the subjects of his portraiture sacred events, somewhat after the style of John Martin, whose prodigal fancy and daring imagination drew their inspiration from the Apocalypse.

But Ned's no more,
So no more of Ned.

J. Embleton Smith.

Notes and Commentaries.

LEMMINGS.

W. S. C.—understood to be the initials of a Sunderland gentleman—lately contributed to the *Pall Mall Budget* an account of a winter trip through Norway. The following extract relates to a mysterious little animal which somewhat resembles a guinea pig :—"Fortunately the huge army of lemmings *(Georhycus lemmus)* which once in five years marches across Scandinavia to perish in the North Sea had reached the outskirts of Trondhjem just before our arrival. The mystery surrounding their dwelling-place, and the strange fatality which attends their westward march, make these little creatures extremely interesting. They come from some place to the east of Scandinavia, but where is not known; but it seems probable that, the increase of their numbers causing a scarcity of food in their native mountains, a portion of the community is driven to seek its fortunes in the west every fifth year. On they swarm across the country, always keeping in a straight line, avoiding houses, but swimming fjords and rivers, until the sea is reached. They plunge in and swim bravely on for a couple of miles, but their strength then fails, and so they perish, not a single lemming ever returning eastward. A bad harvest is said to follow this visitation, and the Lutheran used to solemnly exorcise

them, using a special Lemming Litany for the purpose. As we climbed the steep road leading up Steenberget, we saw numerous dead bodies strewn about, victims of the nightly raids made by the cats of the city, and on reaching the fields, found them literally swarming with the lemmings, two or three of which were easily caught for examination. They are about the size of a small water-rat, of a beautiful reddish-brown colour, shading to white on the breast, with a broad black band across the shoulders and along the back of the head. The tail is small and scarcely visible, and the prominent teeth are typical of the Rodentia. They show fight most persistently and gallantly, keeping up a shrill squeaking all the time, with the head thrown back, and the sharp, yellow teeth vigorously snapping. They can draw blood, as I found, but a slight blow on the nose kills them instantly."

C., Gateshead.

A DREADFUL WINTER.

The beginning of the present century was marked by a severe scarcity, occasioned by the failure of the harvest in 1799, and the continuance of war on the Continent. A large portion of the grain crops in the counties of Northumberland and Durham remained uncut till near the end of January, 1800. In the January of this year wheat sold in Newcastle market at one guinea the Winchester bushel, equivalent to 168s. the quarter; and in March, 1801, the quartern loaf of four pounds five and a half ounces rose to one shilling and tenpence halfpenny.

W. S., South Shields.

BEN WELLS, THE DANCING MASTER.

The people of Cumberland and Westmoreland, as is well known, are very fond of athletic exercises, and extraordinary powers are still developed among them. During

the long life of Wordsworth in this region, there was one man more famous among the common folks than he, namely, Ben Wells, for fifty years dancing master and fiddler to the country people of Cumberland. Ben was the kind of man who, in primitive times, gave country folk their legends. Mr. Craig Gibson, wrote a lyric in 1869 about him, and in a note says:—"The last time I met him was about twenty years ago in the bar parlour of an inn in the southern part of the Lake District, where the strains of his fiddle, produced at my request, caused such excitement that a general and very uproarious dance (of males only) set in, and was kept up with such energy that, the space being confined, the furniture was seriously damaged, and Ben was at last ejected by the landlady, as the readiest—indeed the only—method of putting a stop to the riot. He was light, muscular, and springy, and in earlier years wonderfully swift of foot, so much so, that the late Dr. Johnston, of Cockermouth, told me that he once (at Scale Hill) saw him, without assistance, run down and capture a wild rabbit—a proof of activity rarely paralleled." The following is a verse from Mr. Gibson's poem in the Cumberland dialect on this celebrated character:—

Ben Wales's fiddle many a neet
Gev weel-oiled springs to t' heaviest heels,
For few cud whyet hod the'r feet
When Ben struck up his heartenin' reels.
Wid elbow room and rozel't weel,
Swinge! how he'd mak fwoke kev an' prance;
An' nowt cud match t' sly fiddle squeal
At si.nal'd kiss i' t' cushion dance.

CUMBRIAN, Workington.

GREY'S MONUMENT.

One of the most conspicuous objects in Newcastle is Grey's Monument. It was erected to commemorate the services of Charles, Earl Grey, in connection with the first Reform Bill. The foundation stone, as we read in Fordyce's "Local Records," was laid by Messrs. John and Benjamin Green, the architects. A glass bottle, hermetically sealed, containing a drawing of the building, surmounted with a statue of the earl, a list of subscribers to the undertaking, a collection of silver and copper coins of the Brunswick dynasty, with several local medals and tradesmen's tokens contributed by Mr. John Fenwick, was deposited in a chamber cut in the stone, and encased in plaster of Paris. On the 11th of August, 1838, the column had reached its elevation, and on the 24th of the same month the statue of Earl Grey was placed upon its summit. The bells of the churches immediately afterwards commenced a merry peal, and continued at intervals during the remaining portion of the day. The height of the column to the top of the figure is 133 feet, and the diameter of the shaft at the base is 9 feet 11 inches. The architecture is Roman doric, and there is a staircase consisting of 164 steps to the summit of the capital, from which there is a fine panoramic view of the town and the surrounding country. The figure, the work of Mr. Bailey, a well-known sculptor of the day, was brought from London by the Newcastle trader Halcyon.

FORRESTER, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

INDIFFERENT AS TO THE RESULT.

Just after the competitors in a boat race on the Tyne had started, and the cheers were resounding for the respective scullers, an old pitman in one of the steamboats philosophically observed:—"Wey, it'll not myek much mettor te me; aa hev half-a-croon on byeth ways!"

INGRATITUDE.

A few weeks ago, several old women were watching the funeral of an undertaker. "Aye, aye," exclaimed an ancient dame, "the canny-aad soul! He myed monny a coffin for deed folks in his time for nowt, and noo, the ungrateful beggors, thor's not yen o' them hes followed him te the grave!"

AN INTERRUPTION.

As a brass band, composed mainly of miners, was marching down the North Road towards the Haymarket, Newcastle, playing a lively tune, the bandmaster suddenly stopped, and, running to the front, shouted:—"Haad on, lads, haad on! Ye're plaaing as if ye'd nivvor been doon this way afore!"

LIGHTNING RODS.

At the erection of a dissenting chapel at South Shields the question of putting a lightning conductor in the tower was discussed by the Building Committee. One member strenuously opposed the expense, and asked, "What's the use of putting such things up? Leetning can get doon quick eneuf wivoot them!"

FLOWER SHOW AMENITIES.

The annual flower show was recently held at Amble in a small marquee. A young man who was having a look round remarked to a lady of his acquaintance, a visitor from one of the neighbouring collieries, that the show was "only a middlin' one." She replied, "Well, but it sets the tent off a bit, onnyhoo!"

AN INVOICE.

At a new pit near Leamside Station, it happened, a few years ago, that some sinking apparatus had been ordered, for which no invoice had arrived. A master sinker, named George, on going to his work one morning, passed the above station, and saw the invoice in the office there. "Tommy," said he to one of his men when he got to the pit, "hes thoo got the invoice for them thingamies yet?" Tommy replied, "Aa's not, Geordie." "Wey, man," returned George, "aa seed it at the station just noo, as aa passed. Ha'd away for't!" Tommy went off to the station. Looking round, he saw a sewing machine on the platform. Thinking it to be the article wanted, he got a barrow to take it away. One of the

railway officials accosted him thus, "I say, what are you going to do with the barrow?" Tommy replied, "Aa want it to tyek that invoice to the pit," pointing to the machine. "That's no invoice, man," said the porter; "it's a sewing machine for Middle Rainton." "Wey," said Tommy, "aa was telled it was an invoice for the new pit. Aa've been luiking for it this last week or mair."

AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.

A local schoolmaster one day whilst instructing one of his classes in English history, carefully explained to the children the difference between infantry and cavalry. The next day he went over the same lesson, and for obvious reasons, the last question he asked was:—"What is the name given to horse soldiers?" The answer, though unexpected, came short and swift:—"Noodles, sor, Noodles!"

A LUNAR LANDMARK.

On a moonlight evening, a few years ago, a stranger to the village of Benwell, wanting to cross the river by the ferryboat, asked a native to kindly show him the way to the landing. The youth replied, "Dis thoo see yon meun yonder?" The stranger answered in the affirmative. "Then," says the youth, "gan as far as that, and then torn doon!"

AN UNEXPECTED RETORT.

A party of gentlemen were travelling a short time ago on the Carlisle line, and at one of the stations the joker of the party thought he would have a lark with the railway porter. He shouted:—"I say, porter, you have not returned me the shirt I lent you." The porter quickly replied:—"Get away, man, ye divvent wear shorts; ye wear nowt but cuffs and collars!"

LOVE ME, LOVE MY PIG.

A miner in the county of Durham instructed his wife to take a half-grown pig to Chester-le-Street. She duly arrived at Lamesley Station, and succeeded in getting her ticket; but when she was about to enter the carriage, she was stopped by the guard, who said, "You are never going to take that pig into the carriage amongst the passengers?" "What for, then?" said she, "where mun aa gan? It's yen o' wor Jack's best breed." "Never mind," said the guard, "it can't go in there." "Varry weel, then," said she, "where it cannit gan, aa cannit gan, se we'll just waak!" And walk she did.

AN ELECTION INCIDENT.

In the year of the great election in Northumberland, when the late Matthew Bell was one of the candidates, two miners named Thomas Laverick and Jacob Thompson, belonging to a colliery near North Shields, went to Newcastle to buy each a pair of trousers. Laverick purchased the first pair. Thompson went to another shop, and said he wanted a pair like Tom Laverick's. The shopman got down trouser piece after trouser piece. "Man," said Thompson, "aa tell thoo aa waant a pair like Tom Laverick's troosers was, sky blue colour, Matty Bell for ivvor!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. John Nanson, Clerk of the Peace for Carlisle, and for upwards of forty years Town Clerk of the same city, died on the 17th of September. The deceased, who had considerable reputation as an archæologist, was 71 years of age.

On the 20th of September the death took place of the Rev. R. Waters, Vicar of South Hetton, at the age of 62 years.

On the 24th of September, Mr. John Manderson, who for upwards of half a century had taken a prominent part in disseminating temperance principles throughout the North of England, died at New Delaval, his age being 78 years.

On the 25th of September, Charles McIntosh, who claimed to be an old soldier aged 98 years, and who earned a few coppers by hawking pens and laces, died at Sunderland from the effects of an overdose of chloroform and laudanum, to the use of which he had been addicted for thirty-five years. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 274.)

At the age of 42 years, the Rev. H. S. Eckersley, a Wesleyan Minister, formerly connected with Newcastle and Gateshead, died at Ramleh, Alexandria, Egypt, on the 27th of September.

On the 27th of September, the remains of Mr. John Taylor, artist and wood engraver, were interred at Dunston-on-Tyne.

Mrs. Hannah Towers, the last surviving niece of George Stephenson, the eminent engineer, died at Medomsley on the 27th of September, at the advanced age of 84 years.

Mr. George Bateman, farmer, Easington, died suddenly on the 3rd of October.

On the 4th of October, Mr. R. Merryweather, senior auctioneer in the Hartlepools, died, his age being 77 years.

Mr. Alfred Thomas Rogers, for two successive years Mayor of Richmond, Yorkshire, died on the 5th of October.

On the 9th of October, news was received at Stockton of the death, at Norham-on-Tweed, of Lady Ernest Vane Tempest, widow of Lord Ernest Vane Tempest, brother to the late, and uncle to the present, Marquis of Londonderry.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

12.—According to a statement made by Mr. Alderman Stephens at the Central Hall, there were, as the result of the recent Brewster Sessions for Newcastle, 12 fewer licenses than last year, leaving 710 licenses, or one for 262 inhabitants.

12.—A dead whale, about 30 feet long, was towed ashore on Boulmer Rocks, Northumberland.

—A beautiful stained glass window, erected in the east end of the north aisle of Lamesley Parish Church by the Vicar (the Rev. R. W. Snape), in memory of his father, the late Rev. Dr. Snape, so long head-master of the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle, was unveiled and dedicated by the Rev. W. S. Reeman, Vicar of Fatfield.

14.—The new parish hall and schools of St. Nicholas,' in Hanover Square, Newcastle, were opened by Mr. W. D. Cruddas. (See p. 239.)

15.—The enthronement of Dr. Maclagan, as Archbishop of York, took place in the Minster, the Duke of Cambridge being amongst the audience present on the occasion. On the 21st his Grace paid his first official visit to Middlesbrough, and was presented with an address of welcome on the part of the Mayor and Corporation. At night he presided at the annual meeting of the Middlesbrough and District Church Extension Society, in the Town Hall of that borough. The new Archbishop, on the following day, took part in the proceedings connected with the laying of the foundation stone of the new church of St. Barnabas, Linthorpe Road, in the same town. The ceremony was performed by Sir Raylton Dixon.

—A committee of twelve gentlemen was appointed to administer the Friar's Goose Disaster Fund, in accordance with the necessities of the various families bereaved.

—A destructive fire broke out in the storehouse at Craggs and Sons' Shipyard, Middlesbrough, the buildings being completely gutted.

16.—Dr. George Macdonald, the well-known novelist, delivered a lecture in Ryehill Chapel, Newcastle, on "A Talk with Dante."

—A show of dogs was opened in the Garrison Field, Sunderland, the exhibition being the largest of the kind ever seen in that town.

—A meeting of the committee in charge of the contemplated new "History of Northumberland" was held at their rooms, 24, Grey Street, Newcastle, under the presidency of Earl Percy. With a view to commencing the undertaking with parts of the county not already dealt with in Hodgson's "Northumberland" and Raine's "North Durham," it was agreed that the volumes comprising the districts round Bamburgh and Alnwick, Hexham and Bywell, should be the first prepared. Mr. Edward Bateson, the editorial secretary, was instructed to take the necessary steps for beginning the work at once.

17.—The directors of Sir W. G. Amstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Limited, decided to recommend a dividend for the year ending 30th June last at the rate of 11¼ per cent. This was subsequently confirmed at the annual meeting of the shareholders, under the presidency of Lord Armstrong.

—A lecture on "The Artificial Propagation of Salmon and Trout" was delivered in the New Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, by Mr. J. J. Armistead, of the Fishery, Dumfries.

—The twenty-first annual meeting of the Newcastle Hospital Sunday Fund was held in the Bible Society's Rooms, Pilgrim Street, the chair being occupied by the Sheriff (Mr. Stephen Quin). The total receipts of the year were reported to have amounted to £4,647 12s. 7d., the largest sum ever received by the fund in one year.

—The will of Mr. Henry Nelson, J.P., of Westoe, South Shields, shipowner, &c., was proved in the Durham Probate Court, the gross personal estate being sworn at £118,244 1s. 3½d. Other local wills of the month included those of Mr. George Garry Taylor-Smith, of Colpike Hall, Lanchester, J.P., sworn at £17,955 14s. 2d.; and of Mr. Joseph Snowball, of Seaton Burn House, Northumberland, sworn at £12,673 15s. 4d. The will of Mr. Robert Johnson, late of Stotes Hall, Jesmond, Newcastle, and a member of the City Council, was also sworn, the personal estate being valued at £25,755 8s. 2d.

18.—By the sudden capsizing, off Roker Pier, Sunderland, of a racing boat belonging to Sergeant Hawks, of the River Wear Police, John Hawks, a young man 22 years of age, the son of the owner, and River Constable Snelger, were drowned; Sergeant Hawks and Mr. W. E. Marshall, collector at Bodlewell Lane Ferry, who were also in the craft at the time, having been rescued.

—Mr. J. B. Radcliffe, sporting editor of the *Newcastle Journal*, rowed a quarter of a mile, swam a quarter of a mile, ran a quarter of a mile, bicycled a quarter of a mile, and rode a horse a quarter of a mile, all within thirteen minutes, he having wagered to perform the fivefold feat in fifteen minutes.

19.—Mrs. Ashton Dilke, widow of Mr. Ashton Dilke, formerly M.P. for Newcastle, and daughter of Mr. T. E. Smith, formerly M.P. for North Shields, was married in London to Mr. Russell Cooke.

—Pierre Autret, a Frenchman and a hawker of onions, 19 years of age, was arrested by the Sunderland police on a charge of having caused the death by stabbing of a man named Thomas Callan, who had endeavoured to snatch a string of onions from him. Autret was afterwards committed for trial.

21.—The foundation-stone of a large and commodious range of buildings, in connection with the Bath Lane Schools and the Corporation Street School of Science and Art, was laid at the end of South View, Heaton, by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. Joseph Baxter Ellis), who was accompanied by the Sheriff (Mr. Stephen Quin).

—A banquet, in commemoration of the twenty-first anniversary of the storming of Rome by the troops under General Cadorna, and of the union of the Eternal City to Italy, was held by the local Italian residents in the Criterion Restaurant, Market Street, Newcastle. The chair was occupied by the Italian Vice-Consul, Signor Cavaliere Rizzetto, who, in proposing the toast of the Press, alluded to Mr. Joseph Cowen, who, he said, amongst Englishmen, had, perhaps, been the greatest friend Italy had ever possessed. Mr. Reginald Barnett, of the literary staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, responded in the Italian language. Lieut. John Eyre Macklin, one of the Tyneside Garibaldian volunteers, also took part in the proceedings.

—A verdict of wilful murder was returned by a coroner's jury, in Newcastle, against a woman named Eliza Tate, who was alleged to have caused the death of Benson Blacklock, a boy 2½ years of age, by striking him on the head with a coalrake.

—During a severe gale, the s.s. Hallet, from London, ran ashore behind the South Pier at Amble, and W. Aldridge, the mate, was washed overboard and drowned. The Norwegian schooner Arkaltor was wrecked at Berwick, and one of the crew was killed.

22.—The science course of the Cambridge and Durham Universities Extension Lectures was initiated in the Lecture Room of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, Mr. Ernest A. Parkyn, M.A., Cambridge, delivering the first of a series of twelve lectures on human physiology.

23.—In the Grand Assembly Rooms, at Barras Bridge, Newcastle, the Rev. Frank Walters delivered the first of a course of six lectures on the English poets and men of letters, the chair being occupied by the Earl of Carlisle.

24.—Fifteen annuitants were elected in connection

with the James and Mary Elizabeth Robson's Charity for Aged Females.

—At a conference of medical officers of health of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, and Westmorland, a branch of the Society of Medical Officers of Health was formed, and Dr. H. E. Armstrong, of Newcastle, was elected president.

25.—A custom, known as "Blackberry Friday," was observed to-day; and there was a general holiday at the Board Schools and other teaching establishments in Newcastle.

26.—The foundation stone of a new Presbyterian Church and school, to be called the Dall Memorial, was laid at Bedlington by Sir George B. Bruce, of London.

—The first annual meeting of the Northern Musicians' Benevolent Society was held in Newcastle, the treasurer's report showing a credit balance of £89.

—William Forster, farmer, of Brown Knowe, North Cumberland, was shot dead by a man named James Armstrong, who was afterwards found in his cottage with his throat cut and quite dead.

28.—Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham, laid the foundation stone of a new isolation ward at the Sunderland Infirmary.

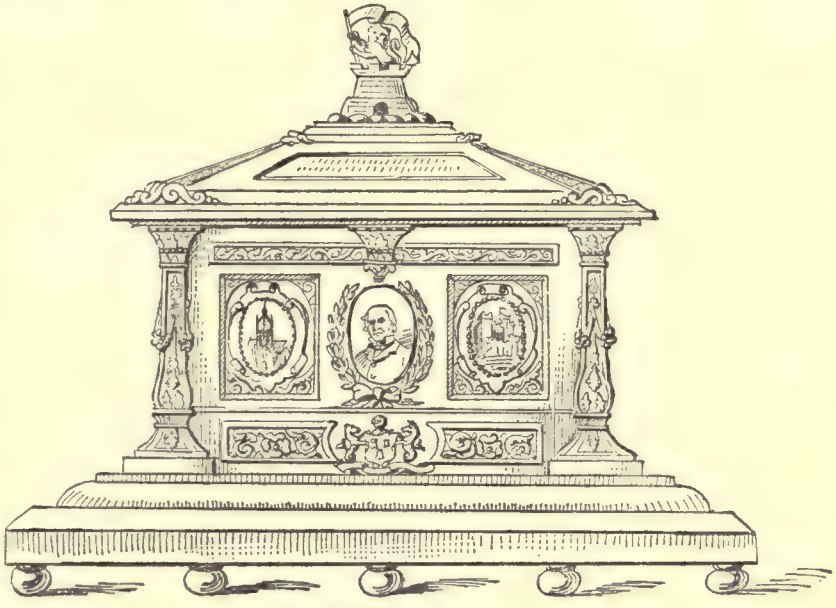
29.—The thirty-third annual conference of the North of England Temperance League was held in the Temperance Hall, Eston, near Middlesbrough, under the presidency of Mr. J. Backhouse, in the first instance, and of Mr. J. J. Wood in the afternoon.

—At the Moot Hall Police Court, Newcastle, Sidney Old, who had been extradited from the United States, was committed to the sessions for trial on a charge of embezzling the sum of £344 4s. 9d., and the further sum of £518 4s. 9d., the moneys of the Pontoon and Dry Dock Company at Wallsend, on the 30th of December, 1890.

—A meeting of the Executive Council of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Mining, Engineering, and Industrial Exhibition, 1887, was held at the offices of the Mining Institute, Mr. John Daglish presiding. The report of the committee, dealing with the settlement of claims in connection with the model dwelling, and also with the final payments in respect of the closing of the accounts, was adopted. It was subsequently resolved that the surplus, amounting to £3,762, should be handed over to the College of Physical Science; and a committee, consisting of the chairman, Mr. Wm. Cochrane, Mr. J. C. Ridley, and Mr. R. Urwin, was appointed to confer with the council of the college as to the purposes to which the fund should be applied. Votes of thanks were passed to Lord Ravensworth and to Mr. John Daglish for their services as president and chairman of the council of the Exhibition, and also to Mr. J. J. Pace for his services as honorary treasurer.

OCTOBER.

1.—In accordance with an engagement entered into several months previously, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., arrived from Scotland on a short visit to Newcastle. The train containing the eminent statesman, his wife, and others, steamed into the Central Station about twenty minutes past 10 o'clock at night. The party were received by Mr. John Morley, M.P., Dr. R. Spence Watson, the Mayor (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis), &c. Escorted to the carriages outside which were in waiting for them, the distinguished visitors, amid a scene of much excitement and enthusiasm, were driven to the Mansion House—the guests of the Mayor and Mayoress (Mrs. Barker Ellis) being Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gladstone, Mr. John Morley, M.P., Lady Hayter, and Sir Andrew Clark.



THE GLADSTONE CASKET.

W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

Mr. Gladstone's physician. On the afternoon of the following day, Mrs. Gladstone presided for a short time at a public meeting held in Ginnett's Circus, Bath Road, in connexion with the Women's Liberal Federation. In the evening, Mr. Gladstone addressed a great political meeting in the Tyne Theatre, the chair being occupied by Dr. R. Spence Watson. Brief addresses were also delivered by Mr. John Morley, M.P., Mr. T. Burt, M.P., and Sir William Harcourt, M.P. Next morning (Oct. 3rd), at half-past 10 o'clock, at a large and representative meeting in the Town Hall, Mr. Gladstone received the honorary freedom of the city, enclosed in a handsome casket, in recognition of his merits as a man of letters and of his distinguished services to the country, the presentation being made by the Mayor. Mr. Gladstone and party left Newcastle by the 12·55 p.m. train for the south, Hawarden being reached the same night at 6 o'clock.

—On this and the following day the annual meeting of the National Liberal Federation was held in the Town Hall, under the presidency of Dr. R. S. Watson; the sittings of the Women's Liberal Federation simultaneously taking place in the Lovaine Hall, St. Mary's Place. The chair at the outset was occupied by Mrs. Spence Watson, in which position she was followed by other ladies.

—The Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott) presented the prizes at the annual conversazione and exhibition of students' drawings and paintings in connexion with the Gateshead School of Art.

—The Marquis of Londonderry distributed the prizes and certificates to the students of the Durham College of Medicine, Newcastle, under the presidency of Dr. Heath.

—A largely attended public meeting in advocacy of the disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales, was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle. The chair was occupied by Sir George Trevelyan, M.P., while speeches were delivered by several Welsh members of Parliament, and by Major E. R. Jones, formerly of Newcastle.

3.—The first People's Concert of the season was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, in the presence of the Mayor, the Sheriff, and several members of the Corporation. The hall was crowded, and many hundreds were unable to gain admission.

5.—The annual conference of the Northumberland and Durham Unitarian Association was held in the Church of the Divine Unity, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Rev. Frank Walters.

—The Bishop of Durham presented the prizes to the successful students at the inauguration of the twenty-first session of the Durham College of Physical Science in Newcastle.

7.—A new Congregational Church was opened in Sorley Street, Millfield, Sunderland.

—A new hall for the use of the Presbyterians of Heaton, Newcastle, and erected in Heaton Road at a cost of £3,100, was opened by Mr. Councillor Sutton.

—The Mayor of Newcastle unveiled, in the Council Chamber, which was re-opened after having undergone renovation and decoration, a portrait of the late Mr. John Clayton, who was for nearly 50 years Town Clerk of the borough. The picture, which was painted by Mr. R. Wells. R.A., as a replica, was the gift of Mr. N. G. Clayton, of The Chesters, the owner of the original.

—The annual Wesleyan Service of Song was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle. The total strength of the choir was 1,110 voices.

8.—A new place of worship, known as the Wesley Centenary Wesley Chapel, Dilston Road, Newcastle, built from designs by Mr. J. W. Taylor, architect, was dedicated by the Rev. E. O. Coleman.

9.—At a meeting of shareholders, it was resolved to wind-up voluntarily the Darlington Co-operative Corn Mill Company, Limited.

General Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER

13.—Serious floods were reported in Spain. At Consenegra, in the province of Toledo, the river Amarguillo overflowed its banks and destroyed almost the whole town. Nearly 1,500 lives were lost.

—Great excitement was caused by a rumour that British troops had seized the island of Sigri, off the coast of Mitylene. The cause of alarm was ultimately explained to have been due to a detachment of bluejackets having been landed for gun and torpedo practice.

15.—A serious outbreak against the Government took place in Guatemala. During the fighting that ensued, five hundred persons were killed.

16.—Mr. Henry Irving publicly unveiled a memorial to the poet Marlowe, which had been recently erected near the Christ Church gate of Canterbury Cathedral.

19.—Ex-President Balmaceda of Chili committed suicide by shooting himself whilst in hiding at Santiago.

30.—General Boulanger committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver on the grave of Madame de Bonnemain, at the Ixelles Cemetery, Brussels.

OCTOBER.

1.—Two dynamite bombs exploded on the railway at Rosenthal, on an embankment over which a train containing the Emperor of Austria was expected to pass shortly afterwards.

6.—The Right Hon. W. H. Smith, the First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, died as Walmer Castle, aged 66.

—Mr Charles Stewart Parnell, leader of the Irish party in Parliament, died at Brighton, aged 45. His death, which was quite unexpected, created a profound sensation.

7.—Sir John Pope Hennessy died at his residence, Rostillan Castle, County Cork, aged 57.

8.—The result of a Parliamentary election for North-East Manchester was declared as follows:—Sir James Fergusson (Conservative), 3,680; Mr. C. P. Scott (Gladstonian Liberal), 3,353.

11.—Mr. Parnell's remains were buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, enormous numbers of people being present.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. V.—No. 58. DECEMBER, 1891. PRICE 6D.

Windmills.

BEGINNINGS are not easy to be got at. The dates of inventions and discoveries are seldom to be given with the precision of an almanack; and most assuredly no witness has handed down to us the day on which the windmill first gave its wands to the air of our island. The Crusades, set on foot in the eleventh century, about a generation after the Conquest, are sometimes said to have brought wind-mills from the East. The Crusaders, indeed, like the Gulf Stream, are credited with many boons, and probably with more than their due; yet we should be sorry to deprive them of the windmills, seeing how desirable it is for these knights-errant to have some incidental set-off against their unchristian raids.

Leaving them, therefore, to one side, and saying nothing about the

OLD MILL.
From Drawing by T. M. Richardson, Senr.

Saracens, we keep near home—to our native Britain—where traces have been found of the mills of Rome. The Romans, when quitting our shores, left evidences behind them how they ground the grain they consumed during their occupation. They had hand-mills, cattle-mills, water-mills; but, says Beckmann, "it is very improbable, or, much rather, false, that they had wind-mills." When their imperial sun had set, and the Normans were playing a leading part on the public stage; when Harold had been slain at Hastings, and Duke

William reigned in his stead, then began the flutter of the mill-sail to be heard in history, if mills had sails so early. History, defective as it is in details, is much given to wars and rumours of wars. It is only "between the lines" as it were—(using a phrase of modern introduction)—it is only by crack and crevice that we catch odd glimpses of the pursuits of peace; and yet, turbulent as is English and Scottish story, our forefathers on the soil severed by the Tweed had their wits at work, long centuries ago, on improved processes—not overlooking the process of forcing corn into flour. One step leads ingenious minds to another. The braying of wheat prepares the way for turning the quern; the hand relieves itself of its drudgery by the substitution of cattle; and the running river is employed for the revolution of the wheel that moves the mill-stone. But winter comes, and the stream is frost-bound, while the wind goes free. The wand reduces the grain to powder when the ice arrests the wheel. It finds the family in flour, moreover, where there are no flowing waters to move a mill. So the world wags on—quern and cattle-mill, water-wheel and wand—till the time comes when the restless sons of men, aided by a few corfs of coal from the mine, are travelling over land and sea by steam, and grinding their corn by a motive power more stable than wind or water, running with equal pace round the whole circuit of the clock.

But at what hour of the clock of time did the wind-driven mill begin its round in Britain? "On the estates of the monasteries," says Mr. Cosmo Innes (Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh), "water-mills and wind-mills were used for grinding corn in the thirteenth century, and previously; though the rude process of the hand-mill kept its ground in some districts of Scotland to a recent period." ("Scotland in the Middle Ages," 1860.) Professor Innes carries back the wind-mill to the twelfth century—the century in whose latter years the "Boldon Buke" of Bishop Pudsey was compiled. Pudsey's Survey was made in the year 1183, when there were mills scattered all over the Bishopric, from hand-mills upwards; but we are rarely informed as to the moving power. Oxenhall (Darlington) had its "horse-mill." The sites of other mills may suggest wind or water; and the nature of not a few is indicated by incidental allusions. The "mill-pond of Fishburn" (Sedgefield) is conclusive enough. Of Stanhope we are told that "all the villans, and all the men who hold of the farmer, make the mill-dam and carry mill-stones." "Guy de Redworth"—(we are now copying the translation of the Boldon Book as it appears in the volume of the Surtees Society edited by Canon Greenwell)—"Guy holds the new town near Thickley in exchange for Redworth, and renders one marc, and finds 12 men one day, or one man 12 days, to mow in autumn; and he ploughs one day, and works at the mill-dam, and goes on the Bishop's errands, and carts wine with four oxen." These extracts would prove of themselves, if proof were needed, the presence of water-mills. The greater num-

ber of the mills of the county palatine, in the twelfth century, were doubtless of this description. But when we read of the mills of Gateshead and Boldon, Easington and Shotton, Wearmouth and Tunstall, Ryhope and Burdon, we are not to assume with certainty that none of

them went by wind; nor need we conclude that "the mills" of Norton, which "had eight acres and the meadow near the mill," were careless of the breezes that blew around them both. The diocese of Durham had

WINDMILL AT TODD'S NOOK, NEWCASTLE, 1891.

probably wind as well as water power catering for the daily bread of the Bishop's subjects. And shall we not make a note of the fulling mill also? for, early in Pudsey's pages, we find ourselves on "the land of Reginald the fuller," whose mill, standing under the shadows of the Cathedral, must remind the reader of one of the ancient arts of the country, and recall the words of Scripture, where it is written that "His raiment became shining, exceedingly white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can whiten them."

A hundred years after Boldon Book was framed, came Bishop Bek. Chosen in the summer of 1283, he was consecrated in the ensuing month of January, and died in March, 1310, having worn his mitre upwards of a quarter of a century. A Roll of Bek is printed in the Surtees volume that contains the Survey of Pudsey, and gives an account of receipts and expenses of the twenty-fifth year of his reign. It begins with the rents of the mills of Darlington, Chester, Easington, and Stockton Wards, including the fulling mill of Auckland; and as old mills must be repaired and new ones constructed, we have a statement of the disbursements made in this direction, not too long to preclude its transfer to these pages :—

REFECTIONE MOLENDINORUM.

In refectione molend' de Heighinton...	£3	11	8½
In ref. molend' de Northaukland	1	4	0
In ref. moln' fullon ibidem	0	19	7
In ref. moln' de Wolsingham	5	0	2
In ref. moln' de Cestr'	0	12	7½
In ref. moln' de Gatesheued	0	13	4
In ref. moln' de Ryton	0	10	0
In uno novo molendino aquatico facto apud Brunhop	5	19	10
In ref. moln' de Bedlington	0	6	0
In ref. moln' de Langcestr'	2	8	4
In ref. moln' de Esington	2	1	5
In ref. moln' de Weremue.....	0	16	0
In uno novo molendino construendo apud Neubotill	1	14	4
In ref. moln' de Norton ad tascam	1	11	8
In solutione facta Roberto de Tevydale carpentario pro meremio colpando ad j. molendinum ventriticum faciendum apud Norton	1	0	0
Summa	£28	8	11½

This table comprises about a dozen of the mills of the Bishopric, one of which, we are told, was a fulling mill, another was a water-mill, and a third was a wind-mill. "Robert de Tevydale," a Scotch millwright, cutting wood for the making of a mill to go by wind in Norton, draws twenty shillings from the Bishop's purse for his job. It is the first clear sight we catch of mill-wands on the Tees.

Later than Bek, but in the same century, we have Bishop Hatfield, who held the see from 1345 to 1381; and a memorable battle—the battle of Neville's Cross—fought in full view of the monks assembled on the Minster, distinguished the period of his sway. A survey, similar to that of Pudsey, was made about the close of his reign, and is more specific than prior records as to the mills of the district. We learn from it that Haughton, Heighington, Killerby, Chester, Ryton, Houghton,

Matthew Bank Farm, North Jesmond, 1891

Cornforth, Morton, and Newbottle, all had water-mills. Wolsingham had both water and fulling mill. North Auckland had its fulling mill; and such a mill is also mentioned, in connection with Sedgefield, as being near

Cornforth. Cornforth had its water-mill. Sedgefield had both water-mill and wind-mill. So, likewise, had Gateshead. Easington, Hameldon (Wearmouth), and Hartlepool, had wind-mills. We have thus five wind-mills mentioned in the time Bishop Hatfield; three fulling mills; and numerous water-mills. There were also other mills, the character of which is not specified, at Lanchester and Burnhope, Wearmouth and Tunstall, Ryhope and Burdon, Whickham and Swalwell, and at Carlton, Norton, Stockton, and Hartburn. One of these—at Norton—we know to have been a wind-mill more than seventy years earlier than the date of Hatfield's Survey; and we may not too rashly surmise that mill-wands were not in motion in several places, between the Tyne and the Tees, long before the days of Bishop Bek. The Conqueror may not have seen them go round when he landed in Britain; but it is not unlikely that his descendant, the builder of the Keep of Newcastle in the twelfth century, saw the landscapes of England enlivened by the revolving wind-mill—the four-armed giant challenging to combat all roving Don Quixotes ready for the fray.

The fourteenth century, which gives us the evidences of Bek and Hatfield, supplies, also, a testimony of 1344, when, between these two bishops, Richard de Bury, that ardent lover of books, was Count Palatine on the Wear. In the period of this immediate predecessor of Bishop Hatfield, the Mayor and Burgesses of Stockton sought counsel, as to customs and privileges, from the Mayor and Bailiffs of Newcastle, and received from them a communication in the autumn of 1344, throwing light on the subject of mills; and it would appear, from this instructive paper, that hand and horse-power, and the power of wind and water, were at that time all in action on the Tyne together, for the grinding of corn. "Every burgess," said the good men of Newcastle, "may have a mill of his own upon his own land, horse-mill, water-mill, or wind-mill, or hand-mill. He may also have an oven or furnace, but not to bake bread to sell; and he may receive his neighbours unto his oven, saving the right of Our Lord the King of furnace or baikhouse." Thus, in the days of Bek, and Bury, and Hatfield, the mill-wand was as familiar a spectacle as the ship-sail in the dominion of our Bishops. That there were wind-mills on the Tweed before the battle of Neville's Cross, we learn from the instructions given, about the year 1344, to John de Coupland, the stalwart Northumbrian knight who captured David of Scotland in 1346. He was one of the Commissioners for raising forces in the northern parts, and had injunctions to see two ruined wind-mills repaired at Berwick-upon-Tweed. (See Appendix to "The Battle of Neville's Cross," by the late Mr. Robert White.)

"It has been often asserted," says Beckmann, "that windmills were first invented in the East, and introduced into Europe by the Crusaders; but this is improbable, for mills of this kind are not at all (or very seldom) found in the East. There are none of them in Persia, Palestine, or Arabia; and even water-mills are there uncommon, and constructed on a small scale. Besides, we find wind-mills before the Crusades, or at least at the time when they were first undertaken." The Historian of Inventions and Discoveries thinks it probable that wind-mills "may have been made known to a great part of Europe, and particularly in France and England," by returning Crusaders. "Mabillon mentions a diploma of the year 1105, in which a convent in France is allowed to erect water and wind-mills (*molendina ad ventum*)." And "in the year 1143 there was in Northamptonshire an abbey (Pipewell) situated in a wood, which in the course of one hundred and eighty years was entirely destroyed," one of the causes of its destruction being said to be, "that in the whole neighbourhood there was no house, wind or water-mill built, for which timber was not taken from this wood." (Dugdale.) In the twelfth century, when wind-mills began to be more common, a dispute arose whether the tithes of them belonged to the clergy; and Pope Celestine II. de-

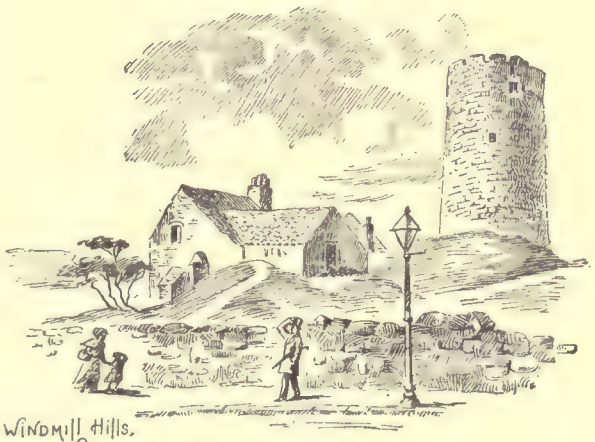
termined the question in favour of the Church. In the year 1332, one Bartolomeo Verde proposed to the Venetians to build a wind-mill. When his plan had been examined, a piece of ground was assigned to him, which he was to retain in case his undertaking should succeed within a time specified. In the year 1393, the city of Spires caused a wind-mill to be erected, and sent to the Netherlands for a person acquainted with the method of grinding by it."

Facts these, of the fourteenth century, which point to the West, rather than to the East, for early familiarity

with the wind-mill—a contrivance that was used in Britain for grinding corn "in the thirteenth century and previously." Wind and water-mills were not, however, an unmixed good. We know not how it fared with families when grain was crushed into flour by hand or horse, but the baron's mill, moving by wind or water, bore heavily enough on his dependents. Professor Innes, in his "Lectures on Scotch Legal Antiquities," describes the various grants of the Crown, and, among others, those "*in molendinis*—mills—perhaps one of the oldest adjuncts of a barony—one of the most grievous oppressions of the peasantry." This kind of grant "is often amplified by the addition *cum multuris et sequelis*—specifying the multure dues of the baron's mill, and the *sucken*, as we call the population *thirled* to the mill. These rights are the subject of very frequent transactions. The neighbours fought, not only with the miller, who was the universal enemy, but with each other, as to their *roume* and order of service. One curious point of the service of the sucken was the bringing home of the mill-stones. Considering that there were few or no roads, the simplest arrangement was to thrust a beam or a young tree through the hole of the mill-stone, and then for the whole multitude to wheel it along upon its edge—an operation of some difficulty and danger in a rough district."

"It is a far cry to Loch Awe," says the old proverb. It is a long stretch from the hand-quern to the steam-mill. But time bridges over the distance. The stepping-stones of invention connect the two devices together The rude process leads up to the more refined. The fashion of successive generations passes away. The wind-mill, once thought so surpassing, gives place in its turn. In the memory of living men, the heights that face Newcastle on the Tyne were crowned with an array of wands, as depicted in one of the engravings of Brand. Animated was the spectacle on the "Windmill Hills" in bygone days—days of no far distant date. But steam has made an end of it all. One or two towers, their wands departed, alone remain. All is changed on both sides of our river. The arms that flew merrily round on Painter Heugh and made music in every passing breeze are as silent as the horn that sounded gaily down the steep Side and along the Tyne Bridge of other days. The wind-mills that flourished in Plantagenet times sleep with the mail-coaches and the querns.

While this paper was in course of preparation (1674), a wind-mill, not numbered among our acquaintances before, rose up on the shores of Jarrow Slake, and was introduced to us by a fourth volume of the Register of Richard de Kellawe, successor of Antony Bek in the see of Durham. The editor, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, recalls in his Preface the days when Edward I. was at war with the Scots, and the Bishop of Durham was at war with the Prior. Bek had compelled the tenantry of the Prior and Convent to follow him across the Borders; and on one of these occasions they came home without leave. Their plea was that they were not bound to do service in the field beyond the patrimony of St. Cuthbert. Their obligation to fight was limited by the Tees on the South and the Tyne on



the North. But the Bishop thought otherwise; he would not listen to the limitation; and several of the offenders were thrown into prison. Sore was the quarrel between the Prelate and the Prior. Bek besieged and battered his neighbours; destroyed their aqueduct; broke down the gates of the cloisters; dragged the Prior, Richard de Hoton, into prison. Long is the indictment piled up by the Prior against the Bishop; but there is only one of its ounts which concerns our story. Hoton charges Bek "with dismantling his wind-mill at Jarewe." The feud

THE ROUND MILL, NEAR NORTH SHIELDS.

of the year 1305 discloses the fact that about the time when Norton had its wind-mill on the banks of the Tees, Jarrow had its wind-mill on the Tyne, and strengthens us in our faith that between these two rivers there were doubtless wind-mills in the Bishopric elsewhere.

The miller was grinding corn by wind on the southern side of the Tyne in the reign of Edward I. When did he begin the use of his windmill on the northern shore? Mathew's map of 1610 pictures a wind-mill in the reign of James I., outside the walls near Pandon Gate; and there was also one within the walls—we know not precisely how many years before. The 38th volume of the Surtees Society, consisting of "Wills and Inventories," takes us, on the 8th of November, 1592, to the sick bed of Alderman Mark Shafto, Sheriff of Newcastle in 1573, Mayor in 1578. The prosperous merchant and coalowner is making his will in "the house (he says) wherein I nowe dwell, scituate in a streete called the Side"; and to his nephew and namesake, Mark Shafto the younger, he bequeaths his "mill, standinge in a certaine place called the Painter heughe." Thus, then, in the latter years of Queen Elizabeth, the mill-wands of the merchant were moving round—now in haste, now leisurely, as the wind listed—where the lofty railway arch of to-day bestrides the confluence of the modern and ancient thoroughfares of Dean Street and the Side!

JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).

The history of wind-mills has been traced for us by Mr. Clephan in the foregoing pages. It remains, therefore, to add merely a few particulars about the remnant of old mill-stacks that are still extant in the immediate neighbourhood of Newcastle, Gateshead, and Shields. Sketches of a few of these structures, most of them not without picturesque features even when robbed of their flying sails, have been specially drawn to accompany this article. Of all the wind-mills which once gave animation to the district, only one is now in full operation—that at Chimney Mills, Newcastle. All the rest have been dismantled, left to go to wreck, or converted to other uses. Several of them, it will be observed, are now dwelling houses for the poor. The Windmill Hills at

Billy Mill, near North Shields.

Gateshead, topped as they were by a long line of graceful looking objects, must have presented, when Brand was writing his "History of Newcastle," a remarkably interesting appearance. Of the great array of wind-mills which are figured in one of the plates to Brand's work, the shattered and stunted remains of two alone are yet to be seen on the elevated ground to which they gave a name that will last for centuries. Billy Mill, near North Shields, has imparted its name to the hamlet which has grown up around it. It was from the neighbourhood of this village that Killingworth Moor, whereon Newcastle races were formerly run, extended westward to Long Benton. The remarkable looking structure which was still in existence near North Shields about 1850 shows what attractive additions to the landscape of Tyneside have been lost by the substitution of steam for wind in the grinding of our corn. Even more picturesque than the object figured on page 530, is that other old mill of which a drawing (p. 529), was made by the elder T. M. Richardson. The locality of this quaint and striking structure is not known to us; but we have to thank the Rev. J. R. Boyle for the loan of the beautiful etching from which our sketch was taken. To obtain even a momentary glance at such a picture as old T. M. loved to paint must have been worth the toil and trouble of a considerable journey. And now we can only lament the rapid disappearance of the mill-wands that lent in old time so charming an aspect and variety to English life and scenery.

Elizabeth Smith, Linguist, etc.

BURN HALL, situated near the city of Durham, was one of the residences in the County Palatine which was, at one time, supposed to have been the birthplace of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Even the husband of the poetess had no certain knowledge on the subject. All doubt concerning it, however, as may be read in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1889, pp. 303-378, was removed when the Rev. Canon Burnet discovered from the register of the parish of Kelloe that Elizabeth Barrett was born and baptised at Coxhoe Hall. But Burn Hall was the birthplace of another Elizabeth, who was almost as remarkable a person as Elizabeth Barrett herself.

Elizabeth Smith was born at Burn Hall in the December of 1776. She was the daughter of George Smith, a gentleman of considerable means at the period of her birth. It would seem that the family, when Elizabeth entered her sixth year, moved into Suffolk, whence, three years later, having inherited a splendid property in the valley of the Wye, not far from Tintern Abbey, they migrated to that district. When Elizabeth entered her sixteenth year, however, misfortune overtook her parents through the failure of a banking-house. For some time after this event, they were subjected to much distress and even privation. The father, meanwhile, obtained a commission in the army, joined his

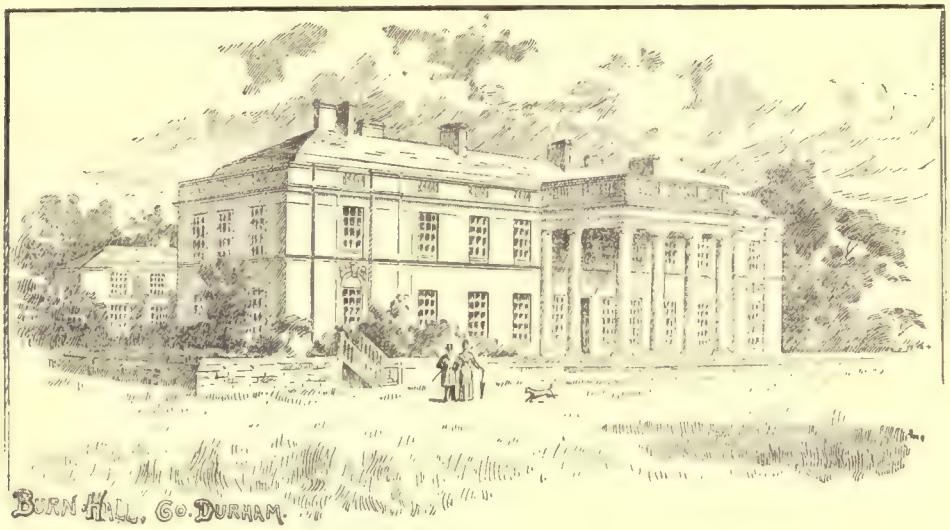
SPITTLE DENE MILL, TYNEMOUTH.

regiment in Ireland, and eventually rose to the rank of colonel. Residing alternately in Ireland and various parts of England, Elizabeth, her mother, and some

Miss Elizabeth Smith.

other members of the family eventually settled down at Tent Lodge, a villa situated in a beautiful spot at the head of Coniston Lake, no great distance from Brantwood, the residence of Mr. Ruskin.* It was while residing at Coniston that Elizabeth Smith caught a sudden chill, which made her an invalid for life, and which ultimately caused her death on the 7th of August, 1806, at the early age of 29. The latter months of her life were spent mostly in a tent that had been pitched upon the lawn, where she could receive fresh air from the lake and see the beautiful scenery of the mountains. It was from this circumstance, we believe, that the house ever afterwards came to be known as Tent Lodge. The unfortunate lady was buried in Hawkshead Churchyard, where a small tablet of white marble was inscribed with a scanty record of her virtues and talents.

But the memory of Elizabeth Smith has happily been preserved in a biographical sketch of great length and interest which Thomas de Quincey contributed to one of the magazines of the day, and which Professor Masson has reprinted in his collected edition of the works of the great opium-eater. Moreover, the life of Elizabeth Smith, together with fragments from her prose and verse, was published in two volumes at Bath in 1809 by an early friend of hers, Miss H. M. Bowdler. It is to De Quincey's account, however, that readers of the present day will naturally turn for what they may want to know about his accomplished friend. "It appears," he says, "that she made herself mistress of the French, the Italian, the Spanish, the Latin, the German, the Greek, and the Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of the Syriac, the Arabic, and the Persic. She was a good geometrician and algebraist. She was a very expert musician. She drew from nature, and had an acurate knowledge of perspective. Finally, she



manifested an early talent for poetry; but, from pure modesty, destroyed most of what she had written, as soon as her acquaintance with the Hebrew models had elevated the standard of true poetry in her mind, so as to disgust her with what she now viewed as the tameness

* If we are not mistaken, Tent Lodge was occupied for a short time about 1850 by the family of Alfred Tennyson.

and inefficiency of her own performances." With all these acquirements Elizabeth Smith was perfectly

From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

feminine in her disposition. "She paid," we are told, "particular attention to economy. No young lady dressed with more elegance and simplicity. She made a gown, or any other article of dress, with as much skill as she explained a problem in Euclid or a passage in Hebrew." De Quincey himself describes how, when the family found themselves suddenly transferred to a miserable cabin in Ireland—"dirty, narrow, and nearly quite unfurnished"—Elizabeth changed her dripping garments (for they had travelled all day on horseback in pouring rain), donned an apron, and in no long time gathered together a very comfortable dinner for her parents—"amongst other things, a currant tart which she had herself made in a tenement absolutely unfurnished with every kitchen utensil." It was this singularly talented young person who translated the memoirs of the German poet Klopstock, and rendered the Book of Job into English in such a way that one of the best qualified judges of the time, says De Quincey, described it as "conveying more of the character and meaning of the Hebrew, with fewer departures from the idiom of the English, than any other translation whatever that we possess." "I have often conversed," adds De Quincey, "with Mrs. Hannah More about her, and I never failed to draw forth some fresh anecdote illustrating the vast extent of her knowledge, the simplicity of her character, the gentleness of her manners, and her unaffected humility."

Burn Hall, of which, and the scenes in its grounds, we give two illustrations, is now the property of Mr. Bryan J. Salvin. It is a conspicuous mansion, facing the old Sunderland Bridge at Croxdale, and occupies a bold and prominent position as seen from the North-Eastern Railway, immediately after leaving Croxdale Station on the journey northwards.

SCENE IN THE GROUNDS OF BURN HALL.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

The Headlams,

LEADERS IN CHURCH AND STATE.

WITHIN living memory the name of Headlam was a name to conjure by in the North of England. One of those who bore it, Alderman Headlam of Newcastle, was for half a century at the head of his profession as a physician, and leader of the Whig party in Tyneside politics; his brother was archdeacon of Richmond and rector of Wycliffe; his nephew was a representative of Newcastle in Parliament; his son was for many years postmaster of the town. Yet at the present day not a single person bearing this time-honoured cognomen is to be found upon Tyneside. Like that of Brandling, Fife, and Doubleday, once so popular and powerful, the name has dropped out of our public life, and is only to be found in the records of the past. Such are the transitions and fluctuations of human greatness and worldly aggrandisement!

Early in local history the Headlams appear. Henry Headlam was vicar of Newcastle in 1386. Thomas Headlam witnessed, in 1421, a deed by which John Dolphanby endowed the chantry of St. John in the church of Gateshead. Thomas Headlam (possibly the same person) was Sheriff of Newcastle in the municipal year 1444-45, and an exporter of wood, on board the good ship Peter of Newcastle, in 1450. Whether the modern family claimed descent from these old-time worthies it were profitless to inquire. For the purpose of this memoir, it is sufficient to know that in the latter half of last century the representative of the family upon the Tyne was Thomas Emerson Headlam, a shipbuilder from Stockton, whose yard was at the South Shore, and whose residence was near the Tolbooth, Gateshead; that he died in October, 1821, at the great age of 96 years; and that he was the father of the archdeacon and the alderman, and the progenitor of all the Headlams with whom local history makes us acquainted.

THOMAS EMERSON HEADLAM, M.P.

Archdeacon Headlam, rector of Wycliffe, had a family of six sons and five daughters. The eldest son, born on the 20th June, 1813, and named after his grandfather and uncle, Thomas Emerson, was sent to Shrewsbury School to receive his preliminary education. From thence he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1836, Bishop Colenso's year, he was sixteenth wrangler. When he left college, being intended for the law, he was entered as a student at the Inner Temple, and the same year that he took his M.A. degree (1839) he was called to the bar.

Following the example of his uncle, the alderman, young Mr. Headlam took a keen interest in politics; following him also in political preferences, he allied himself to the party that, having given the country the Reform Bill, looked to the new electorate to assist them in accomplishing still further reforms. It is too much to suppose that at this early stage of his career he entertained the idea of becoming a candidate for

T.E. Headlam.

the borough of Newcastle. But it is a fact that the Whig party, flushed by their victories in the Reformed Council of 1836, had made up their minds to obtain as speedily as possible a monopoly of the Parliamentary as well as the municipal representation of the town, and that young men of good local family connections were the only candidates likely to fulfil their expectations. They had attempted to effect their purpose in 1837, with Mr. Charles John Bigge as second candidate, and failed; the retiring members, Mr. William Ord, Whig, and Mr. John Hodgson Hinde, Independent Tory, being re-elected. At the next election, in 1841, they were not prepared for a contest; but in the summer of 1847, when Parliament was dying a natural death, the opportunity came. Alderman Headlam had introduced his nephew to the party leaders; he was considered to be an exceptionally strong candidate; and with him they determined to fight. Parliament was not expected to break up till the end of July, yet on the 5th of that month Mr. Headlam issued an address to the constituency, and entered upon a vigorous personal canvass. For some

reason or other Mr. Hodgson Hinde declined to fight for his party in this contest, and the gauntlet thrown down by the Whigs was taken up by his brother, Mr. Richard Hodgson, one of the members for Berwick. Exchanging candidates after a contest has begun is akin to swopping horses in mid-stream, and the usual result followed. Mr. Headlam carried everything before him. On the day of nomination, Mr. Ord and he won the show of hands; on the day of election they headed the poll. When the declaration was made by the returning officer, jubilant Whigs read the official figures with noisy demonstrations —Ord, 2,196; Headlam, 2,068; Hodgson, 1,680.

With the Whigs the representation of Newcastle remained unbroken for eighteen years. During that time six elections occurred, and in five out of the six efforts were made to break down their supremacy. But all in vain. Whether their opponents were Tories or Radicals, the Whigs held their own. And although changes did occur by the substitution of one Whig for another, yet during seven-and-twenty years Mr. Headlam retained his seat. At the election in 1852, Mr. William Henry Watson, leader of the Northern Circuit and afterwards judge, entered the contest, and was defeated by Mr. J. F. B. Blackett. Mr. Peter Carstairs was equally unsuccessful in 1857; Mr. P. A. Taylor, Mr. William Cuthbert, and Mr. Carstairs were easily beaten in 1859. It was not until 1865, when Mr. Joseph Cowen (afterwards Sir Joseph Cowen), wrested the second seat from Mr. Somerset Beaumont, that the strength of the Whig party in Newcastle was seriously shaken; and it was not until February, 1874, when Mr. Headlam himself suffered defeat, that their predominancy in local politics was completely broken up.

The impartial biographer, recording merely facts and dates, indulges in neither personal nor political criticism. It is enough in this place to state that Mr. Headlam's political career, if not brilliant, was respectable. He took in hand the question of mortmain; obtained, in 1852, the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the matter; and was chiefly instrumental in procuring the adoption of the Charitable Trusts Act, by which the law relating to pious uses was placed upon a better foundation. He accepted office in the Liberal Government which came into power in 1859 and lasted till 1866, his post being that of Judge-Advocate-General.

Upon his defeat in Newcastle, Mr. Headlam retired to his estate at Gilmonby, near Barnard Castle, and devoted himself to the discharge of his duties as a magistrate of the county of Durham and the North Riding of Yorkshire. The loss of his seat, which he had occupied uninterruptedly in six Parliaments, told upon his health. Ordered abroad in the winter of 1875, he proceeded as far as Calais, and there, on the 3rd December, he died.

ALDERMAN HEADLAM, OF NEWCASTLE.

Thomas Emerson Headlam, the alderman—Dr. Headlam, as he was more familiarly called—was born at Gateshead, on the 4th of June, 1777, and received his early education at the Royal Free Grammar School of Newcastle. In due course, being designed for the profession of medicine, he was sent to Edinburgh University. Taking his degree in the year 1800, he commenced

to practice at Durham, but, being appointed one of the physicians to the Infirmary, upon the resignation in 1804 of Dr. John Clark, founder of the Dispensary, he removed to Newcastle.

Settling down to a steady and progressive practice, Dr. Headlam took up his freedom of the Shipwrights' Company, and interested himself in local politics and public affairs. At the election of 1820, when the friends of the Scott family brought forward a son of the future Lord Stowell to oppose the retiring members, he went on the hustings, and proposed the re-election of Sir Matthew White Ridley. From that time he devoted himself to the promotion of the interests of the Whig party. Throughout the great struggle for Reform he was a staunch supporter of Earl Grey, and although displaying neither the enthusiasm of Fife, nor the sarcasm of Attwood, and lacking both the fire of Larkin and the eloquence of Philipson, he was able by his tact, culture, and social position to render effectual service to the agitation.

The position that he had taken up in politics kept Dr. Headlam outside the close preserves of the old Corporation of Newcastle. But, as soon as the Municipal Reform Act had opened the doors of the Council to the ratepayers at large, he was nominated a councillor for North St. Andrew's Ward, and returned at the top of the poll. At the first meeting of the newly-constituted body he gained the highest place but one amongst the

elected aldermen, and, taking his seat in the Council Chamber, began to exercise an influence, potent in character and prompt in action, upon municipal affairs. Working generally with Fife, Losh, Doubleday, and the Reformers in the Council, he assisted to maintain the supremacy of his party in the higher departments of corporate office. The writer of the "Corporation Annual" (1836), dedicated to him as "T. E. H., Esq., Leader of the Clique," makes it appear that the maintenance of his party in power was the mainspring of Dr. Headlam's municipal career, and the doctor undoubtedly laid himself open to the charge. In a speech "of some length" he supported the motion by which the Mayor under the old regime, Mr. J. Lionel Hood, a Tory, was ejected from his seat and replaced by Mr. Charles John Bigge, a Whig. He also it was who, the following year, moved and carried the election of Mr. Joseph Lamb, the second Whig Mayor. And it was he who, for the third Mayoralty in the new Corporation, allowed himself to be nominated. There was a reason for his action on this occasion. The British Association was coming to Newcastle; a man of culture was needed to represent the town worthily, and the doctor was chosen unanimously.

President of the Medical School in connection with the University of Durham, acknowledged head of the profession, and leader of his party, Dr. Headlam held a position resembling that which aforetime had been occupied by the Blacketts and the Ridleys. Into the later period of his long career, with its trials and troubles, it is unnecessary to enter. Reverses of fortune, to which no act of his contributed, cast their shadow over the evening of his life. Proud and reserved, he bore them with the dignity which characterised the brighter days of his youth and prime. Once in his declining years an opportunity arose by which his quondam political associates might have retrieved his fortunes, and crowned themselves with honour in the process. The mastership of the Mary Magdalene Hospital fell vacant. Dr. Headlam would have filled the post with credit to himself and to them. But, in spite of appeals and protests, they passed over their venerable and learned fellow-townsman, and appointed a stranger! No word of complaint, no sign of resentment at the shocking ingratitude of his old colleagues came from Dr. Headlam. He absented himself from the Council Chamber while the controversy raged, but as soon as it was over he resumed his round of duty, and took his share in municipal work. In 1862 he accompanied to Cambridge the Newcastle deputation which invited the British Association to revisit the Tyne, and before that second visit had taken place, in his 87th year, he led a deputation to London to invite the Royal Agricultural Society to hold another exhibition in Newcastle. He was in his place at the meeting of the Town Council on the 3rd of February, 1864, and moved that loyal and congratulatory addresses should be presented to the Queen, and the Prince of Wales, "upon the auspicious birth of a son who might at some future day ascend the throne of these realms." That was his last public appearance. A fortnight later, on the 18th of the month, he died, and on the 24th his remains were honoured by a public funeral.

Robert Rhodes.

ORIGINATOR OF ST. NICHOLAS'S STEEPLE.

Few of the eminent men whose public services have been described in these sketches have left to posterity a memorial of their good works so lofty and so durable as that with which Robert Rhodes enriched the North of England when he originated the beautiful lantern tower of St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle. "It lifteth up a head of Majesty, as high above the rest as the Cypresse Tree above the low Shrubs," writes Gray in the "Chorographia." "Supposed, as to its Model, to be the most curious in the whole Kingdom," continues Bourne. "Surpassing the Cathedral of St. Sophia at Constantinople, the Mosque of Sultan Saladin at Jerusalem, the Church of St. Peter at Rome, and even the Temple of Minerva at Athens," adds one of the Vicars, in a fit of generous, and apparently genuine, enthusiasm.

Gray tells us that this "stately high Stone Steeple, with many Pinakles," and its "stately Stone Lantherne, standing upon foure Stone Arches," was "builded by Robert de Rhodes, Lord Priour of Tynemouth, in Henry 6 dayes." Bourne, doubting the accuracy of this statement, was "rather inclinable to believe that one Robert Rhodes, Esq., who lived in this Town in the Reign of Henry the 6th, was the true Person." Subsequent inquiry has confirmed Bourne's conjecture. It is true that there was a Prior of Tynemouth named Robert Rhodes in the latter part of Henry the Sixth's reign, but there is no proof that he troubled himself in the slightest degree with matters relating to Newcastle or its churches. By common consent, therefore, the erection of St. Nicholas' lantern-crowned steeple is ascribed to Robert Rhodes, Esq. Fortunately for us, an accomplished local antiquary, Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe, has gathered together sufficient details of the life and doings of this great benefactor to form an interesting biography.

Robert Rhodes, "learned in the law," was a son of John Rhodes, of Newcastle, and Isabel, his wife. Besides the lawyer, John Rhodes had a son named after himself, and either he, or that son, succeeding the great merchant, Roger Thornton, was Mayor of Newcastle from Michaelmas, 1429, to the same date in 1432. Robert Rhodes did not accept municipal office. In 1427 he was elected one of the representatives of Newcastle in Parliament, and he occupied the same position in seven successive elections—perhaps in eight, for the returns of the Parliament which met in 1445 (the eighth after his first appointment) have not been

preserved, and the names of the Newcastle members are unknown. While he was thus occupied, before 1435, he married Joan, daughter and heiress of Walter Hawyck, of Little Eden, near Easington. This lady was connected, in some way or other, with William Hoton, of Hardwick, in the parish of Sedgefield, steward of the convent of Durham, in whose will, dated 1445,

"Robert Rodes, and Joan his wife," and Roger Thornton, appear with separate remainders. Shortly after his marriage his name occurs in the Rolls of Bishop Langley (1436) as a commissioner, with Roger Thornton, Sir William Eure, and six others, to take inquisition concerning all persons seised of lands, rents, offices, &c., of the annual value of 100s. and upwards, and, therefore, liable to the payment of a new subsidy granted to the King. The following year, described as Robert Rhodes, of the parish of All Saints in Newcastle, he conveyed property at Gateshead to one William Abletson, and Agnes his wife, and about the same time he became lessee for forty years of the manor of Wardley, near Jarrow, formerly a demesne residence of the Priors of Durham. In 1440, Henry VI. appointed him Controller of Customs at Newcastle.

Loans of money to the convent at Durham and other acts of devotion to the Church procured for Robert Rhodes in August, 1444, a grant of "Letters of Fraternity" from the Prior and the brethren, entitling him to be addressed as "brother," and to participate in all masses, vigils, fasts, prayers, divine offices, and other works of piety performed by the monks and their successors during his lifetime, and after his death to the usual suffrages of prayer for the welfare of his soul. The following year, on the decease of William Hoton, the Prior wrote to Sir Thomas Neville, brother of the Bishop, suggesting that Hoton's successor in the stewardship of the convent should be "a learned man," as Hoton was, and desiring him to "charge Robert Rhodes, my Lord's servant, and yours, and my trusty friend, to be our steward, for we had never more need." Sir Thomas complied with the Prior's wish, and Rhodes, accepting the appointment, was assigned an official residence at Durham, in the South Bailey, near the Watergate. Soon after his appointment he presented to the shrine of St. Cuthbert a handsome cross of gold, "containing portions of the pillar to which Christ was bound, and of the rock in which his grave was hewn," and in return, to make his occasional residence within the precincts agreeable, the grateful monks obtained for him license to construct a little door, "in the outer wall of the castle of Durham, in the southern bailey, opposite his mansion there, and contiguous to the garden thereof, and to have free ingress and egress thereby." In 1451, with Roger Thornton the younger, he became a trustee of the possessions of William Johnson's chantry (St. Catherine's) in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, and the same year acquired the vill of Whetlawe, or Wheatley Hill, near Wingate. During all this time he retained his Newcastle home, as appears from a letter addressed to him in June, 1456, by the Prior of Durham, desiring him, being on business in London, to purchase two hogsheads of the best "Malvesye" that could be bought there, and send it, in his own name, to his "house in Newcastle."

His wife, Joan Hawyck, dying childless, Robert Rhodes married Agnes ——, a lady whose surname has not been discovered. The date of the marriage is unknown, but it was before September, 1459, on the 14th of which month, Agnes, wife of John Bedford, of Hull, and widow successively of John Strother and Richard Dalton, of Newcastle, bequeathed "to Agnes Rhodes" a girdle, embroidered in silver gilt. About this time, prior to the deposition of Henry VI. (1461), whose

license was obtained for the purpose, he and his second wife refounded the chantry of St. John Baptist and St. John Evangelist, in St. Nicholas' Church, to find a priest for ever to say mass daily, and pray for their souls and the souls of all Christian people.

Robert Rhodes died on the 20th April, 1474, without issue. His estate at Little Eden went, under settlements, to the Trollop family; Wheatley Hill and the rest of his property descended to his heiress, Alice, daughter of his brother John.

At what time Robert Rhodes set up the stately crown of St. Nicholas' is unknown. That its erection was due to his munificence can hardly be doubted. "A little worse for smoke and substitutions," writes Mr. Longstaffe, "there it stands, a joy; and, aloft in the groining of the coeval tower which supports it, we read, 'Orate pro anima Roberti Rodes.'" The same prayer, and shields bearing Rhodes's arms, were at one time to be seen in the churches of All Saints and St. John. When All Saints was rebuilt, these memorials disappeared. At St. John's one of the shields decayed, and an attempt was made to reproduce it. "But," as the late Mr. James Clephan wrote, "not long had the new shield and inscription occupied the place of the old ere an iconoclastic chisel was raised against the legend, and 'Orate pro anima' fell before its edge—leaving the grammar of 'Roberti Rodes' to shift as it might. 'This was the most unkindest cut of all'—an indignity which might well have been spared to the escutcheon of Robert Rodes."

Tom Taylor, the Third Editor of Punch.

AMONG the many brilliant men who have controlled the destinies of *Punch* is one who belonged to the North-Country. We allude, of course, to Tom Taylor, who, upon the death of Shirley Brooks in 1874, became editor of the great comic journal. Considering that his reign was of an exceptionally successful and genial character, it may not be amiss if we briefly indicate a few of the leading events in his life.

Tom Taylor was born on October 19, 1817, in a house in the High Street, Sunderland. Subsequently the family lived for many years in Union Street, their house occupying a site now covered by the north end of the Central Railway Station platform. Tom's father was a brewer to business; and his mother, though English-born, was of German extraction. For several years Tom attended Dr. Towers's Academy in William Street. He then went to Glasgow University, where he studied two sessions. In 1837 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he subsequently became a fellow. For two years he held the professorship of English Literature at the London University College. In November, 1845, he was called to the bar (Middle Temple), and travelled the Northern Circuit

TOM TAYLOR.

until 1850, when he was appointed Assistant-Secretary to the Board of Health. The Board was reconstructed in 1854, and he became secretary, which position he filled until the abolition of the department, when his services were transferred to the Local Government Office—a department of the Home Office which the Act of 1866 created.

It was in early life that Tom Taylor gave evidence of his love for the drama. A loft over a brewer's stable constituted his first theatre, and his play-fellows were the *dramatis personæ*. His first attempt at dramatic composition was a rhymed extravangaza, written in conjunction with Albert Smith and Charles Kenny. The piece was performed in 1846, and from this time forward Taylor wrote continuously for the stage The best known of his dramatic pieces, which number over one hundred, are "New Men and Old Acres," "Masks and Faces" (in collaboration with Charles Reade), "Still Waters Run Deep," and "The Ticket of Leave Man."

Tom Taylor has been pronounced the first dramatist of his day, so far as general appreciation goes; and if, in writing pieces, he made it his chief business to construct a popular play, his dramas are at the same time remarkable for their literary excellence. Besides writing plays, Taylor was a very frequent contributor to the light maga-

zine literature of the day. He also edited the "Autobiography of B. R. Haydon," the "Autobiography of C. R. Leslie, R.A.," and the "Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds." In 1872 he withdrew from official life, and two years afterwards accepted the position of editor of *Punch*.

Occasionally Tom Taylor appeared with success in amateur theatricals. Among his hits were the character of Adam in "As You Like It" and that of Jasper in "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing." He was likewise an amateur painter of no mean order, and for many years acted as art critic to *The Times*.

Tom Taylor, who retained to the last a strong affection for his native town, died on July 12, 1880, at Lavender Sweep, Wandsworth, London. During his career, he frequently wrote articles for the *Sunderland Herald*, his contributions to that paper being sent, one of his intimate friends states, purely out of love for Sunderland.

A splendid portrait of Mr. Taylor, executed by H. Fleuss, and presented by his widow, is hung in the Subscription Library, in Fawcett Street, Sunderland. It was sent to Mr. Edward Dapper Robson, president of the Library. The frame bears this inscription:—"Tom Taylor: born in this town October 19th, 1817: died in London July 12th, 1880. Presented by his wife, Laura W. Taylor, to the Sunderland Subscription Library, an institution ever associated in his mind with the happy recollections of his early days." The following letter, addressed to Mr. Robson, accompanied the gift:—

October 24th, 1883, 5, London Road,
St. John's Wood, W.C.

Dear Sir,—I have in my possession a full-length portrait of my dear husband, which I should feel gratified to present to the Library of Sunderland, a place beyond all others intimately and interestingly associated with his early youth and studies, and where it would be seen and appreciated by his fellow-townsmen. My brother-in-law, Arnold, at my request, mentioned the subject to you during his late visit to Sunderland, and he tells me you expressed yourself on the subject in a way most gratifying to the feelings of myself, my son, and daughter. I therefore write to you, as president of the Library, to beg you to accept the picture as a record (imperfect, it is true, but still bearing many *traits* of the beloved original) of one whose memory Sunderland must be proud to honour and cherish.—Yours sincerely, LAURA W. TAYLOR.

The Simonside Dwarfs.

A TRIBE of queer-looking dwarfish elves or demons, closely related to the Norse Dwergar and German Zwerge, who had their generic name given to them from their being so very deformed, cross-grained, and ugly (from the Teutonic zwerch, quer, meaning cross, oblique, awry), were once supposed to haunt the Simonside Hills, which lie in the centre of Northumberland, between Rothbury and Elsdon.

They were often said to be heard and seen by the country people in the olden time, especially by the shepherds, whose vocation led them to be out late at night at lambing-time or on the appearance of a storm among these bleak, heath-covered hills, almost worthy to be called mountains, since the clouds frequently rest on their summits.

Some time during last century, so runs the tale, one person, bolder than his neighbours, who had never happened to fall in with any of these supernatural beings during his nocturnal perambulations, and who, in fact, did not believe in their existence, went out one night on purpose to challenge their appearance, and ascertain who and what they really were, if, as he certainly did not expect, they chose to show themselves. Dare-devils of this sort were not uncommon in that age, any more than they are now; but their deficiency in the bump of cautiousness was apt to lead them at times into wild if not perilous adventures; and so it fell out in this case.

Our adventurer knew the neighbourhood well, and felt assured that he would soon come safely back, after having satisfied himself that the dwarfs were a pure myth; that the noises alleged to be made by them were really made by moss-bummers and heather-bleaters, or by buzzards, shrikes, bitterns, and wild-geese flying past; and that those who thought they had seen them had either mistaken in their panic some weird-looking natural object in the dark for an uncanny elve, or been telling downright fibs to astonish the weak-minded natives. He had himself one night heard "Roarie," when going through a thick, dark plantation, and had afterwards clearly ascertained that redoubtable boggle to be neither more nor less than an old owl.

Wrapped in his plaid, and furnished with a stout staff, he wandered about for some time, but saw nothing portentous. At last, before wending his way homeward, his fancy took him to pretend that he was lost, and so he lustily shouted, "Tint! tint!" in the old Northumbrian vernacular. Immediately a light shone towards him, like a candle in a shepherd's cottage window; and he set out for the place with great care, as the ground was rough and the night dark. He soon came to a deep hollow, from which turf or peat had been dug, and which was now filled with mud and water. This stayed his progress, for he was resolved that it should be no Slough of Despond for him. So, raising a piece of turf lying at his feet, he threw it into the moss-hagg—splash! The imps, it would seem, thought he had fallen in, and that he would assuredly be suffocated among the filthy mud; and therefore, their devilish purpose having been accomplished, out went their light. The conqueror, as he deemed himself to be, was overjoyed at his victory, though won at the expense of his hitherto stubborn incredulity; for now, indeed, it really seemed that dwarfs there were, and that, like the murderous wreckers on some parts of the British coast, they hung out false lights to wile wanderers to their doom. Turning on his heel, therefore, he began to proceed homewards; but, not satisfied with what he had so

cleverly accomplished, and anxious, moreover, to have something further to tell his wondering neighbours, he again began to cry with all his might, "Tint! tint!"

But now, lo and behold! three little demons came up in hard pursuit of him, with bowed legs, scraggy arms, and distorted features, and holding lighted torches in their tiny hands, as if they were wishful to get a clear view of their daring foe. No wonder he took to his heels; but before he had run many yards, he found himself surrounded by a great crowd of elves, each with a torch in one hand and a club in the other.

They brandished their weapons as if they would hinder his flight and drive him back into the slough; but he turned and charged them, staff in hand, and with its oaken weight smote the foremost to the earth—at least so he thought, for they instantly vanished. Alack! it was only to come back again as quickly. His well-aimed blow had fallen upon nothing palpable; and out of his reach, from the surrounding darkness, new swarms appeared, larger and more frightful than before. His valour at last began to wane—not because he was physically weakened, but because the grim, weird faces which were not of earthly mould, struck like fiery darts into his soul, and paralysed him with something worse than fear—with horror indescribable. In this condition he sank down until daybreak, and only recovered his senses when the light arose, and he could find his way home—"a sadder and a wiser man."

On another occasion, according to tradition, a traveller found himself benighted in these wild regions, and, following up a glimmering light, came to what seemed a hut. On the floor a fire was burning between two rough grey stones, and he thought the place must lately have been left by the gipsies, for the burning embers were those of wood, and on one side lay two gateposts, ready to be chopped up for more. He made up the fire with some refuse brushwood, which was strewed about the floor, as if left from besom-making; and, having thus made things comfortable, sat down on one of the stones. But lo! a visitor enters—a little creature, in uncouth human shape, no higher than his knee, waddling in, and quietly sitting down on the other stone.

The traveller, who had been fully instructed by his sage grandmother in the ways of boggles, knew how to behave in the presence of such individuals as this evidently was, and, without either speaking or moving, sat stolid and self-possessed. As the fire blazed up, he looked clamly into the hollow eyes of his new friend and examined with no little interest his stern, vindictive features, and his short, strong, ungainly limbs. Soon, however, feeling the cold night air set in, against which the hut offered but a poor protection, he broke a small piece of wood over his knee; and laid the fragments on the waning fire. The demon seemed to look upon this action with contempt, and, to show his superior power, scornfully seized a gatepost, broke it over his knee, and laid the pieces on the fire likewise. The mortal now sat still till morning, and let the fire die away into darkness, not being very anxious to see any further demonstrations of supernatural power.

Day dawned, and where was he? Sitting alone on a stone, with a heap of white ashes before him. The fiendish dwarf had vanished, together with the spectral hut, but the stone was a real one, being one of the highest pinnacle crags beetling over a deep precipice, down whose rugged steep the slightest careless movement would have thrown him!

HERBER TOWER, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

It might be interesting to the reader to hear how and where these dwarfs—to some so malicious, to others so beneficent—took their rise. According to the mythology of our Northern sires, they were supposed to have been bred in the bowels of the earth, like worms in a corpse; in fact, they were nothing else than maggots in the flesh of Ymir, the father of the frost giants, and himself the old frost giant who was

slain by Odin. Of his flesh the earth was formed; of his blood or sweat, the sea; of his bones, the mountains; of his hair, the trees; of his skull, the heavens; of his brains, the clouds. The dwarfs, then, were at first mere worms; but they partook, by the will of the gods, of human shape and understanding, though their dwellings were the most rugged and inaccessible rocks and caves. Records of these curious little beings are to be found in the folk-lore of all nations.

The Walls of Newcastle.

IN the Middle Ages the great cities and towns of England, like those of the Continent of Europe, and indeed of most parts of the world, were girded about by fortified walls. Such provisions for defence were indispensable. Rebellions, civil wars, and invasions were of frequent occurrence, and the strength of a kingdom, and the very stability of a throne, depended upon the possibility of rapidly and effectively putting the great military centres and outposts into an efficient state of defence. Especially was this the case with fortresses and fortified towns in proximity to a contested borderland. Every student of Border history is aware of the part played by Carlisle and Berwick and Newcastle in the oft-revived struggle between England and Scotland. But this state of things has for ever passed away. The great castles have either become the peaceful abodes of splendid wealth or have fallen into ruin, whilst the walls of the towns have been piece by piece removed to make way for modern extensions and improvements. Of the many English towns which were formerly fortified, only York, Chester, and Conway retain their walls even in a comparatively perfect state. In most cases, only a few fragments remain, while in some the fortifications have entirely disappeared.

It is not necessary, in writing about the walls of Newcastle, to recapitulate the history of the founding of the town. It is sufficient to say that the fortress to which Newcastle owes its name was erected by Robert, Duke of Normandy, in 1080, for the express purpose of resisting such invasions in future as that of King Malcolm which he had then led an army into the North to avenge. It is, however, to William Rufus that Newcastle owes its foundation, not as a military outpost, but as a great commercial centre. Hardinge, the metrical chronicler, in recording the deeds of Rufus, tells us that

> He builded the New Castle upon Tyne
> The Scots to gainstand and to defend
> And dwell therein. The people to incline
> The town to build, and wall as did append,
> He gave them ground and gold full great to spend;
> To build it well, and wall it all about;
> And franchised them to pay a free rent out.

This passage clearly refers to the building of the town, and there is evidence to show that the works to which it relates dated from the year 1095. It must not be supposed, however, that the walls erected in the time of Rufus occupied even the same sites as those of later times. They may have done so to a very limited extent, but it is certain that, as the town extended, portions of the walls were rebuilt, so as to enclose an enlarged area. Of this process we have one extremely interesting instance recorded, to which we shall again refer.

The later lines of mural fortification were due in the main to the Edwardian period. Leland, the antiquary, after quoting Hardinge's account of the erection of the walls, adds, "This is clean false as concerning the town wall." Leland's own account of their origin has been printed in the *Monthly Chronicle* (see vol. for 1890, p. 291). But whilst his legend that the capture of the wealthy merchant by the Scots was the occasion of the first

WALL TURRET NEAR ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

walling of the town must be discarded as mere fable, he is undoubtedly right in ascribing the walls, as they existed in his day, to the three first Edwards.

The walls never quite encircled the town. Before the Edwardian fortifications were commenced the river side of the street known as the Close seems to have been so completely occupied as to preclude the erection of a wall there. And besides this, there could not have been the same necessity for a mural defence there as round other parts of the town. The Close could only be attacked from the river, and the existence of the bridge was an effectual barrier to the approach of an enemy in that direction. But, from the west end of the Close, the wall extended in an unbroken line round the town, till it joined the north end of Tyne Bridge. The whole length of the wall was about eighty yards less than two miles, but the circumference of the enclosed part of the town was a little over two miles and a furlong. The wall had six principal gates; but, besides these, there were two or three posterns, and between the corner of Sandhill and the Sand Gate were several small gates which had been made for the purpose of carrying merchandise to and from the vessels lying in the river. Between the gates, and at irregular distances, averaging 116 yards, were towers, and between these again were small turrets, built upon the battlements of the wall. The towers were twenty in number; and, according to Bourne, there were generally two wall-turrets between one tower and the next. On the turrets figures of soldiers, rudely cut in stone, were mounted. Several of these have been preserved, and may be seen in the guard-room of the Old Castle.

Not one of the gates of Newcastle has been allowed to remain, but we possess drawings or engravings of the whole of them, and from these we learn much about their architectural character and their military importance. Several of the towers still exist, though in almost every instance they have been greatly modernised, or entirely rebuilt. But considerable portions of the wall are yet standing, and, although we cannot but regret that so much has been in many cases needlessly destroyed, we must be grateful for what is left. These fragments of the ancient fortifications of the town enable us to realise the character of its military defences in bygone times in a way immeasurably more accurate and valuable than could be possible from written or printed records and pictures. We are thankful for records and pictures, but let us cling tenaciously to existing remains.

The first thing to be noticed is the strength of the walls themselves. Leland assures us that "the strength and magnificence of the walling of this town far passeth all the walls of the cities of England, and most of the towns of Europe." William Lithgow, the traveller, bears similar testimony. He says:—"The walls about the town are both high and strong, built both within and without with *saxo quadrato*, and mainly fenced with dungeon towers, interlarded also with turrets, and along with them a large and defensive battlement. . . . The walls here of Newcastle are a great deal stronger than those of York, and not unlike to the walls of Avignon, but especially of Jerusalem."

The height of the wall is said to have averaged twelve feet, while its thickness was at least eight feet at the ground level. Outside the wall was a deep and wide ditch or fosse. Its width was at least twenty-two yards. In considering the defence which such a structure afforded it must be remembered that it was built at a time when the use of gunpowder was unknown. The only means by which it could be attacked were, mining its foundations, employing the battering ram against it, and scaling its front. It would occupy more space than we can afford to describe the manner in which these systems of attack were carried out or the military engines which were employed. The military value, however, of such fortifications lay in the fact that a comparatively small garrison within could defy an immeasurably larger force without.

The great purpose of the towers was to enable the garrison to assail the enemy who might be attacking the walls themselves. The towers projected from the face of the wall, and thus afforded means of lateral defence, while the turrets afforded protection to the soldiers who were actually upon the battlements of the wall.

The wall may be said to have commenced on the brink of the river, a few yards south of the Close Gate. Here there was a tower. The site of the Close Gate is marked by an inscription in the wall on the north side of the street. Behind the houses, close to this inscription, some shapeless fragments of the wall remain, but there is no trace of the Break Neck Stairs by which the steep bank was ascended. On the crest of the bank stood the White Friar Tower, which derived its name from its proximity to the house of the White Friars. Immediately beyond this point a portion of the wall, with its battlements still perfect, yet remains. It is one of the best preserved fragments now in existence. The masonry is distinctly of the Edwardian period. The next tower, which stood on a site now occupied by the new railway works, was the Denton or Neville Tower, the former designation due to the family who gave their name to Denton Chare, and the latter to the proximity of the town residence of the Nevilles. At this point the wall took a sudden turn to the west, and ran forward to the West Gate, passing on the way West Spital, Stank, Gunner, and Pink Towers, the last of which remained, though in a modernised form, till Pink Lane was widened a few years ago. With the exception of the New Gate, the West Gate was the finest of the town entrances. Leland describes it as a "mighty strong thing of four wards and an iron gate." Tradition ascribes its erection to the great Roger Thornton, and, although there must

have been a gate at this point long before his time, as, indeed, is implied in the legendary rhyme :—

> At the West Gate came Thornton in,
> With a hap, and a halfpenny, and a lamb skin,

yet the architecture of the gate which was taken down in 1811 was certainly of his time.

Between West Gate and New Gate several considerable portions of the wall still exist. The most interesting part is that which runs along the back of Stowell Street, at the west end of which is the Herber Tower. The outer front of the tower forms a bastion-like projection from the face of the wall. The long stone corbels which stand out from the tower were intended to carry a timber gallery, from which the garrison could shower their arrows and other missiles down upon their assailants. The towers between West Gate and New Gate were called the Durham, Herber, Morden, Ever (from the family of Eure), and Andrew Towers. Then came New Gate, a truly majestic portal, and the main entrance to the town from the north. It had barbican, drawbridge, and portcullis, and was certainly one of the strongest and most magnificent gateways in England. Its architecture was of various periods, but much of it was at least as early as the end of the thirteenth century. Its name seems to imply the previous existence of a gateway on the same site. There were only two towers between New Gate and Pilgrim Street Gate. These were named Bertram Monboucher and Fickett Towers. Pilgrim Street Gate seems to have been an Edwardian structure, but had been greatly modernised. Then came Carliol Tower (named from the local family of Carliol), removed a few years ago to make way for the Public Library Buildings, and Carliol Croft (or Plummer) Tower, which still exists. This is the first part of the wall now in existence after we leave the precincts of St. Andrew's Churchyard. Next came Austin Tower, which had its name from its nearness to the abode of the Augustinian Friars. No part of it now exists. Of the next tower, called the Corner Tower, a considerable portion remains, and forms an important landmark, not only of local topography, but of local history. Formerly the town wall ran southward from this point, by Cowgate and Broad Chare, to the brink of the river. The comparative width of these thoroughfares is due to the fact that they were formerly partly occupied by the wall. But in 1299 Pandon was annexed to Newcastle, and it became necessary to include it within the walls. For this purpose the part of the wall which ran along Cowgate and Broad Chare was taken down, and what is spoken of in documents of that period as a new wall was carried round Pandon by way of Wall Knoll. This accounts for the abrupt change in the direction of the wall at Corner Tower, and also for the name of that member of the fortifications. Wall Knoll or Carpenters' Tower yet exists, but only a small portion of the wall itself (behind the warehouses of Messrs. Monkhouse and Brown and Messrs. Angus and Co., Stockbridge) now remains in this neighbourhood. Between Wall Knoll Tower and the site of the Sand Gate the wall has been almost, though not quite, destroyed. A small part of it may be found by the diligent seeker on the east side of a short *cul-de-sac* which leads from the Quayside just west of the Milk Market. Sand Gate was entirely taken down in 1798, and the part of the wall between it and Tyne Bridge had made way for the bales and barrels of Quayside commerce thirty-five years before. But, none the less, it may be truly said to still exist, for its stones were used, in part at least, to build the present church of St. Ann.* J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

Macready in the North.

NEWCASTLE was the scene of many interesting incidents in the career of the celebrated tragedian, William Charles Macready. Descriptions of some of these incidents are scattered through the diary and journals of the great actor himself, published in 1875 by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It is from this interesting work that we propose to take a few passages relating to the North. The elder Macready, a provincial manager of some repute, was at different times the lessee of theatres in Birmingham, Leicester, Stafford, Manchester, Newcastle, and other places. William Charles, who was born in London on March 3, 1793, appears to have been a scholar at Rugby when his father first entered upon the management of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. Owing to the financial trouble which overtook the elder while the younger was still at school, young Macready resolved to adopt the theatrical profession, for which, however, if we may take his own statements seriously, he never seems to have had much affection. While the father was fighting with his creditors in Manchester, the son assumed, for a short summer season, the supervision of the Newcastle theatre. This was in 1809. A year later, William Charles appeared on his father's boards at Birmingham in "Romeo and Juliet," "the part of Romeo by a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage." Soon afterwards the "young gentleman" played leading characters in Newcastle, becoming very speedily "the established favourite of the Newcastle audience." And from this date (1810) down to the end of his career on the stage, he was a frequent visitor to Tyneside.

Writing of his early experiences in Newcastle, Macready puts down some grateful recollections of

* For other views of the walls and gates of Newcastle see previous volumes of the *Monthly Chronicle*. Reference to these may be readily obtained by consulting the general index to the series.

three ladies of the name of Hedley. This is what he says under date of May, 1810:—

The peculiar situation in which I had been placed for the greater part of the year was one, as I now look back upon it, that might have determined my lot for more severe trials than have—I say it thankfully—fallen to my share. It almost unavoidably threw me into intimacy with minds not capable of improving, nor likely much to benefit, one so young and impulsive as myself, and led me into occasional dissipation, which might have induced habits destructive of ability and reputation. To my excellent friends, the Misses Hedley, three maiden sisters, of good family, and almost oracles in the best social circles of Newcastle, I owe my rescue from the liabilities I was then incurring. They were lovers of the theatre; one particular box was nightly reserved for them, which they scarcely ever failed to occupy for some part of the evening. A little before the close of the season they gave me an invitation to take tea with them, and took advantage of the occasion to represent to me that some of the leading people in the place would be ready to show me kindness and attention if they were sure that I was select in my associates. They pointed out to me the evils and dangers of dissipation and low company in the career I was about to enter on, and induced me, by their friendly and sensible expostulations, to give attentive consideration to a subject of such consequence to young people entering life. That they became the firm and cordial friends of myself and my sisters to the end of their lives is proof that their thoughtful interposition between me and ill-fortune was not without some result.

It was during the Newcastle season of 1812 that Macready first met Mrs. Siddons. Here is his own account of his pleasant relations with that marvellous actress:—

Mrs. Siddons—a name that even now excites in me something like a reverential feeling—was on the point of concluding her engagement at Edinburgh previous to taking her leave of the stage in London. Her way lay through Newcastle, and she engaged to act there two nights. On hearing this some of her friends in the town—and she had many—wrote to her (as she afterwards told my father) requesting she would make Lady Randolph one of her characters, my years and ardour suiting so well the part of Norval. The plays she fixed on were "The Gamester" and "Douglas." Norval was a favourite character with me, but Beverley I had to study, and with the appalling information that I was to act it with Mrs. Siddons! With doubt, anxiety, and trepidation, I set about my work, but with my accustomed resolution to do my very best. The language of the play is prose, and sufficiently prosaic; but I went to work at it with a determined though agitated spirit, and sought out in every sentence the expressions that would most clearly illustrate the varying emotions of the character. The words of the part I was soon perfect in, but the thought of standing by the side of this great mistress of her art hung over me *in terrorem*. After several rehearsals, the dreaded day of her arrival came, and I was ordered by my father to go to the Queen's Head Hotel to rehearse my scenes with her. The impression the first sight of her made on me recalled the page's description of the effect on him of Jane de Montfort's appearance in Joanna Baillie's tragedy of "De Montfort." It was:—

> So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
> I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
> For so she did to see me thus abashed,
> Methought I could have compassed sea and land
> To do her bidding.

The words might have been written for this interview, for my nervousness must have been apparent to her on my introduction, and in her grand, but good-natured manner she received me saying, "I hope, Mr. Macready, you have brought some hartshorn and water with you, as I am told you are terribly frightened at me," and she made some remarks about my being a very young husband. Her daughter, Miss Cecilia Siddons, went smiling out of the room, and left us to the business of the morning. Her instructions were vividly impressed on my memory, and I took my leave with fear and trembling to steady my nerves for the coming night. The audience was as usual encouraging, and my first scene passed with applause; but in the next—my first with Mrs. Beverley—my fear overcame me to that degree that for a minute my presence of mind forsook me, my memory seemed to have gone, and I stood bewildered. She kindly whispered the word to me (which I never could take from the prompter), and the scene proceeded. On that evening I was engaged to a ball, "where all the beauties," not of Verona, but of Newcastle, were to meet. Mrs. Siddons, after the play, sent to me to say, when I was dressed, she would be glad to see me in her room. On going in, she "wished," she said, "to give me a few words of advice before taking leave of me." "You are in the right way," she said, "but remember what I say: study, study, study, and do not marry until you are thirty. I remember what it was to be obliged to study at your age with a young family about me. Beware of that. Keep your mind on your art, do not remit your study, and you are certain to succeed. I know you are expected at a ball to-night, so I will not detain you; but do not forget my words. Study well, and God bless you." Her words lived with me, and often, in moments of despondency, have come to cheer me. Her acting was a revelation which ever had its influence on me in the study of my art. Ease, grace, untiring energy through all the variations of human passion, blended into that grand and massive style. On first witnessing her wonderful impersonations, I may say with the poet—

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

An irritating occurrence happened to Macready in Newcastle on the occasion of his benefit in 1813, when he was announced to play the part of Marc Antony. It is thus described by himself:—

The partiality that was invariably manifested towards me in Newcastle, where I was to my latest appearance spoken of as William Macready, or Mr. William, never failed to display itself on the occasion of my "benefit nights." Every place in the boxes had been taken some days before, and from the demand for tickets, an overflowing house was, as usual, looked for. But on the morning of the day, the box-keeper, with a very rueful countenance, came up to our lodgings, some distance from the theatre, to inform my father that in the night there had been affixed on the box entrance door a paper with doggrel rhymes to the effect that I had "shamefully misused and even kicked" a Miss Sulivan, a very pretty girl, an actress in the theatre, who was that night to perform Cleopatra. Although it was not an infrequent practice of country actresses to endeavour to advance their interests by representing themselves as ill-used by the manager, and creating a party feeling against him, I think Miss Sulivan was perfectly innocent of any participation in this attempt to damage me in public opinion. My attentions at that time were addressed more pointedly to another frequenter of the green-room than to her, and this could have been the only ground of dissatisfaction, if any existed, for the "manager's son" was of no little consideration in the limits of a green-room circle. The paper had attracted crowds before it had been removed, and the excitement was as great in the town as if the theatre had been blown up, but the general feeling was one of indignation at the calumny and the dastardly means adopted to circulate it. When informed of it, I determined not to hold conversation of any kind nor to exchange one word with Miss Sulivan until I appeared with her on the stage at night. Friends, and persons not known before, thronged to the box office in the morning to express their abhorrence of this infamous libel, and many stopped me in the street to testify the friendly sentiment towards me that pervaded the town on the subject. So monstrous an accusation, and its base intention, naturally agitated me; but, in the consciousness of freedom

from all violation of gentlemanlike deportment toward the actresses, my mind was clear and resolved on the course to pursue. The night came; "every hole and corner," to use the common phrase, was filled long before the curtain rose. Upon my entrance with Cleopatra (Miss Sulivan) in my hand, the applause and shouting were deafening. When silence was obtained, I went forward, and, addressing the audience, observed that, indebted to them as I was for many proofs of their favour, I was more obliged to them for the confidence in me they showed that night than for all their previous indulgence; and, alluding to "the paper," I stated that I had designedly not spoken to Miss Sulivan since I had heard of it, but that I would now request her to answer before them some questions. "Have I ever been guilty of any injustice of any kind to you since you have been in the theatre?" Her answer, "No, sir," was received with shouts. "Have I ever behaved to you in an ungentlemanlike manner?" "No, sir." Loud shouts repeated. "It is unnecessary to ask, but to satisfy the writer of the anonymous libel, have I ever kicked you?" Her answer of "Oh, no, sir," was given amid the hearty acclamations and laughter of the excited crowds of box, pit, and gallery; and the play proceeded, but with little effect, for Antony, the voluptuary and doting spoiled child of fortune, was not within the compass of a tyro, as I then was. This was the first attempt I had to encounter of this sort of stabbing in the dark. I lament to add I became more familiarised to it as my experience extended. The object of my assailant was nothing less than my ruin. In one instance my life was aimed at, but that was not in England.

The 16th of December, 1814, was rendered memorable to Macready by a fearful storm and accident that happened on that day. The Macready family—father, son, and two daughters—occupied a suite of rooms on the first floor of a house in Pilgrim Street, next door to the Queen's Head Hotel, now the Liberal Club. What happened is thus described by the great tragedian:—

One afternoon—it was a Saturday—my elder sister had retired to her bedroom to lie down for relief from a distracting headache. My father and self were seated after dinner at table, writing letters. The streets were empty, for a storm such as I have rarely seen was tearing through them with hurricane violence. With a bright fire in the grate and a decanter of port wine before us, we might well have supposed ourselves secure from any inconveniences of tempest, though the pavement was actually flooded with the torrents pouring down, and tiles and slates were hurled through the air by the fury of the gale. A twofold evidence was this day given of our lives' uncertainty. A tremendous crash that shook the whole house as if it were tumbling in ruin, startled us from our seats; the room was instantly filled with dust and smoke, out of which we lost no time in escaping. I rushed into my sister's room, and, lifting her from her bed, hurried her downstairs into the hall passage, where all the inmates of the house, servants, &c., pale and out of breath, were assembled in fearful consternation. Hurried questions were passed: "What is it?" "Are we safe?" "The roof has given way!" "Are all here?" At once the mistress of the house shrieked out "My bairns! my bairns!" and darted with me up the stairs to the room above, that in which my father and I had been sitting. We flung open the door; the chimney had fallen in, breaking down the roof, crushing into the room below one whole side of the flooring of the attic, and dividing the room into two triangular spaces; in the one nearest the door was a large old mahogany table with two flaps reaching nearly to the ground. Beneath the table, in the midst of all the wreck and rubbish, were the two children. The innocent little creatures, ignorant of the danger they had escaped, were playing together. Their mother seized one and I the other, and with hearts full we carried them down to the lower storey. I can never forget the emotion of that poor mother. Some friendly neighbours accommodated our unhoused hosts for the night, and we took refuge in the hotel next door until we could find a home in more private apartments.

The elder Macready appears to have been a gentleman of somewhat wayward spirit, if we may judge from an adventure at Berwick in 1814 which his son records:—

I went to Berwick, where, to my dismay, I found the theatre in the inn yard and up a very long flight of steps. The upper part of an old malt-house had been converted into the temple of the drama, and, saving the awkwardness of the approach, had been fashioned into a very respectable one. Here I acted some of my principal characters to very good audiences, and ended the season with very satisfactory results. It was in this season that a general illumination had been ordered for the triumph of the allies over Napoleon. To my surprise, my father gave directions for a performance on that evening. It was in vain that I reasoned with him, stating my conviction that there would not be one person present. He was pertinacious in his resolution, but I could not believe he would persist until I saw the play bills advertising "Laugh when You Can" (the title a satire on the proceeding) and "The Poor Soldier." My father took the part of Gossamer. The players could hardly be persuaded that he was in earnest; but the night arrived, and they were obliged to dress for their parts. At seven o'clock the prompter went to my father's dressing-room, knocked, and inquired, "Sir, shall I ring in the music? There is no one in the house." "Certainly, sir, ring in the music," was his answer. The music was rung, the musicians went into the orchestra, and began to play. I went into my father's room and informed him that there were two boys in the gallery and one man in the pit, and I would go into the boxes that there might be an appearance in all. Accordingly, I took my place in the centre box, and, with difficulty preserving a demure countenance, saw my father very gravely, and indeed sternly, begin the part of the laughter-loving Gossamer, indignant with the performers, who had difficulty in restraining their disposition to make a joke of the whole affair. A scene or two was quite sufficient, and I left the remaining three-quarters of the audience to their amusement, preferring a walk round the walls of "our good town" on a lovely summer evening, until the inhabitants should begin to light up. About nine o'clock I thought I would look in again to see whether the farce was really going on. The play had just concluded, and the pit audience went out. The two boys remained in the gallery, evidently tired out with the dulness of their evening. But when the musicians reappeared in the orchestra, and began the overture of the after piece, it seemed as if their power of endurance was exhausted, and, leaning over the gallery balustrade, one of them, with a violent gesture of his own, called out, "Oh! dang it, give over," and both walked out, leaving the players to undress themselves, and go out in their own clothes to see the illuminations.

A few further fragmentary passages from Macready's journal, written long after his early triumphs on the stage, introduce us to some of the people with whom he was on familiar terms in Newcastle and the neighbourhood:—

Tynemouth, March 28, 1841.—Intended to post from Northallerton to South Shields, and cross the ferry to Tynemouth, but stopped and turned the post-boy, and made him go to Newcastle, from thence to take the railway. Was half an hour before the train started; lunched, and wrote a note for Miss Martineau.* Saw Hedley Vicars, who called, and received a note from him. Went by railway to North Shields. Walked to Tynemouth, and inquired at the post office for Miss Martineau's address; called on her, sending up my note. She was

* See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, p. 414.

very glad to see me. We talked over many things and persons. She is a heroine, or, to speak more truly, her fine sense and her lofty principles, with the sincerest religion, give her a fortitude that is noble to the best height of heroism.

Newcastle, March 29.—Mr. Ternan called, and I walked with him to the theatre, where I rehearsed "Macbeth," rehearsed it well, so well that I felt myself not quite *hors de la tragedie*. I feared I should not act it so well. Acted Macbeth with all the spirit I could press into it. Considering my *rust*, not having acted it since 1839, I did not make so bad an effort. Was called for, and very cordially greeted.

March 30.—Peregrine Ellison called twice upon me, and walked with me up to Hedley Vicars, showing me the New Exchange Room by the way. He was most kind. There is, however, a melancholy at my heart, which often rises to my eyes, in thinking of and feeling these marks of kindness and respect, these tributes to the feelings of younger and blither days, which I receive from the remaining individuals of families that once took a friendly interest in me.

March 31.—Peregrine Ellison called, and walked with me over the new streets, pointing out to me the old map by sundry relics, such as the school where Lord Eldon was brought up, the Forth, Waldie's house, &c. The Market, the Philosophical Institution—*open to everybody*—(bravissimo!)—and the general appearance interested and pleased me very much; but I was sorry, too, to see the old streets, which used to look so handsome and lively, neglected, squalid, and forsaken.

Another reminiscence of Macready's connection with Newcastle may be quoted from a series of papers which Mr. Alfred Davis, son of the late Mr. E. D. Davis, lessee of the Theatre Royal, contributed to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* a few months ago. The theatre was to open for the winter season of 1850, when Mr. Macready was announced to appear for a short engagement. Mr. Davis's recollections of the great actor are humorously set down in the following passage:—

I had never met this gentleman, but had been duly cautioned against him as being haughty, supercilious, tyrannical, and overbearing to a terrible degree. "All right," said I; "I'm on my guard." I had to play Laertes to his Hamlet, and of course we did not meet till the fifth act. In the fencing scene Mr. Macready of course told me what passes he wished to have made. "In the first bout," said he, "you will please do so-and-so." I bowed, and did so-and-so. "In the second encounter, kindly make such-and-such passes." I bowed, and made such-and-such. "For the third sally, you will be good enough to," &c., &c. I bowed, and duly etceteraed. "Suppose we try the three encounters again?" I bowed, and again ed. After the rehearsal—"Will you kindly try the encounters once more?" I bowed, and once more—not having spoken a word. He looked at me rather inquiringly, said "thank you," and we parted.

At night, just before the fifth act, a valet addressed me, "Mr. Macready will feel obliged if you will come to his dressing-room." Of course I went. "Will you oblige me by once more running through the three encounters?" I bowed, took a foil from the valet, and went seriatim through the business. "Thank you—quite right!" Bow; door opened by valet; exit.

Play over, Mr. Macready said, "I am much obliged to you, sir, for your very careful attention." I bowed, and went to my room. After the play, my father took Macready the night's returns. "The gentleman who played Laertes—your son, is he not?" "Yes. Mr. Macready." "Er—he has some talent—I think—but—er—is he not—er—rather conceited?"

However, when I got to the theatre next day, Mr. Macready spotted me at the wings, and, beckoning me to him, shook hands very cordially with me, inquired why I had taken to such an unsatisfactory profession as the stage, evinced great interest in my future, gave me good readings of what I was going to play, and, making himself as thoroughly pleasant as he well knew how, bound me to him once and for always as a devoted admirer and disciple.

I have seen him very hard and stern with others, but only in self-defence. He was never aggressive, as far as my experience goes, and I met him very often afterwards. His face was naturally of a stern cast, with a hard grey eye, but *such* an eye! As he talked with me, I have seen it gradually darken to black, and as he warmed it seemed to blaze; while his mouth was capable of such a rare smile, that I used to think it would be a very stony-hearted female who could resist him should he think it worth his while to plead. Undoubtedly a great actor. In Lear, Wolsey, Iago, Richelieu, and many other parts I deem him unapproached—or unapproachable.

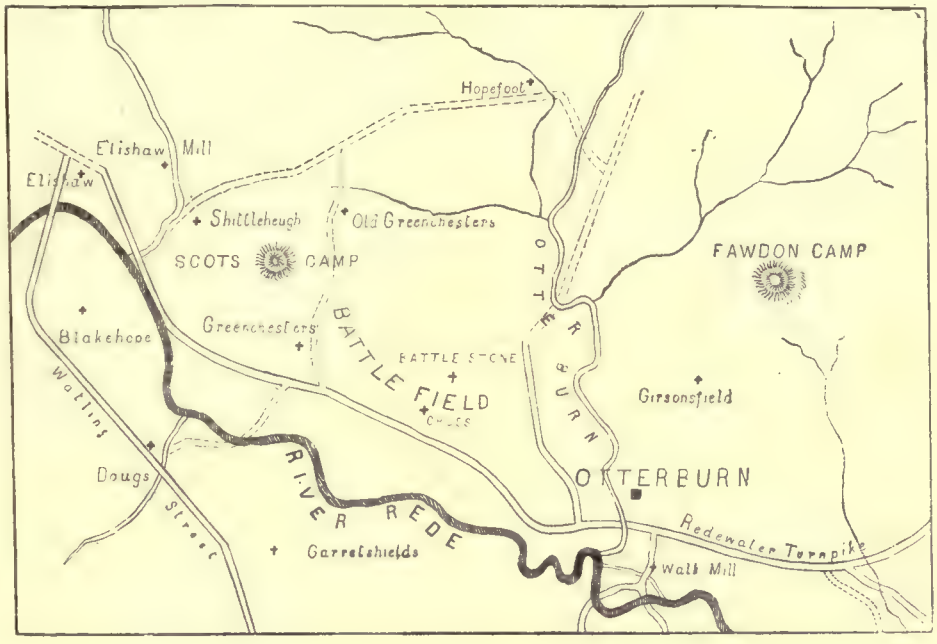
Memorials of Otterburn.

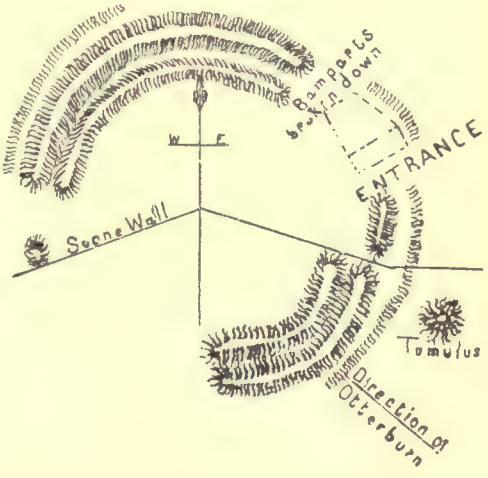
THERE appears to be as much doubt concerning the exact position of the Battle-field, at Otterburn, as there is with respect to the date and details of the fight. Froissart has assured us—on the authority of men belonging to the victorious party—that the struggle occurred between Newcastle and the banks of the Otter, and that the rear of the Scottish force was defended by a tract of marshland. This view is sustained by other authorities, as well as by the marking in Speed's map of Northumberland. It is therein clearly indicated that the Battle of Otterburn was fought on the east side of the stream, in the Davyshiel district, and at only a short distance from the ancient trackway from Newcastle, through Elsdon, into Scotland. If it was so fought, and the retreat extended as far as is generally supposed, it would be fair to assume that the camp occupied by the Scots was at Fawdon, and that the thousand skulls subsequently unearthed at Elsdon may have belonged to the victims of the carnage. As to the site, at least, such was the opinion of Mr. Robert Ellis, a Newcastle solicitor, who, after changing his residence to Girsonsfield, had many opportunities for weighing the whole of the probabilities. In a letter to Walter Scott, dated 1812, he gave many reasons for the faith that possessed him, and, after a personal inspection by the author of "Rokeby," his views were unhesitatingly accepted.

But, though the evidence in favour of Fawdon seems fairly strong, it was not sufficiently so to satisfy Mr. Robert White. He was long a resident in the locality, knew every foot of the ground, and enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Ellis. Though in accord on all other subjects, the two gentlemen disagreed about the battle. In some respects, indeed, Mr. White was rather too dogmatic, for he not only asserted that the fray began in the camp of the Scots, at Greenchesters, but that the main struggle took place and terminated at Townhead. His arguments are far from conclusive on either

point—being largely based on conjecture. If, however, we glance at the present state of the ground, as he has done, and ignore the changes that 500 years have wrought, there can be little doubt that the westerly site could be more easily defended than its neighbour on the other side of the burn. This is an advantage which the Scots were not likely to overlook. They had much booty to protect, a dashing foe to engage, and they were certain to pitch on the stronghold which best supplied the double requirements of a shelter and an outlook. The camp, of course, was ready to their hands. Like many others in the locality, it had done duty in British or Saxon days; and as it was found by the Scots, or as we see it now, we have an earthwork that was well calculated to answer the purpose for which it was originally designed. It not only stands at the end of a promontory, but commands a good stretch of country to the south-east—the direction whence the approach of Douglas's foe might reasonably be expected. A weakness to the north was guarded against by an additional line of entrenchments; while the entrance was further strengthened by a bulwark of stakes and brushwood. To the south-west, however, there was a natural barrier formed by a dense growth of birch, cedar, hazel, and other trees.

But, in addition to the situation and character of the camp, Mr. White is helped to a judgment by the position of certain memorial stones. When the first of them was erected it would be difficult to say; but that one was standing in the early part of last century is undoubted. The "Battle Stone," as shown in our sketch, was nothing more than a roughly carved boulder that stood—or rather lay in an oblique direction—in a socket considerably too large for it. Whether this block, indicated on Armstrong's map in 1769, was the successor of some previous erection, it is impossible to say with certainty; but all the probabilities seem to point to such a conclusion. In 1777, however, the Battle Stone was removed. A new turnpike was then in course of construction by the banks of the river Rede, and Mr. Henry Ellison, the owner of the property, was anxious that the





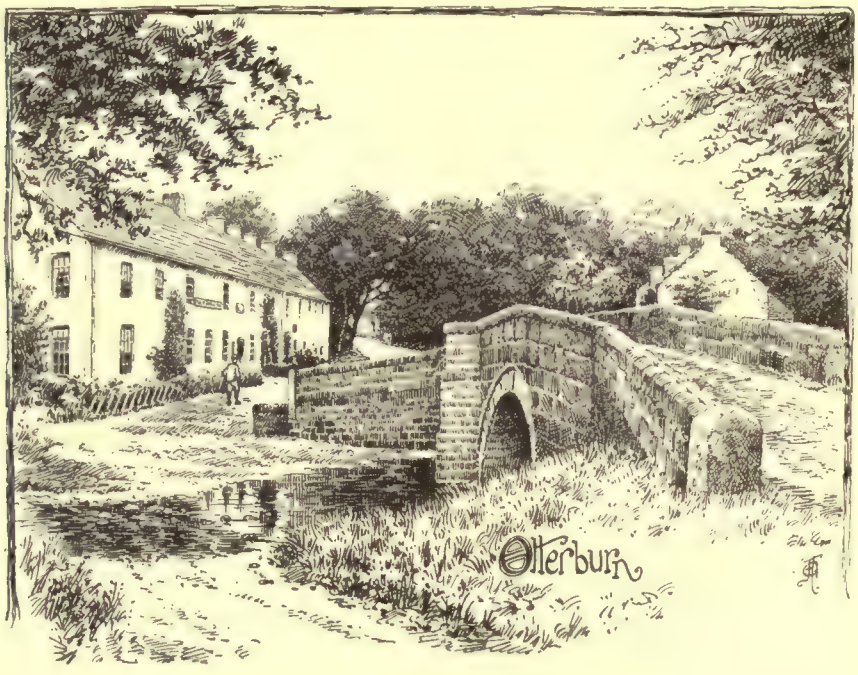
Otterburn trophy should be reared in a more conspicuous place. He accordingly took down the old memento, and decided that a new one should stand 180 yards nearer

BATTLE STONE REMOVED IN 1777.

the highway. Though the idea was commendable enough, it was carried out with a somewhat niggard hand. At the top of a circular mound of rough masonry, five feet in height, was placed the ancient socket, and springing from this, in two pieces, was a tapering shaft of something like 9½ feet in height. About this "cross," as about so many other phases of the Otterburn Battle, there is doubt and uncertainty. If you turn to Hodgson's history, you will find that the shaft of this new trophy was got from Davyshiel Crags, and that the parish clerk of Whelpington was one of the men who helped to put it up. But if Mr. Robert White is to be credited on the point, the lower part of the upright on "Percy's Cross" is composed of an old architrave, that has, at some time, been removed from the kitchen fireplace at Otterburn Hall. How it got into its present position nobody knows. When, however, the circumstance was brought to the attention

Battle Stone, Otterburn.

of Mr. Hodgson, he made a suggestion that may not unlikely be near the truth—namely, that the parish clerk must have been mistaken about the use to which the Davyshiel stone was put; or else that some later occupant of the hall must have appropriated



the new column for his cooking apparatus, and replaced it by a discarded piece of stonework from above the kitchen grate. Let us hope, at all events, that the exchange was made before the Davyshiel stone was reared on the battlefield, because, on any other supposition, the transaction might almost be compared to the desecration of a graveyard.

Though the present village of Otterburn bears no resemblance to the hamlet that occupied its site in 1388—the supposed date of the battle—our sketch of the locality can hardly fail to be of general interest. In the scene, near the bridge, we have a view that is at once a tribute to the ability of the artist as well as to the picturesque beauty of a Border landscape. The place now abounds with comfort, happiness, and prosperity. In the olden time, it was occupied by hovels, in which there were neither glass for the windows, grates for the fires, nor chimneys for the smoke. There was no "inside gear" to speak of—such, for example, as beds or furniture—as all the wealth of the settlers was in cattle that could be easily driven away on the first sign of the raiders. This is very clearly shown in the "last woll and testyment" of Clement Reyde, made in 1582; for, although his stock comprised no fewer than 24 "oxson, ky, stotys, and young novt's," his household gods were valued at only ten shillings.

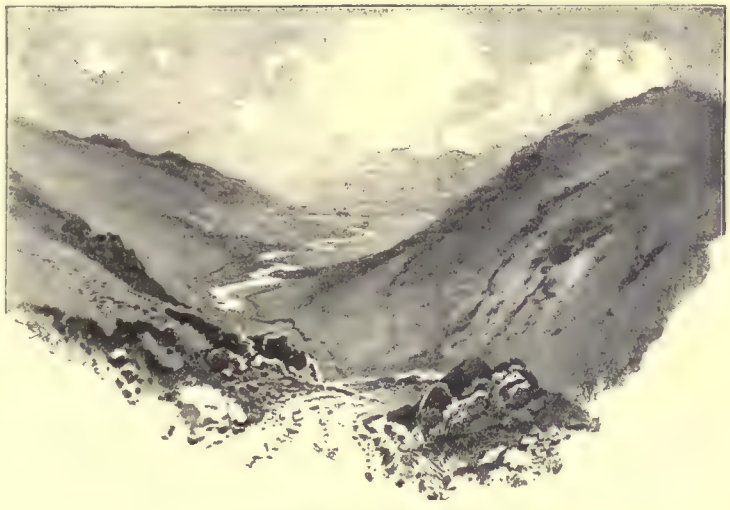
WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The Duddon Valley.

THE river Duddon runs southward on the boundary between Cumberland and Lancashire to the Irish Sea. Rising in the mountain known as Wrynose, situate on the edge of the group of Scawfell heights, it flows some dozen miles as a beck or stream; but at Broughton it expands into an estuary some nine miles in length and about a couple of miles wide, though only covered with water at high tide. The scenery of the valley of the Duddon is highly picturesque. Around the head waters the vale is bare and wild; at Cockley Beck the landscape is harsh and craggy; but soon we reach the pastoral glen where the stream's course is flanked by meadow, and occasionally narrowed by bulwarks of natural rock. Near the hamlet of Seathwaite (where a century ago dwelt in patriarchal simplicity the Rev. Robert Walker, the "Wonderful Walker," whose character has been described in immortal lines by Wordsworth), the Duddon is joined by the stream that flows from Seathwaite Tarn. In this locality the finest scenery of the Duddon is to be seen. One of the most striking combinations of river, rock, and mountain is near the gorge through which the Duddon makes its way into Dunnerdale, as the lower part of the vale is called. Here is Wordsworth's description of the scene:—

> From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play
> Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
> A gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and cold;
> A concave free from shrubs and mosses gray;
> In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
> Some statue, placed amid these regions old
> For tutelary service, thence had rolled
> Startling the flight of timid yesterday.

Our drawing (reproduced from a sketch by Mr. Arthur Tucker) shows the upper portion of the Duddon Valley.



VALLEY OF THE DUDDON.

Plague and Cholera in the North.

II.

THE first intimation in the *Newcastle Chronicle* of the return of cholera after its disappearance in 1832 was under date of 26th January, 1849, when a statement appeared to the effect that in Newcastle up to that time there had been 19 deaths since the beginning of the year. In August Barnard Castle was stricken, and during the prevalence of the disease 146 persons died. In North Shields the deaths numbered 137 in a single week—altogether that year the two towns at the mouth of the Tyne lost 1,174 persons by cholera. Sunderland lost 435; Newcastle, 414; Durham, 232; Alnwick, 142; Hartlepool, 161. The total for the county of Durham was 2,022, and for Northumberland 1,680. Gateshead appears to have suffered, but not

so severely as on the first visit. The story of its sufferings as told in Mr. Clephan's pamphlet, previously quoted, is both affecting and instructive:—

On Thursday, the 4th of January, 1849, a tramp, said to be from Edinburgh, arrived at Gateshead, and tarried at Williams's lodging-house, Pipewellgate, then containing 24 beds, with two persons to each bed. The stranger manifested symptoms of diarrhœa, and Williams himself was subsequently attacked. Both died on the 8th. On the morning of the 9th, when Dr. Barkus, then medical officer, called at the lodging-house at five o'clock, he found the two men dead. A third person was ill in the house, but the fact was not named to the doctor; and by eight o'clock the same morning there was a third death. Dr. Barkus's recollection of the matter is, that the stranger was his first patient, though Williams was the first who died. The disease spread rapidly in Pipewellgate. The number of deaths was 18 by the 23rd of the month, up to which day there had been no cholera mortality in any other part of Gateshead. Deaths then began to occur elsewhere; and, with longer or shorter intervals, the mortality continued until nearly the end of the year. It was not until August that the rural district of Gateshead was visited by the epidemic. Its first victim in Wrekenton was Edward Aims, aged 15, the son of a piper, who died on the 11th of that month. The total number of deaths in the year, in all Gateshead, from cholera and diarrhœa, was 186, the mortality closing, as it had begun, in Pipewellgate. The village of Wrekenton, lying on both sides of the boundary line between Gateshead and Lamesley, and its neighbour, Eighton Bank, were well nigh decimated. The epidemic of 1849 was mainly fed by Pipewellgate, the Union Workhouse, and Wrekenton—these three contributing two-thirds of the mortality. The southern or rural district of Gateshead, wherein lie the Fell and Wrekenton, was principally unenclosed until the present century, sprinkled over with thatched cottages, studded with pit and quarry heaps, and a common receptacle for all kinds of vagrants.

The range of houses where the cholera was most fatal is not more than a quarter of a mile in length. In the 158 houses occurred 110 deaths. The Lunatic Asylum, wherein 20 men and women died, was closely beset on either side by crowded and infected lodging-houses; and the keeper and his son-in-law were of the number that perished. The settled inhabitants of the Fell quarter rose up at last, in a body, and drove the tinkers and other vagrants out of the village. Wilkinson, a pitman, who lived in a clean cottage surrounded by Irish tinkers, was overpowered every morning by the stench which issued from his neighbours' hovels on the opening of the doors. James and Robert Wilkinson, father and son, both died. The total number of fatal cases in 1849 for Gateshead district was 186.

When in 1853 cholera suddenly re-appeared in Newcastle, the town was very ill-prepared to undergo the ordeal of attack from such an enemy. The drainage was, to put it very mildly, in a most imperfect state; the dead were interred in old and over-crowded graveyards situated in the midst of the most densely-populated neighbourhoods; much of the recently-built new property, as well as the large majority of houses in ancient parts of the borough was lamentably deficient in the necessary appliances for securing cleanliness and public decency; and, worse than all, for two months the Whittle Dene Water Company had been pumping the daily supply of what should have been *aqua pura* from the sewage-contaminated Tyne at Elswick. It is not surprising that Newcastle was scourged with pestilence as never within living memory has any town in Britain been scourged.

During the summer months of 1853, it was well known that cholera of a bad type was raging in Poland and Northern Germany, and the Central Board of Health in London had directed its attention specially to the nature and treatment of the disease and to its progress towards these islands. But whilst the authorities were taking note of its ravages upon the Continent, the malignant blight suddenly swept across the narrow seas and swooped down upon Tyneside. During the last days of the month of August, it was whispered about that a seaman had died of cholera on board one of the foreign vessels moored in the river near Dent's Hole, and that isolated cases had immediately afterwards broken out on shore. But before these alarming rumours received official confirmation all doubts upon the subject were resolved by the outbreak of the disease in Newcastle itself.

On the 31st of August, the first cases of the visitation occurred within the borough, the locality being Forth Street, in which a virulent case ran its course rapidly and ended in death that day. The succeeding day four persons were attacked, and one died, and there was another death on the 2nd of September, all the three occurring in the same neighbourhood. At first the disease seemed to progress with halting and uncertain steps. The seizures were not numerous, and the deaths up to the 8th of September did not exceed seven per diem. That number was reported on September 6th, and two days afterwards the fatal seizures recorded had fallen to five. But on Friday, September 9th, the fire that had only been smouldering all at once leaped into a flame. Few who lived in Newcastle at the time can possibly forget that "cholera fortnight," and its many trials and horrors. On the 9th the deaths from cholera and choleraic diarrhœa suddenly increased from 5 to 21, and about that number of victims were stricken each day until the 12th of the month, when, the disease having got a firm footing in the western end of the town, the deaths during the twenty-four hours rose to 31. In the early part of the week commencing Sunday, September 11, an appalling change of the weather took place. A plague of darkness and a plague of flies descended upon the town. The summer had previously been dry, bright, and warm; but now grey clouds hung low in the sky, day after day; not a breath of wind was stirring; a thin haze lay upon the ground during the day time, and in the evenings thickened into a dank fog, which clung heavily about the river and all the low-lying parts of the town. And then as to the flies. It was afterwards proven to the satisfaction of all the survivors worth convincing that the little pests were only the common harvest fly of the country, developed in abnormal numbers and into abnormal activity by the dryness of the season. On the other hand, it is certain that they came with the epidemic, and that they disappeared when its

virulence began to abate. For about a fortnight they hung about the town in countless millions—small fluttering insects that did not bite, but that literally filled the air.

Coincidently with the deepening gloom of the atmosphere and the increase of the plague of flies, the cholera spread and waxed more deadly every day. The proportion of deaths to the numbers seized with the disease was at first something appalling. The cholera fiend had a horrible habit of sweeping off whole families. It was as if the demon stood for a time at the entrances of the filthy alleys of the town, and fatally smote all that passed him, or broke into the fœtid dens where the poor herded together, and tore all to pieces within the four walls. In one house at Arthur's Hill, father, mother, five children, and grandmother were all slain within the space of a few days; out of thirteen houses in Mackford's Entry there were eight deaths; in Rosemary Lane one person in every twelve of the inhabitants perished; of the 70 people living in Clogger's Entry, the cholera slaughtered 10. But the most plague-stricken spot in Newcastle was Monk Square, behind Low Friar Street. Here an ancient watercourse had been stopped up in making the drains, and the obstructed stream, having overflowed amongst the surrounding soil, had mixed with the refuse and garbage lying about and created abominations unspeakable. The cholera demon struck right and left in this congenial spot, and brought down a proportion of rather more than one in every six of its wretched inhabitants; out of 119 human beings resident in Monk Square, 20 died. Three cottages at the head of Tuthill Stairs were inhabited by six people, of whom four were stricken to death. From the spot in Forth Street where it was first developed the epidemic spread westward and northward, searching Blandford Street, Churchill Street, Blenheim Street, the Westgate, Villa Place, Arthur's Hill, and then quickly moved eastward to Sandgate, Pandon, the Wall Knoll, the New Road, and the Ouseburn, in all of which localities it was very fatal. One of the extraordinary features of the visitation was the course of the disease at the Barracks, where a squadron of cavalry and the depôt of the 6th Regiment were in garrison, numbering in all 591 men. The cases of diarrhœa amongst this force were no fewer than 451, but not a single death from cholera resulted.

The Board of Health sent down two of its inspectors, Dr. Grainger and Dr. Gavin, as early as the 9th September, and in three or four days the whole machinery devised by the Board of Guardians, of extra dispensaries, and medical officers, and house to house visitation, was in working order. Then it dawned upon somebody that the poor wanted something else at such a time besides medicine, and £600 was raised in a few hours, and gratuitous distributions were made of beef and tea and rice and blankets, and other such comforts as the sick indigent might need. Free medicine and free brandy were to be had in every quarter of the town by those requiring them, and the amount of aromatic chalk, calomel, and alcohol that were swallowed by people not suffering from any disease whatever no doubt laid firm the foundations for extended general practice for the profession long after the epidemic ceased. But in the meantime the pestilence continued to increase both in the numbers attacked and in the number of deaths.

On the 13th of September, 27 deaths were registered, but on the 14th the mortality more than doubled, 59 being returned as victims of the disease, whilst on the day following the official return showed another frightful increase, 101 persons being reported as dead within the twenty-four hours. Considering that the population of the borough was at the time no more than 90,000, and that the number of persons seized with cholera might be reckoned at about three times the number of deaths, it was plain that a very short period of such severity would suffice to lay prostrate the entire population of the town. Each day the returns were scanned with overwhelming anxiety, but still the increase continued. Business came almost to a standstill, for no one came to the markets that could avoid it. Labouring men found their occupations gone, and, with no wages earning, distress soon began to show itself among the poorer sort. So long as it was possible, decency was observed in the interment of the victims of the disease; but when the mortality rose from fifty to one hundred per day, ordinary arrangements altogether broke down, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the horrible scenes of days gone by could be avoided.

Before the epidemic reached its height, a great outcry arose against burying the victims of cholera in the reeking graveyards in the centre of the town, and afterwards the great mass of the slain were interred in Jesmond Cemetery, and in the burial grounds of St. Ann's, New Road, and St. Paul's, Westgate Hill. The scenes enacted day after day for about a week, at all three places, may be imagined. We will only mention that at Jesmond, particularly, "confusion and disorder" were terms which mildly described the state of things prevailing. The sad processions trooping to the place found too often that no grave had been dug to receive the mortal remains of the friend or relative struck down by the fell disease, and sorrowing mourners had themselves to set to work with pick and shovel and dig the grave. Then funerals, each with its band of weeping and often excited followers, would accumulate within the gates towards the close of the afternoon until two or three coffins were put into one shallow grave, and upon one disgraceful occasion the bodies were piled up in the hole until they reached the level of the ground.

The difficulties of the case were aggravated by the trouble experienced in procuring the means of decent interment. Funeral furnishers, under-bearers, and coffin-makers were struck down in the first days of the epidemic, and it was well nigh impossible to supply their places. Previously to this cholera visitation the mourners at funerals used to be wrapped up in hideous black cloaks

which descended almost to the feet, and only the pall-bearers and the bidders wore scarves; but whilst the epidemic was raging an impression got abroad that the cloaks carried the cholera infection about with them, and they were laid aside never more to be resumed at Northern funeral ceremonies. In the absence of the regular service of under-bearers the relatives of the deceased had to carry their own friends to the suburban cemeteries, and in very many case they had even to make the coffins.

For six days the cholera in Newcastle remained in high crisis—namely, from Thursday, Sept. 15, to Tuesday, Sept. 20. On the first-named date the deaths were 101; Sept. 16, 105; Sept. 17, 110; Sept. 18, 100; Sept. 19, 100; and on Sept. 20, 118 deaths were recorded, being the highest number returned in one day during the prevalence of the epidemic. But on Sept. 21 there was a great drop in the returns to 84; there was a further decrease to 60 deaths on Sept. 22; and the steady and rapid decadence of the epidemic continued until the second week of October, when the daily mortality from this cause began to be reckoned by units. The first day since the outbreak upon which no death from cholera occurred in Newcastle was Oct. 25, and, although there were a few deaths occuring at short intervals afterwards, that date has been accepted as marking the close of the visitation of the epidemic. The total number of deaths recorded from cholera and choleraic diarrhœa from the outbreak of the pestilence on Aug. 31 to its close on Oct. 24, was 1,522.

The pestilence visited Gateshead the same day as Newcastle, August 31. It hung about, as it were, in a lingering form for nine or ten days, when it broke out with awful fury, and committed frightful ravages amongst the poorer part of the population. The greatest number of deaths was on Sept. 15, when 39 persons succumbed. The epidemic extended over 73 days, during which period the deaths from cholera and choleraic diarrhœa numbered 433.

Mary of Buttermere.

ONE evening, in the summer of 1802, a handsome, well appointed travelling carriage drove up to the door of the Royal Oak, the principal inn in Keswick. No little interest and excitement were felt in the little town when it became known that the dashing-looking gentleman who descended from the equipage had announced his intention to take up his residence in the hotel, as he wished to examine at his leisure the picturesque scenery of the surrounding neighbourhood. The stranger was not only well dressed, but spent his money freely—lived like a gentleman, and gave himself out to be the Hon. Augustus Hope, member for Linlithgow and brother to the Earl of Hopetoun. As this name was engraved on the stranger's visiting cards, and he received letters addressed to him by the same designation, nobody presumed to question his pretensions; and, as tourists of distinction were *rara aves* in those days, the hospitality of the district was put on its mettle. Boats, boatmen, fishing, and shooting were freely placed at his disposal by the resident gentry, and he was treated everywhere with all the consideration and respect due to a man of acknowledged birth and position. Some very critical persons did suggest that he was coarse and vulgar, but the majority were perfectly satisfied, and admired all that the *soi-disant* son of an earl said or did, any suspicion that still lingered being allayed by the fact that he constantly "franked" letters in the name and character of a member of Parliament. Now, to forge a frank was then a capital offence, as it was not only a forgery, but a forgery on the Post Office; and it was considered quite a certainty that no impostor would openly court the speedy prosecution sure to follow the discovery of such a serious offence.

Nine miles from Keswick lies the Lake of Buttermere. The margin is overhung by some of the loftiest and steepest of the Cumbrian mountains, which exclude the rays of the sun during the greater part of the day. In consequence of the want of light, the waters are dark and sullen, and the gloomy valley is characterised by a wild, weird scenery peculiarly its own. Almost unknown and unvisited, the only signs of human habitation in 1802 were to be found in a cluster of cottages which stood on the verge of some fields at the foot of the lake. The principal house in this little hamlet belonged to a small proprietor (in local parlance termed a statesman) named Robinson, who, possibly more for the sake of a little society than with a view to pecuniary profit, offered the accommodation of an inn to the few travellers who passed by the lonely lake. Rare, indeed, was it for a stranger to visit this sequestered valley. Hither, however, in an evil hour, attracted by the char fishing—a sport which can only be enjoyed in the deep waters of Windermere, Crummock, and Buttermere—came the very smart gentleman from Keswick. He took up his abode in the little inn, but though char fishing might be his object at first, it was speedily forgotten for something more deeply interesting.

Mary Robinson, a fine young woman of eighteen, acted as waitress on the few wayfarers that came to her father's house. The Honourable Augustus was struck with her beauty. He had unlimited facilities for winning her affections, and the inexperienced shepherd girl, bred in one of the sternest solitudes England has to show, ignorant of the world and thinking no evil, was, in a few weeks, induced to become the wife of the fascinating fisherman. No doubt as to his being the man of honour and gentleman he professed to be ever entered the minds of either Mary or her parents, and the wedding was duly celebrated in the parish church of Lorton to the great satisfaction of

the bride's father and mother, who proudly rejoiced in their daughter's good fortune in securing a real gentleman for a husband. A romantic account of the marriage appeared in a local newspaper, which accidentally fell under the notice of some individuals in Scotland who knew that the Colonel Augustus Hope, who was reported to have married the Beauty of Buttermere, had been abroad for more than a year, and was then resident at Vienna. Suspicions were aroused, inquiries made, the bubble burst, and, in a few weeks, officers of justice appeared, arrested Hope, to the great astonishment of the mountaineers, and bore him away to Carlisle, where he was committed for trial at the next assizes on a charge of forgery and bigamy.

In prison, Hope—whose real name was Hatfield—conducted himself with great propriety, affecting to consider himself an injured individual, and representing that, in the alliance with Mary Robinson, he had been more sinned against than sinning. Mary, on the contrary, though deeply distressed, with true womanly delicacy, refused to become accessory to the prosecution of the man to whom so recently she had, in all good faith, plighted her troth, and the utmost she could be persuaded to do was to address the following letter to Sir Richard Ford:—"The man whom I had the misfortune to marry, and who has ruined me and my aged parents, always told me he was the Hon. Augustus Hope, the next brother to the Earl of Hopetoun.—Your grateful and unfortunate servant, MARY ROBINSON."

This letter was read at the fourth examination of the impostor, and its simplicity and uncomplaining spirit raised a great amount of sympathy for the sorrows of the poor girl who had been so wantonly betrayed. During the trial many letters were received from sorrowing women whom Hatfield had injured in the same way and by the same impostures he had practised in Cumberland. Mary herself, while searching his luxurious and silver-fitted travelling bag, had found a number of letters addressed to him by his wife and children whom he had deserted and left to starve. The trial lasted a whole day. Abundant evidence of forgery and bigamy was forthcoming, and general satisfaction was felt when the jury found him guilty, and he was condemned to death. The heartlessness of his conduct drew upon him this severe sentence. The Cumberland jurors frankly declared their unwillingness to hang him for having forged a frank, but they were reconciled to the harshness of the verdict by what they heard of his conduct to their young fellow-daleswoman.

It is needless to thoroughly examine the history of this cold-blooded culprit. Suffice it to say, however, that he was a man of low origin, and that his whole life was one long tale of fraud and imposture. Coleridge, who investigated his career, said in looking back on the frightful exposure of human guilt and misery, that a man who could find it possible to enjoy the calm pleasures of a Lake tourist, when pursued by a litany of anguish from despairing women and famishing children, must have been a fiend of an order which, fortunately, does not often emerge from among men. Probably the strangest thing in all his strange career was the manner in which he met his sentence and death. From the moment the jury found him guilty, he behaved with the utmost calmness and cheerfulness, talking on all the topics of the day with the greatest interest. He could not be brought to speak of his own case, and never either blamed the verdict or admitted his guilt. On the afternoon of his execution he dined heartily, ordered some coffee to be made, drank a cup, then read a chapter from the second book of Corinthians, and marked out some passages in the Bible for the chaplain. When he came in sight of the gibbet, which was erected on an island formed by the river Eden, he exclaimed: "Oh! a happy sight. I see it with pleasure." On taking leave of the gaoler and sheriff, he patiently murmured, "My spirit is willing, but my body is weak," and after carefully assisting the executioner to adjust the rope, he, with unfaltering voice, commended the bystanders to the care of the Almighty, ascended the scaffold with unshaken fortitude, gave the hangman a signal with his handkerchief, and was launched into eternity without a struggle. No Christian martyr could have met death in a happier or more contented state of mind. The only conclusion to be come to after reading an account of his trial and execution is that Hatfield was insane, and that his crime and his calmness were alike the result of his mental and moral infirmity.

But enough of such a gruesome subject. Let us return to the Beauty of Buttermere, who, in the meantime, had become an object of interest and sympathy to all England. Dramas were written on her story, poets sang her praises, and universal commiseration was felt for her sorrows. Wordsworth, in his "Prelude," alludes to—

> A story drawn
> From our own ground; the Maid of Buttermere,
> And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife,
> Deserted and deceived, the spoiler came
> And woo'd the artless daughter of the hills,
> And wedded her in cruel mockery
> Of love and marriage bonds.

He also tells us how he and his friend

> Beheld her serving at the cottage inn,
> Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew,
> With admiration of her modest mien,
> And carriage marked by unaffected grace.

Indeed, all the Lake poets admired her immensely. She was none of your evanescent, wasp-waisted, sentimental looking beauties. On the contrary, she was tall, and proportionately broad. Contemporary critics assert that her arms were very fine, her figure statuesque, her complexion fair, and her hair abundant. But the disappointment and vexation consequent on her mock marriage soured her temper, and imparted a most unhappy

expression to her countenance. Time, however, soothed her sorrow. After no long interval, she returned to her early home, where the few simple neighbours, who had witnessed her temporary elevation without envy, were ready to show every kindness to one who had undeservedly suffered so much. In time she even came to feel a certain pride in the knowledge that she was the magnet that attracted the shoals of tourists who crowded to the little cabaret (the Fish Inn) which had been the scene of her sad romance. After awhile, other interests arose. An honest farmer from Caldbeck, who loved her for the sorrows she had passed, won her affections, and in real truth made her his lawful wife. Henceforth her life ran on like a placid stream. Free from trouble, and surrounded by comfort, the erstwhile unfortunate beauty not only recovered her sweet temper (at least we hope so), but, on good authority, waxed "fat and well looking," bore her worthy spouse a large family, and lived happy and honoured to a green old age.

M. S. HARDCASTLE.

Our Parish Registers.

II.

DEARTH AND DEARNESS.

THE year 1587, as Sir Cuthbert Sharp's volume attests, was one of plague and want. The registers of St. Nicholas and St. Oswald, in the city of Durham, place on record the high prices of grain.

St. Nicholas' :—1587, "Mem., that in this yeare there was a great derth of corne in the realme of England. In so much that wheate was sold for tenne shillings and sixe pence a bushell, rie at nine shillings and six pence a bushell, pease at seven shillings a bushell." In the summer, before the time of harvest, prices were still higher; and a second entry occurs :—"That the 29th day of July, in the year above written, being Satterday, wheat was at 15s. a bushell, rie at 14s. a bushell, bigge at 8s. a bushell, and haver [oats] at 19s. a loade."

St. Oswald's :—"Thys year, anno 1587, the pryce of corne was as followeth, and ye greatest parts of last yeare before goinge, so yt [that] manye poore people weare supposed to die for lacke of bredde, notw'thstandyng greatte store in the handes of hard harted carles, yt styll raysed the p'ce untyll harvest; at the wyche tyme ye p'ce of corne begane to fall. The p'ce of rye 13s. 3d. the bushell, wheat at 16s. 4d. the b'shell, haver at 5s. 9d. ye bushell, grotes at 4s. ye pecke, pese at 12s. ye bushell, byg at 6s. ye bushell, halfe malte at 5s. 6d. ye bushell. But the next somer wheate was at 3s. 4d. the bushell, rye and pays at 4s. ye bushell, otes 2s. ye bushell, byg at 3s. 4d. ye bushell." "Byg," which gives its name to one of the Newcastle markets, was in common use in past centuries, but is so no longer.

STORMS.

Remarkable phases of the weather were not overlooked by the old registrars. There is a "memorandum" in the Hesleden register, showing "that in the year of our Lord God, 1607, the snow and frost fell at or about the feast of Allhallows, and contynued for the most p'te till Shrovetide, in so much that the first Wednesday in cleane Lente, being the 17 day of February," (Shrove Tuesday having fallen on the 17th), "was the first fresh morning without frost." Frost and snow from the first of November till past St. Valentine's!

In 1614, there was another bitter storm in February. The Whickham registrar had to record that "Michael Newton p'ished in the snowe" on the 8th, "and Eleanor Wilson also." "Isabel Maud, Hester Maullowes; these two perished in the snowe, on the xth of February, and were not found till nowe" (February 14th).

The month of November, 1703, was marked by one of the fiercest and most protracted storms of wind in our national history, attaining its greatest fury on the 27th. The register of St. Oswald's, Durham, has a note of it :—"Memorandum,—That on ye 27th of November, 1703, was ye greatest hurricane and storm that ever was known in England. Many churches and houses were extreamly shattered, and thousands of trees blown down. Thirteen or more of Her Maj'tyes men-of-war were cast away, and above two thousand seamen perished in them."

Hailstorms also make their mark in parish registers. On the 28th July, 1792, the Belford registrar writes :—"Hailstones, or rather pieces of ice, some of them weighing ten ounces, and filling a beer glass when dissolved, were said to have fallen this day at Newcastle. A few days before, at Trimdon, Durham, hailstones, four inches by three in circumference, fell during a thunderstorm, and destroyed a large field of wheat, broke 200 panes of glass in one house, killed poultry, and knocked down pidgeons on the wing."

VOCATIONS.

The parish clerk not unfrequently gives us the vocations of those whom he had met at the font, the altar, and the grave.

At the Cathedral in Durham :—"1611, 4 February, Edward Smith, organist, buried." "1627, 12 April, Robert Grinwell, lutenist, buried." "1764, 26 September, Mr. Robert Doudesley, stationer, London, buried." Apprenticed in his early youth to a stocking weaver, Dodsley disliked sitting in a frame, and went into service in preference. "The Muse in Livery, or the Footman's Miscellany," was his first venture in literature. His next, a play called "The Toy Shop," enabled him, by its favourable reception on the stage and in the press, to begin business as a bookseller. Other plays he also published, and with like success; and his once well-known work,

"The Economy of Human Life," had a long run of popularity. He died in Durham, Sunday, September 23.

"A child of the dancing-master of West Rainton" was interred at Houghton-le-Spring, June 3, 1727; and there was buried, a dozen years later, in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, Newcastle, "Sebaster le Sac," described as of the same profession.

"A boy of the Tinklers of Byers Green" had interment at St. Andrew's Auckland in the year 1609; and at Lanchester, in 1564, "William, the son of an Egiptian." "Simson, Arington, Fetherstone, Fenwicke, and Lancaster, were hanged, being Egyptians, 8 August, 1592," and buried at St. Nicholas', Durham—hanged, apparently, for the sole crime of being Egyptians.

"Margaret, the Washer," was buried at St. Mary-le-Bow, Durham, in 1642; "Brian Pearson, the Abbey dog whipper," in 1722; and in 1725 was baptised "Jane, daughter of Thomas Barret, prizefighter."

Heretofore we have given numerous extracts under general heads. The selections which now remain are of a more miscellaneous nature, and we make no attempt to reduce them to classification.

Berwick register:—Buried, 16 July, 1691, William Cleugh, bewitched to death.

St. Andrew's register, Newcastle:—1695, April 24, were buried, James Archer and his son Stephen, who in the month of May, 1658, were drowned in a coalpit in the Gallaflat, by the breaking in of water from an old waste. The bodys were found intire, after they had lyen in the water 36 years and 11 months.

St. Nicholas' register, Durham:—1568.—Mem., that a certaine Italian brought into the cittie of Durham, the 11th day of June, in the year above sayd, a very great, strange, and monstrous serpent, in length sixxteene feete, in quantitie and dimentions greater than a great horse; which was taken and killed by speciall pollicie in Æthiopia, within the Turke's dominions; but before it was killed it had devoured (as it is credibly thought) more than 1,000 p'sons, and destroyed a whole country.

Jarrow register:—John Lucker and his wife, being burnt almost to ashes, buried 8 May, 1723.—Philip Carr, buried 9 May, 1723, the above said persons being at his lake wake.

Hesleden register:—The xi daie of Maie at vi of ye cloke in the morninge, being ful water, Mr. Henrie Mitford, of Hoolam, died at Newcastel, and was buried the xvi daie, being Sondaie, at eaveninge prayer. The hired preacher maid the sermon.—The xvii daie Maye, 1595, at xii of ye cloke at noone, being lowe water, Mrs. Barbarie Metford died, & was buried the xviii daie of May, at ix of the cloke in ye morninge. Mr. Holsworth maid the sermon. (In each of the foregoing records the tide is associated with the death.)

Croft register:—Jane Buttrey, of Darlington, was seet in the stoxe at Crofte, and was whipt out of the towne, 8 day of June, 1672.

The Widdrington Family and Estates.

THE "ancient and worthy family of the Widdringtons," so designated by local historians, derive their surname from an old tower, replaced in modern times by a fantastic castellated building, which stands on an eminence about a mile from the German Ocean, some nine miles north by east from Morpeth. Various members of the family signalised their valour in the wars against the Scots, while several of them held the office of High Sheriff of Northumberland, and also represented the county in Parliament during the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. They intermarried with some of the foremost families in the land, and flourished in high repute till civil dissension—in which they took the losing side—brought them low.

Sir Henry Widdrington, who was High Sheriff of Northumberland in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and M.P. for the county in the latter reign, was succeeded by his son William, who held the former office in the twelfth year of Charles I., and sat in Parliament in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth years of the same reign, representing Northumberland along with Sir Henry Percy. He and Sir William Carnaby and Sir Patricius Curwen were three of the fifty-one members who voted, in 1641, for saving the life of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford. In August of the following year he was expelled the House for refusing to attend it, and for raising forces in defence of the king. He was present and did good service in most of the battles between the Royalists and Parliamentarians, from that of Worcester, gained by Prince Rupert on the 23rd September, 1642, to that of Marston Moor, where the Prince was signally defeated by Cromwell on the 2nd July, 1644. After this latter engagement, from the blow received in which the Royalists never recovered, Sir William, who had been created Baron Widdrington of Blankney in the preceding November, retired beyond seas with the Marquis of Newcastle and others, and his estate was sequestered by Parliament.

Lord Widdrington returned to Britain along with Prince Charles in the summer of 1650, and accompanied him on his march southward from Edinburgh to Carlisle, where he was proclaimed King of England. On arriving at Wigan, in Lancashire, however, he was left behind with the Earl of Derby, and several other loyal gentlemen, with about two hundred horse. But Lord Derby and his associates were surprised one morning at daybreak by a greatly superior force of Parliamentarians,

under Major-General Lilburne, a Puritan officer of merit and distinction, brother of the more famous "Freeborn John"; and, after a gallant display of valour, they were all either slain or taken prisoners. Among the slain was Lord Widdrington, who disdained to take quarter. The Earl of Derby, who fell into the hands of the enemy, was shortly afterwards beheaded at Bolton.

Clarendon tells us that Lord Widdrington "was one of the goodliest persons of that age, being near the head higher than most tall men, and a gentleman of the best

Lord Widdrington.

and most ancient extraction of the county of Northumberland, and of a very fair fortune, and one of the four which the king made choice of to be about the person of his son the prince, as gentlemen of the privy chamber, when he first settled his family."

Lord Widdrington married Mary, the daughter and sole heir of Sir Anthony Thorold, of Blankney, in Lincolnshire, whence he took his baronial title; and by this lady he had a son, William Lord Widdrington, who was one of the Council of State formally entrusted with the executive power by the "Rump Parliament" previous to its dissolution by General Monk, on the eve of the Restoration, in 1660.

This nobleman was succeeded by his son, William, third and last Lord Widdrington, who by marriage acquired an additional estate of £12,000 per annum, and of whom a portrait, representing him in his twenty-eighth year, copied from a painting now in Stella Hall, is here given. Like most of his relations, and particularly his grandfather, he was a devoted adherent of the exiled house of Stuart. When the first Jacobite rebellion broke out in 1715, he joined the young Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster of Bamborough at Corbridge with thirty horse, which raised their united force to somewhat short of a hundred, afterwards augmented to about thrice the number. With these troops, the three leaders marched up and down Northumberland, as far as the gates of Newcastle, which they found closed against them; thence into Scotland, as far as Kelso; afterwards into North Lancashire, where their career was brought to a close at "proud Preston," as already recorded in the volume for 1890, pp. 1, 49, 97. Lord Widdrington was taken prisoner, as were likewise Lords Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Nairn, Derwentwater, and Kenmure, besides many members of the ancient North of England families of Ord, Beaumont, Thornton, Patten, Gascoigne, Standish, Swinburne, and Shafto.

The prisons of Lancaster, Liverpool, Chester, and other towns were forthwith crowded by the inferior class of prisoners; some half-pay officers were singled out as deserters, and shot by order of a court-martial; and five hundred of the ordinary soldiers were left to perish of cold and starvation in filthy dungeons. The leaders were conducted to London, where they arrived on the 9th of December. On reaching Highgate Hill, they were met by a strong detachment of foot guards, who tied them back to back and placed two on each horse; and in this ignoble manner, with the beating of drums, blowing of trumpets, piping of fifes, and all the accessories of a grand national triumph, the seven noblemen were conducted to the Tower, while the rest, some three hundred in number, were distributed among the four common gaols.

About a month after their arrival, they were severally impeached of high treason. The articles of impeachment having been sent in due course by the Commons, the House of Lords sat in judgment, Earl Cowper, the Lord Chancellor, being constituted Lord High Steward. All the peers who were charged, except the Earl of Wintoun, pleaded guilty to the indictment, but offered pleas of extenuation for their guilt in hopes of obtaining mercy. On Lord Widdrington being asked what he had to say why judgment should not be passed upon him according to law, he replied:—

My lords, I have abandoned all manner of defence ever since I first surrendered myself to his Majesty's royal

clemency, and only now beg leave to repeat to your lordships some circumstances of my unhappy case. You see before you an unfortunate man, who, after leading a private and retired life for many years, has, by one rash and inconsiderate action, exposed himself and his family to the greatest calamity and misery, and is now upon the point of receiving the severest sentence directed by any of our English laws. I do protest to your lordships that I was never privy to any concerted measures against his Majesty's royal person or the established government. As to the insurrection in Northumberland, I only heard of it accidentally the night before it happened: and being soon after informed that all my neighbours and acquaintances had met in arms, a crowd of confused and mistaken notions hurried me at once into a precipitate resolution of joining them—a resolution which, I must own, I could never since calmly reflect upon without part of that confusion I find myself under in the public acknowledgment of so much rashness and folly. After thus plunging out of my depth, as unprepared for such an enterprise as the action was unpremeditated, I cannot for my own particular, upon the strictest recollection, charge myself with any violation of the properties of my fellow-subjects; but, on the contrary, I always endeavoured to encourage humanity and moderation during the whole course of our miserable expedition; and, in order to make the best atonement in my power for the great fault I have been guilty of, I can justly say that I was in no small degree instrumental in procuring a general submission to his Majesty. But, my lords, however willing or desirous either I or any others might be to put a speedy end to these unfortunate troubles, self-preservation—the first and most powerful law of nature—would have rendered the proposal vain and fruitless, had not the officers who commanded the royal forces given us hopes of mercy, and assured us we submitted to a prince of the greatest clemency in the world. These hopes and this assurance answered the strongest objections, overcame all remaining difficulties, and gave the finishing stroke to a general surrender, whereby the further effusion of British blood was prevented, and a perfect tranquillity restored to these parts of his Majesty's dominions. My lords, as this my first attempt was rash and unpremeditated, as I always used and promoted moderation and humanity towards my fellow-subjects, and as I did not obstinately persist in my fault, but was the first who proposed an early submission to his Majesty, I humbly hope my unhappy case, and the deplorable condition of my unfortunate children, already deprived of their tender mother, will raise a generous compassion in your lordships and the honourable House of Commons, and I most earnestly entreat both your lordships' and that honourable House to become intercessors with his Majesty, in my behalf, for that mercy which I was encouraged to hope for when I first surrendered, and which I have ever since with the utmost confidence relied on. I have only to add my most solemn assurance, before this august assembly, that no future time will ever find me wanting in the most inviolable duty and gratitude to that merciful prince who gives me my life, and restores a father to five miserable and distressed orphans: and I shall always retain the highest esteem and veneration for your lordships and the honourable House of Commons.

After having detailed the circumstances attending the impeachment, and answered, with technical coolness, the argumentative matter contained in the several pleas, Earl Cowper proceeded to sentence the prisoners in the old barbarous fashion—that they should be taken to the place of execution; that they should be hanged

by the neck, and cut down alive; that their bowels should be taken out and burnt before their faces; and that their heads should be severed from their bodies, and then divided into four quarters! The sentence being thus passed, the prisoners were remanded to the Tower. But out of the seven noblemen impeached, tried, and sentenced to death, only two—Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure—were brought to the block. Two others—Lord Nithsdale and Lord Wintoun—escaped, while the remaining three were reprieved.

Lord Widdrington, whose rash adventure had, as by a stroke of lightning, blasted and withered a family that had for seven centuries flourished in affluence and honour, and dissipated a fortune that had taken the labours and the prudence of the same period to accumulate and keep together, died at Bath in 1745, the year of the second and last Jacobite rebellion. The real and personal estate, which was valued at £100,000 in 1715, was forfeited to the Crown; but he managed eventually, about the year 1733, to get back the estates of Stella and Stanley, which he had obtained in marriage.

Lord Widdrington's two younger brothers, Charles and Peregrine, who had joined the insurrection along with him, were likewise captured at Preston. They were finally pardoned, however, after the alarm had blown over. Charles is said to have died at St. Omer, in France, in 1756; and Peregrine, who had acted as aide-de-camp to General Forster, and who, while in prison, had the dangerous disease then common in gaols called the spotted fever, but recovered of it, married Mary, Duchess of Norfolk, widow of Thomas, eighth Duke of Norfolk, daughter and heir of Sir Nicholas Shireburn, of Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, and by his will, dated in 1747, gave his estates to his nephew, William Tempest Widdrington, in tail male, with remainder to his nephew, John Towneley.

The Widdrington estate, worth £100,000, was first sold to the York Building Company, who for some time paid annual interest for the principal, which they could not afterwards raise; in consequence of which it was afterwards recovered by Government, and sold to Sir George Revel. This gentleman left it to his only daughter, who married Sir George Borlase Warren, who also left an only daughter. Miss Warren married George Charles, fourth Lord Vernon, whose grandson, the sixth Lord Vernon, sold it to Hugh Taylor, Esq., of Chipchase Castle.

The eldest son of the attainted Lord Widdrington, Henry Francis Widdrington, succeeded to the estates of Stella and Stanley, which were his mother's inheritance. Deprived of his paternal estate and of his hereditary honours, but commonly known as Lord Widdrington, he led a long life of peace and obscurity, and, dying at Turnham Green, in the year 1772, was buried in St. Pancras, London. He was the last of the Widdrington family. By his will he left the Stella estate, first to Thomas Eyre, of Hassop, Esq., and his heirs male. But Thomas Eyre died without heirs male on March 26, 1792, and in virtue of the aforesaid will, the estate became the property of Edward T. S. Standish, of Standish, Esq., who also died without heirs on March 27, 1807, when Stella, by the above will, fell to John Towneley, of Towneley, Esq., who died on May 14, 1813, and was succeeded by his son, Peregrine Towneley, Esq., who died on Dec. 31, 1846. Charles Towneley, the eldest son of Peregrine, held the estates till his death on Nov. 4, 1876. He was succeeded by his brother John, who died on Feb. 21, 1878, and the property at Stella and Stanley is now held by his widow and her four daughters.

The Widdrington family were always as staunch Catholics as they were Loyalists. The marriage of the third Lord Widdrington with Miss Tempest, of Stella, confirmed the religious and political connections of the family. A branch of the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew was established at Stella in the reign of Edward the Confessor. The Nunnery continued uninterruptedly until the Dissolution of the Monasteries. In Fairfax's Views a description and engraving of the old chapel and nunnery are to be found, and in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888, p. 469, there is also an account of it. At the Dissolution the property passed into the hands of the Tempests, who appropriated a portion of the building to a Catholic church, and worship was conducted there regularly until the year 1831, when the new chapel (see page 561) was built a short distance to the west. The difficulties attending the preaching of the Catholic religion at that time will be appreciated by the following extracts which, through the kindness and courtesy of the Rev. Canon Wrennal, we have been able to take from the register kept in the Chapel at Stella:—

LIST OF CATHOLIC CLERGYMEN AT STELLA SINCE THE YEAR 1700.

The Rev. John Wilson, O.S.B., served the mission about Stella, under the patronage of the Tempest and Widdrington family, in the beginning of this century. In the year 1715, he was seized for being a Roman Catholic priest, and hurried to Durham Gaol, to which place he is remembered to have passed through Winlaton on horseback with his feet tied under the horse's belly. Being afterwards set at liberty, he returned to the assistance of the Catholics heretofore entrusted to his care, whom he never more quitted until he was called to the reward of his labours on Friday, the 22nd June, the day he died, at Blaydon Staiths, in the year 1725.

Mr. Wilson was succeeded by Rev. N. Witham, O.S.B., advanced in years, and therefore unable to undergo the fatigues of this mission. Accordingly, he presently (1726) made room for Rev. N. Rogers, O.S.B., who, after three or four years' residence, quitted this station to attend Sir Ed. Gascoigne's family at Parlington, Yorkshire.

Upon Rev. N. Rogers's departure (1730), Rev. N. Hutton, O.S.B., was appointed to this charge, which, however, he is supposed to have resigned within the space of a few months.

Whilst this incumbency became once more vacant, it was occasionally supplied by Rev. N. Boomer, O.S.B., of Lumley Castle, near Chester-le-Street, and Rev. Jo. Barlow, of Newhouse, until the arrival of Rev. Luke Wilson, e clero Sec., some time in the year 1732, who, after a few years remaining in this station, was presented to the living at Stockton B'pric.

About the year 1737, Rev. Thos. Greenwell, e clero Sec., from the college of SS. Peter and Paul at Lisbon, was called to the assistance of this flock, which he alone governed and directed until about the year 1750, when Lord Widdrington thought proper to appoint Rev. J. Turner, Soc. Jesu, to this incumbency. Whereupon Rev. T. Greenwell was obliged to retire to Blaydon, where he still continued to devote himself to the service of his neighbour, and mostly depended for a maintenance upon the temporary contributions of his friend and his flock, until the year 1753, when, called to attend one John Cook, of Winlaton, lying ill of a fever, he himself caught the infection, and died, after a few days' illness, on Thursday, August 23.

Thus Rev. J. Turner remained the sole pastor of this large congregation until October, 1775, when Thomas Eyre, Esq., of Hassop, being become owner of Stella estate, invited from Douai College his kinsman and namesake, Rev. Thomas Eyre, C.A.D.A. He accordingly first entered here upon his missionary functions 11th October, 1775, which he endeavoured to discharge until the 15th October, 1792, when he undertook a new mission at Wooler, Northumberland.

During the few months' interval before a successor was appointed, Rev. T. Story, of Hexham, altogether supplied the vacancy until 11th March, 1793, when their new pastor, Rev. Wm. Hull, arrived, who endeavoured to comply with the duties of his situation thirty-six years and ten months, and then resigned this incumbency to the Rev. Thomas Witham, January 11, 1830.

The foundation stone of the new chapel and house at Stella was laid on the 11th day of June, 1830, by the Rev. Wm. Hull. The chapel was dedicated to St. Thomas of Aquin, and opened on the 12th day of October, 1831, by Bishop Penswick, attended by twenty-nine of his clergy who were present on the occasion.

1840. Rev. Vincent Joseph Eyre.
1845. Rev. Thomas Parker, died July 22, 1847.
1847. Rev. Ralph Platt, removed to Durham, July, 1857.
1857. Rev. Aisenius Watson, died Oct, 11, 1865.
1865. Rev. Henry Wrennall.

"Travels of the Imagination."

WHEN the Rev. James Murray had won himself a name in Silver Street, Newcastle, his adherents erected a new meeting-house—securing for themselves a site in the High Bridge, a thoroughfare deriving its title from the viaduct that spanned the Lort Burn, and gave our forefathers a communication between the eastern and western districts of the town. A native of Roxburghshire, and a member of a Covenanting family, Murray, born about the year 1732, was a student of Edinburgh University. In his early manhood he came into Northumberland as a private tutor. But he was afterwards a Dissenting pastor in Alnwick; and some little time subsequent to the establishment of the *Newcastle Chronicle* in 1764, to which he was a frequent contributor, the High Bridge Meeting House was built. In this place, from Sunday to Sunday, he ministered to his flock for a period not far short of twenty years, down to his death in 1782. His fertile mind made incessant use of the pulpit and the press. Sermons were preached and printed; numerous were the works he published; and amongst the best known were his Sermons to Asses, to Doctors of Divinity, and to Ministers of State. His "Travels of the Imagination," first appearing in 1773, was reprinted in 1828, with a memoir. In the month of August, 1781, when he was living down Tabernacle Entry in Northumberland Street (a covered passage-way afterwards "used in forming Lisle Street," his house standing "in the scite of Queen Street"), he announced his intention to begin an academy, in conjunction with his son, on the first Monday in September, "for teaching young gentlemen and ladies the English and French languages grammatically; also Latin and Greek, writing, arithmetic, accounts, &c., according to the most approved methods, all for half-a-guinea a quarter, and half-a-guinea entrance." But the purpose of this laborious divine was frustrated by the progress of a malady that caused his

death on the 28th of January, 1782, in his fiftieth year. "His memory," remarked an obituary notice at the time, "will be long revered for his impartial inquiries after truth, and undaunted declaration of it from the pulpit and the press; for his warm zeal for the liberties of mankind in general, and the Protestant cause in particular; and his many valuable works which he has published." In the *Newcastle Chronicle* was inserted, from the pen of a South Shields correspondent, a tributary verse:—

Is Murray gone? Alas, too true!
Ye Tory priests, rejoice!
Far more that lettered champion knew
Than half the foes of vice.
Ye High Bridge Protestants, beware
Who in his place ye choose;
Lest all his learning, all his care,
In simple choice ye lose.

"The Congregation of Protestant Dissenters assembled at the High Bridge" reared a memorial of their minister

in the churchyard of St. Andrew; and Thomas Bewick, the famous artist and engraver, has left behind him the eulogy, that "he was a cheerful, facetious, sensible, pleasant man; a most agreeable companion; full of anecdote and information; keen in his remarks, but carefully kept off hurting the feelings of any of the company." Perhaps, however, he rather touched the sensibilities of some of his flock on the occasion when, in the days of hair-powder and pigtails, a Scotch drover dropped into the High Bridge Meeting House, "and, leaning on the edge of a pew, stood listening." No seat being offered to the stranger, the preacher at last paused, and caused a pew door to be opened, with a rebuke to the regular hearers:—"If that man had had a powdered head, and a fine coat on his back, you would have thrown open twenty pews to receive him."

From his "Travels of the Imagination, a True Journey from Newcastle to London," some extracts may be made. They will serve to show how different from our own was the condition of the world at the time the work was written. Tyne Bridge had been washed away in 1771; a temporary viaduct was in course of erection in 1772, when Mr. Murray's excursion was made; and, till its opening in the autumn, travellers must cross the river by ferry. Listen to the characteristic beginning of the minister's book:—"It is a disagreeable consideration when a person is enjoying sweet repose in his bed, to be suddenly awakened by the rude blustering noise of a vociferous hostler. There is no help for it, provided a man intends to travel in a stage-coach. This evil, like many others, must be suffered with patience. Patience renders all burdens three-fourths lighter than they would be without it. The morning was very fine when we entered the coach. Nature smiled around us. It is a pity, thought I, that we are not to ride on horseback: we should then enjoy the pleasures of the morning, snuff the perfumes of the fields, hear the music of the grove and the concert of the wood. In crossing the river Tyne from Newcastle to London, there is one inconveniency: you must wait the pleasure of a little arbitrary bashaw, who will not move one foot beyond the rules of his own authority, or mitigate the sentence passed upon those who are condemned to travel in a stage-coach within a ferry-boat. As I hate every idea of slavery and oppression, I was not a little offended at the expressions of authority which were exercised upon this occasion by the legislator of the ferry. We were now in the boat, and obliged to sit till this little tyrant gave orders for our departure. The vehicle for carrying passengers across the river is the most tiresome and heavy method that ever was invented. Four rowers in a small boat drag the ponderous ferry across the river very slowly. From the time we entered the boat, before we landed on the opposite side, an hour was almost spent. We had time to reflect upon what might happen to us by the way, and an opportunity to put up a few ejaculations to Heaven to preserve us from the danger of ferry boats and tyrants. This was the best use we could make of our time while we continued in this floating chariot. Some of the ladies who were in the coach were so hurried in the morning that they scarcely had time to say their prayers. This was a good opportunity."

Perhaps they prayed for the patience of the preacher's aphorism. Hurried out of bed—dragged over the river—he chafed under his sufferings from "ferry boats and tyrants," but recovered his equanimity on reaching the County Palatine. On the Gateshead shore, where the ring of the hammer is now heard, he was "saluted by a blackbird." "It seemed to take pleasure to see us fairly out of the domains of Charon, and whistled cheerfully upon our arrival. Nature, said I to myself, is the mistress of real pleasure. This same blackbird cannot suffer us to pass by without contributing to our happiness. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' I wish that all men understood this maxim as well by reason and tutorage as this whistler in a hedge does by instinct. The blackbird is free, and sings from a sense of liberty. It is under no control. Were it in a cage, it might sing, but not half so sweetly. Liberty appears to be the first principle of music. Slaves never sing from the heart."

So chants the traveller. Freed from the ferry, he moralises on wheels; makes melody in his heart as the coaches roll onward. As he ascended the Fell (not then enclosed, but lying waste and common), "the whins and the briar sent forth a fragrance exceedingly delightful." "The pleasures of the morning now increased upon us." "On every of side of the coach, peerless drops of dew dangling upon the blossoms of the thorns helped to add to the perfume." The passengers had made an early start; and not till now "Aurora began to streak the eastern sky, and the spangled heavens announced the approach of the king of day." The sun is rising, and the minister moralizes on the lark, "carolling upward to the sky," and "serenading his dame with mirthful glee and pleasure." "He sings to make her toil easy, while she is employed about their mutual concerns. Ah! little do those about the courts of monarchs know ——" We need not complete the reflections, but climb with the coach to the "Long Bank," where a more sombre text offers itself anon. Hazlett, the highwayman, had been gibbeted by the roadside in 1770; and the ghastly sight was still there, as a terror to evil-doers, in 1772. "Unfortunate and infatuated Hazlett!" exclaims the moralist, "hadst thou robbed the nation of millions, instead of robbing the mail and pilfering a few shillings from a testy old maid, thou hadst not been hanging a spectacle to passengers and a prey to crows. Thy case was pitiable, but there was no mercy: thou wast poor, and thy sin unpardonable," &c. The "testiness" of the "old maid" was probably a flight of "the imagination";

and yet, she might well be out of temper, and take it amiss at the moment, when the mounted marauder thrust his pistol in at her chaise window, and gave her the choice of her money or her life! Murray, who could lose his patience under the control of Charon, might possibly have lost his balance with a muzzle and a mosstrooper at the coach door.

"The place where Hazlett hangs is the finest place in the world for the walk of a ghost. At the foot of a wild, romantic mountain, near the side of a small lake, are his remains. His shadow appears in the water, and suggests the idea of two malefactors. The imagination may easily conjure up his ghost." Yes! the imagination is a great wonder-worker. But in the present day, when everybody steams over Loch Lomond and rambles among "The Lakes," the tourist will be disposed to smile over the "wild romantic mountain" and the "lake" on Gateshead Fell! The lake is now gone; the gibbet and the stage-coach are no more; and the highwayman and his blunderbuss are but apparitions of history.

At Chester-le-Street the coach stopped, and there was breakfast. Then on to Durham, which "would be a very fine place were it not for the swarms of priests that are in it." The cathedral has "a famous clock, said to be the workmanship of a man who was convicted of counterfeiting the king's coin," and thus expiated his offence—a tale for travellers. Locomotion was not "express" in those days. There was time to listen to legends, to perambulate the city, to criticise the tombstones in the churchyards, and to visit "the New Inn," a "very fine, spacious building," which "might serve the Bishop." But at the sound of the horn, the High Bridge minister must cease "marking down the observations" suggested by his "walk through the town," take leave of the landlord, and be off; he and the military officer, and their four fair fellow-travellers.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when the coach reached Grantham. Supper over, the passengers repaired to "an old thatched house in the corner of the town," where "some of Mr. Garrick's servants were that night to exhibit." The entertainments were "The West Indian" and "The Jubilee." At two in the morning the journey was resumed. Murray falls asleep, and his nap consumes a whole chapter of the book. "What is sleep," and "what the cause of it," gives occupation for a dozen pages; and the discursive inquirer does not so far settle the question as to get rid of the necessity of somebody saying more.

To London and the top of St. Paul's, we do not follow him. Enough has been given from his "Travels" to show the contrast between the transit of to-day and a hundred years ago. One thing, however, we must add; and a most important item it is, namely, the cost. The cost in time was great. There was also board and lodging. And what was the fare? Mr. Murray tells us that he paid £3 8s. 6d.! The distance may now be done both ways for the money. Nay, if you will travel third-class, you may have a pound to spare.

Dauntless was the spirit of James Murray, and devoted his attachment to his convictions and principles; and we may all copy with advantage his steadfastness to freedom and duty.

J. C.

Three Members of the Warbler Family.

OF this delightful family of birds three members are figured in Mr. John Duncan's drawings here given. One of them is a common visitor to the North of England, another is oftener heard than seen, and a specimen of the third was once captured near Newcastle.

The sedge warbler (*Sylvia phragmitis*) is a common summer visitor to the Northern Counties. It has a sweet and varied song, and as it sings at night it is occasionally mistaken for the nightingale. "Some years ago," says

Mr. John Hancock, "a nightingale escaped from confinement in Jesmond Dene; it was almost immediately recaptured. It got, however, bruited abroad that a nightingale had been heard singing in the dene; and a crowd of people went night after night to hear it. Many came away quite satisfied that they had heard the songster, the sedge warbler having raised his voice as if on purpose to gratify the multitude or to have his joke; and proud would the little merry fellow have been could he have known how well he had succeeded."

The bird is plentiful in Northumberland and Durham, and may be found in most places where there are proper shelter and water. Its nest may be found in overgrown

hedges on country roads, but never far from water. It arrives in its breeding haunts about the middle or end of April, according to the season.

Morris aptly describes its habits thus:—"I watched one for some time playing at hide and seek with me, in some large hawthorn bushes which covered the steep bank of a stream, overhanging it almost to the water's edge; beyond all doubt the nest was there. Now it would fly a few yards off; now, if thinking itself unobserved, slyly return to its place; now sing lustily from some hidden covert, and on a sudden emerge and show itself; then again descend to the recesses of the thick brake, and so quickly re-appear at a little distance that it would almost seem as if it had flown straight without hindrance through the tangled underwood; once more it would set up its ringing note, like a watchman springing his rattle to alarm his household, for such in its small way it closely resembles, and finally disappear from view and from hearing together, unless again disturbed."

The ordinary note of the bird is a faint, sharp cheep, but its chattering song is lively and pleasing. Sometimes it sings from a branch or spray, but more frequently the song is heard from the interior of some leafy bush or shrub, often causing the uninitiated to wonder what kind of bird the unseen warbler can be. On fine summer nights it often carols into the "small hours," and has on this account been mistaken for the nightingale, the sweetest of all our warblers. Even if it has gone to roost, a stone thrown into a thick bush will often set the sedge-warbler into song. Most naturalists give the bird the credit of considerable mimetic power.

The adult male in summer is, above, olive-brown, yellowish-rufous on rump; four longitudinal, dark-brown stripes on head; well defined eye-stripe whitish, broader towards nape; centres of upper back feathers shaded with dark brown; wings and tail brown, with pale margins; beneath, creamy white, shaded, especially on flanks, with yellowish-brown; legs, brown; irides, brown; length, about five inches. The female resembles the male.

The sedge-warbler feeds on insects of various kinds, some of which are captured on the wing, as well as worms and slugs.

The grasshopper warbler (*Sylvia locustella*), called also the cricket bird, is more elegant in form than the sedge-warbler. Like others of the family, it is of retiring habits. "The grasshopper warbler," Mr. Hancock says, "though seldom seen, on account of its skulking habits, is not by any means rare; it is local, however, preferring low brushy scrub in secluded situations. I have found it breeding in various places in the neighbourhood of Newcastle; but it is nowhere so plentiful as on the banks of the Derwent, a few miles west of Newcastle. It is a spring and autumn migrant." The bird derives its name from its peculiar song, which is not unlike the cry of the grasshopper or the field cricket.

The grasshopper warbler arrives in this country in April or early May, according to the weather and the locality, and leaves in September.

The general colour of the plumage is a rich greenish brown above, and as each feather has crescent-shaped spots of dark brown in the centre, from the base of the bill above to the root of the tail, it appears to

be beautifully marked. The male is nearly five inches and three-quarters long. The chin and throat are yellowish white; and the breast and part of the throat yellowish brown, merging into an olive tint at the sides. The wings are short and have a spread of seven and a half inches, which makes the handsome rounded tail appear longer than it really is. The tail, extending an inch and a half beyond the wings, is brown, and marked with numerous transverse lines, each feather being edged with a darker colour than at the centre.

The food of the bird consists chiefly of flies, gnats, beetles, and other insects, grasshoppers, small snails, and slugs.

Seebohm says that the range of the icterine warbler

(*Hypolais icterina*) is a very peculiar one. The bird is a common summer visitor to the North of France, Belgium,

Holland, Germany, Italy, and Sicily, but is very rare in the South of France, and entirely absent from Spain. It is common in Denmark, the Baltic Provinces, and South Scandinavia, but becomes much rarer further north.

The first example of this bird taken in the British Islands was killed on June 15, 1848, at Eyethorne, near Dover; the second was shot on June 8, 1856, at Dunsinea, on the banks of the river Tolka, in the county of Dublin; and another was procured near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the summer of 1889, and is now in the possession of a local collector.

The adult male is about five inches in length. In its spring plumage, the general colour of the upper parts, including the lores, ear coverts, and the sides of the neck, is olive-green; a somewhat indistinct greenish yellow eye-stripe extends from the base of the bill, losing itself behind the eye; the quills are brown, narrowly edged with brownish white; the tail feathers are brown, with very narrow pale edges, and generally with indistinct traces of transverse bars; the underparts, including the auxiliaries, are uniform greenish yellow, many of the feathers on the thighs and under wing-coverts having brown centres. The female scarcely differs from the male.

Marsden Rock.

SOME account of Marsden Rock, with many particulars of Peter Allan, the remarkable man who hewed Marsden Grotto out of the solid cliff, will be found in the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 126. The Rock, which is situated on the coast of Durham, between South Shields and Sunderland, is, as may be seen from the accompanying engraving, detached from the mainland by a narrow stretch of sea at high water. When the tide is out, however, the intervening sands are quite dry, so that some of the beautiful caves which penetrate the Rock on all sides may be closely examined. The top of the Rock can be reached by a series of rather hazardous ladders and stairs that were constructed for the purpose by Peter Allan and later members of his family.

MARSDEN ROCK.

The Castle of the Seven Shields.

AMONG the innumerable Arthurian legends which have been spun and woven in the course of the last eight or ten centuries out of the scanty materials furnished by Nennius, Ordericus, Vitalis, and William of Malmesbury, there is one of an interesting nature connected with Northumberland. It is that of the Castle of the Seven Shields.

This fortress, now in utter and almost undistinguishable ruin, was situated on the sheep farm of Sewingshields, a short distance northward from the Roman Wall, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Northumberland Lakes. It is most likely in this case, as in others, that the legend was originally invented to account for the name of the place, and that the seven shields, now said to have been those borne by an equal number of gallant Knights of the Round Table, were in reality nothing more nor less than seven herdsmen's or watchers' huts (shiels), built on that convenient spot to command the extensive prospect from it. But the love of the marvellous ever prevails. Hence, Sewingshields now is, and will remain to the latest generation, one of the scenes of King Arthur's fabulous history.

Hodgson's "History of Northumberland" contains the following account of an adventure which is said to have brought to light, more than a century since, some of the marvels that lie concealed under Sewingshields Crags:—

Immemorial tradition has asserted that King Arthur, his Queen Guenever, his court of lords and ladies, and his hounds were enchanted in some cave of the crags, or in a hall below the castle of Sewingshields, and would continue entranced there till some one should first blow a bugle-horn that lay on a table near the entrance of the hall, and then with "the sword of the stone" cut a garter also placed there beside it. But none had ever heard where the entrance to this enchanted hall was, till the farmer of Sewingshields, about fifty years since, was sitting knitting on the ruins of the castle, and his clew fell, and ran downwards through a rush of briars and nettles, as he supposed, into a deep subterranean passage. Full in the faith that the entrance into King Arthur's hall was now discovered, he cleared the briary portal of its weeds and rubbish, and, entering the vaulted passage, followed, in his darkling way, the thread of his clew. The floor was infested with toads and lizards; and the dark wings of bats,

disturbed by his unhallowed intrusion, flitted fearfully around him. At length his sinking courage was strengthened by a dim, distant light, which, as he advanced, grew gradually brighter, till all at once he entered a vast and vaulted hall, in the centre of which a fire without fuel, from a broad crevice in the floor, blazed with a high and lambent flame, that showed all the carved walls and fretted roof, and the monarch and his queen and court reposing around in a theatre of thrones and costly couches. On the floor, beyond the fire, lay the faithful and deep-toned pack of thirty couple of hounds; and on a table before it, the spell-dissolving horn, sword, and garter. The shepherd reverently but firmly grasped the sword, and as he drew it leisurely from its rusty scabbard, the eyes of the monarch and his courtiers began to open, and they rose till they sat upright. He cut the garter; and as the sword was being slowly sheathed, the spell assumed its ancient power, and they all gradually sunk to rest; but not before the monarch had lifted up his eyes and hands, and exclaimed :—

O woe betide that evil day,
On which this witless wight was born,
Who drew the sword—the garter cut,
But never blew the bugle-horn.

Terror brought on loss of memory, and the shepherd was unable to give any correct account of his adventure, or to find again the entrance to the enchanted hall.

Sir Walter Scott's version of the Sewingshields legend differs essentially from that which we have quoted from Hodgson.

Longhorsley Tower.

THE massive old pele tower at Longhorsley is one of the striking landmarks which the pedestrian encounters on his way from Morpeth to Rothbury. Longhorsley is situated some six and-a-half miles north of Morpeth, and the fortalice occupies a commanding position to the west of the village. When and by whom this tower was erected, Hodgson and other historians of Northumberland do not say, asserting that they had come across no record, hint, or tradition respecting it. Hodgson himself believed that it belonged to Sir John Horsley in the time of Henry VIII. But, however distant may have been the date of its erection, there is apparently little change to be observed, as regards its outward features at least, since the time it was built.

There is no mention of Longhorsley Tower in the list of Border towers which existed in the county of North-

umberland at the beginning of the reign of Henry VI. Robert Horsley, who died in 1445, occupied the tower of Thernham, now called Farnham, in Coquetdale. This tower remained in the possession of that line of the Horsley family until the reign of Henry VIII., when it was carried to the Carnabys by their heiress. The edifice is now in the possession of the Riddell family, who have converted it into a manse for a Catholic priest.

The surroundings of the tower are not specially interesting. There is the wide expanse of moorland, known as Longhorsley Moor, which, during the summer months, is much traversed by cyclists. Though the road across it, with its sandy surface and very steep gradients, may not exactly suit the tastes of wheelmen, many of these will doubtless enjoy the landscape, for Longhorsley Moor, notwithstanding its wild and desolate aspect, is not without its charms.

The Two Pitmen.

MR. RALPH HEDLEY'S sketch, which appears on this page, was drawn to illustrate an actual incident that occurred in the tap-room of a public-house on Tyneside. A couple of pitmen had there met, with the usual result that one or both had got "half-seas over." It was then that plain truths began to be told one about the other. "Aa'll tell thoo whaat it is, Isaac," said the toper sitting at the table; "aa divvent haaf like thoo." "Wey," asked the other, "whaat's the mettor noo?" "Dis thoo not knaa?" returned his companion. "Well, aa'll tell thoo. Last Newcassel Races, when we wor tegethor, thoo won a haaf-croon on the Plate, and thoo waak'd off hyem wiv't! That's not fair doos, is't?" The character and habits of the Northern miner are admirably hit off both in the story and the picture.

THE TWO PITMEN.

The Historian of Durham.

SURTEES'S "History of Durham" is universally acknowledged to be, in point of original research, comprehensiveness, execution, and general accuracy, inferior to none of our great English county histories. Its author—Robert Surtees, of Mainsforth—was one of the most remarkable men the North has produced, though he never made any great figure before the public while he lived. His parents had been nearly 18 years married, and had had two children (both of whom died in infancy), when he was born at Durham, in the South Bailey, on the 1st of April, 1779. His childhood was passed with his parents, in the retirement of their family seat at Mainsforth, near Sedgefield, "of which," as his biographer, Mr. Taylor (father of Sir Henry Taylor) says, "the pleasant scenes were thus associated with his earliest impressions, and laid the foundation of that taste for sequestered, quiet, and rural elegance which his after life was spent in cultivating there." This retirement, however, was frequently varied by a winter visit to York, at that time a kind of metropolis for the northern gentry of moderate fortune.

The future historian was sent first of all to the Kepier School at Houghton-le-Spring, where he gained, among other things, a well-grounded acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages, Then he went to Oxford, where in 1796 he entered as a commoner at Christ Church. At college his habits were studious, but his application to his books was not so intense as to interfere with his hours of exercise and moderate social enjoyment. "He was beloved by those who knew him well, esteemed by those who knew him less intimately, and sought by all who became acquainted with his powers of conversation." So writes one of his fellow-collegians, Mr. William Ward Jackson, of Normanby, Yorkshire. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in November, 1800, removed to London, and became a member of the Middle Temple. But on the death of his father in 1802, before he was of standing to be called to the bar, he retired to Mainsforth, relinquishing his connection

with the legal profession, and almost immediately commenced the compilation of his history.

The first volume of this great work was published in 1816, the second in 1820, and the third in 1823, while the fourth and last volume, not having been wholly arranged at the time of his death, was not given to the world until 1840. The work occupied him so exclusively as to leave but few incidents for his biographer to commemorate. But he carried on an extensive literary correspondence with Sir Walter Scott and other celebrities of the time, principally on subjects connected with archæology, folk lore, and old ballads.

It was in the course of this correspondence that he became the perpetrator of one of the most daring and dexterous literary impostures of modern times. Scott had published three editions of his "Border Minstrelsy," when, in 1806, he received a letter from Surtees (then a stranger to him), containing remarks upon some of the ballads composing that work. Scott sent a cordial answer, and by-and-by there came from Surtees a professedly old ballad, "On a Feud between the Ridleys and the Featherstonehaughs," which he professed to have taken down from the recitation of an old woman of Alston Moor. It is a production as coarse as it is wild and incoherent, and therefore characteristic enough of the barbarous old mosstrooper time; and it was accompanied by historical notes, calculated to authenticate it as a narrative of actual events. So the author of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," who was then full of excitement about ballads in general, at once accepted it as a genuine relic of antiquity, introduced a passage of it in Marmion, and inserted it entire in his next edition of the "Minstrelsy." The forgery was not discovered till after the death of Surtees in 1835; and Scott, on whom the hoax had been practised, having died three years earlier, left the world without being aware of the deception.

So little, however, did Surtees regard as a breach of honesty what critics of every school are now united in stigmatising as such, that the very next year he passed off another ballad of his own making upon his enthusiastic and unsuspicious friend. In a letter dated Hendon, near Sunderland, 28th February, 1807, he proceeds to say:—"I add a ballad of Lord Eure, apparently a song of gratulation on his elevation to the peerage, which I took by recitation from a very aged person, Rose Smith, of Bishop Middleham, æt. 91, whose husband's father and two brothers were killed in the Rebellion of 1715. I was interrogating her for Jacobite songs, and, instead, acquired Lord Eure." As in the former case, he added a number of historical notes to support the deception, and Scott did not hesitate to put Lord Eure in a false character before the world in the next edition of his "Minstrelsy."

This, however, was not all. Tempted, apparently, by the very faith which Scott had in his veracity, he played off yet a third imposture. There is, in the later editions of the "Minstrelsy," a ballad of very vigorous action, entitled "Barthrum's Dirge," beginning—

> They shot him dead on the Nine-stone Rig,
> Beside the Headless Cross;
> And they left him lying in his blood,
> Upon the moor and moss.

The editor states that it was obtained from the recitation of an old woman by his "obliging friend," Mr. Surtees, who communicated it to him, with only a few missing lines replaced by himself, as indicated by brackets. In reality, this ballad was also Surtees's own. The missing lines, supplied within brackets, were merely designed as a piece of apparent candour, the better to blind the editor to the general falsehood of the story. When we turn to the letter in which Surtees sent the ballad to Scott, we obtain a notion of the plausible way in which these tricks were framed:—

> The following romantic fragment, dated Nov. 9, 1809, (which I have no further meddled with than to fill up a hemistitch, and complete rhyme and metre), I have from the imperfect recitation of Ann Douglass, a withered crone who weeded in my garden.
>
> "They shot him dead on the Nine-stone Rig," &c.
>
> I have no local reference to the above. The name of Bartram bids fair for a Northumbrian hero; but the style is, I think, superior to our Northumbrian ditties, and more like the Scotch. There is a place called Headless Cross, I think, in old maps, near Elsdon in Northumberland; but this is too vague to found an idea upon.

Mr. Surtees was married in June, 1807, to Miss Anne Robinson, daughter of Ralph Robinson, of Middle Harrington, in the county of Durham; and we are told by his biographer, Mr. Taylor, that "perhaps few marriages have more entirely realised the anticipations of the parties." Instead of the depressing solitude to which his leisure hours had been condemned (and those hours, also, often abridged, from the want of inducement to quit his study), he found in his wife a companion fully competent to appreciate his character and enjoy his society. His plan of life was now fixed as it continued to the end. Mainsforth became the centre of a select literary circle, whose tastes and studies were congenial with the more peculiar pursuits of their host. To persons who rendered him assistance in his work, Surtees was extremely liberal in his invitations to visit him at "his home," as he called it, and "if ever there was a roof under which the production and encouragement of knowledge were combined with the diffusion of cheerful ease and happiness to every guest, it was at Mainsforth."

Of Surtees's kindly character the Rev. James Raine gives the following description:—

> His attachment to dogs (not only his own, but those of others) was very extraordinary. He had a personal acquaintance with almost every dog in Durham; and he would frequently say that man was the deity of the dog, and that it was imperative upon him to treat with kindness the poor creature who so devoutly worshipped him. Indeed, to all dumb animals he was kindness itself. He never sold his old horses, but took off their shoes, gave them a good pasture, and let them die in peace. Even a worm or a fly was never passed if he could render them assistance.

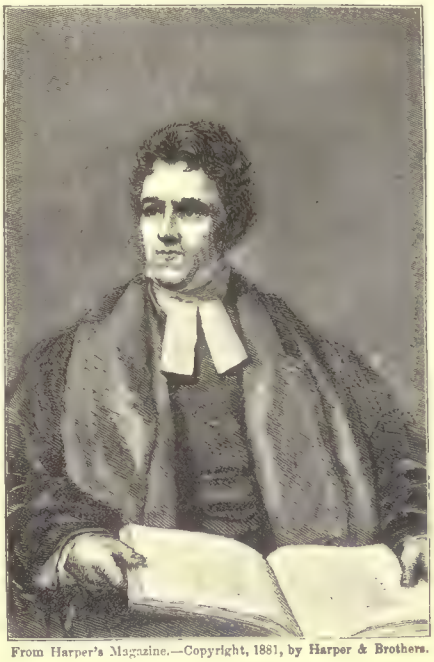
From Mainsforth he was always very reluctant to be

drawn, and most gladly returned to it. Sometimes he would set out on some short tour, repent before the first day was ended, and come home again. His devoted attachment to the seclusion of his quiet country residence and his happy domestic life, was doubtless the motive for declining offers that had been made to him of a seat in Parliament, and of a prebendal stall in Durham which Bishop Barrington had promised him if he would take orders in the Church. A tour in Scotland and a short excursion on the Continent were about the extent of his travelling. "God," as he said, "had placed him in paradise, and he had everything that could make a man happy."

Yet, eminently calculated as he was to enjoy such blessings, and nervous as his constitution was, he met the approach of death with composure and resignation. A gleam of his characteristic humour, in affectionate appreciation of his wife's character, appeared only a night or two before his death. He was lying in an inner chamber, and, at his own request, alone and in darkness, when a timepiece, which marked the half hours by a single stroke on the bell, struck, as he thought, one o'clock, and he rapped on the partition for the medicine which was to be taken at that hour. Mrs. Surtees, who was watching in the outer apartment, came to him, and said, "Surtees, it is not one yet." "Yes, it is, he replied." "You are mistaken," she answered; "it cannot be." "Nay, then, Annie," said he, "what is to become of the world if *you* are beginning to lie?" A few days later—on Feb. 11, 1834—he breathed his last.

Dr. Arnold.

DR. THOMAS ARNOLD, one of the most enlightened schoolmasters of the present century, was born at East Cowes on June 13, 1795. The seat of his family was not, however, in the Isle of Wight, but at Lowestoft. Educated at Warminster and Winchester, he was introduced by some of his college chums to the poets of the Lake School; but it was not until many years had flown that he was brought into immediate contact with them in their own delightful district. He prepared himself for the Church, but he did not take priest's orders until 1828. For some half-dozen years previous to that date he resided at Laleham, where he trained pupils for the universities. In August, 1828, at the earnest solicitation of Dr. Whately, he undertook the duties of headmaster of Rugby School, then less famous than it is now. Dr. Arnold set himself the onerous task of perfecting the institution, and all the world knows that he was eminently successful. In 1833 he purchased a small estate near Ambleside, Westmoreland, called Fox Howe (see vol. for 1889, p. 368), where he built a villa residence within a few yards of the Rothay, which at this point moves silently along towards Windermere after a wild course amongst the hills. Here he enjoyed his school vacations in the society of Wordsworth, Colonel Hamilton (author of "Cyril Thornton"), Sir Thomas Pasley, and occasionally Southey. It was at Fox Howe that Dr. Arnold found time to write his



From Harper's Magazine.—Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.

DR. ARNOLD.

Roman history, and to collect materials for a work on Church and State, which, however, he was not destined to complete. This eminent man died on the 12th of June, 1842.

Lloyd Jones.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, the novelist and playwright, writing in a London newspaper, records the following reminiscences of a gentleman once well known in the North of England, the late Mr. Lloyd Jones:—

Another friend of my father, and a constant visitor at our house, was Lloyd Jones, lecturer, debater, and journalist. An Irishman with the mellowest of voices, he delighted my young soul with snatches of jovial song—the "Widow Machree," "The Leather Bottèl," and the modern burlesque of that royal ballad, the "Pewter Quart"—written, I think, by Maguire, and originally published in *Blackwood*:

Here, boy, take this handful of brass,
Across to the *Goose and the Gridiron* pass,
Pay the coin on the counter out,
And bring me a pint of foaming stout.
Put it not into bottle or jug,
Cannikin, rumkin, flagon, or mug,
Into nothing at all, in short,
Except the natural PEWTER QUART!

Jones "troll'd" rather than sang, with robust strength and humour. I found out, when I was a year or two older, that he knew and loved the obscurer early poets, and could recite whole passages from their works by heart. George Wither was a great favourite of his, and he had a fine collection of that poet's works, many of them very scarce. It was a treat to hear him sing Wither's charming ballad— .

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
If she be not fair for *me*,
What care I how fair she be?

or to hear him recite the same poet's naïve, yet lively, invocation to the Muse, written in prison—

By a Daisy whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a lush upon a tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's wonders can
In some other wiser man!

I owe Lloyd Jones this debt, that he first taught me to love old songs and homespun English poetry. He was a large-hearted, genial man, not to be forgotten in any chronicle of the Socialistic cause.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

A scripture reader waited on a good woman in a Durham colliery village. Not satisfied of the woman's spiritual condition, the visitor remarked that he was afraid she did not keep the commandments. "Keep the commandments!" she exclaimed, "Wiv aall these bairns, we've enough te de te keep worsels!"

A CANDID CRITIC.

The other evening, several passengers in a railway carriage were disturbed by the noisy singing of several people in the next compartment. A Quayside labourer, referring to one of the unruly ones whose voice was very harsh, exclaimed :—"Begox, if that chep wes hanged for singing he wad dee innocent!"

MARROWS.

One of the pit shoes of a miner residing in the Bedlington district happened an accideut some time ago. The following morning the pitman appeared before his fellow-workmen shod in a shoe and a clog. This fact soon attracted the attention of an acquaintance, who exclaimed :—"Wey, Tom, thy shoes isn't marrahs!" "No, hinny, they're not," replied Tom; "but it myeks ne mattor—they hev te work tegithor just the syem!"

LET GO THERE!

A Scotchman was down on Newcastle Quay one morning. Stopping for a short time at a wharf, he saw two keelmen come alongside to unmoor their boat. Being in a hurry, they shouted out to the Scotchman, who was standing by, "Aa say, hey, let go that rope thor." Not understanding what they meant, the stranger at once jumped out of the road, and said, "Mon, aw'm no touchin' your rope!"

THE MUSIC STOOL.

A miner of the old school once bought a music stool at a sale in Newcastle. Next day he brought it back to the auctioneer. "Ye caall this a music stool!" said he. "Wey, aa've torned it roond and roond aalways, and aa cannot get a tune oot on't!"

DATE OF BIRTH.

At a village in Durham, a few years ago, a miner's wife having been confined, the Registrar of Births received the usual notice from the colliery doctor; and made a call shortly afterwards, when the following colloquy took place:—Miner's wife: "Gud mornin', sor. Are ye comin' in te get yor pipe?" Registrar: "No; I have called to see what date your child was born." Miner's wife: "Wey, aa's shoor, sor, aa cannot tell, but it was the day Jack Bell killed his greet fat pig!"

GOOD WORKS.

On the Castle Garth Stairs there once lived an old clogger, who did not believe in keeping his religion to himself. One day, on a customer coming into his shop, the old man began to talk about "people's good works following them." After he had been preaching for a short space of time to little effect, his customer said, "Wey, noo, aa'll tell thoo whaat; if thy good works hes te follow thoo, they'll make a divil of a clatter gannen down the Castle Garth Stairs!"

DISCOUNT.

A miner, belonging to one of the Northumbrian collieries, who had suffered, in common with the miners generally, various reductions of so much per cent. in his wages, called one day at the shop of a well-known clothier in Newcastle, and inquired the price of a coat he thought would suit him. The price (£3) was mentioned by the shopkeeper. "Three poond!" exclaims the customer; "that's ower much." "Well, but," said the tradesman, "we allow 5 per cent off." "Five per cent. be d——d! We've hed enough per cents taken off wor wages!"

A QUACK DOCTOR'S ELOQUENCE.

One of the quack doctors who usually frequent the Bigg Market, Newcastle, was holding forth there one Saturday evening on the constituent parts and ailments of the human body. "The human body," said he, "consists of three parts—the head, the thorax, and the abdomen. The head," he continued, "contains the brains—if there are any; the thorax contains the lungs, lights, and liver; and the abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y!"

THE PITMAN AND THE RAILWAY OFFICIAL.

A number of pitmen, who were returning from a miners' annual picnic, had been for some little time awaiting the arrival of the train that was to convey them from Durham to their destination. At last an engine and some carriages appeared in sight. "Is that wor

train, mistor?" shouted a pitman to a porter. "No; it belangs the railway company," was the reply. "Weel, onnyway, it's a dorty yen. Ye'd better tell 'em te tyek hor away an' pent hor afresh. Thor's a lot o' Brancepeth cokeyard men behint here. If they see that train, they'll think it's Monday morning, and begin filling!"

A GOOD MASTER.

A glassmaker, who worked in a factory not a hundred miles from Gateshead railway station, asked his master if he could have a week's holiday. He obtained the desired permission, but stayed away for a fortnight. On the Monday, when Jack returned, his master was looking round the works, and noticed that Jack had resumed his employment; he, thereupon, ordered him to leave the place. Jack did not go. He merely turned to his master and said: "Noo, sor, aa's an aad warkman, an' ye're a young maistor. Aa wes heor afore ye wor. If ye divvent knaa when ye've getten a good sarvant, wey, aa knaa when aa've getten a good maistor, and be beggored if aa'll gan!" And Jack was allowed to remain.

North-Country Obituaries.

At the age of 63 years, Mr. John Wright Alcock, a former member of the Sunderland Town Council, died at his residence, Fernville, Monkwearmouth, on the 10th of October.

Louisa, Marchioness of Ailesbury, widow of the third Marquis, and a daughter of the second Baron Decies, of Bolam, Northumberland, died on the 16th of October.

On the 20th of October, Mr. William Milburn Henzell, grocer, and for many years a member of the Newcastle Council, died at his residence in Belgrave Terrace, Newcastle. The deceased gentleman, who was a descendant of a Huguenot family, took a keen and sympathetic interest in several public and philanthropic movements. He was 66 years of age. The funeral, which took place in Elswick Cemetery on the 23rd, was attended by the Mayor and several members of the Corporation.

MR. W. M. HENZELL.

On the 20th of October, also, Mr. Robert Jackson, a merchant carrying on business on the Quayside, died suddenly at the Manors Railway Station, Newcastle.

Mr. William Scott, fitter for Messrs. Joseph Cowen and Company's collieries at Blaydon Burn and Rowland's Gill, and also a general merchant, died very suddenly at Felling on the 21st of October.

The Rev. Joseph Hudson, Vicar of Chillingham, Northumberland, who was reputed to be the oldest clergyman in the Church of England, died on the 31st of October. Born on the 5th of January, 1793, Mr. Hudson was consequently in his 99th year. Up to within a few days of his death he had taken part in the services of the church.

On the 4th of November, Mr. John Thornhill Harrison, one of the engineering inspectors under the Local Government, died at Ealing. The deceased gentleman, a native of the North of England, having been born at Thornhill in 1815, was a brother of the late Mr. T. E. Harrison, head of the engineering department of the North-Eastern Railway.

Mr. Stephen Varey, an old shipmaster and shipowner, died at Seaham Harbour, on the 6th of November, aged 73.

Record of Events.

OCTOBER.

12.—A new theatre was opened in the city of Durham.

—At the Michaelmas Guild of Newcastle Freemen, the chairman (Mr. W. H. Willins) announced that he had resigned the chairmanship of the Committee of Stewards, and that Mr. John D. Walker had been appointed his successor.

—The Lord Bishop of London (Dr. Temple) was present and spoke at the annual meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—A young man named William Spence, a miner, 21 years of age, died at Mount Pleasant, near Crook, from injuries alleged to have been inflicted with a knife by his sister, Ellen Spence, who was subsequently committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

13.—During the prevalence of a severe gale, the roof of a public-house in Dunning Street, Sunderland, known as "No. 9" bar, collapsed, and several of the inmates narrowly escaped with their lives. During the same storm, the vessel Peggy, of London, was wrecked on the Black Middens at the mouth of the Tyne. The crew were saved by the aid of the rocket apparatus, one of the men being gallantly rescued by Coastguardsman Hoare.

—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, addressed a political meeting in the Exchange Hall, Stockton; and on the following day he made a visit of inspection to the river Tees.

14.—A conference of ministers, for the consideration of social questions, was held in the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. George Luckley; and among those who were present and took part in the proceedings was Mr W. T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, and a native of Tyneside. Mr. Stead again spoke at the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Newcastle, Gateshead, and District Band of Hope Union, held in the evening in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

16.—It was announced that the Rev. John Wilkinson, curate of Benwell, had been appointed vicar of St. Peter's, Newcastle, in the room of the Rev. Canon C. A. Raines, resigned. Mr. Raines, on the occasion of his

retirement, after an incumbency of 48 years, was presented by his parishioners and friends with a cheque for £400.

17.—It was officially reported that, as the result of a ballot among the workmen in the employment of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., at Elswick, rendered necessary by the passing of the Free Education Act, 4,721 had voted in favour of carrying on the Schools and Mechanics' Institute, by the men subscribing one penny per week, boys and apprentices one-halfpenny per week; while the number of votes for the abolition of the Schools and Mechanics' Institute was 2,661. There was thus a large majority in favour of the retention of both institutions.

—A conversazione given by the president of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders (Mr. Wigham Richardson) was held in the Assembly Rooms, Westgate Road, Newcastle, for the double purpose of inaugurating the winter session and of giving a welcome to Professor Weighton, who has been appointed to the chair of naval engineering at the College of Science.

19.—A monumental cross erected by public subscription, under the auspices of the Tablet Memorial Society, of which Mr. John Robinson is secretary, to the memory of William Shield, musician and composer, was unveiled in Whickham Churchyard. The unveiling ceremony was performed by Dr. T. Hodgkin, and an address, prepared and forwarded for the occasion by Mr. Joseph Cowen, was read by Mr. Robinson.

—The winter session of the Newcastle Parliamentary Debating Society was inaugurated in the Lovaine Hall, under the presidency of Sir M. W. Ridley, M.P.

20.—A meeting, in advocacy of the "direct popular veto" in the matter of public-houses, was held in the Victoria Hall, Sunderland. On the evening of the 22nd a similar meeting was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

21.—Madame Albani, the celebrated vocalist, was the chief performer at the annual Police Concert held in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—A Liberal Unionist Conference in connection with the counties of Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland was held in the Co-operative Hall, Sunderland, the chair being occupied by Mr. Powell Williams, M.P., chairman of the Executive of the National Liberal Union. In the evening, under the auspices of the same body, a public meeting was held in the Victoria Hall. The Earl of Durham presided, and a political address was delivered by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.

22.—Sidney Old, formerly secretary to the Tyne Pontoons and Dry Docks Company, was, at the Northumberland Quarter Sessions in Newcastle, sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for embezzlement.

—The foundation stone of the new Home for Incurables, which is being built by the Newcastle Corporation as trustees of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, was laid in the grounds at Moor Lodge, Spital Tongues, by Mrs. Richardson, wife of Mr. Alderman Richardson. The structure is designed on the pavilion principle, and is estimated to cost about £15,000, the architect being Mr. Edward Shewbrooks.

23.—Senor Sarasate, the famous Basque violinist, gave a performance in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

24.—A formal inspection was made of the handsome new Church of St. Michael and Holy Angels, erected for the Roman Catholic body in Westmoreland Road, Newcastle. On the following day preliminary services were held, the celebrant being the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, while the sermon was preached by Bishop Riddell, of Northampton. The opening ceremony took place on the 28th, the sermons being preached by the Rev. Father Humphrey, S.J. The total cost of the edifice was about £20,000.

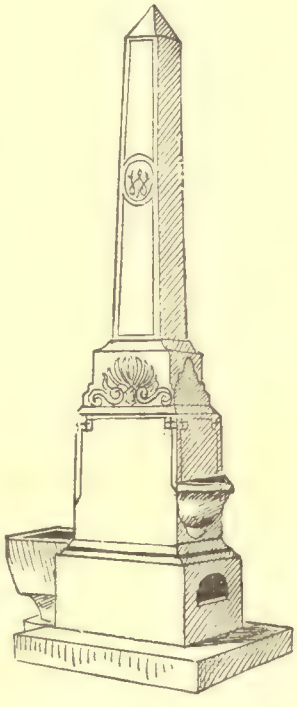
25.—Hospital Sunday was observed in the majority of the churches and chapels in Newcastle and district. The highest collection made was that taken in Jesmond Parish Church, the amount being £115 5s. 1d. The collections in the workshops and factories, under the designation of Hospital Saturday, were made on the 7th of November.

—The first lecture of the ninth session in connection with the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society was delivered in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, by Professor Hubert Herkomer, the subject being "Portrait Painting." The second lecture was delivered on the 1st of November by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, on "What's to be done with Africa?" On the 8th, Sir James Crichton-Browne lectured on "Handicraft."

26.—Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry entered upon a week's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle.

—The Rev. Allen D. Jeffery was ordained to the pastorship of Bath Lane Church, Newcastle, in succession to the late Dr. Rutherford.

28.—In the presence of a large company of spectators, Mr. Utrick A. Ritson unveiled and handed over to the Corporation a granite drinking fountain, which he has defrayed the cost of erecting, in the Milk Market, Newcastle, as a centenary memorial to John Wesley. The Mayor received the gift in the name of the city. One of the inscriptions on the monument reads thus:—"From this spot John Wesley preached his first sermon in Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sunday, May 30th, 1742."



30.—A new Higher Grade School, erected by the Gateshead School Board in Whitehall Road, was formally opened by the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., in the presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen. In the evening, in the Town Hall of the same borough, Mr. Mundella presented the prizes, certificates, and scholarships gained by the pupils of the school.

—In celebration of the old Scottish festival of Hallowe'en, the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis) gave a conversazione and dance to the members of the Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club, and a number of other ladies and gentlemen, in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

31.—In accordance with notices previously received and given in connection with the engineering works on the Tyne and Wear, the engagements of several thousands of artizans terminated to-day. The question in dispute related to the working of overtime. Deputations from the employers and the men's Joint Committee met on the 4th of November, when terms were agreed upon, subject to ratification by the general body of employers on the one side and the men on the other. The central fact of the agreement was that no man should be required to work for more than 65 hours in any one week, nor more than 230 hours in any four weeks, and that overtime should be discountenanced as much as possible. On a ballot being taken the men accepted those terms by a majority of 591, there being for the proposals 3,511, and against them 2,920. Work was resumed on the 9th of November.

—At Hetton-le-Hole, William Johnson, a labouring man, fatally shot a widow named Mary Addison, with whom he had lodged for a number of years, but by whom he had been requested to leave, owing to some family dispute. On perpetrating the horrible deed, Johnson coolly walked to the police station and gave himself into custody, Mrs. Cartwright, in the absence of her husband, Sergeant Cartwright, locking him up in a cell. Both the murderer and his victim were about 48 years of age. Johnson was afterwards committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder.

NOVEMBER.

2.—The 1st of November having fallen on a Sunday, the municipal elections took place to-day. There were three contests in Newcastle, a working man having come forward in each of the wards of Elswick East, Arthur's Hill, and All Saints' East. In only one instance, however, was the opposition successful, Mr. Joseph John Harris, secretary to the Newcastle Trades Council, having displaced the retiring representative, Dr. Henry Evers. A labour candidate was also successful at Gateshead, Mr. Flynn having been elected for South-East Ward, unseating the sitting member, Mr. George Lawson, by a majority of only one vote.

—The operative shipbuilders on the Tyne and Tees consented to accept a reduction of 5 per cent. in piecework wages, to come into operation on the first full pay in January, 1892.

—Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the British chess master, commenced a short playing engagement in connection with the Newcastle Chess Club and at the Art Gallery.

3.—Two new fire and police stations were opened in Newcastle—one at Arthur's Hill by the Mayor, and the other in Elwick's Lane by Mr. Alderman Potter, chairman of the Watch Committee.

5.—A half-day holiday was observed at several of the public and private schools in Newcastle in commemoration of "Gunpowder Plot."

—A destructive fire broke out in the joinery and pattern shed of the works of Messrs. John Spencer and Sons, Limited, Newburn.

—The Mayor and Sheriff of Newcastle were entertained to a complimentary dinner at the Crown Hotel, Newcastle.

6.—The first annual meeting of the company incorporated by the Board of Trade in connection with the Tyneside Geographical Society was held in the Lovaine Hall, Newcastle—Mr. J. J. Gurney presiding. It was intimated that the conveyance of the premises to the society had been completed. The annual general meeting of the society was subsequently held, and the report of the committee disclosed a very satisfactory state of affairs.

9.—According to legal enactment, the election of Mayors and other officers in the various municipal boroughs took place to-day. In Newcastle, the gentleman unanimously chosen as chief magistrate was Mr. William Sutton, draper, who had acted as Sheriff during the year 1888-89. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 45.) Mr. Benjamin John Sutherland, merchant, and a native of Newcastle, was unanimously appointed Sheriff. Mr. Sutherland was born on the 26th of July, 1833, and entered the Council as one of the members for St. Nicholas' Ward on the 1st of November, 1887. The Mayors elected in the other local boroughs were—Gateshead, Mr. Walter Willson; Jarrow, Mr. L. Harris; Tynemouth, Mr. Alderman John Forster Spence; South Shields, Mr. Joseph Rennoldson; Sunderland, Mr. S. Richardson; Morpeth, Mr. Alderman Wm. Duncan; Durham, Mr. George Blagdon; Darlington, Mr. Henry Thompson; Hartlepool, Mr. Nizey; West Hartlepool, Mr. Alderman Thos. Furness; Stockton, Mr John Burn; Middlesbrough, Mr. Charles Ephgrave; Berwick, Mr. William Young, with Mr. Joseph Weatherston as Sheriff.

MR. B. J. SUTHERLAND.

10.—Park Hall, Gateshead, connected with the foundry and electric lighting works of Messrs. Clarke, Chapman, and Co., and formerly the residence of the Ellison family, was destroyed by fire. Park Hall is mentioned in the earlier chapters of Charlotte Bronté's "Jane Eyre."

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

Epilogue.

THE present series of the *Monthly Chronicle* closes with the present volume, Vol. V.

The *Monthly Chronicle* was commenced five years ago with the object of collecting and preserving the great wealth of history and tradition, legend and story, poetry and song, dialect and folk-lore, which abounds in the "ancient kingdom of Northumbria." Its readers will be able to say how far this purpose has been carried out.

We have extracted from our local lore and legend all, or nearly all, the best stories that history and tradition have preserved to us, and the publication in its present form will therefore be discontinued.

It would have been possible to continue it longer; but the material in that case would have been of a quality inferior to that which will be found in the pages already published.

There is appended to the present volume a general index—comprehensive and as nearly complete as possible—to the entire work. This will enable the purchaser of the five volumes to turn up at once a record of any of the legends and romances that form so large a part of North-Country history. It will enable him, too, to find biographical sketches of some of the people who have made the district memorable.

With these five volumes in his possession, the native of the Northern Counties will have at his command by far the best collection of North-Country literature that has ever been got together, besides portraits of many distinguished men and women of the North-Country, as well as pictorial sketches of notable places and scenes in the district.

The Editor proposes to issue monthly a series of volumes dealing with North-Country subjects, modern as well as antiquarian. These volumes will be supplemental to the *Monthly Chronicle*.

It only remains to add that the production of the *Monthly Chronicle* has been for the Editor a labour of love—a labour only now relinquished with regret, and because he is convinced that the work, in its present form, will be more useful to the public than it would have been if he had indefinitely extended it.

General Index.

1887—1891.

A.

Abbes, George Cooper, 1888, 1, 392.
Abbey Junction, near Carlisle, 1889, 464.
Abigail (Featherstonehaugh), 1888, 564.
Absent-Mindedness, 1887, 366.
Academy of Arts, Newcastle, 1889, 90, 104, 413.
Acca, St., 1887, 75.
Acton Richard, 1887, 101; William, 101; William, jun., 102; Lawrence, 103.
Ada, the Thoughtful, and Harald, Lord of War, 1891, 433.
Adams, Private, 1891, 430.
Adams, W. E., on "Candyman," 1889, 6; Lord Tennyson's Letter, 1890, 526; the Contributors' Gathering, 1891, 311.
Adamson, Daniel, Death of, 1890, 139; John, 1887, 53; Lieut., R.N., Memorial to, 1889, 186.
Addison, Rev. Berkeley, 1887, 7; Thomas (Addison of Guy's), 7.
Advocate, Temperance (Wm. Peel), 1890, 570.
Æneas Sylvius (Pope Pius II.) in the North, 1890, 261.
Aelred, St., 1887, 76.
Aerial Armies, 1891, 388.
Affleck, Alderman, Death of, 1890, 141.
Aidan, St., 1887, 77.
Ailsa Crag, 1891, 304.
Ainsley, Thomas L., Death of, 1890, 141
Aira Force, 1891, 473.
Airey, Jos., Thos., and Sir Geo., 1887, 54.
Akenhead, John, 1887, 146; Robert, 414.
Akenside, Mark, 1887, 4; 1888, 257; 1890, 330.
Albert Victor, Prince, 1889, 279.
Alchmund, St., 1888, 132.
Alcock, Thomas, 1889, 319.
Aldam, William, Death of, 1890, 428.
Alder, Cuddy, and the Goose Pies, 1887, 469; Joshua, 1887, 103.
Alderson, Hut, Durham Bellman, 1889, 301.
Alexander, James, M.D., 1887, 193.
Alexander, Robert, 1891, 468.
Alefounder, James, Newcastle's First Postman, 1890, 398.
All Saints' Church, Newcastle, 1891, 521.
Allan, Dame, School at Newcastle, 1889, 159.
Allan, James, the Piper, 1887, 145.
Allan, Peter, and Marsden Grotto, 1887, 126; Peter's Raven, 378.
Allan, William, Sunderland Poet, 1891, 221.
Allen, Lieut., and the Hexham Riots, 1889, 558.
Allendale, Lucy Grey of, 1888, 510.
Allgood, Sir Launcelot, 1887, 147.
All Hallows' Church, 1888, 79.
Allhusen, C., Death of, 1890, 139; Will, 191; Mrs., Death of, 1889, 524.
Allies, the Grand, 1890, 170.
Alnmouth, 1889, 392.
Alnwick:—William of, 1887, 194; Castle, 311; Described, with view, 1888, 128; Buffaloes at, 378; Lion Bridge, 1889, 41; Corporation of, 139; Freeman's Well Day at, 253; Bull Baiting, 366; Discovery of a Statue of Henry VI., 525; Church, 1890, 8; Monument to William the Lion, 181; Castle, 303; American Poem, 309; Abbey, 344; Stables in Sixteenth Century, 389; Brislee Tower, 440; Bondgate Tower, 496; Sir Walter Scott at the Castle, 1891, 391; John Brown Patterson, Scholar and Essayist, 271; Relics found at, 284.
Altar, Roman, at Binchester, 1891, 334.
Alston, 1887, 473; 1889, 475.
Alvey, Yeldard, 1887, 194; 1888, 451.
Ambleside, Sundial at, 1889, 293; Fox How, 368; 1891, 263, 264.
Amboyna, Massacre of, 1891, 195.
Amburgh, Van, Lion Tamer, 1887, 245.
Amen Corner, Newcastle, 1889, 401.
Amers, John B., 1890, 335.
Amphitrite, the, 1888, 131; 1891, 222.
Anchorites at Gateshead, 1887, 276.
Anderson, Bertram, Francis, 1887, 243; Sir Francis, 244; Henry, 289; Sir Henry, 291; Major, 337; 1889, 218; James, D.D., 1887, 339; Robert, Cumbrian Poet, 1888, 510; James R., Tragedian, in Newcastle, 1889, 241; Charles H., Q.C., Death of, 1889, 480; Police-Inspector, Drowning of, 1890, 142.
Anderson Place, Newcastle, 1887, 337.
Andrews, Mrs., and "the Outlandish Knight," 1889, 198.
Andrassy, Count Julius, Death of, 1890, 192.
Angas, George Fife, 1887, 385.
Angel Inn, Corbridge, 1891, 219.
"Angelus," Millet's, 1889, 384, 432; 1890, 576.
Angus, Henry, 1887, 387; Jonathan, 388; George, Death of, 1891, 44.
Animals in the North, Extinct Wild, 1889, 49.
Ankarstroem, Assassin of Gustavus of Sweden, 1890, 319.
"Apothecarie, Ye, his Booke," 1891, 230.
Apprentices, Newcastle, 1889, 435; Protests against a Surfeit of Salmon Dinners, 1888, 85, 133.
Archbishops of York: Death of Dr. Thomson, 1891, 89; Dr. Magee, 283, 288.
Archer, John Wykeham, 1887, 451; on George Balmer, the Artist, 1888, 157.
Arctic and Antarctic Navigation, 1891, 29.
Arctic Expedition and a Newcastle Election, 1890, 498.
Arkwright, Mrs. (Fanny Kemble) in the North, 1888, 215; 1891, 411.
Armies, Aerial, 1891, 388.
Armstrong, James, Song by, 1887, 70; Lord, Birthplace of, 286; Career and Portrait of, 1889, 1; Johnnie, 1888, 215, 218; 1890, 438; C., on the Solway Moss, 1888, 229; Dr. Luke, Death of, 1888, 477; Memorial Scholarship, 525; Robert Lamb, Death of, 1889, 524.
Armstrong Park, Newcastle, 1888, 311.
"Armstrong's Last Good Night," 1888, 218.
Armstrongs and Elliotts, 1890, 529.
Arnold, Dr. Thomas, 1889, 368; 1891, 571.
Arthur, King, on the Derwent, 1888, 220; Castle of Seven Shields, 1891, 567.
Arthur's Hill, Newcastle, and King Arthur, 1889, 41.
Artists:—John Martin, R.L., 1887, 433; 1889, 318; John Wykeham Archer, 1887, 451; George Balmer, 1888, 157; Ralph Beilby, 1888, 261; Thomas Bewick, 1887, 298; 1888, 13, 39, 138, 214, 261; 1890, 7; John Bewick, 1888, 357; J. W. Carmichael, 1889, 412; H. H. Emmerson, Robert Jobling, John Surtees, Ralph Hedley, Thomas Dickinson (see Bewick Club), 1889, 193; G. F. Robinson, Arthur H. Marsh, J. Rock Jones, Stephen Brownlow, 1890, 181; Charles Napier, Tom M., and Bernard Benedict Hemy, 417-8-9; Thomas McKendrick, 573; William Bell Scott, 1891, 40; Thomas Eyre Macklin, 373; William Harvey, 444; John W. Brown, 463.
Ascension Day on the Tyne, 1891, 287.
Aske Hall, Yorkshire, 1889, 329.
Askew, Adam, 1887, 452; Anthony, 453; Sir Henry, 454.
Assassination of Gustavus of Sweden, 1890, 318.
Assignats, the Forged, 1888, 61.
Astell, Wm., 1887, 21; 1888, 36; Mary, 36.
Atherton, Henry, 1888, 37.
Athol, Sir Aymer de, 1887, 454; 1890, 503.
Atkins, Thomas, Letter to Fuller, 1887, 11.
Atkinson, George Clayton, 1888, 38, 91; Henry, 55.
Atkinson and Philipson, 1888, 82.
Atthey, Thomas, 1888, 107.
Attwood, Charles, 1888, 56.
A U Hinny Burd, 1891, 195.
Auckland, Bishop, Bishop's Palace at, 1891, 314; St. Helen's, 1889, 325.
"Auld Fisher's Farewell," 1887, 79.
"Auld Robin Gray," Author of, 1891, 211.
Austin Friars, 1888, 250.
Avison, Charles, 1888, 109; 1889, 570; His Tombstone, 1890, 334; First Public Concerts in Newcastle, 326.
"Aw Wish Yor Muthor Wad Cum," 1891, 38.
Axe, Jeddart, 1890, 294.
Aydon Castle, 1891, 176; Forest, 1890, 37.
Aynsley, Mark, Death of, 1890, 428.
Ayre, Richard, 1889, 326.

B.

Babbies, Sunderland, 1889, 16.
Babington, Kate, 1887, 375.
Baccarat Scandal, the, 1891, 336.
Backhouse, James, and the Skeleton of the Wolf, 1889, 49.
Back Row, Newcastle, 1888, 137.
Badajoz, Storming of, 1888, 126.
Bailey, John, 1888, 156.
Baillie, Mrs. Gordon, the Adventuress, 1888, 576; Lady Grisel, 1891, 246.
Baines, Sir Edward, Death of, 1890, 192.
Baker, Sir George, 1888, 110.
Bakestick, a Northumbrian, 1889, 522.
Baldwin, Prince, Death of, 1891, 144.
Baldwin's Parachute Descent, 1888, 432
Balfour, A. J., in Newcastle, 1890, 573.
Baliols, the, in Newcastle, 1891, 464.
Ball in a Coal Mine, 1890, 171.
Ball, Sir R. S., in Newcastle, 1888, 575.
Ballast Hills on the Tyne, 1890, 276.
Balloon Ascent from Newcastle, Fatal, 1889, 117.
Balmaceda, Ex-President, Suicide of, 1891, 528.
Balmer, George, 1888, 157.
Bamburgh:—Castle, 1888, 510; 1890, 193; the Remains of the Forsters, 1890, 282; a Visit to, 1891, 165.
Bancroft, George, Death of, 1891, 144.
Banditti at South Biddick, 1887, 79.
Bank, Failure of the District, 1890, 548.
Banking Premises (Hodgkin, Barnett, and Co.'s), 1891, 249.
Baptist Church in Newcastle, 1891, 427.
Barber, Joseph, Bookseller, 1888, 158, 455; 1890, 82.
Barber's News, or Shields in an Uproar, 1890, 52.
Barge Day on the Tyne, 1891, 275, 287.
Barkas, Alderman, on the Bigg Market, 1888, 497; Presentation to, 1890, 479; Death and Reminiscences of, 1891, 398, 428.
Barker, Robert, Printer, 1887, 315.
Barksby, John, Death of, 1889, 239, 282.
Barlow, Joseph, 1889, 83.
Barnard Castle:—1889, 74; Tragedies, 76; Sir George Bowes, 421; Church, 1890, 57; Bowes Museum, 256.
Barnett, John, Death of, 1890, 288.
Barnes, Ambrose, 1888, 258; 1889, 436.
Barnum, P. T., in Newcastle, 1889, 475; Portrait, 569; Death of, 1891, 240.
Barrett, Elizabeth (Mrs. Browning), 1889, 305, 378.
Barrington, George, in Newcastle, 1891, 36.
Barron, G. C., Death of, 1891, 380.
Bartholomew, St., 1888, 133.
Bartleman, David, a Tyneside Hero, 1889, 545.
Barttelot, Major, Murder of, 1888, 480.
Basire, Isaac, 1888, 193.
Bastie, De la, Murder of, 1890, 405.
Bass Rock, North Berwick, 1888, 545.
Bates, C. J., and King John's Palace, 1887, 88.
Bath House, Newcastle, 1890, 571.
Bath Lane Church and Schools, 1891, 85, 86.
Battle of Carham, 1889, 298; of Homildon Hill, 1891, 65; of the Low Lights, 519; of Otterburn, 362, 402, 450; 550.

Battle of Arrah, Northumberland Fusiliers at the, 1888, 127.
Battle Stones, Otterburn, 1891, 552.
Battlefield, Newcastle, 1891, 379.
Batty, Thomas Wilson, Death of, 1889, 428.
Baty, Isaac, Death of, 1888, 572.
"Baubleshire, the Duke of," 1890, 163.
Baydale Banks Tragedy, 1888, 461.
Bazaine, Marshal, Death of, 1888, 528.
Beacon, Penrith, 1891, 135.
Beacons in Northumberland, 1890, 44.
Beads, St. Cuthbert's, 1891, 41.
Bear Baiting, 1889, 406.
Bearpark, Durham, Ruins at, 1891, 318.
Beaumont, Thomas Wentworth, 1888, 194; Thomas Richard, 196; Lady Margaret, Death of, 238; Miss Alma, parachutist, 1889, 479, 525, 574; Lewis, Bishop of Durham, 1890, 324; Wentworth, C.B., Marriage of, 1890, 46.
Beckwith, Thomas, Death of 1890, 235: John, Death of, 1891, 283.
Bede, the Venerable, 1888, 133; Birthplace of, 311; 1889, 259.
Bede's, St., Jarrow, 1888, 247.
Bedford, Death of the Duke of, 1891, 144.
Bedingfield, Thomas, 1888, 197.
Bedlington, Northumberland, and Sir Daniel Gooch, 1889, 568; its Legends, 1890, 278; the Leakes, 393.
Bee, Jacob, on Ponteland, 1890, 503; Aydon Castle, 1891, 176; Corbridge, 214.
Beeswing and Lanercost, 1890, 270.
Begg, William, Death of, 1888, 429.
Beilby, Ralph, 1888, 260.
Belany Poisoning Case, the, 1887, 356.
Belk, Thomas, Death of, 1890, 379.
Bell, George, of Hexham, 1887, 478; George J., on verses about "Jessamond Mill," 1891, 235; John, Bookseller (1), 1887, 415; (2), 1888, 307; John, of Cleveland, 1888, 140; Sir Isaac Lowthian, Bart., 1889, 516; Matthew, of Wolsington, 1888, 306; Rev. Patrick, Invention of Reaping Machine, 1887, 373; Thomas, Bibliophile, 1888, 309; Thomas, Persecutor of William Veitch, Covenanter, 1889, 156; Ald. Thos, 1890, 89; and H. M. Stanley, 1891, 287; and the King of Sweden, 336; elected an Alderman of Newcastle, 430; William T., Death of, 477; Towers, Berwick, 1890, 458; Morpeth, 1889, 474.
Bellingham, a Week End at, 1891, 326.
Bellister Castle, 1887, 352; 1890, 545.
Belsay, Castle, 1888, 439; Castle, Village, and Hall, 1890, 399.
Belt, Thomas, 1888, 262.
"Belted Will Howard," 1888, 532.
Bennet, Benjamin, 1888, 354; John, 506.
Bentzon, Captain, 1891, 285.
Benwell, Billy Oliver's Ramble, 1891, 83; Board Schools, 1890, 528; Tower, 1887, 201.
Berkeley, Lady Henrietta, and Forde, Lord Grey, 1890, 241.
Bertram, Roger, 1888, 356.
Bertram, Sir, and the Hermit of Warkworth, 1890, 346.
Berwick, Characters, 1887, 400; Bridge, 1890, 454; Bell Tower, 458; Macready at, 1891, 549.
Berwick, North, 1888, 544.
Betsy Caine, Wreck of, 1887, 31; 1888, 131.
Beverleys and Roxbys, 1889, 327.
Beverley, William Roxby, 1889, 328, 332.
Bewcastle Cross, the, 1887, 470.
Bewick Club and its Founders, 1889, 193.
Bewick Family, 1890, 7.
Bewick, Bishop, 1888, 357; Elizabeth, Death of, 1889, 380; John, 1888, 357; Thomas, 1887, 298; 1888, 13, 39, 138, 214, 261; 1890, 7.
Bewicke, Dorothy, Murder of, 1888, 252; Robert, 418; William, of Threepwood, 1889, 315, 331; 1890, 141.
Bibliophile, A North-Country, 1891, 131.
Biddick, Banditti at, 1887, 79; a Pitman of and the Earldom of Perth, 1889, 145, 426.
Bigamist, Taylor the, 1890, 481.
Bigg Market, 1888, 494; 1891, 23.
Biggar, Joseph Gillis, Death of, 1890, 192.
Bigge, Charles William, 1888, 419.
"Billy Fine Day," 1891, 136.
Billy Mill, near North Shields, 1891, 534.
Billy Purvis, 1891, 259.
Binchester, Roman Altar, at, 1891, 334.
Binney, Thomas, 1887, 44; 1888, 421.
"Binnorie; or the Cruel Sister," 1889, 374.
Birckholtz, Captain, the Murder of, 1891, 123.
Bird, John, Mathematician, 1890, 90.
Bird Life on the Farne Islands, 1890, 463.
Birds:—Starling, 1888, 319; Thrush, Blackbird, Fieldfare, and Redwing, 367; Pallas's Sand Grouse, 413; Crossbill 469; Ring Ousel, 493; Stonechats, Whinchats, and Wheatears, 568; Robin, 1889, 32; House and Hedge Sparrows, 86; Skylark, 129; Cuckoo, 181; Rook and Jackdaw, 232; Magpie, 277; Chaffinch, 324; Greenfinch, 358; Chiff Chaff, 405; Chimney Swallow and Swift, 470; House Martin and Sand Martin, 514; Wagtails, 565; Wren, 1890, 15; Titmouse Family, 86; Pipits, 124; Brown Linnet and Lesser Redpole, 163; Raven, Carrion, and Hooded Crow, 221; Shrike or Butcher Bird, 247; Hawfinch, Bullfinch, and Goldfinch, 296; Jay, Chough, and the Nutcracker, 375; The Buntings, 419; Herring Gull, 466; Great Auk, 466; Common Guillemot, 467; Puffin, 467; Warblers, 515; Redstarts, 554; Nightingale, Blackcap, 1891, 5; Golden Warbler, 6; Flycatchers, 87; Snowflake and Lapland Bunting, 103; Kingfisher and Dipper, 158; Arctic Redpole, Mealy Redpole, and Mountain Linnet, 232, 233; Wood Pigeon, Rock Dove, 280; Stock Dove, Turtle Dove, 281; Green Woodpecker, Spotted Woodpecker, Great Spotted Woodpecker, 320, 321; Corncrake, 364; Water Rail, Spotted Crake, 365; Little Crake, 366; Partridge, Red-Legged Partridge, 424; Quail, Virginian Partridge, 425; Pheasant, Red and Black Grouse, 453; Sedge Warbler, 565; Grasshopper and Icterine Warbler, 566.
Birmingham, Tynesiders in, 1891, 142.
Birnie, Alexander, the case of, 1890, 13.
Birtley Fell Murder, 1888, 526, 573.
Birtwhistle Wicht, the, 1887, 74.
Biscop, Benedict, 1888, 245.
Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, Consecration of, 1888, 141.
Bishop's Palace, Bishop Auckland, 1891, 314.
Bishopwearmouth, and Dr. Paley, 1887, 422; Old Bishopwearmouth, 1888, 279.
Bismarck, Prince, Resignation of, 1890, 240; Count Herbert at Wynyard 1890, 332.
Black Gate, 1887, 72, 73
Black Horse Inn, Newcastle, 1889, 220.
Black, Rev. John, Death of, 1888, 571.
Blackbirds, 1888, 365.
Blackburn, Henry, in Newcastle, 1889, 143.
Blackburne, J. H., in Newcastle, 1891, 575.
Blackcap, 1891, 5.
Black Cook of Whickham, 1891, 4.
Blackett, John Erasmus, 1888, 498; John Fenwick Burgoyne, 499; Sir William (1), 442; (2) 443; (3) 1887, 98, 399; 1888, 444; Sir Walter Calverley, 445; Joseph, Shoemaker and Poet, 1887, 229; 1890, 42; 1891, 135.
Blackett Street, Newcastle, 1889, 102.
Blackett-Ord, Mrs., Death of, 1890, 476.
Blackfriars, Newcastle, 1891, 505.
Blackie, Professor, in Newcastle, 1889, 143.
Blacksmith and Clergyman, Blythe Hurst, 1891, 193.
Blackstart, 1890, 555.
Blackwell, John, 1888, 500.
Blagdon Hall, View of, 1887, 287; and Gates, 1890, 311.
Blair, Rev. James S., Death of, 1890, 380.
Blair, Robert, on Catherine Babington, 1887, 375; on Sand Desks, 1891, 233.
Blake Family Romance, the, 1890, 449.
Blakiston, John, 1888, 539.
Blanchland, 1889, 500.
Blea Tarn, 1889, 128.
Blenkards, 1887, 188.
Blenkinsop, John, 1883, 541.
Blenkinsopp, Family, 1888, 104; 1889, 499.
Blenkinsopp, The White Lady of, 1888, 104.
Blind Asylum, Newcastle, 1889, 159.
Blind Jimmy (James Tearney), Death of, 1890, 523.
Blind Willie, 1888, 80, 516, 570.
Bloodhounds, 1889, 36.
"Blow the Winds I-ho," 1890, 109.
Blue Stockings, 1887, 135.
Blyth, Alex., the Grave of, 1891, 189.
Blyth Folly, 1887, 331.
Blyth Theatre, Fire at the, 1888, 144.
Blythe, David, 1891, 165.
Blyth Romance, the, 1891, 207.
Boat Race on the Tyne, 1889, 95.
"Bob Cranky's Adieu," 1889, 252; "'Size Sunday," 1888, 316.
Body-Snatching, 1888, 92, 111, 115, 186
Bogie Engines, 1887, 140.
Bolam, Archibald, and the Savings Bank Tragedy, 1890, 76.
Bolam, Village of, 1890, 391.
Bold, Thomas John, 1888, 542.
Bold Archy, 1887, 39; 1890, 165.
"Boldon Buke," About, 1891, 145.
Bolron, Robert, the Spy, 1889, 420.
Bolton on the Aln, 1889, 544.
Bonar, Dr. Horatius, Death of, 1889, 431.
Bondgate Tower, Alnwick, 1890, 496.
Bonefires, 1887, 404.
Bonner, Alderman Thomas, and Katy's Coffee House, Newcastle, 1889, 369.
Bonnet, Blue, the Shilbottle, 1890, 244.
Book, the Northumberland Household, 1891, 278.
Book with a History, a, 1887, 172.
Books, Household, Naworth Castle, 1890, 257.
Booksellers, Old Newcastle, 1887, 68; On the Tyne, 1887, 362, 412.
Bookselling in Newcastle in 18th Century, 1887, 415.
Booth, William, "General," 1891, 137.
Borders, the:—Thieves, 1887, 405; Border Life in the Olden Time, 1888, 215; Surtees's Tricks in Border Ballads, 389; Tales of, 1889, 363; Trance, 494; a Nook of, 1890, 363; Clans, 404; Gipsies of, 1891, 54, 163, 205; a Heroine of, 246; Two Poetesses of, 340.
Borries, Christian, Death of, 1889, 573.
Boruwlaski, the Polish Dwarf, 1887, 173.
Bothal Castle, 1889, 257; Village, 537.
Bothwell Castle, Haddington, 1891, 64.
Bothwell, Earl of, and Hermitage Castle, 1889, 564.
Boulanger, General, Suicide of, 1891, 528.
Bourne, Charles, Printer, 1887, 461; Henry, 1888, 111, 542; 1889, 314.
Bousfield, John, on Bishop van Mildert's Entry into Durham, 1891, 289.
Boutflower, Robinson, 1888, 378; John, Death of, 1889, 236.
Bover, Captain, 1889, 136.
Boverick, S., Watchmaker, 1891, 234.
Bowes, Stoney, and Lady Strathmore, 1887, 134, 196; Charles, of Streatlam and Gibside, 1888, 466; Sir George, and Barnard Castle, 1889, 74, 421; John and George, and Gibside, 1889, 390, 391; Marjory, wife of John Knox, 1890, 60.
Bowes Museum, 1890, 256.
Bowes Castle, its Tragedy, 1887, 41; Ruins of, 293.
Bowey, William, Death of, 1890, 525, 574.
"Bowld Airchey Droon'd," 1890, 165.
Bowman, Rev. E. L., Death of, 1890, 140.
Boy Bishops, 1888, 396.
"Boys at Play," Sketch by Dorothy Tennant (Mrs. H. M. Stanley), 1890, 432.
Boyd, R. W., Sculler, Death of, 1887, 284.
Boyle, J. R., on Hylton and the Hyltons, 1888, 86; the Pitman of Biddick, 1889, 145; Coming and Going of the Judges, 222; St. Nicholas' Church and the Scottish Prisoners, 235; Swedenborgianism, 275; Sanctuary at Durham Cathedral, 299; Norton Church, 345; Katy's Coffee House, Newcastle, 369; Castle Garth, Newcastle, 406; St. Nicholas', Newcastle, 408; St. Giles's Church, Durham, 448; Haltwhistle Church, 497; Kepier Hospital, 535; Alnwick Church, 1890, 8; St. Hilda's Church, East Hartlepool, 55; Barnard Castle Church, 57; Durham Cathedral, 117; Mitford Church, 150; St. Oswald's Church, Durham, 152; Durham Castle, 166; Durham City, 207; a Roman Traveller in the North-Country, 261; John Leland in Durham and Northumberland, 289; Kirkwhelp-

ington Church, 350; Egglescliffe Church, 367; Harrison's Description of the North, 373; Camden's Account of the Northern Counties, 387; Town and Port of Sunderland, 406; Michael Drayton's Description of the Northern Counties, 446; Haughton-le-Skerne Church, 470; Toad Mugs, 474; John Taylor, Water Poet, 485; Kirkharle Church, 495; Three Norwich Soldiers, 533; Redmarshall Church, 543; on Sir William Brereton's Visit to the North, 1891, 161; Woodhorn Church, Northumberland, 256; North-Country Slogans, 470; Monkwearmouth, 503; Blackfriars, Newcastle, 505; Walls of Newcastle, 545.
Brabant, Sir Henry, 1889, 10.
Bradburn, John, Death of, 1890, 573.
Bradley, Rev. Edward (Cuthbert Bede), Death, 1890, 91; Sarah, Death, 428.
Bradlaugh, Charles, in Newcastle, 1889, 141, 524; Death of, 1891, 144.
Brady, H. Bowman, Death of, 1891, 94.
Brag, the Picktree, 1891, 407.
Bragg, Hadwen, Newcastle Tradesman, 1887, 35; Kinsmen and Descendants, 36.
Brancepeth Castle, 1890, 371; the Brawn, 371.
Brand, Rev. John, 1888, 137; 1889, 11, 314.
Brandling, Rev. Ralph, and Jock Milburn, 1887, 477; Sir Robert, 1889, 66; Robert, 67; Charles John, 68.
Brandlings, the, of Gosforth, 1890, 170.
Branks, the, 1888, 433.
Brantwood and Coniston, 1890, 511.
Branxholme Tower, Hawick, 1890, 433.
Brass, John and Margaret, 1887, 65.
Brawn of Brancepeth, 1890, 371.
Breeze, Sergt.-Major, Death of, 1889, 572.
Brereton's, Sir Wm., Visit to the North, 1891, 161.
Brewis, George, 1889, 13; Rev. William, 13.
Brigade, Tynemouth Volunteer Life, 1890, 319, 527.
Bright (John), his Connection with the North, 1889, 206; Death of, 240.
Brignal Church and Banks, 1890, 32.
Brignal, William, Death of, 1890, 140.
Brinkburn Priory, 1888, 70; 1889, 415.
Brislee Tower, Alnwick, 1890, 440.
British Association in Newcastle, 1889, 515, 524, 575.
Broade, Thos., Printer, 1887, 461; Alice, 461.
Brockett, John Trotter, 1889, 14, 272.
Brockie, William, on Raymond Lully, 1887, 26; Hawks Family, 28; the Hawkses, 91; Riding the Stang, 122; Jingling Geordie's Hole, 218; Thomas Pigg, Mathematician, 221; William Weallands Robson, 270; Harriet Martineau at Tynemouth, 415; Peggy Potts, 1888, 175; Benedict Biscop, 245; John Leyden, 275; Raid of the Reidswire, 325; Shields Ghost, 347; Surtees's Tricks in Border Ballads, 389; Mungo Park, 436; Our Roman Roads, 1889, 38, 51, 114; Football in the North, 54; Miser of Ketton, 84; Alnwick Corporation, 139; Scenes and Characters in "Guy Mannering," 202; Marshal Wade's Road, 245; Wearmouth Bridge Lottery, 254; Railway Development, 262; Madame Stote and her Salve, 1890, 33; an Eccentric Magistrate (William Ettrick), 69; Tyne Conservancy Contest, 131; Mosstroopers, 354, 402, 436, 500, 529; Jingling Geordie's Hole, 349; North-Country Fairies, 1891, 26; Arctic and Antarctic Navigators, 29; Gipsies of the Border, 54, 98, 163; Brougham's First Brief, 90; North-Country Ghost Stories, 174.
Brockie, William, 1890, 38; Death of, 572; Sale of Books of, 1891, 190.
Brogden, Arthur, 1889, 527.
Broomley Lough, Sunken Treasure in the, 1887, 325.
Broomshields, Greenwell of, 1891, 43.
Brotherly Love, the, 1888, 131.
Brough, Jackey, 1890, 31.
Brougham Castle, 1890, 559.
Brougham, Lord, 1888, 281; First Brief, 1891, 90.
Brown, Henry (see Countess of Derwentwater), 1888, 205; John, D.D., 1889, 122; Lancelot (Capability), 124, 391; and Sir Walter Scott, 1891, 391; Baron, the Durham Poet, 1889, 433; Giles, of Seaham, 1890, 199; Wm. ("Butcher Brown"), Death of, 1891, 283; Lieut.-Col. T. C., Death of, 429; John W., 463; J. G., on Dicky Chilton, 1888, 368; Death of, 1890, 93; Robert U., on the Birthplace of Bede, 1888, 311.
"Brown, I'm," 1891, 234.
Brown Man of the Moors, 1891, 84.
Browne, Sir B. C., Mayor of Newcastle, 1887, 95.
Browning, Mrs., her Birthplace, 1889, 393, 378; Robert, and Charles Avison, 527.
Brownlow, Stephen, 1890, 185.
Bruce, Dr. J. Collingwood, on the Thorngrafton Find, 1888, 481, 529; Arthur's Hill, 1889, 41; Marshal Wade's Road, 245; Bruce's School, 275; Society of Antiquaries, 286; "Sair Feyl'd Hinny," 1890, 325; Gainsford, 1889, 47; John, 126; George Barclay, 128; Robert, 1891, 465.
Bryan, Michael, 1889, 125.
Bryant, Miss Ella, and Durham University, 1891, 382.
Bryson, John A., Death of, 1890, 235: Thomas, and the Town Moor Explosion, 1888, 148; Martin, Bookseller, 1887, 412
Buccleugh, Wat of, 1890, 530.
Buchanan, Robert, on Lloyd Jones, 1891, 571.
Buck's Prospect of Newcastle, 1887, 167.
Buddle, John, 1889, 150, 162; William, the Newcastle Butcher, 1890, 39.
Buddles, The, 1890, 171.
Buffaloes at Alnwick, 1888, 378.
"Buke, About Boldon," 1891, 145.
Bulkley, S., Printer, 1887, 316, 364, 461.
Bull-Baiting in the North, 1889, 365.
Bull-Ring, North Shields, 1890, 232.
Bulmer, Sir Bevis, Knight of the Golden Mine, 1889, 205; William, 1889, 164
Bumler Box, Newcastle, 1891, 297.
Bunning, Theo. Wood, Death of, 1888, 428.
"Burd, A U Hinny," 1891, 195.
Burdett-Coutts, Baroness, and the Dicky Bird Society, 1890, 239.
Burdikin, John, 1888, 79.
Burdon, Sir Thomas, 1889, 210; William, 212; John, 303.
Burdon, Rowland, and Sunderland Bridge, 1887, 402; 1888, 201; and the Wearmouth Bridge Lottery, 1889, 254.
Burial at Cross Roads, 1888, 324.
Burial of Sir John Moore, 1889, 301.
Buried Alive, 1891, 427.
"Buried in Woollen," 1888, 245; 1891, 518.
Burn, James, Death of, 1889, 428.
Burnet, Rev. Canon, on Mrs. Barrett Browning, 1889, 378.
Burnett, John, and the Labour Conference at Berlin, 1890, 238-9; Eleanor, 332.
Burn Hall, County Durham, 1891, 536, 537.
Burns in Northumberland, 1888, 461.
Burnup, Jane, Death of, 1890, 187.
Burr, Northumbrian, 1888, 59.
Burritt, Elihu, in the North, 1887, 462.
Burt, Thomas, and the Labour Conference at Berlin, 1890, 238; Miss Dorothy Tennant, 333; Joiners' Strike, 431; Miners' Congress at Paris, 1891, 238; Imperial Institute, 287; President of the Trades Union Congress, 480.
Burton, Sir Richard, Death of, 1890, 576.
Bury's (Bishop) Lending Library, 1890, 517.
Busty Seam, the, 1891. 414.
Butcher Bird, 1890, 247.
Butcher's Dog, the, a Story of the Morpeth Road, 1890, 39.
Butler, Bishop, at Stanhope, 1889, 358; Newcastle Infirmary, 511.
Buttermere, Mary of, 1891, 556.
Button, J., Bookseller, 1887, 317; Letter to Defoe, 319.
"Buy Broom Buzzems," and Blind Willie, 1888, 516.
Byker Folly, 1887, 283.
Byron, Lord, at Seaham, 1888, 65; Marriage Signature, 186.
Bywell-on-Tyne, 1891, 272.

C.

Cabbage Hall, 1888, 137.
Cains, Betsy, the, 1887, 31; 1888, 131.
Calaly Castle, 1889, 295, 378.
Cale Cross, 1889, 314, 354.
Calliope, H.M.S., at Portsmouth, 1890, 240.
Cambridge, Death of Duchess of, 1889, 240.
Camden's (William) Account of the Northern Counties, 1890, 387.
Cameron, Commander, in Newcastle, 1890, 46.
"Camilla of the White House" (Camilla Colville), 1887, 274; 1890, 135.
Campbell, Lieut.-Col. J. R., on Nevison the Highwayman, 1888, 18; Scottish Giant, 1887, 478; Supt., Death of, 1890, 428.
Camperdown, Battle of, 1887, 8; 1888, 416.
Canal, Newcastle and Carlisle, 1891, 347.
Candle Superstitions, 1887, 421.
Candyman, 1889, 6.
"Canny," 1889, 183.
Cantelupe, Viscount, Drowning of, 1890, 576.
Capping Well, the, 1888, 474.
"Cappy's the Dog," 1887, 311.
Carey, Robert, Earl of Monmouth, 1889, 266.
Carham, Battle of, 1889, 298.
Carleton, George (Bishop), 1889, 213.
Carliol Tower, Newcastle, 1889, 104.
Carlisle and Newcastle Railway, 1888, 35; Canal, 1891, 347.
Carlisle, Railway Accident at, 1890, 192.
Carlyle, Rev. J. D., 1889, 268; Thomas on Emerson the Mathematician, 1838, 32; on the Folks o' Shields, 1891, 475.
Carmichael, J. W., Artist, 1889, 412.
Carnabys of Carnaby, 1889, 8.
Caron, Major le, and the Parnell Commission, 1889, 144.
Carour House, 1887, 473.
Carr, Willie, the Strong Man of Blyth, 1887, 82, 141; William Cochran, Death of, 1889, 572; Andrew, Death of, 1889, 188; Ralph, Sheriff of Northumberland, 223; George, 306; Cuthbert, 307; John, the Rev. George, 309; William, 310; Leonard, 354; Ralph, 355, 377.
Carr-Ellison, Ralph, 1889, 385.
Carrick, Coast of, 1891, 304.
Carter, Robert Y., on Captain Cook, 1887, 283.
Cartington Castle, 1889, 201.
Carville Station, Opening of, 1891, 431.
Cassilis, Lady, and Sir John Faa, 1891, 205.
Castle Eden Dene, 1888, 473.
Castle Garth, Newcastle, 1889, 406, 471; Stairs, 1887, 40.
Castle Howard, Vanbrugh at, 1891, 15, 39.
Castle of the Seven Shields, 1891, 567.
Castle Spectre, Haughton Legend, 1891, 133.
Catholic Chapel, Carliol Square, Newcastle, 1888, 113.
Cauld Lad of Hylton, 1888, 88.
Cauldron Snout, 1890, 105.
Cavendish, Lord Edward, Death of, 1891, 336.
Cawthorne Joseph, Sunderland Character, 1889, 295.
Cay, Jonathan, 1891, 473.
Celebrations, St. Crispin's Day, 1891, 309.
Census in Newcastle, 1891, 239; in Northumberland and Durham, 382; Scotland, England, Wales, 384.
Centenarians—Mrs. Cooper, 1887, 12; Ralph How, 12; Mrs. Kerr, 13; John Nicholls, 12; James Palmer, 12; John Ramsay, 12; Joseph Saint, 13; Adam Turnbull, 12; Michael Turnbull, 414; Patrick Makel Wian, 11; Mary Wilkinson, 12.
Centenarian, a Newbrough, 1890, 522.
Central Station Hotel, Newcastle, 1889, 464; Station, 516.
Centrifrugal Railway in Newcastle, 1887, 379.
Chadwick, Bishop, 1889, 269.
Chaffinch, the, 1889, 324.
"Chains of Slavery," Marat's, 1887, 50.
Challoner, John, Death of, 1890, 284.
Chalmers, David W., Death of, 1888, 524; James, Bookseller, 1887, 414.
Chamberlain, Joseph, M.P., Marriage of, 1889, 48; in Newcastle, 526.
Chambers, Sir Robert, 1889, 387.
Chapman, William, 1889, 388; Henry, 442.
"Chare" Story, the, Newcastle, 1887, 181.
Charles I. in Northumberland, 1887, 22.
Charleton, R. J., on Lambert's Leap, 1887, 16; Old Tyne Bridge, 23; Black Gate, 72; Newcastle Town's Hutch, 105; Norman Keep, Newcastle, 120; Tynemouth Priory, 215; Alnwick Castle, 311; Cragside, 359; St. Godric, of Finchale, 406; Lindisfarne Cathedral, 407.

Charltons, the, in Tynedale, 1887, 476; of Hesleyside, 1891, 328.
Charlton, Bowrie, 1888, 402; Dr. Edward, 1889, 443; Death of John, 93; James and Kirkley Hall Robbery, 1890, 314.
Charms for Venom, 1889, 132.
Charnley, William, 1887, 20, 413; 1888, 158; Emerson, 1887, 414.
Chartist Spear, 1889, 148.
Chat Moss, 1889, 263.
Chatt, George, Death of, 1890, 573.
Chaytor, Oswald, 1887, 21.
Chesapeake and Shannon, the, 1887, 309.
Cheese, Stilton, 1891, 58.
Cherryburn, 1888, 16.
Chess, Tournament at Manchester, 1890, 480; Death of Captain G. H. McKenzie, 1891, 288; J. H. Blackburne in Newcastle, 1891, 575.
Chester-le-Street, 1888, 303; Shrovetide Football, 1889, 180, 191.
Chesters, The, Residence of John Clayton, 1890, 424, 570.
Chevington, West, Accident at, 1890, 527.
Cheviots, 1888, 130.
Chibburn, Ancient Remains at, 1888, 122.
Chicken, Edward, 1887, 21; 1889, 445.
Chiff-Chaff, the, 1889, 404.
Child Stealing, and Child Stripping, 1891, 163.
Childs, George, Death of, 1890, 476.
Chili, Civil War in, 1891, 480.
Chillingham Castle and Cattle, 1887, 272; 1888, 129; Flower Garden, 554; Chillingham Bull and the Prince of Wales, 1889, 113.
Chilton, Dicky, 1888, 367; Tommy and Nicky Nack, 1890, 37.
Chimney Mills, Newcastle, 1891, 530.
Chipchase Castle, 1889, 119.
Chirton, Ralph Gardener of, 1889, 487.
Cholera in the North, 1892, 481, 553.
Chollerford, 1889, 71.
"Chorographia," Grey's, 1887, 461; Author of, 1891, 253.
Chough, The, 1890, 375.
Christie, Henry, Champion Draughts Player, 1891, 284.
Christmas Carol, an Old, 1888, 562.
Christmas, Twelve Days of, 1888, 41.
"Christmas Day in the Morning," 1889, 546.
Christison, Alexander, Death of, 1890, 476.
Christopher, Captain William, 1891, 31.
"Chronicle," Newcastle, 1890, 223; the Old Offices, 1888, 232; Weekly, Contributors' Gathering, 1891, 311 (see also end of volume 1891).
Church Schools, Newcastle, 1890, 257, 287.
Churchill, Charles, in Sunderland, 1887, 477; Lord Randolph, in the North, 1887, 479.
Circuit, Northern, Fifty Years Ago, 1891, 467.
Clanny, Dr., and Mary Jobson, 1887, 369.
Claphams, the, 1888, 111.
Clark, John, 1889, 506; Joseph, 507; George Noble, 1890, 428; Will, 477.
Clarke, James, Death of, 1888, 188; Thomas, Death of, 1890, 331; William, Death of, 428; Charles Cowden, Visits to Newcastle, 1890, 148; Hewson, author of "The Saunterer," 1891, 149; Thomas, and the Hallgarth Tragedy, 221.
Clavering, Sir John, 1889, 509; James, 509.
Clavering's Cross and the Claverings, 1890, 546.
Clayton, John, and the Thorngrafton Find, 1888, 530; 1890, 422; Death of, 427; Will of, 429; The Chesters, 570; Anne, Death of, 572; Rev. Richard, 1889, 538.
Cleadon Village, 1891, 392.
Clement, Mary, the Story of, 1887, 86.
Clements, Mrs., Durham Mustard, 1887, 422.
Clennell, Luke, 1889, 318.
Clephan, James, on St. John's Churchyard, Newcastle, 1887, 20; Jean Paul Marat in Newcastle, 49; Lord Keeper Guildford in the North, 97; Romance of Tyne Bridge, 202; Witchcraft in the North, 211; Rumoured Invasion of 1804, 226; Thomas Spence, 296; Early Printers on the Tyne, 314; Hell Kettles, 353; Early Booksellers on the Tyne, 362, 412; Early Press of York, 459; the Toad in the Hole, 1888, 4; the Tradition of Too Much Salmon, 85; Death of, 171, 188; on Crows in Newcastle, 179; the English Homes of the Washingtons, 203; Wild Beast Shows in the North, 241; Judge Jeffreys in Newcastle, 300; Battle of Newburn, 373; the Sleuth or Blood-hound, 1889, 36; William Cramlington, 174; Racing in the Northern Counties, 394; A Mysterious Mail Coach Robbery, 402; Newcastle Apprentices, 435; Sir John Fenwick, 481; the Invention of the Lucifer Match, 1890, 145; the Lighting of Towns, 218; the Household Books at Naworth Castle, 257; a Cleveland Tragedy and a Cleveland Poet, 385; Arctic Expedition and a Newcastle Election, 498; Bishop Bury's Lending Library, 517; Bishop Cosin's Public Library, 532; Katterfelto and His Wonders, 1891, 16; "Boldon Buke," 145; Massacre of Amboyna, 195; Barge Day, 275; First Tyne Steamboat, 306; Newcastle and Carlisle Railroad and Canal, 347; Joyce's Patent Stove, 455; Brass Crosby, 507;
Clerke, Thomas, of Sunderland, Song attributed to, 1887, 64.
Cleveland Tragedy, a, 1890, 385.
Cleveland, Death of the Duke of, 1891, 476.
Clifford, Anne, High Sheriff of Westmoreland, 1891, 97; George, 97; Lord, and Brougham Castle, 1890, 559; Clifford, the Shepherd Lord, 1889, 373, 437.
Clifford's Fort, North Shields, 1891, 519,
Clitheroe Abduction Case, 1891, 239.
Clocks—the Mansion House, 1887, 114; the Mayor's, 115; Master Humphrey's, 389.
Clock Mill, Miller of the, 1890, 487,
Clock Tower, Bamburgh Castle, 1891, 170.
Clockmakers, Last of Newcastle, 1887, 115.
Close, the, Newcastle, 1889, 350.
Close, Poet, 1891, 42, 185, 188.
Cloth Market, Newcastle, 1888, 554.
Clover, R., a Gateshead Prodigy, 1889, 40.
Clown and his Geese on the Tyne, 1889, 522.
Coal in the North, 1887, 33.
Coal Hewers, Notable, 1887, 111, 236.
Coal Cleugh Village, 1887, 473.
Coal Trade in the Northern Counties, 1890, 170; "Success to the Coal Trade," 494.
Cobbett, William, in the North, 1887, 467; Miss Susan, Death of, 1889, 144.
"Cobbler Joe," 1891, 135.
Cock, Alderman Ralph, 1888, 256; William, 1889, 540.
Cockburn, Elizabeth, and the Brown Man of the Moors, 1891, 84.
Cockburn, Piers, 1890, 438.
Cockfighting in Newcastle, 1887, 42; "A Welsh Main," 1888, 42.
Cocklaw Tower, 1890, 41.
Cockle Park Tower, Northumberland, 1888, 9.
Cockle Park Tragedy, the, 1888, 11.
Coffins, Oak-Tree, of Featherstone, 1890, 185.
Coke, Sir John, and the Newcastle Apprentices, 1889, 437.
Coldstream, its Marriages, &c., 1888, 280; its Bridge, 1890, 183.
Cole, Ralph, and Sir Nicholas, 1889, 541.
Coleridge, Hartley, and Nab Cottage, 1890, 272.
College of Medicine, Newcastle, 1888, 45.
College of Science, Newcastle, 1888, 575.
Collier, the First Screw, 1890, 200.
Collieries at Lumley Park in the 17th century, 1887, 93.
Colliery Explosion in Durham 182 years ago, 1891, 330.
Collingwood, Admiral Lord, Birthplace, 1889, 311; Memorial Tablet, 336; Memoir and Portrait, 1891, 512.
Collingwood, Edward, 1890, 20.
Collingwood, Squire of Chirton, 1888, 403.
Collingwoods, the, 1887, 22.
Collins, Wilkie, Death of, 1889, 528.
Collinson, the Navigator, 1891, 29.
Colours of a Regiment, Burying the, in Newcastle, 1889, 42.
Colvill, Miss Caroline S., Presentation of a Fountain by, 1889, 382.
Colville, Camilla, 1890, 135.
Colwith Force, 1889, 64.
Comet, an Ancient, 1888, 425.
Commons, the, Strong Men, 1890, 234; John Common, 234; John, inventor of the Reaping Machine, 1887, 373.
Comyn, Wm., and See of Durham, 1889, 520.
Concerts, First Public, in Newcastle, 1890, 326.
Congress, Trades Union, in Newcastle, 1891, 480.
Coniston and Brantwood, 1890, 511.
Consett, Opening of a Park at, 1891, 429.
Conservancy Contest, the Tyne, 1890, 131.
Consitt, Provost, Death of, 1887, 332.
Conspirators, the Muggleswick, 1889, 370.
Contributors' Gathering, the *Weekly Chronicle*, 1891, 311. (See also end of Vol. V.)
Conversion of Northumbria, 1887, 77.
Conyers, Sir John, 1889, 519.
Conyers Falchion, the, 1891, 291.
Cook, Captain, 1887, 230, 282, 298, 426; 1889, 383; 1890, 145; 1891, 29.
Cook, Eliza, Death of, 1889, 528.
Cooke, George Frederick, 1888, 343; Joseph, Mystic and Communist, 1890, 54.
Cookson, Alderman, Anecdote of, 1887, 282.
Cooper, Mrs., Centenarian, 12.
Copland, Elijah, on Richard Ayre, 1889, 326.
Cor, the Giant, 1891, 277.
Corbridge-on-Tyne, 1891, 214.
Corbridge Veteran, William Surtees, 1889, 330.
Cork Cutter, Thomas Dixon, the, 1889, 447.
Corvan, Ned, 1889, 571; 1891, 522.
Cosin's (Bishop) Public Library, 1890, 532.
Cosyn, John, 1890, 19; House, 19.
Cotherston, Legend of, 1891, 173.
Cotherstone, 1889, 76; Christening the Calves at, 91; and Stilton, 1891, 57.
Cottesloe, Lord, Death of, 1891, 48.
Cotton-Ball Duel, 1887, 466.
Coughron, George, 1890, 22.
Coulson, Samuel, and the Massacre of Amboyna, 1891, 195.
Countess of Derwentwater, 1888, 165, 205.
Countess's Pillar, 1890, 71.
County Council, Northumberland, 1889, 141; Durham, 142.
County Palatine of Durham, 1888, 279.
Coupland, John of, 1890, 65; Castle, 201.
"Cousin's House" Sun Dial, 1890, 19.
Cowen, Joseph, on Stella Hall, 1888, 469; and Garibaldi, 1889, 130; and Kossuth, 276; Cycling Challenge Cup, 1891, 479.
Cowgate Mill, Fenham, 1891, 532.
Cownley, Joseph, 1890, 67.
Coxhoe Hall, 1889, 304, 378.
Coxon, S. R., Death of, 1888, 93.
Cracknell, Captain, 1891, 381.
Cradock, Dr., 1890, 78.
Craggs, James, 1891, 49.
Cragside, 1887, 359; Interior of, 1891, 359.
Craig, James, a Newcastle Hero, 1889, 287, 334, 428; Joseph, Rescue by, 1890, 526; Presentation to, 1891, 46; William, Death of, 1891, 380.
Craigie's Cross, 1891, 102.
Crake Family, Four Members of, 1891, 364.
Cram, Henry, and Pompey's Pillar, 1889, 376.
Cramlington, William, Sheriff of Newcastle, 1889, 174.
"Cranky's (Bob) 'Size Sunday," 1888, 316.
Craster House, Northumberland, 1890, 128.
Crawford, Jack, the Hero of Camperdown, 1887, 8, 91; 1888, 96, 414, 431; Unveiling of Memorial at Sunderland, 1890, 239; William, Death of, 380; Toad Mug, 397.
Crawley Tower, 1890, 185.
Crawshay, George, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1889, 495.
Creagh, Sir William, 1890, 114.
"Creel, the Keach o' the," 1891, 342.
Creighton, Dr. Mandell, 1891, 184, 190.
Cresswell, Sir Cresswell, 1890, 68; Judge, 1891, 468; Cresswell Village, 1891, 271.
Crewe, Lord, and Blanchland, 1889, 501.
Cries, Old Street, 1891, 41.
Cromwell, Oliver, at Stella, 1888, 470; in the North, 488.
Cronin Trial at Chicago, the, 1890, 96.
Crookes, St. John, on the Cotton Ball Duel, 1887, 466.
Cross, Ancient, at Gosforth, Cumberland, 1890, 473; Bewcastle, 1887, 470; Clavering's, 1890, 546; Craigie's, 1891, 102; Doddington, 1891, 113.
Cross House, Newcastle, 1889, 377.
Cross, Launcelot, on Charles Cowden Clarke's Visits to Newcastle, 1890, 148.

Cross Roads, Burial at, 1888, 324.
Crossbill, the, 1888, 468.
Crossfell, Cumberland, 1890, 11.
Crow, George Arthur, 1887, 429.
Crow, Jim, 1891, 503.
Crow, the Carrion and Hooded, 1890, 221.
Crow Trees, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, 1888, 335; 1889, 190, 275.
Crow, the, in Newcastle, 1888, 179.
Crowdy, 1889, 278.
Crowley, Ambrose, 1890, 536.
Crowley's Crew, 1888, 97; 1889, 148; 1890, 537.
Crozer, James, Death of, 1888, 379.
Crozier, Margaret, Murder of, 1887, 106; Captain, 1891, 29.
Crummock Water and Honister Crag, Cumberland, 1888, 520.
Cuckoo Jack (John Wilson), 1890, 110.
Cuckoo, the, 1889, 181.
Cuddy Alder's Goose Pies, 1887, 469.
Cullercoats, Fairy Pipes Found at, 1889, 562.
Culley, Edward, 1890, 89; Matthew and George, 116.
Culzean Castle, 1891, 304.
Cumberland and Scottish Kings, 1889, 199.
Cumberland, Earl of (Geo. Clifford), 1891, 97.
Cumberland Poet, Joseph Relph of Sebergham, 1890, 468.
Cumberland Statesmen, 1888, 426.
Cumbrian Bidden Wedding, a, 1891, 475.
Cumming, Sir Wm. Gordon, and the Baccarat Scandal, 1891, 336.
Cunningham, John, 1887, 20, 277, 280; 1888, 48.
Curry, George, of Berwick, 1888, 425.
Curwens, the, of Workington, 1890, 353.
Customs, Curious, of Lake District, 1890, 130.
"Cuthbert Bede" (Rev. Edward Bradley), Death of, 1890, 91.
Cuthbert, William, Printer, 1887, 317.
Cuthbert, St., 1887, 410; Burial Place, 411; Native Place, 474; His Burial, 477.
Cut-Purse Ordeal, the, 1889, 439.
Cutter, Councillor John, Death of, 1890, 188.
Cutty Soames, 1887, 269; 1890, 214.
Cycling Cup, *Weekly Chronicle*, Contest, 1891, 479.
Czar of Russia, Accident to, 1888, 576.

D.

D'Albert, Charles and Eugene, 1890, 105.
Dacres, the, 1888, 534.
Dacre, Lady Elizabeth, 1888, 533; Thomas, Lord, 1890, 154, 436.
Daggett, William, Death of, 1889, 44.
Damas, A., on Madame Babington, 1887, 376; Tynedale Apprentices, 424.
Dame Allan's School, Newcastle, 1889, 159.
"Dance to Thy Daddy," 1891, 245.
Dancing Master, Ben Wells, 1891, 523.
Dandie Dinmont, 1889, 202.
Danes in Northumbria, 1889, 260, 450.
Dale, David, at Berlin, 1890, 238.
Darling, Grace and William, 1888, 263.
Darlington and Stockton Railway, 1889, 264.
Darn Crook, Newcastle, 1889, 272.
Darnell, Rev. W. N., 1890, 155.
Davell, Robert, 1890, 156.
Davis, E. D., Death of, 1887, 93; and Newcastle Theatre Royal, 1889, 23.
Davis, Jefferson, Death of, 1890, 48.
Davidson, Ald. Geo., Death of, 1891, 188.
Davison, Sir Alexander, 1888, 441, 570; 1889, 10, 321; 1890, 157; Sir Thomas, 1889, 347; Joseph, Death of, 188; William ("Billy Fine Day"), 1891, 136.
Davy, Herbert, Death of, 1889, 380.
Dawes, Richard, 1888, 411; 1890, 202.
Dawnay, Hon. Guy, Death of, 1889, 240.
Dawson, Henry, 1890, 203.
De Pledge, Rev. J. P., Death of, 1891, 141.
De Quincey, on Christopher North, 1889, 472; and Elizabeth Smith, 1891, 537.
Dead House, Newcastle, 1889, 248.
Dean Street, Newcastle, 1888, 342.
Deep Pits, 1888, 393.
Deer Parks in the North, 1890, 36.
Defoe, Daniel, in Gateshead, 1887, 318; Nicks the Highwayman, 1888, 22.
"De'il Stick the Minister," 1889, 78.
Delaval, Sir Ralph, and Lord North, 1887, 98; Delavals of Delaval Hall, the, 437; Sir Francis and Miss Roche, 1888, 283; Delaval Papers, 1889, 133; Sir Ralph, 1890, 250; Admiral, 251; John Hussey, 252; Thomas, 254; Edward Hussey, 255; Delaval Letter, 1891, 39; Weighing Machine, 126.
Delmonico, Ledger, Lion Hunter, 1888, 492.
Deloney, Thomas, 1889, 452.
Dent, John, Death of, 1889, 572.
Denton Chare, Newcastle, 1888, 135, 410.
Denton Hall, 1887, 135.
Denton, John, Mayor of Newcastle, Execution of, 1888, 410.
Denville, Sir Gosselin, Freebooter, 1891, 436.
Deodands, 1890, 174.
Derbyshire, Watson, Death of, 1890, 236.
Derwent, King Arthur on the, 1888, 220.
Derwentwater, "Countess" of, 1888, 165, 205; "Relics," 283; Earl of, 1890, 1; Insurrection, 1, 49, 97; Lake, 1890, 175; Veteran and Recluse, 1891, 385, "Derwentwater's Farewell," 1888, 404.
Desks, Sand, 1891, 233.
Devil's Punch Bowl, 1887, 399; Water, 1888, 385; Causeway, 1889, 114; Due, 1891, 330.
Dialect, Curiosities of, 1887, 220.
Dick, Guinea, 1890, 42.
Dickens, Charles, and Master Humphrey's Clock, 1887, 294, 390; in the North, 1889, 57, 82.
Dickey of Kingswood, 1889, 255.
Dickie o' the Den, 1890, 355.
Dickinson, Joseph, on Highest Habitations, 1887, 473; Thomas, 1889, 197; Robert, Death of, 1890, 332; Alderman William, Death of, 1891, 188.
Dickson, William, Clerk of the Peace, 1890, 205.
Dicky Bird Society, 1887, 443; (Local Anecdote), 1888, 285; Baroness Burdett-Coutts, 1890, 239; 524; Lord Tennyson, 526; John Ruskin, 526.
Dilke, Mrs. Ashton, Portrait of, 1889, 47.
Dilston Castle, 1888, 168.
Dinmont, Dandie, Original of, 1888, 125.
Dinsdale Spa, 1889, 157.
Dipper, 1891, 158.
Dirleton Castle, North Berwick, 1888, 545.
Dispensary, Newcastle, 1891, 17, 20.
Dixon, Sir Raylton, 1889, 110; 1890, 237; Thomas, Cork-Cutter, 1889, 447; Jeremiah, 1890, 245; Robert, Killed on Helvellyn, 563; John, C.E., Death of, 1891, 140.
Dobson, Alexander, 1888, 550; John, Architect, 1889, 105; John, Clerk, and the Mail Coach Robbery, 1889, 402; Alderman John, Death of, 1890, 140; Thomas, 298.
Doctors, the Whitworth, 1891, 370.
Dod Man or Hermit of Skiddaw, 1890, 43.
Dodd, William, on Mrs. Jameson in Newcastle,, 1887, 15; Daniel Defoe in Gates head, 318; the Poind and his Man, 389; Death of, 1890, 139; his Books, Sale of, 1891, 479; Rev. William, 1890, 298.
Doddington, 1891, 112.
Dodds, George, Death of, 1889, 44; Joseph, 189; Alderman Ralph, 275; 1890, 294.
Dods, Thomas Pallister, Death of, 1891, 236.
Dog, the Pointer, 1887, 429; "Help," 1889, 297; Wild Dog of Ennerdale, 1890, 555.
Dogs' Feet, Cutting, 1889, 535.
Dolly, the Wooden, North Shields, 1890, 161.
Donkin, Samuel, Death of, 1888, 238; Armorer, and Lord Armstrong, 1889, 2; and J. T. Brockett, 14; 1890, 300; John George, Death of, 93; on a Nook of the Borders, 363; William, Marriage of, 378.
Donnison, Thomas, Suicide of, 1890, 143.
Dorrian, John, 1888, 44.
Dotheboys Hall, Story of, 1887, 294.
Doubleday, Robert, 1890, 206.
Doubleday, Thomas, 1887, 79; Denton Ghost, 137; 1888, 485; Tune of Captain Bover, 1889, 136;
Douglas, Walter Scott, Prison Breaker, 1887, 367; Dr. Mordey, Death of, 1889, 572; Martin, a Sunderland Hero, 235; Sir George, on a Roxburghshire Poet, 1889, 79; on the Poet of the Seasons, 199.
Dove Cottage, Grasmere, 1891, 104.
Dove, Robert, Death of, 1890, 476; the Family, 1891, 280.
Dowie, Menie Muriel, in Newcastle, 1891, 143.
Dragon, the Old, Harrogate, 1888, 40.
Drama in Newcastle, 1888, 343.
Drayton's (Michael) Description of Northern Counties, 1890, 446.
"Dream, Luckey's," 1891, 410.
Drummond, Sunderland Highwayman, 1888, 317; Pitman of Biddick, 1889, 145, 426.
Drury, E., and Willington Ghost, 1887, 178; Dr. Clanny, 373.
Dryburgh Abbey, 1890, 233.
Dryden, William, Death of, 1890, 236.
Duane, Matthew, 1890, 302.
Duckett, Thomas, Death of, 1890, 379.
Ducking Stool, 1888, 433.
Duddo Tower and Stones, 1889, 200.
Duel, the Cotton Ball, 1887, 466.
Duddon Valley, 1891, 553.
Duff, Sir M. E. Grant, 1891, 287.
Dunbar, the Falls of, 1891, 205.
Duncan, Colonel, M.P., 1888, 144; Death of, 1889, 43; Bust of, 1890, 239; William, Resignation of, 1891, 383.
Dundas, David, 1891, 469.
Dunford, Mrs. Elizabeth, Death of, 1888, 524.
Dungannon, Lord, and John Bright, 1889, 207.
Dungeon Gill Force, 1890, 345, 346.
Dunmail Raise, Cumberland, 1889, 417.
Dunn, Alder, 1887, 35.
Duns Scotus, 1890, 459.
Dunstanborough Castle, 1888, 8.
Dunston, Attempted Murder at, 1888, 383.
Dunure Castle, 1891, 305.
Durant, William, 1890, 337.
Durants, the, and Quicks' Burying Ground, 1889, 249.
Durham:—Cathedral of, 1887, 263; Mustard, 422; College of Medicine, Newcastle, 1888, 45; College of Science, Newcastle, 575; County Palatine of, 279; First Earl of, 400; Allom's View of, 1889, 40; County Council, 142; John Bright's Election for, 207; Sanctuary in Cathedral, 289; Sun-Dial at, 294; Wags of, 301, 434; Hut Alderson, 301; University, 422; Dean, Dr. Lake, 426; Baron Brown, 433; St. Giles's Church, 448; William Comyn and the See, 520; Kepier Hospital, 535; Fairy Pipes, 562; Deer Parks, 1890, 36; Dr. Lightfoot, 81; Cathedral, 117; St. Oswald's Church, 152; Castle, 166; Henry Dawson, First M.P. for County, 203; the City, 207; Thomas Morton, Bishop, 283; Consecration of Bishop Westcott, 287; John Leland, 289; William Camden, 387; Miners' Demonstration, 429; Election, Mid-Durham, 429; Sanctuary, 447; Illicit Whisky, 510; Bishop Bury's Lending Library, 517; City, 1891, 234; Bishop Van Mildert's Entry into, 289; Ruins at Bearpark, 318; Colliery Explosion, 330; Sir Walter Scott, 390; Historian of, 569.
Dutens, Louis, Rector of Elsdon, 1891, 322.
Dwarfs, the Simonside, 1891, 543.
"D'ye ken John Peel?" 1887, 185.

E.

Eadie, James, Death of, 1891, 187.
Earl Brand and the King's Daughter, 1891, 318.
Earldom of Northumberland, Claim to the, 1888, 348.
Earsdon, Edward Elliott of, 1891, 413.
Earth-Quack, Dr. Graham, the, 1887, 157.
Easby, St. Agatha's Abbey, 1891, 440.
Eckersley, Rev. H. S., Death of, 1891, 525.
Eden Hall, Luck of, 1889, 529.
Editor, Newcastle, and the French Dragoon, 1891, 366.
Edlingham, Castle, 1888, 393; Witch of, 393; Vicarage, Burglary at, 1889, 46, 95, 189; 1890, 137.
Ednam, and Poet Thomson, 1891, 241.
Edom of Gordon, 1890, 403.
Education, Free, in Newcastle, 1891, 478.
Edmonds, Mrs., Menagerie Proprietress, 1888, 243.
Edwards, Amelia B., in Newcastle, 1891, 94.
Eggleseliffe Church, 1890, 367.
Egglestone Abbey, 1891, 497.
Egglestone, William Morley, on Charms for Venom, 1889, 132; Bishop Butler at Stanhope, 358; Fairy Pipes, 561; Deer Parks in the North, 1890, 36; Weardale Knitting Stick, 90; Weardale Holy-

Stone, 330; Weardale Stay Busk, 378; Two Notable Weardale Men, 1891, 49; Lee Penny, 378; Weardale Linns, 399.
Ehlert, Jacob, Murder of Capt. Berokholtz, 1891, 123.
Eichholtz, Robert, Death of, 1889, 381.
Ekins, Jeffrey, 1890, 443.
Eldon, Lord, 1888, 198, 201, 271; 1889, 436, 458; 1890, 183, 215; Square, Newcastle, 1889, 104.
Electric Lighting in Newcastle, 1890, 96.
Elephant, Revengeful, 1888, 244; Keeper, 523.
Elephant Rock, Hartlepool, 1889, 526.
Elgey, Mrs. Mary, Death of, 1890, 140.
Elleray, Christopher North at, 1889, 471.
Elliott, Tom, Coalhewer, 1887, 111; Thomas, Surgeon, 1890, 441; Willie, Liddesdale Farmer, 514; Chief-Constable, of Gateshead, Presentation to, 1888, 574; Retirement of, 1891, 286; Jean, a Border Poetess, 341; Edward, of Earsdon, 413.
Elliotts and Armstrongs, 1890, 529.
Ellis, Joseph Baxter, Portrait of, 1889, 45; Mayor of Newcastle, 1890, 576; James, 442.
Ellison, Cuthbert, 1890, 339; Henry, 341; John, 342; Nathaniel, 411; Robert, 413; Ralph Carr, on Faws, 1887, 109.
Elsdon, Tragedy, 1887, 106, 186; Winter's Stob, 1890, 134; Village, 159; Louis Dutens, Rector of, 1891, 322.
Elstob, William, 1890, 444; Elizabeth, 445;
Elswick, Haughs, 1888, 233; Station, 1889: 480; Works, 513; Road, 551; Hall, 554; Lough's Statuary, 1891, 201; Overseership, 1890, 524.
Elvet Bridge, Durham, 1890, 212.
Elwes, Sir W. H. (Shanky), 1888, 269.
Elwick Hall, near Hartlepool, 1891, 137.
Embleton Bog, 1890, 329.
Embleton, Dr., and Mary Jobson, 1887, 369.
Emeldon, Richard, 1890, 489.
Emerson, William, Mathematician, 1888, 29, 527; Ralph Waldo in Newcastle, 1889, 495.
Emmerson, H. H., 1888, 217; 1889, 193.
Emery, Robert, 1889, 486.
Engineers' Strike, Newcastle, 1890, 237.
Ennerdale, the Wild Dog of, 1890, 555.
Epitaph on an Engineer, 1887, 436; on "The Toad," 1888, 5; a Sunderland, 523; at Lesbury, 1889, 282.
Ermyn Street, 1889, 114.
Erringtons, the, 1887, 303; William Errington and Edward, Jesters, 1889, 545; Roger, Death of, 1891, 476.
Erskine's Clandestine Marriage, 1883, 201.
Erskine, Mrs., and the Border Trance, 1889, 494.
Eskdale Moor, Fatal Skirmish on, 1891, 101.
Esther, Queen of the Gipsies, 1891, 164.
Ettrick Shepherd, 1891, 459.
Ettrick, William, Magistrate, 1890, 69.
Eugénie, Empress, and Miss Shaw, 1889, 570.
Evans, Canon, Death of, 1889, 331.
Everett, Rev. James, 1890, 490.
Evers, Henry, Teacher of Science, 1890, 439.
Ewbank, Michael, Death of, 1891, 44.
Execution of Earl Derwentwater, 1890, 100; at York 1891, 95; Mrs. Pearcy, 96.
Expedition, Arctic, and a Newcastle Election, 1890, 498.
Explosions:—Ann Pitt, Walker, 1887, 480; Town Moor, Newcastle, 1888, 145; of Boiler near Swing Bridge, Newcastle, 1889, 573; Ellison Terrace, Newcastle, 1890, 142; Llanerch Pits, Monmouth, 144; Jarrow, 190; Morfa Colliery, Glamorganshire, 192; Government Powder Mills, China, 576.

F.

"Faa, Johnnie," the Ballad of; Sir John and Lady Cassilis, 1891, 206.
Faas or Faws, 1887, 109; 1891, 164, 206.
Fairbairn, Joseph, Death of, 1888, 45.
Fairfax, General, in Newcastle, 1890, 507.
Fairies, North-Country, 1889, 548; 1891, 26.
Fairies, Nicholas, and the Lifeboat, 1887, 305; Murder of, 1888, 83; Wm. Watson, Death of, 1890, 523.
Fairless, Mr., of Hexham, 1888, 170, 482, 532.
Fairman, Robert, Death of, 1890, 428.
Fairs, Northern, 1891, 163.
Fairy Pipes, 1889, 561; 1890, 186.
Falchion, the Conyers, 1891, 291.
Fall, Daniel, a Noted Privateer, 1889, 545.
Falloden Hall, 1890, 281; the Greys of, 1891, 354.
Fallows, William, Reminiscences of Stockton, 1888, 164; Portrait, 1889, 111; Death of, 477.
Falls of Dunbar, the, 1891, 205.
False Alarm, the, 1887, 226.
Falstone, the Last Laird of, 1890, 174.
Farne Islands, Bird Life on, 1890, 463; View of, from Bamburgh, 1891, 172.
Farrington Brothers, 1889, 412.
Farthing Giles and Guinea Dick, 1890, 199.
Farthing Pants, 1887, 350.
Fawcett, Philippa, 1890, 336; Christopher, 492; Dr. Richard, 493.
Fawdon Hill Fairies, 1891, 28.
Faws. (See Faas.)
Fawsitt, Amy, the Sad Story of, 1890, 126.
Featherstone Castle, 1888, 401; Oaktree Coffins of Featherstone, 1890, 185.
Featherstonehaugh, the Ghostly Bridal of, 1888, 564.
Felkin, Dr. R. W., in Newcastle, 1888, 190.
Fell House, Gateshead, 1889, 337.
Felling Chemical Works, Disaster at, 1891, 431.
Felton, Village of, 1890, 550.
Fenham, Cowgate Mill, 1891, 532.
Fenciblés, Northumberland, 1890, 439.
Fenwick Family, 1887, 18; John, and Ferdinando Forster, 18; Mrs. Mary, and an Ancient Comet, 1888, 425; Sir John, Jacobite, 1889, 431, 570; 1890, 537; Sir Ralph, in Tynedale, 1890, 406; Lieut.-Col. John, 540; Colonel George, 541; John, Attorney and Antiquary, 1891, 11.
"Fenwyke," Gathering Ode of the, 1891, 118.
"Ferry Hill," or "Fairy Hill," 1889, 549.
Field, John, Death of, 1891, 187.
Fieldfares, 1888, 366.
"Fiery Clock Fyece," the, 1887, 116.
Fife, Sir John, 1891, 12.
Fighting Fifth, 1888, 126.
Fighting Cocks Yard, Newcastle, 1888, 494.
Finchale Priory, 1887, 406, 408.
Fire, the Great, in Newcastle and Gateshead, 1888, 549.
Firemen, Disaster to in Newcastle, 1890, 525.
"Fish and the Ring," Newcastle Version, 1887, 243.
Fiskin, Rev. W., Inventor of Steam Plough, 1889, 91.
Fitzgerald, Lord, Death of, 1889, 576.
Fitzsimmons, Maria, Murder of, 1891, 266.
Flambard, Bishop of Durham, 1890, 167.
Fleming, James, Bookseller, 1887, 414; John, Death of, 1890, 187; Will of, 191, 286; Sale of Furniture, &c., 287.
Fleming Hospital, Newcastle, 1888, 525.
Flesh Market, the Old, Newcastle, 1888, 497.
Fletcher, Edward, Death of, 1890, 92.
Fletcher's Entry, Newcastle, 1889, 333.
Flight, Frank Pickering's Fatal, 1891, 343.
Flint Jack, 1887, 323, 378.
Flodden, Battle of, 1888, 557.
Flower Garden, Northumbrian, 1888, 554.
Flower, Professor W. H., 1889, 516.
"Flower of Northumberland, Fair," 1889, 462.
Foggitt, Alderman, Death of, 1891, 188.
Football in the North, 1889, 54, 139; at Chester-le-Street, 180, 191; at Workington, 550.
Foote and Sir Francis Delaval, 1887, 433; Letters from, 1889, 134.
Ford Castle, 1887, 455; 1888, 130; 1890, 253; 1891, 127.
Forde, Lord Grey, and Lady Henrietta Berkeley, 1890, 241.
Fordyce, T., on the Forged Assignats, 1888, 62; Death of, 1889, 381.
Forfarshire, Wreck of the, 1888, 267.
Forster, Ferdinando, Murder of, 1887, 18; John, 1888, 49; 1889, 57; 1891, 330, Alderman Thomas, 1889, 378; Thomas, of Adderstone, 1890, 2; 1891, 58; Remains of the Forsters of Bamburgh, 1890, 282; George, Francis, and Joseph, 1891, 60; Jonathan Longstaff, 62; Westgarth, 105; Christian, Death of, 429.
Forsyth, R. W., Murder of, 1890, 575; Portrait of, 1891, 46.
Forth Bridge, Opening of, 1890, 192.
Forth, the Newcastle, 1887, 167.
Foster, Dorothy, her Visiting Card, 1889, 205; Lumley, a Reputed Miser, 239; Robert, a Quaker Lieutenant, 1891, 389; Sir Charles, M.P., Death of, 1891, 429, 432; John, 495.
Fowler, John, Death of, 1883, 524.
Fox, George, 1889, 423; 1891, 68.
Fox How, Ambleside, 1889, 368.
Fox Hunting in a Coal Pit, 1888, 283.
Franklin, W. E., Death of, 1887, 45.
Frater, Mark, 1889, 104.
Free Love, the, 1888, 131.
"Freeborn John" (John Lilburne), 1891, 483.
Freemen's Well Day at Alnwick, 1889, 253.
Freez, F., Printer, 1887, 459; Gerard, 469.
French Dragoon and the Newcastle Editor, 1891, 366.
Freeborn, Ralph, 1888, 119.
Friarside Chapel, 1888, 184.
Friar's Goose Disaster, 1891, 431, 478.
Frith, W. P., R.A., and Old Dragon, Harrogate, 1888, 40.
Frosts, Severe, 1891, 95, 141, 144.
Fuller and the Vicar of Lesbury, 1887, 11.
Fulton, John, Death of, 1891, 380.
Furniss, Harry, in Newcastle, 1888, 190.
Fury, Thomas, the Case of, 1891, 266.
Fynes, Richard, 1889, 94; Presentation to, 1890, 46.

G.

Gad's Hill Place, 1889, 57.
Galilee, Durham Cathedral, 1890, 123.
Gallon, John, Otter Hunter, 1887, 69; Death of, 1888, 140.
Gallowgate, Newcastle, 1889, 270; Hopping, 274.
Galloway, Alderman, Death of, 1890, 284.
Game Birds, 1891, 453.
Gammage, Dr. R. G., Death of, 1888, 139.
Gardner, Ralph, and the Cut-Purse Ordeal, 1889, 440; at Chirton, 487.
Garibaldi's Sword, 1889, 130.
Garnett, Joseph, 1890, 17; Professor, 1888, 575.
Garrett, William, 1887, 90; Biography of, 1891, 107.
Garvin, J. L., on Joseph Blackett, 1891, 135.
Gas Lighting in the North, 1889, 279.
Gaschet, John, Bookseller, 1887, 459.
Gascoigne, Sir T., and Robert Bolron, 1889, 420.
Gates of Newcastle, 1891, 546, 547.
Gateshead:—Anchorites, 1887, 276; Daniel Defoe, 318; Haunted House, 382, 477; the Great Fire, 1888, 549; Hospital Fund, 573; Presentation to the Chief-Constable (John Elliott) 574; Visit of Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne, 574; High School for Girls, 576; Prodigy, 1889, 40; Toll Booth, 223; Murder in, 286; St. John's Church, Gateshead Fell, 344; Gateshead House, 567; Tramcar Accident, 1890, 47; Perambulation Tokens, 222; Thomas Topham, 283; High School for Boys, 449; Tragedy, 575; New Mayor, 576; Retirement of Chief-Constable Elliott, 1891, 286; New Chief-Constable, 335; Flower Show Blown Down, 479; Windmill Hills, 533; Fire at Park House, 575.
Gathering of *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* Contributors, 1891, 311, 333. (See also end of Vol. V.)
Gaudy Loup, 1889, 63.
Gavelkind, Law of, Survival in Northumbria, 1887, 406; 1890, 502.
Ged, William, Goldsmith, 1887, 318.
Gent, T., Printer, 1887, 461.
Geographical Institute, Newcastle, Opening of, 1891, 287.
Geordie's, Jingling, Hole, 1887, 218.
George, Henry, in Newcastle, 1889, 285.
German Emperor, William I., 1888, 192; Frederick, 336; Sir Morell Mackenzie's Book, 528; William II. in England, 1891, 432.
German Swordmakers at Shotley Bridge, 1888, 212.
Ghosts:—The Headless, of Watton Abbey, 1888, 151; Ghostly Bridal of Feather-

stonehaugh, 564; at Tudhoe, 1889, 52; Stephen Hollin's, 1890, 271; North-Country Stories of, 1891, 174; at Knaresdale Hall, 1891, 210.
Giant, Scottish, 1887, 478; Cor, 1891, 277.
Gibbet in England, the Last, 1888, 83; Jobling's, 236.
Gibside, 1887, 200; Column, 1888, 466; Dial, 1889, 294; Hall, 390.
Gibson, Mrs. Susanna, Death of, 1889, 572; William, Westmoreland Mathematician, 1891, 90; W. Sidney, 154; Thomas, 156; the Gibsons of Hexham and Stonecroft, 108.
Gibsone's Conches, 1890, 381.
Gilchrist, Robert, 1888, 234, 516; 1890, 165; 1891, 222; George, 1890, 85.
Gillender, Robert, 1891, 188.
Gillow, Rev. Thomas, 1891, 157.
Gilmore, J. T., on John Forster, 1888, 54.
Gilpin, Bernard, 1887, 31, 92; 1889, 375; Richard, 1891, 226.
Gipsies of the Border, 1891, 54, 100, 163, 205. (See also under "Faas.")
Gladstone, W. E., and the Freedom of Newcastle, 1891, 432; Newcastle Liberal Club, 463; in Newcastle, 527; W. H., Death of, 384.
Glassmaking at Monkwearmouth, 1888, 246.
Gleed-Neckit Will, 1891, 56.
Glenny, Thomas H., Death of, 1891, 282.
Gloucester House, 1888, 137.
Glynn, Serjeant, 1888, 556; Edward, 1891, 228; Joseph, 1891, 250, 330.
"God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," 1888, 563.
Goddard, F. R., Death of, 1891, 477.
Godric, St., 1887, 406.
Golden Mine, Knight of the, 1889, 205.
Goldsmith, Oliver, on the Tyne and Wear, 1888, 154.
Gooch, Sir Daniel, 1889, 568, 572.
Goodchild, Laurence, 1889, 406.
Goodfellow, J. C., on Hawick Common Riding, 1887, 207.
Goodfellow, Robin, on Thomas Ironsides, 1891, 90.
Gooding, John, Printer, 1887, 317, 365, 414.
Goose Pies, Cuddy Alder's, 1887, 469.
Gordon, Jean, of Yetholm, 1888, 123.
Gosforth:—Freebooter, 1887, 426; Turnpike, 1888, 296; Colliery, Ball in, 1890, 171.
Gosforth, Cumberland, Ancient Cross at, 1890, 473.
Gosman, Fred., Death of, 1890, 523.
Gosse, Edmund, in Newcastle, 1890, 189.
Gough, Charles, and Helvellyn, 1890, 562.
"Græme, Hughie the," 1890, 558.
Græmes, the Gallant, 1890, 500.
Graham, Dr., Earth-Quack, 1887, 157; Baron, Hero of "My Lord 'Size," 39, 421; Mrs. Cuninghame, 1890, 191.
Grahame, John, and Lumley Ghost Story, 1889, 339.
Grain Warehouse, Newcastle, 1889, 455.
Grainger, Richard, 1888, 354; 1889, 21, 79; 1890, 28, 90.
Grammar School, Newcastle, 1888, 409, 410; 1889, 554.
Grand Hotel, Newcastle, 1890, 526, 527.
Grange, Cumberland, 1890, 175.
Granger, T. C., 1891, 492.
Grant, James Gregor, 1888, 392.
Granville, Earl, in Newcastle, 1890, 573.
Grasmere, Dove Cottage, 1891, 104.
Grasshopper Warbler, 1891, 566.
Graves, John Woodcock, Portrait, 1887, 183; Death of, 1890, 140.
"Gray, Auld Robin," Author of, 1891, 211.
Gray, Lucy, of Allendale, 1888, 510; Alderman Thomas, Death of, 1889, 43; Rector, 137; William, Author of "Chorographia," 1889, 313; 1891, 253; Sir William, 1889, 280; 1890, 333, 429; Thomas, C.B., Death of, 235; Gilbert and George, 1891, 300.
Greathead, Henry, Portrait of, 1887, 306.
Gregson, Alderman, and Mayor's Salary, 1887, 114.
Green, Dr Charles, Death of, 1890, 141; John and Benjamin, 1891, 224.
Greenfinch, the, 1889, 358.
Greenhead, Birthplace of Lough, 1891, 199.
Greenhow and Martineau Families, 1889, 138.
Greenhow, Conrad H., on the Margetts Mystery, 1889, 80; Edward Headlam, Death of, 1889, 44; Thomas Michael, 1891, 251.
Greenwell, G. C., on Willie Carr, the Blyth Samson, 1887, 141; Old Street Calls in Newcastle, 1890, 379; Dora, 8; Sir Leonard, 1891, 251.
Greenwells of Broomshields, 1891, 43.
Greta Hall, Keswick, 1890, 175.
Gretna Green Marriages, 1888, 198.
Grey, Hon. Mrs. Charles, Death of, 1890, 572; F. R., Death of, 255; Lord (Forde) and Henrietta Berkeley, 241; James, 525, 574; Councillor George, 1891, 297; Robert, D.D., 299; Lady Elizabeth, Death of, 331; Sir George Greys (three) of Falloden, 354; Henry, 356.
Grey Man of Bellister, the, 1887, 351.
Grey's Monument, Newcastle, 1889, 22; 1891, 524.
Grieve Family of Alnwick, 1888, 173.
Groat Market, Newcastle, 1888, 554; 1891, 23.
Grouse, Red, 1891, 453; Black, 454.
Grundy, Mrs. ("What will Mrs. Grundy Say?"), 1888, 563.
Gubbyn, Thomas, Bookseller, 1887, 460.
Guildford, Lord Keeper, in the North, 1887, 97.
"Guinea Dick," 1890, 42, 199.
Gully, John, Pugilist and Legislator, 1888, 74, 185.
Gustavus of Sweden, Assassination of, 1890, 318.
"Guy Mannering," Scenes and Characters in, 1889, 202.
Guy, Sir, the Seeker, 1888, 7.

H.

Habitations, Highest, in Gt. Britain, 1888, 43.
Hackworth, Timothy, 1891, 358.
Haddington, 1891, 63.
Hails, William Anthony, 1887, 306; 1891, 394.
Hairy Jamie, Miser, 1887, 400.
Half-Hanged Macdonald, 1887, 330.
Halfnight, Richard, Artist, 1890, 280.
Hall, Joseph, Bookseller, 1887, 365; William Henry, "Captain," 1889, 117; Rev. George R., and Chipchase Castle, 119; S. C., Death of, 240; George, D.D., 1891, 396; Thomas Young, 396.
Hall, Sergeant C., on Football at Workington, 1889, 550; Workington Hall, 1890, 352; Wild Dog of Ennerdale, 1890, 555.
Halleck, Fitz-Greene, on Alnwick Castle, 1890, 309.
Hallgarth Tragedy, 1891, 221.
Halliwell, G., on Edward Elliott, 1891, 413.
Halls, the, of the Borders, 1890, 502.
Halton Castle, 1889, 8.
Haltwhistle Church, 1889, 497; Harried and Avenged, 1890, 529; Bellister Castle, 545.
Halvorsen, P. G., 1891, 285.
Hamilton, Lady, Portrait of, 1887, 161; Joseph (Peter Waggy), 1888, 463.
Hammerfest, Meridian Pillar at, 1891, 91.
Hammond, Thomas, jun., Printer, 1887, 461; Samuel, 1891, 441.
Hamond, Alderman, 1890, 574.
Hampden, John, Death of, 1891, 144.
Hancock, John, on Crows, 1888, 181; on Chats, 568; John and Albany, 1890, 566; Death of John, 572.
Hanging on Newcastle Town Moor, 1889, 271.
Harald, Lord of War, 1891, 433.
Harbottle, 1890, 365; Wull the Slowan at, 1888, 519.
Hardcastle Bey, Death of, 1891, 45.
Hardcastle, M. S., on Clifford, the Shepherd Lord, 1889, 373; Miracle Plays and Mysteries, 1890, 461; Anne Clifford, High Sheriff of Westmoreland, 1891, 97; the Author of "Auld Robin Gray," 211; Border Heroine, 246; Dorothy Wordsworth, 291; Two Border Poetesses, 340; Allan Ramsay, 404; Ettrick Shepherd, 459; Mary of Buttermere, 556.
Hardy, James, on Calaly Castle, 1889, 378.
Hareshaw Linn, 1889, 343; 1891, 327.
Harle, W. Lockey, 1888, 49; on John Forster, 50, 138; Justice Cresswell, 1890, 68.
Harney, George Julian, and Garibaldi, 1889, 130; Chartist Spear, 150.
Harold's Ship, 1889, 451, 453.
Harris, Augustus, Knighted, 1891, 430, 432; Inspector, Appointed Chief-Constable of Gateshead, 335; Rev. George, 443.
Harrison, John, Bookseller, 1887, 414; Thomas Elliott, Death of, 1888, 227, 237; J. T., Death of, 1891, 573.
Harrison's (William) Description of the North, 1890, 373.
Harrogate, the Old Dragon at, 1888, 40.
Hartburn, Northumberland, 1890, 391.
Hartlepool, a Ginevra of, 1889, 235; West, 279, 287; Elephant Rock, 526; East, St. Hilda's Church, 1890, 55; By-election, 1891, 141; Free Library, 333, 335.
Hartley, Jesse, and Lord Armstrong, 1889, 3; John, Death of, 1890, 45.
Harvey, John, 1891, 372; William, 444.
Hassocks, the, 1887, 427.
Haswell, John A., on Sunderland Bridge, 1887, 402; George H., on Old Street Cries, 1890, 473; Thomas, Death of, 1890, 91; Unveiling of Portrait, 1891, 47; Biography, 498.
Hatfield, John, the Forger, 1887, 110, 187, 1888, 520
Haughton Castle, North Tyne, Purchase of, 1888, 572; the Castle Spectre, 1891, 133.
Haughton-le-Skerne, Church, 1890, 470; and Waterloo Wetheral, 1891, 234
Haunted House, Gateshead, 1887, 382, 477; Mill, Willington, 177.
Havelock, Sir Henry, K.C.B., 1888, 291.
Hawick Common Riding, 1887, 207; Songs, 210; Slogan, 211, 331; Flood, 1888, 183; Battle of Hawick Bridge, 1891, 101.
Hawkes, Mervyn L., Death of, 1890, 572.
Hawks Family, 1887, 23, 91; Hawks's Men at Waterloo, 141; Hawks, Crawshay, and Sons, Gateshead, 1889, 479.
Hay, John, Death of, 1888, 285.
Haydon, B. R., in Newcastle, 1888, 567.
Haydon Bridge, Sun Dial at, 1889, 293.
Haymarket, Newcastle, 1889, 275.
Hazlerigg, Sir Arthur, 1887, 376; 1891, 500.
Hazlitt, the Highwayman, 1888, 114.
Headlams, the, 1891, 538.
Hebburn, Colliery Explosion at, 1889, 576; Hall, 1890, 42.
Hedgeley Moor, Battle of, 1888, 280.
Hedley, Joseph (Joe the Quilter), 1887, 221; William, Death of, 1889, 92; Puffing Billy, 262; Ralph, 1889, 196; Sketch of "The Sanctuary," 1890, 448; "The Pitman," 1891, 208; "The Pitman's Saturday Night," 416; "Two Pitmen," 569; John, Death of, 1890, 285; Alderman Thomas, 1891, 44.
Heenan, Mrs. (Madame Tomsett), 1890, 396.
"Hell, the Earls of," 1891, 163.
Hell Kettles, 1887, 353, 427; 1890, 374.
Hell's Hole, 1887, 247; Kitchen, 1888, 555.
Helm Wind, 1887, 474; 1889, 186; 1890, 11.
"Help," the Railway Dog, 1889, 297.
Helvellyn Fatalities, 1890, 561.
Hemy, Charles Napier, 1890, 417; Tom M., 418; Bernard B., 419.
Henderson, Fanny, 1888, 362; Archibald, "Bold Archy," 1890, 165; Sebastian, Death of, 1891, 332.
Henhole, the Cheviots, 1889, 549; 1891, 27.
Hennessy, Sir John Pope, Death of, 1891, 528.
Henry VI., Statue of, Alnwick, 1889, 525.
"Henwife Jack," 1890, 522.
Henzell, W. M., Death of, 1891, 573.
Herber Tower, Newcastle, 1891, 544.
Hermitage Castle, 1889 (see Frontispiece), 562; 1890, 513.
Hermits, at Gateshead, 1887, 276; Skiddaw, 1890, 43, 90, 231; Warkworth, 346; Northumbrian, 1891, 302.
Hernaman, John, and Chas. Larkin, 1889, 22
Heroine, a Border, 1891, 246.
Herrington Tragedy, 1887, 148.
Hesleyside Estate, 1887, 432; the Charltons of, 1891, 328.
Heslop, Rd. Oliver, on the Bewcastle Cross, 1887, 471; on the Northumbrian Burr, 1888, 59; the Linnels, 385; "Candyman," 1889, 6; the Gaudy Loup, 63; Chartist Spear, 146; "Canny," 183; Crowdy, 278; Cut-Purse Ordeal, 439; the Battlefield, Newcastle, 1891, 379.
Hetherington, Thomas, 1888, 382; William S., 1890, 229.
Hetton Coal Co., 1888, 185.
Hetton-le-Hole, Murder at, 1891, 575.
Hexham, Town and Abbey, 1888, 22; Battle of, 26, 159; Old House at, 1889, 496; Great Riot of (in 1761), 557; the Gibsons

of, 1891, 108; Frank Pickering's Fatal Flight, 343.
Hexhamshire, 1890, 502.
High Level Bridge, Newcastle, Curious Accident at, 1887, 275; 1890, 263; 1891, 91, 478.
High Schools for Girls, Gateshead, 1888, 576.
Highest Habitations, 1887, 473.
"Highlander, the Old," N. Shields, 1890, 326.
Highlanders at Wolsingham, 1890. 246.
Highwayman, Nevison the, 1888, 18; Highwayman, 1889, 91; and the Preacher, 1890, 138; Northumbrian, 229; Captain Zachary Howard, 506.
Higgins, Parachutist, Killed, 1891, 432.
Hills, the Burning, of Shields, 1890, 276.
Hinde, John Hodgson, 1889, 551, 556; John, Death of, 1890, 235.
Historian of Northumberland, the, 1891, 420; of Durham, 569.
Hodgkin, Barnett, and Co.'s New Banking Premises, 1891, 249.
Hodgkin, Thomas, 1891, 250.
Hodgson, Mrs. R. W., Death of, 1887, 45; Rev. John, and the Thorngrafton Find, 1888, 483, 529; Memoir and Portrait, 1891, 420; Mrs. Solomon, Thomas and James, 1890, 224, 225; John, of Hartburn, 391.
Hogg, James, the Ettrick Shepherd, and the Long Pack, 1887, 250; 1889, 151; 1891, 459; Sergeant, Death of, 1888, 571.
Hollin's (Stephen) Ghost, 1890, 271.
Hollinside Manor, 1890, 128.
Hollon, Richard W., Death of, 1890, 427.
Holmes, R. H., Alderman, 1891, 94.
Holy Island Castle, Capture of, 1887, 303; Pilgrimage to, 335; Petting Stone at, 1889, 475; Accident to Excursionists, 1890, 240.
Holy Wells in the North, 1888, 148.
Holy-Stone, a Weardale, 1890, 330.
Homildon Hill, Battle of, 1891, 65.
Honister Crag, Cumberland, 1888, 520.
Horn, Thomas S., Death of, 1891, 429.
Hornsby, Captain, and Privateer, 1887, 90.
"Horrid War i' Sangyet," 1889, 398.
Horse-Racing in the North, 1889, 394.
Horse-Stealers of Last Century, 1890, 532.
Horse-Stealing, Public Purgation for in Saint John's Church, 1888, 412; 1891, 165.
Horses, Pack, in the North, 1890, 397.
Horsley, James, Death of, 1891, 189; John, Antiquary, 445.
Hoskins, George Gordon, 1889, 111.
Hospitals:—Thomas Knight, Blyth, 1888, 95; Holy Jesus, Manors, 322; Fleming Memorial, 525; Walker, 526; Children's, at Gateshead, 526.
"Hotpots," Curious Custom at Whitburn, 1891, 239.
Hotspur Club Annual Dinner, 1889, 239.
Hotspur Tower, Alnwick, 1890, 496.
Hotspur at the Battle of Otterburn, 1891, 363.
Houghton Feast, 1887, 31, 92.
Houghton-le-Spring, 1888, 149.
Houldey, Rev. W. E., Death of, 1888, 188.
Household Book, Northumberland, 1891, 278.
How, Ralph, Centenarian, 1887, 12.
Howard, Lord William, 1888, 533; 1890, 257; Captain Zachary, 506.
Howarth, Mark Littlefair, 1889, 559.
Howdie, the, of Elsdon, 1891, 28.
Howick Hall, 1888, 466; Howick Pie, 1887, 428.
Howitt, Wm., 1887, 118; 1891, 479.
Howstan's (Cuthbert) Tombstone, 1891, 490.
Hoyle, W. A., and Denton Hall, 1887, 135; John Theodore, and James Thain, 1890, 319; on Baron Watson, 1891, 494; Rev. Jonas, Death of, 1890, 427; Percy, on Mrs. Montague, 1891, 295.
Hudson, Thomas, Story of the Willington Ghost, 1887, 179; of "Wandering Willie," 1889, 233; Tyne Conservancy Contest, 1890, 132; George, the Railway King, 1887, 392; Rev. Joseph, Death of, 1891, 573.
Hughie the Græme, 1890, 558.
Hullock, Baron, 1890, 43.
Hulne Abbey, 1888, 119; 1890, 416.
Humphrey's Clock, Master, 1887, 389.
Humphreys, William, Clock-maker, 1887, 237, 390; Ann, Death of, 1891, 282.
Hunter, Rev. W. M., Death of, 1887, 479; James, Death of, 1890, 45; Crosbie, Tyneside Showman, 1891, 346, 378.
Hurst, T. G., Death of, 1890, 427; Blythe, 1891, 193.
Hutch, Maison Dieu, 1887, 56; Town's, 105.
Hutt, Major-General, 1889, 572.
Hutton, William, Visit to the Roman Wall, 1887, 260; Charles, 1888, 137; Birthplace of, 1889, 272; Thomas, Death of, 1891, 284; Will of, 382.
Hylton, and the Hyltons, 1888, 86; the Cauld Lad of, 88.

I.

Icterine Warbler, 1891, 566.
"Imagination, Travels of the," 1891, 563.
Inglewood, Forest Thieves, 1890, 501.
Ingham, Robert, 1891, 493.
Insurrection, the Derwentwater, 1890, 1, 49, 97
Invasion, the Threat of, 1891, 474.
Iron in Boatbuilding, First used on Tyne, 1887, 30.
Ironsides, Thomas, 1891, 90, 284.
Irving's (Henry) First Appearance, 1891, 86.

J.

Jack Tar Inn, Newcastle, 1890, 112.
Jack the Beadle, 1888, 11; the Sweep (John Pybus), 93; "Whisky," 1891, 125; Lang Jack, 352.
Jackdaw, the, 1889, 231.
"Jacky Brough," 1890, 31.
Jackson, Ralph Ward, 1887, 475; 1889, 279; Clithero Abduction Case, 1891, 239.
Jacky-Legs, 1887, 282.
Jacobite, Sir John Fenwick, the, 1889, 481.
James, Rev. Octavius, Death of, 1889, 95.
Jameson, Mrs., in Newcastle, 1887, 15; Jane, Execution of, 1889, 271.
"January Searle" (G. S. Philips), Death of, 1889, 140; 1891, 209.
Jarrow, St. Bede's at, 1888, 247; Monastery, 1889, 261; Murder and Suicide at, 385; Explosion at, 526.
Jay, 1890, 375.
Jedburgh Abbey, 1890 (see Frontispiece), 565.
Jeddart Axe, 1890, 294.
Jeffery, Rev. A. D., 1891, 384.
Jeffreys, Judge, 1888, 259, 300.
Jemmy Joneson's Whurry, 1887, 377.
Jenkins, William, 1890, 574.
Jennings, Ed., V.C., Death of, 1889, 284, 330.
Jesmond—Chapel, 1889, 78; Dene, 315; Old Mill, 1890, 282; "Jessamond Mill," 1891, 235, 330.
Jesters, Newcastle, 1889, 543.
"Jim Crow," 1891, 503.
Jingling Geordie's Hole, 1887 (see Frontispiece), 218; 1890, 349.
Jobling, Robert, 1889, 194; Isabella, Death of, 1891, 284.
Jobling's Gibbet, 1888, 236.
Johson, Mary, and Dr. Clanny, 1887, 369.
"Jock o' the Syde," 1888, 68; 1890, 531.
Joe Piper, of Toft Hill, 1889, 182.
Joe the Quilter, 1887, 221.
John the Pieman, 1889, 295.
"Johnny Newcombe in the Navy," 1888, 521.
Johnson, Dr. at Denton Hall, 1887, 137; Mr. (Sims Reeves), 1888, 234.
Jones, Paul, Plan of the Tyne, 1888, 351; Major Evan R., on Lord Armstrong, 1889, 1; Rev. Ismael, Death of, 237; J. Rock, 1890, 183; Lloyd 1891, 571.
Joyce's Patent Stove, 1891, 455.
Jubilee, Celebration of Queen's, 1887, 285.
Judges, Coming and Going of the, 1889, 222
Jurgenson, C, 1891, 285.

K

Kane, John ("Whisky Jack"), 1891, 125.
Katterfelto and his Wonders, 1891, 16.
Katy's Coffee House, 1888, 162, 489; 1889, 369.
"Keach i' the Creel, the," 1891, 342.
Kearney, Matthew, Death of, 1891, 331.
Keelmen's Strike, 1887, 230; Hospital, 1891, 496.
"Keel Row," History of the, 1887, 266; in Old Manuscript, 379.
Keene, P. C. Charles, Death of, 1891, 140.
Keilder, Cout of, 1887, 326; Castle, 328.
Kelk, Mrs. (a Hartlepool Ginevra), 1889, 235.
Kelly, Richard, Death of, 1887, 478.
Kemble, Stephen, 1888, 343; and "Barber's News," 1890, 52; Fanny, 1891, 411; the Kembles, 411.
Kemmel's Path, 1891, 426.
Kendal, Journalistic Enterprise at, 1890, 282.
"Kenedy, Lord," Bigamist, 1890, 481.
Kenmure, Earl of, Execution of, 1890, 99.
Kenton, Oriel Window at, 1890, 327.
Kepier Grammar School, 1889, 375; Hospital, 535.
Kerr, Mrs., Centenarian, 1887, 13.
Kerrs, the Raid of the, 1890, 405.
Keswick, Cumberland, 1890, 175.
Kettlewell, Lumley, Eccentric, 1890, 563.
Ketton, the Miser of, 1889, 84.
Killingworth, Races at, 1889, 394.
Kinch, Henry, Death of, 1888, 379.
King John's Palace, 1887, 88; Well, 89.
Kingfisher, 1891, 158.
King-Harman, Colonel, Death of, 1888, 336.
Kingswood, Dickey of, 1889, 255.
"Kinmont Willie," 1890, 453, 530.
Kirby Fight, 1889, 330.
Kirk Yetholm, 1891, 55.
Kirkharle Church, 1890, 495.
Kirkley Hall, 1888, 91; 1890, 311; Robbery at, 314.
Kirkstall Abbey, 1889, 209; Fairy Pipes, 562.
Kirkstone Pass, 1887, 473; Fatal Accident in, 1890, 480.
Kirkwhelpington Church, 1890, 350.
Kitching, Robert, Execution of, 1891, 95.
Knaresdale Hall Ghost, 1891, 210.
Knight, Thomas, Hospital, Blyth, 1888, 95.
Knitting Stick, Weardale, 1890, 90.
Knox, John, in Newcastle, 1890, 59.
Kohen, Sophia, Death of, 1890, 96.
Kossuth's Visit to Newcastle, 1889, 276.
Kow, the Hedley, 1889, 19.
Krapotkine, Prince, in Newcastle, 1890, 47.
Kyle, John, Portrait of, 1887, 209.

L.

Laidley Worm, 1890, 193.
Laird of the North Countree, 1890, 174.
Lake, Dr., Dean of Durham, 1889, 426.
Lake District, Curious Customs of, 1890, 130, 186; 1891, 263; Wordsworth, 417; Mountaineering Feats, 138.
Lambert's Leap, 1887, 16, 331.
Lamberton Toll-Bar, 1888, 320.
Lambton Worm, 1888, 398; Castle, 1889, 161.
Lambton, Ralph, and his Hounds, 1887, 33.
Lambton, Joseph, Martyr, 1887, 78.
Lanchester, Views of, 1888, 73, 74; Roman Remains at, 138.
Lanchester, Mrs. Ann, aged 107, Death of, 1890, 92.
Lanercost Priory, 1888, 538; and Beeswing, 1890, 270.
"Lang Jack," a Tyneside Samson, 1891, 352.
Lang, Simon (see Gretna Green Marriages), 1888, 198.
Langdale Pikes, Cumberland, 1889, 32.
Langley Castle, 1889, 117; Old Castle and Fairy Pipes, 562.
Langton, Thomas, and Redmarshall Church, 1890, 543.
La Peyrouse and the Stockton Captains, 1888, 293.
Laplanders at Ravensworth Castle, 1887, 14.
Lark Hall Sprite, 1890, 558.
Larkin, Charles, 1887, 467; 1889, 22.
Lartington, 1889, 75.
Law Society, Incorporated, 1888, 572.
Lawson, Rev. John, Death of, 1890, 475.
Leakes, the, of Bedlington, 1890, 393.
Lecture Room, Newcastle, 1889, 80.
Lee Penny, 1891, 378.
Lee, William, on Hew Hewson (Hugh Strap), 1887, 342; Northern Superstitions, 374; Death of, 1891, 380.
Leland, John, in Northumberland, 1890, 289.
Lemmings, 1891, 523.
Leonard, John, 1890, 6.
Leprosy in the Northern Counties, 1889, 465.
Lesbury, Vicar of, 1887, 11; Epitaph, 1889, 282.
Lesley, Sir John, and Sir Thomas Riddell, 1889, 566; General in Newcastle, 1891, 115.
Levens Hall, Westmoreland, 1891, 296.
Levy, J. M., Death of, 1888, 528.
Leyden, John, M.D., 1888, 275.

Library, Public, Newcastle, Bequest to, 1889, 191; Bishop Cosin's, 1890, 532; Bishop Bury's, 517.
Liddell, Sir Henry Thomas, 1890, 172.
Liddesdale Thieves, 1890, 501; Farmer, 513.
Liddle, R. K., Death of, 1890, 523.
Lietch, T. C., and Tyne Conservancy Contest, 1890, 132.
Lieutenant, a Quaker, 1891, 389.
Life Brigade, Tynemouth, 1890, 319.
Lifeboat, Wouldhave's, 1887, 305.
Lifton House, Newcastle, 1890, 524, 525.
Lightfoot, Dr., Bishop of Durham, 1890, 81, 92; Will of, 95, 240; Library, 575.
Lighting of Towns, 1890, 218.
Lilburn Tower, 1891, 351.
Lilburn, Charles, Death of, 1891, 380.
Lilburne, Master George, and the Muggleswick Conspirators, 1889, 371; John, 1891, 483; Robert, 486.
Lilliard, Fair Maiden, 1888, 245.
Lind, Jenny, in Newcastle, 1887, 476.
Lindisfarne, Cathedral, 1887, 407; 1889, 228.
Lindsay, C. S., Death of, 1888, 380, 384.
Linnels, the, 1888, 385.
Linnet, Brown, 1890, 163.
Linnet Family, Three Members of the, 1891, 232.
Linton, W. J., and Brantwood, 1890, 513.
Lion Tamers, Recollections of, 1888, 490.
Lister, Rev. J. Moore, on Richard Grainger, 1890, 90.
Liston, the Comedian, 1888, 345.
Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, 1887, 297; Founding of, 1888, 407.
Liulph, a Saxon Noble, 1888, 566
Locke, W. F., Memorial to, 1890, 285.
Lodbrog, Regner, 1891, 128.
Lodge of Industry, 1888, 185.
Lodore, Falls of, 1889, 64.
Loftus, William, 1888, 328; W. K., 329; Captain A. J., 1890, 190.
London, William, Bookseller, 1887, 363.
Londonderry, Marquis of, 1889, 341; at Seaham Harbour, 525; at Hartlepool, 525; Wynyard Hall, 1890, 565.
Long Benton and Cuddy Alder, 1887, 469.
Long Horsley, Tower at, 1888, 405; 1891, 568.
Long Lonkin, 1888, 459.
Long, Luke, Quack Doctor, 1890, 276.
Long Meg and her Daughters, near Penrith, 1890, 273.
Long Pack, the, 1887, 250.
Loraine, Sir William, 1890, 496.
"Lord 'Size, My," 1887, 37, 91; Author of, 1887, 379.
Lorne, Marquis of, in Newcastle, 1888, 574.
Losh, W. S., Death of, 1888, 524.
Lottery Offices in Newcastle, 1889, 101; Wearmouth Bridge, 254.
Lough, Mrs., Death of, 1889, 93; Models, 141, 556; John Graham, 1891, 199; the Lough Family, 233.
Louise, Princess, in Newcastle, 1888, 574.
Low Lights, Battle of the, 1891, 519.
Lowe, Rev. Dr. Alex. H., Death of, 1888, 429.
Lowell, James Russell, Death of, 1891, 480.
Lowrie's Den, Fight at, 1891, 102.
Lucas, John, Mayor of Gateshead, 1889, 46.
"Luckey's Dream," 1891, 410.
"Lucy Gray of Allendale," 1888, 510.
Lully, Raymond, at Raby Castle, 1887, 26.
Lumley Castle, Sir John Vanbrugh, 1891, 16.
Lumley Ghost Story, 1889, 339.
Lumleys, Effigies of the, 1888, 305.
Lunardi in Newcastle, 1887, 349.
Lupton, Frances E., on Greenhow and Martineau Families, 1889, 138.
Lushburn Holes, 1890, 437.
Lyceum, Burning of Sunderland, 1891, 86.
Lyon, Emma, Lady Hamilton, 1887, 160.

M.

Macaulay, T. B., Letter about the Betsy Cains, 1887, 32.
Macbeth, James Anderson as, 1889, 244.
Macdonald, J. G., on the Hawick Slogan, 1887, 331; Volunteer Movement in the North, 1888, 54; James, Death of, 1889, 140.
Macfarlane, the Recluse, 1891, 303.
Mackay, Dr. Charles, Death of, 1890, 96.
Mackenzie, Sir Morell, and the German Doctors, 1888, 528; Æneas Mackenzie, on the Side, 1889, 314; James A. S. W., 1890, 173; Captain G. H., 1891, 288.
Macklin, Thomas Eyre, 1891, 373.
Maclagan, Dr. W. D., Archbishop of York, 1891, 333, 526.
Macliver, P. S., Death of, 1891, 282, 288.
Macomo, the Lion Tamer, 1888, 491.
Macready in the North, 1891, 547.
Maddison, Monument, 1891, 294.
Maddison, Ralph (Mad Maddison), 1887, 70.
Magdala, Lord Napier of, 1890, 144.
Magee, Rt. Rev. Wm., Archbishop of York, 1891, 96, 141; Enthronement, 237; Death of, 283, 288.
Magistrate, an Eccentric, 1890, 69.
Magpie, 1889, 277.
Mahon, the O'Gorman, 1891, 384.
Maiden Way, 1889, 115.
Mail Coach Robbery, 1889, 402.
Mainsforth, Robert Surtees of, 1891, 569.
Maison Dieu, Newcastle, 1887, 56; 1888, 159.
Mallett, William, Bowes Tragedy, 1887, 41.
Man, Edward, Merchant Adventurer of Newcastle, 1891, 117.
"Man the Lifeboat," 1888, 131.
Man-Stealers, Northumbrian, 1887, 109.
Manders and Macomo, 1888, 244.
Manisty, Justice, 1890, 136.
Manor Chare, Newcastle, 1888, 321.
Mansion House, Newcastle, 1887, 111; Clock, 114; 1889, 351.
Manson, Jas. Bolivar, and the French Dragoon, 1891, 366.
Map of the Great North Road, 1888, 298.
Maplisden, Peter, Bookseller, 1887, 364.
Marat, Jean Paul, in Newcastle, 1887, 49; 1890, 499.
Margetts, Mystery, the, 1687, 58; 1889, 90.
Maricourt, Count de, and J. B. Manson, 1891, 366.
Marjoribanks, Lady, Death of, 1889, 477.
Markets, Newcastle, 1889, 83.
Marlay, Sir John, 1888, 225.
"Marley, Elsie," 1887, 398.
Marriage, an Invitation to, 1891, 139.
Marsden Rock, View of, 1887, 128; Marsden Grotto, 129; Recollections of, 130; 1891, 567.
Marsh, Arthur H., 1890, 182.
Marshall, John, 1888, 322; "Dr. Marshall," of Durham, 1889, 301; Thomas, 1891, 410.
Marske Hall, 1888, 184.
Martin, William, 1887, 343; his High Level Bridge, 348; Jonathan, and York Minster, 418; John, 434; 1888, 43; Leopold Charles (on the Martin Family), 1887, 456; 1889, 93, 318.
Martineau, Harriet, at Tynemouth, 1887, 415; Church at Langdale, 1889, 33; Superstition in Wastdale, 185; and Macready, 1891, 549.
Marvin, Charles, in Newcastle, 1889, 573; Death of, 1891, 45, 48.
Mary of Buttermere, 1891, 556.
Massacre of Amboyna (1623), 1891, 195.
Master Humphrey's Clock, 1887, 389.
Match, Lucifer, Invention of, 1890, 145.
Matfen Murder, the, 1888, 252
Matthew Bank Farm, 1891, 531.
Maund, E. A., 1891, 189.
Mavin, Walter, 1891, 458.
Mawson, John, and Town Moor Explosion, 1888, 146.
Maybrick, Mrs., Trial of, 1889, 431, 480.
Mayor's Clock, the, 1887, 115.
Mayoralty, Newcastle, Cost of, 1889, 174.
McCloud, Peter, Hanged at Tyburn, 1891, 439.
McCallum, John, Death of, 1889, 573.
McDonald, Donald, Smuggler, 1891, 270.
McIntosh, Charles, Old Soldier, 1888, 274; Death of, 1891, 525.
McKinley, Bridget, Death of, 1890, 475.
McKinley Tariff Bill, 1890, 528.
McNeill, Archibald, Death of, 1888, 94.
Mease Family, the, 1891, 426.
Mechanics' Institutes, Northern Union of, 1888, 282.
Medicine College, 1888, 45.
Meg of Meldon, 1887, 84.
Meg Merrilees, 1888, 123; 1889, 202; 1891, 206.
Meissonnier, M., Death of, 1891, 144.
Mercenaries in Northumbria, 1889, 326.
Meridian Pillar at Hammerfest, 1891, 91.
Merrington Tragedy, 1887, 65.
Methodism in Newcastle, 1891, 261.
Mewburn, James, 1891, 39.
Middlesbrough, Birth of, 1888, 103; Town Hall, &c., 1889, 110.
Middleton, Captain Christopher, 1891, 30.
Midsummer Bonefires, 1887, 404.
Milan, King, Abdication of, 1889, 192.
Milbanke, Ralph, and Sunderland Bridge, 1887, 403; Anne Isabella (Lady Byron), 1888, 65; Lady, 1890, 199.
Milburn, Muckle Jock, 1887, 476.
Mildert, Bishop van, Entry into Durham, 1891, 289.
Milfield, near Wooler, 1891, 112.
Mill, Old, Jesmond Dene, 1890, 282.
Miller, the, and his Sons, 1890, 372; Clock Mill, 487.
Miller's Cottage, the, Newcastle, 1889, 234, 275.
Millet's "Angelus," 1889, 384, 442; 1890, 576.
Millie, Jos., Savings Bank Tragedy, 1890, 76.
Milling, John, Death of, 1889, 188.
Milne, James Thompson, Death of, 1890, 427.
Milne-Home, David, Death of, 1890, 523.
Milner, Ursyn, Printer, 1887, 459.
Mills, Andrew, and Merrington Tragedy, 1887, 65.
Milvain, Ald. Henry, Death of, 1890, 188.
Miners' Strike, Northumberland, 1887, 190.
Miracle Plays and Mysteries, 1890, 461.
Miser of Ketton, 1889, 84.
Miss or Mistress, 1889, 205.
Mitchell, Alexander, a Border Poet, 1887, 400.
Mitcheson, William, Death of, 1888, 380.
Mitford, Castle, 1887, 152; 1890, 324; Church, 150; Village, 1891, 344.
Mitford Family, the, 1887, 152, (Jack, 153; 1888, 521; Dr. and his Daughter, 1887, 154; Mary Russell, 157); William (Local Poet), 1887, 311; 1889, 237, 323; 1891, 510; Thomas, 1889, 237.
M'Kendrick, Thomas, Death of, 1890, 573.
Moises, Hugh, schoolmaster, 1888, 411.
Moltke, Count von, Death of, 1891, 288.
Monday, Windy, 1889, 418.
Monk, General, 1888, 281; 1889, 235.
Monk's Stone, Legend of the, 1887, 254.
Monkwearmouth Pit, 1888, 392; Church, 1891, 503.
Montagu, Mrs. Elizabeth, 1887, 132; Reminiscence of, 1891, 295.
Montpensier, Duc de, Death of, 1890, 144.
Moors, Brown Man of the, 1891, 84.
Morpeth, 1889, 160; Bell Tower, 474; Execution of Peter Patterson, 559; Road, a Story of, 1890, 39; Stabbing Affair at, 1891, 237.
Morrison, John, 1890, 320, 527.
Morritt and Scott at Rokeby, 1887, 319; 1890, 33; Death of R. A. Morritt, 572.
Mortham Tower, View of, 1887, 320.
Morton the Dramatist, 1888, 342; "Mrs. Grundy," 563; Thomas, Bishop of Durham, 1890, 283.
Moscrip, Isabella (aged 102), 1891, 474.
Mosley St., Newcastle, 1888, 342; 1891, 140.
Mosstroopers, 1888, 9; 1890, 354, 402, 436, 500, 529.
Mountaineering Feats in Lakeland, 1891, 138.
Muckle Jock Milburn, 1887, 476.
Muggleswick Conspirators, 1889, 370.
Mugs, Toad, 1890, 396.
Mulcaster, John Peter, Death of, 1887, 381.
Mumps' Ha', 1888, 125; 1889, 203.
Muncaster Castle, 1890, 40.
Murdoch, William, and Lighting of Towns, 1890, 218.
Murphy, William, 1890, 525, 574; Serjeant, 1891, 493.
Murray, John, and Sunderland Lighthouse, 1887, 249; Grace, and John Wesley, 1888, 503; James, 1889, 23; 1891, 563; Chester-le-Street Football, 1889, 180; Lindley at York, 1890, 267.
Musgraves of Eden Hall, 1889, 529.
Mutineer, the Pardoned, 1889, 247.
"My Love has 'Listed," 1891, 438.
Mysteries and Miracle Plays, 1890, 461.
Mystery, a North-Country, 1889, 181.

N.

Nab Cottage, Rydalmere, 1890, 272.
Nag's Head Inn, Newcastle, 1889, 354.
Nanson, John, Death of, 1891, 525.
Naoroji, Dadabhai, in Newcastle, 1889, 189.

Napoleon, Prince, Death of, 1891, 240.
Naples, Prince of, in Newcastle, 1891, 477.
Natural History Society, Newcastle, Founded, 1888, 39.
Navigation, Steam, on the Tyne, 1891, 309.
Navigators, Arctic and Antarctic, 1891, 29.
Naworth Castle, 1888, 536, 537, 538; Household Book, 1890, 257.
Nelson, Lord, and Lady Hamilton, 1887, 162.
Nelson, H., Death of, 1891, 381; Will, 526.
Nent Force Level, 1888, 546.
Nest on the Tomb, 1889, 282.
Nestor of the Tobacco Trade, 1891, 372
Netherwitton, 1891, 74
Neville, Ranulph de, 1887, 26; John, Lord, 1888, 514; Rose of Raby, 1890, 4.
Neville's Cross, Battle of, 1887, 256.
Nevilles, the, 1888, 406.
Nevison the Highwayman, 1888, 18.
New Bridge Street, Newcastle, 1889, 102.
Newall, ald. R. S., Death, 1889, 283.
Newbiggin-by-the-Sea, 1891, 223.
Newburn, Battle of, 1888, 373; Opening of Mills at, 1891, 477.
Newbrough Centenarian (Mrs. Teasdale), 1890, 522.
Newcastle (see Streets):—Old Tradesmen, 1887, 35; Royal Exhibition, 91, 480; *Newcastle General Magazine*, 365; Prison Breaker, 367; Orange Woman, 475; Speed's Plan of, 1888, 33; Anderson Place (see Frontispiece), 82; Municipal Elections, 45, 573; Denton Chare, 135; Back Row, 137; Literary Club, 143; a Bit of Old Newcastle, 232; Orphan House, 504, 570; Pillory, 523; Great Fire, 549; B. R. Haydon in, 567; Law Society's Conference, 572; Hospital Fund, 573; Princess Louise, 574; College of Science, 575; Sir R. S. Ball, 575; Burying the Colours of a Regiment in, 1889, 42; Markets, 83; School Board Election, 95; Hospital Sunday Fund, 95, 576; Lottery Offices in, 101; Eldon Square, 103; Carliol Tower, 104; Public Library, 105; Fatal Balloon Ascent from, 117; Trinity House, 176; Newgate, 214; St. Andrew's Church, 217; White Cross, 219; Black Horse Inn, 220; Scotch Arms, 221; Moot Hall, 222; The Side, 225; Miller's Cottage, 234; St. Nicholas' Church and the Scottish Prisoners, 235; General Monk, 235; Ridley Villas, 236; Turf Hotel, 238; James R. Anderson, 241; River Police Station and Dead House, 248; "The Quicks Buring Plas in Sidgate," 249; Kossuth's Visit, 276; Henry George, 285; Mystery, 287; Old Newcastle on the Tuthill Stairs, 319; X.Y.Z. at Newcastle Races, 323; Tragedy in, 332; Fletcher's Entry, 333; Poisoning Case in, 334; Thunderstorm, 334; St. Michael's and All Angels' Church, 335; Bull Baiting, 366; Katy's Coffee House, 369; Cross House, 377; Pants, 378; Temperance Festival, 382; Races on the Town Moor, 396; St. Nicholas' Churchyard, 399; Amen Corner, 401; Castle Garth, 406; Windy Monday, 418; Shah of Persia, 429; Apprentices, 435; Three Tuns Inn, 446; Central Station Hotel, 464; Leprosy, 466; Barnum, 475; Dr. Parker, 478; Extraordinary Occurrence, 479; Elswick Station, 480; Ralph Waldo Emerson, 496; Central Railway Station, 510; Infirmary, 511; Scotswood Road Tragedy, 514; British Association, 515, 524; British Pharmaceutical Society, 524; College of Medicine Opened, 526; Uncle Toby's Musical Treat, 527; Jesters, 543; Newcastle and the Side, 571; Boiler Explosion near Swing Bridge, 573; Charles Marvin, 573; Exhibition Surplus, 574; Presentation for Bravery, 574; Lady Parachutist, 574; Hospital Sunday, 574; Professor J. E. Hodgson, 574; Death from Starvation, 574; Municipal Elections, 575; Max O'Rell in, 575; H. H. Emmerson's Pictures, 575; Earl Spencer, 576; New Mayor, 576; New Assembly Rooms, 1890, 46; John Knox, 59; Pandon Dene, 71; Savings Bank Tragedy, 76; Riot of 1740, 83; Uncle Toby's Exhibition of Toys, 94; Murder, 95; Mysterious Disappearance of a German Governess, 96; Electric Lighting, 96; Fires, 141; Literary Club, 141; Bewick Club, 143; Sir Edward Watkin, 144; Charles Cowden Clarke's Visits, 148; William the Lion, 180; Hospital Fund, 189; Edmund Gosse, 189; Execution, 190; the Quayside, 215; *Newcastle Chronicle*, 223; Plumbers' and Engineers' Strike, 237; Sir J. Crichton Browne, 238; H. M. Stanley and the Freedom of Newcastle, 239, 381; Sandow, Strong Man, 240; Pope Pius II., 261; Bridges, 263; Newcastle in Danger, 283; Miss Helen Gladstone, 287; John Leland, 291; First Public Concerts, 326; Bernhard Stavenhagen, 333; Charles Avison's Tombstone, 334; Street Calls, 379; Sunday Music, 381, 431; Temperance Festival, 382; John Clayton, 422; Old Street Cries, 473; Oystershell Hall, 474; the Mayor and H. M. Stanley's Valet, 476; Rose Inn, Pudding Chare, 479; Town Moor Allotments, 479; John Taylor, Water Poet, 486; an Arctic Expedition and a Newcastle Election, 498; General Fairfax, 507; Hospital Sunday Fund, 524; Elswick Overseership, 524; Lifton House, 524, 525; Disaster to Firemen in Mosley Street, 525, 574; Grand Hotel, 526, 527; Remnant of Roman Wall, 528; Three Norwich Soldiers' Description, 535; Failure of the District Bank, 548; John and Albany Hancock, 566; Bath House, 571; Gift of Recreation Ground, 573; Mr. Balfour, 573; Surgeon T. H. Parke, 573; Earl Granville, 573; Madame Patti, 574; Herbert Ward, 574; Municipal Elections, 575; Press Gang, 1891, 3; Sir John Fife, 12; Katterfelto, 16; Dispensary, 17, 20; Bigg Market and Groat Market, 23; George Barrington, 36; High Level Bridge, 91; Amelia B. Edwards, 94; Uncle Toby's Toy Exhibition, 94; Severe Frost, 95, 141; Siege and Capture, 1644, 114; Mosley Street Disaster, 140; Madame Trebelli, 142; Mr. J. Rose Troup, 142; Menie Muriel Dowie, 143; Whitworth Wallis, 143; Ordination of Rev. Joseph Rorke, 143; Sir William Brereton's Visit, 162; John Wesley, 180; E. A. Maund, 189; Hon. J. B. Patterson, 190; Uncle Toby's Musical Treat, 190; The Murder of Dennis O'Neil, 190; Census, 239; New Post Office Buildings, 248; New Banking Premises, 249; Billy Purvis, 259; Methodism, 261; Catherine O'Hara, Oldest Inhabitant, 286; Barge Day, 287; Maddison Monument, St. Nicholas' Cathedral, 294; Bumler Box, 297; St. Crispin's Day Celebration, 310; Snowstorm on Whit Sunday, 333; H. M. Stanley, 333; Horse Procession, 333; Census, 335; Newcastle and Carlisle Railroad and Canal, 347; Riot on the Town Moor, 353; French Dragoon and the Newcastle Editor, 366; Battle-field, 379; Temperance Festival, 382; Tragedies, 384; Stage Coach, 427; Mr. Gladstone and the Freedom, 432, 527; Baliols, 464; Prince of Naples, 477; Free Education, 478; Destruction of Flower Show, 478; Trades Union Congress, 480; Plague and Cholera, 481, 553; John Foster, the Essayist, 496; Keelmen's Hospital, 496; Blackfriars, 505; Newcastle from Gateshead, 511; All Saints' Church, 521; Grey's Monument, 524; Surplus of Exhibition, 527; Liberal Federation, 528; Chimney Mills, 530; Todd's Nook Mill, 531; St. Nicholas' Steeple, 541; Walls, 545; Macready, 547; St. Michael's Church, 574; Wesley Memorial, 574; Engineers' Dispute, 575; Municipal Elections, 575; Election of Mayor and Sheriff, 575.
Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, 1888, 35.
"Newcombe, Johnny, in Navy," 1888, 521.
Newman, Cardinal, Death of, 1890, 480.
Nicholas, Grand Duke, at Wallsend, 1889, 150.
Nicholls, John, Centenarian, 1887, 12.
Nicholson, Mary, the Story of, 1888, 214; Nicholas, North-Country Sexton, 476; Ralph, Landlord of Hell's Kitchen, 555; John, Death of, 1890, 475.
Nicks, the Highwayman, 1888, 22.
Nicky-Nack, 1890, 37.
Nichols, Arthur, Portrait of, 1889, 48.
Niell, William, Death of, 1890, 235.
Nielsen, Herman F., Death of, 1887, 479.
Nightingale and other Warblers, 1891, *b*.
Nimmo of the Rocking Tower, 1891, 113.
Nitric Acid Disaster, 1890, 525, 574.
Noodles, Origin of, 1889, 248.
Norgate, Edward, 1887, 22.
Norham Castle, 1889, 151.
North, Lord-Keeper, 1887, 97; Christopher, and Will. Ritson, 1889, 185; at Elleray, 471.
North Berwick, 1888, 544.
North Northumberland, 1888, 128.
North Road, Two Bits of the, 1890, 488.
North Shields Mystery, 1887, 58; Old Mills near, 1891, 530, 534.
North, the:—Superstitions, 1887, 374; Vampires, 1888, 518; North-Country Mystery, 1889, 181; Gas-Lighting, 279; Abortive Rising, 350; Bull-Baiting, 365; Fairies, 548; Artists, 1890, 181, 417, 573; Deer Parks, 36; Rising in the, 1891, 337; Slogans, 470.
Northbourne, Lady, Death of, 1890, 140.
North-Countree, Laird of the, 1890, 174.
Northumberland:—Miners' Strike, 1887, 144, 190; Fusiliers, 1888, 126; Claim to Earldom of, 348; Duke of, and Thorngratton Find, 483, 531; Wallace's Raids, 1889, 34; County Council, 141; Mercenaries in, 32*b*; Danes, 260, 450; Rob Roy, 459; "Fair Flower of Northumberland," 462; Leprosy, 466; Sir John Fenwick, 482; Rock Hall, 490; Blanchland, 500; Sale of Estates, 526; Beacons, 1890, 44; Highwaymen, 229; Farmer's Wedding, 378; Fencibles, 439; Duchess of, Death, 1891, 82, 93; Contemplated History of, 191, 526; Household Book, 278; Historian of, 420.
Northumbria, Saints of, 1887, 75; 1888, 132; the Burr, 59; Flower Garden, 564; Early Wars of, 1889, 26, 59, 106, 171, 227, 258, 298, 347, 414, 450, 490, 532; Decline of, 258; Bakestick, 522; Hermits, 1891, 302.
Norton Church, 1889, 345.
Norway, Journalists' Tour in, 1891, 285.
Norwich Soldiers, Three, 1890, 533.
Numerals, Shepherds', 1891, 77.
Nungate Brig, Haddington, 1891, 64.
Nunn, Robert ("Bobby"), 1889, 485.
Nutcracker, the, 1890, 375.

O.

"O! the Oak and the Ash," 1888, 253.
Oatlands, Surrey, John Hancock's Residence, 1890, 569.
O'Callaghan, Bishop, 1888, 141.
O'Connell, Daniel, in Newcastle, 1888, 390.
O'Connor, Feargus, in Newcastle, 1888, 254, 330.
O'Donnell, F. H., 1888, 384.
O'Hanlon, Michael, Death of, 1890, 572.
O'Hara, Catherine, Old Woman, 1891, 286.
O'Rell, Max, in Newcastle, 1889, 576.
O'Shea, John Augustus, 1889, 142.
"Ode, Gathering of the Fenwyke," 1891, 118.
"Ogilvie's (Sawney) Duel," 1890, 198.
Ogle Castle, 1890, 328.
Ogle, Dean, and Kirkley Hall, 1890, 314.
Old News (first number of *Newcastle Chronicle*), 1887, 425.
Old Newcastle Tradesmen, 1887, 35.
"Oldbuck, Jonathan" (W. W. Robson), 1887, 271.
Oliphant, Dr., and Old Tyne Bridge Tragedy, 1887, 202; Laurence, Death of, 1889, 96.
Oliver, Wm., Local Poet, 1887, 116; James W., 1891, 91.
Oliver's Plan of Newcastle (1830), 1887, 167.
Orange Woman, Newcastle, 1887, 475.
Ordeal, the Cut-Purse, 1889, 439.
Organ, First Mention in Newcastle Records, 1887, 21.
Oriel Window at Kenton, 1890, 327.
Orphan House, Newcastle, 1888, 504, 570.
Osbaldistone, Francis, 1889, 459.

Ossulston, Lord, and Camilla Colville, 1887, 274.
Oswald, Coming of, 1889, 171; Legend, 1891, 203.
Otter Hunting, 1887, 69.
Otterburn, Battle of, 1891, 362, 402, 450.
"Outlandish Knight," 1889, 198.
Ouzel, the Ring, 1888, 493.
Over the Churchyard Wall, 1887, 20.
Ovingham Church, 1888, 17; 1890, 7.
Oystershell Hall, Newcastle, 1890, 474.

P

Pack Horses in the North, 1890, 397.
Packet, the Tyne Steam, 1891, 306.
Page, Dr. David, Death of, 1890, 188.
Paige, Rev. Lewis, Death of, 1889, 477.
Paine, Thomas, and Sunderland Bridge, 1887, 401.
Paley, Dr., at Bishopwearmouth, 1887, 422; and "Guinea Dick," 1890, 199.
Pallas's Sand Grouse, 1888, 413.
Palmer, James, Centenarian, 1887, 12; 1888, 226.
Pandon, Newcastle, 1888, 255; Dene, 1890, 71; Home of Julia St. George, 104.
Panorama, Inventor of, 1887, 173; Centenary of the, 1888, 330.
Pants, Newcastle, 1889, 378.
Parachutist, Higgins, Killed, 1891, 432.
Paradise and the Flood, 1887, 280.
Parcy Reed, Death of, 1888, 370; Ballad of, 371.
Park House, Gateshead, Fire at, 1891, 575.
Park and Watt, the Story of, 1887, 60; Mungo, the African Traveller, 1888, 436.
Parke, Surgeon, in Newcastle, 1890, 573.
Parker, Rev. Dr., in Newcastle, 1889, 478.
Parish, a Peculiar, 1891, 137.
Parish Registers, Our, 1891, 517, 558.
Parnell Commission, 1888, 576; 1889, 192; 1890, 48; Divorce Case and the Irish Party, 1891, 48; Mr. Parnell in Newcastle, 430; Death of, 528.
Partridge Family, Members of the, 1891, 423.
Path, Kemmel's, 1891, 426.
Paton, Robert, of Rothbury, Death of, 1890, 142, 486.
Patterson, Adam, Death of, 1889, 44; Peter, Execution of, 559; W. H., 1890, 542; Hon. J. B., 1891, 190; John Brown, 271.
Patti, Madame, in Newcastle, 1890, 574.
Pattison, Thomas, and the Thorngrafton Find, 1888, 482, 530; Hugh Lee, and the Great Fire, 551.
Paul Jones's Plan of the Tyne, 1888, 351.
Pearson, Dicky, Jester, 1889, 543.
Pease, Joseph, 1888, 103; Edward Lucas, Death of, 1889, 139; Will of, 333; John William, 1891, 250.
Peat, Lady, and the Herrington Tragedy, 1887, 148; Her Property, 1891, 137.
Peabody, Charles, Death of, 1890, 576.
Pedestrian, An Old Newcastle, 1887, 427.
Peel, John, 1887, 183; Death of, 1888, 45; William, 1890, 570; Death of, 284.
Peel Tower, a Typical, 1888, 376.
Pele Tower, Corbridge, 1891, 217, 218.
Penley, Sam, and James Anderson, 1889, 242.
Pennicuik House, the Siege of, 1891, 102.
Penny, Lee, 1891, 378.
Penrith, Castle, 1890, 249; Long Meg and Her Daughters, 273; Brougham Castle, 559; Beacon, 1891, 134.
Pensher Hill, Monument, 1888, 400; Fairies on, 1891, 27.
Perambulations, Gateshead, 1890, 222.
Percies, and Westminster Abbey, 1891, 82.
Percy, James (Claimant to Earldom of Northumberland), 1888, 348; Dr. and the Hermit of Warkworth, 1890, 346; Earl, 1891, 287.
Percy Street, Newcastle, 1889, 270.
Percymyre Castle, 1891, 173.
Percy's Cross, Legend of, 1888, 290.
Perth, Earldom of, the Pitman of Biddick and, 1889, 145, 426.
Peter Waggy, 1888, 462.
Peterborough, Bishop of, 1891, 184, 190.
Pettigrew, Wm., the Recluse, 1891, 303.
Petting Stone at Holy Island, 1889, 475.
Pheasant, 1891, 453.
Phillips, G. S. (January Searle), Death of, 1889, 140; 1891, 209.
Phillips, Maberley, on "The Quicks' Burying Ground," 1889, 249.
Philpotts, Dr., Bishop of Exeter, 1889, 359.
Phipps, Hon. Constantine, 1890, 498.
Pickering, T. D., Death of, 1890, 380; Frank, Fatal Flight of, 1891, 343.
Pickled Parson, the, 1887, 100.
Picktree Brag, the, 1891, 407.
Pierson, Thomas, Dramatist, 1890, 387.
Pigg, Thomas, Mathematician, 1887, 221.
Pigg's Folly, 1888, 118.
Piggott, R., and the Parnell Commission, 1889, 192.
Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, 1888, 77.
Pillar Rock in Ennerdale, 1891, 472.
Pillory, the, 1888, 433, 523.
Pinnacles, Farne Islands, 1890, 463.
Pipes, Fairy, 1889, 561; 1890, 186.
Pipits, the, 1890, 124.
"Pitman's Pay," 1889, 337; the Pitman, 1891, 208; "Pitman's Saturday Night," 416; "Two Pitmen," 569.
Pitt, Wm., Fired at for a Housebreaker, 1888, 220.
Plant Lore, Yorkshire, 1890, 474.
Plays and Mysteries, Miracle, 1890, 461.
Pledge, Rev. J. P. de, Death of, 1891, 141.
Plough, the Steam, Inventor of 1889, 91.
Plummer, Benj., J.P., Death of, 1889, 380; Will, 573.
Plummer Tower, 1889, 105.
Poet Close, 1891, 42; 185.
Poetesses, Two Border, 1891, 340.
Poind and his Man, the, 1887, 389.
Police (River) Station, Newcastle, 1889, 248.
Polka, the, 1891, 329.
Pollard, Joseph, Death of, 1888, 237.
Pollard Worm, the, 1889, 556.
Pompey's Pillar, North-Country Sailors, 1889, 375.
Ponteland, 1890, 503; Tower, 1889, 367.
Poor, the Wandering, 1891, 518.
Pope Pius II. in the North, 1890, 261.
Porter, Jane and Anna Maria, 1891, 415, 474.
Post-Office, New, in Newcastle, 1891, 248.
Postman, Newcastle's First, 1890, 398.
Potter, William Aubone, Death of, 1887, 284.
Potts, E., Death of, 1888, 188; Peggy, 175.
Prelate, the Captured, 1890, 323.
Presbyterian Church, Jesmond, 1888, 480.
Press Gang, Tale of the, 1887, 470; 1888, 91, 178, 236; in the North, 1891, 1.
Preston "Hoppings," Revival of, 1889, 525.
Price, John, Death of, 1890, 523.
Priestly, Jonathan, Death of, 1889, 477.
Priestman, Elizabeth (Mrs. Bright), 1889, 206; Jonathan, Death of, 92; Will, 431.
Prince of Wales and the Chillingham Bull, 1889, 113.
Pringle, Agnes, Artist, 1890, 399.
Printers on the Tyne, Early, 1887, 314.
Privateering Incident, 1887, 331.
Proctor, John Richard, Death of, 1888, 524; R. A., Death of, 478.
Prophecies, Mother Shipton and Her, 1890, 61.
Prosser, Joseph, Death of, 1888, 188.
Proud, Miss Mary, Death of, 1891, 283.
Proudfoot, Rev. R. F., Death of, 1891, 189.
Prudhoe Castle, 1891, 6. (See Frontispiece, 1891.)
Prudhoe Street, Newcastle, 1889, 275.
Pudding Chare, Newcastle, 1887, 225; 1889, 186; 1890, 138.
Pudsey, Bishop, and Kepier Hospital, 1889, 535; 1890, 119.
Punch, Tom Taylor, Third Editor of, 1891, 542.
Purvis, Isabella, Death of, 1887, 237; Billy, 1889, 353; 1891, 259, 314, 373; Robert, a Noted Smuggler, 270.
Pyat, Felix, Death of, 1889, 432.
Pybus, Robert, Death of, 1890, 572.
Pyman, James, Death of, 1887, 479; George, 1889, 280.

Q.

Q.E.D., the First Screw Collier, 1890, 200.
Quack Doctor, Luke Long, 1890, 275.
Quail, the, 1891, 425.
Quaker Lieutenant, 1891, 389.
Quayside Shaver, 1889, 175.
Quayside, 1889, 453; 1890, 215.
Quicks' Burying Ground, 1889, 249.
Quin, S., Sheriff of Newcastle, 1850, 576.

R

Raby, Raymond Lully at, 1887, 26; Castle, 1888, 514; the Rose of, 1890, 4.
Racing in the Northern Counties, 1889, 394.
Radcliffe, Charles, 1888, 166; 1890, 101; James, the last Earl of Derwentwater, 1.
Railway System, Beginning, 1887, 368; Opening of Alnwick Section, 383; Development, Illustrations of, 1889, 262; Newcastle and Carlisle, 1891, 347.
Raines, Canon, Resignation of, 1891, 573.
Ramsay, John, Death of, 1890, 427; Allan, 1891, 404.
Randall, Richard, Bookseller, 1887, 364.
Random, Roderick, in the North, 1887, 340.
Ranulph de Granville, 1890, 180.
Raven, the, 1890, 221.
Ravensworth, and Sir W. Scott, 1891, 390; Death of Countess of, 45; Castle, Laplanders at, 1887, 14; View of Castle, 458.
Rayne, Dr. Septimus Wm., Death of, 1887, 333.
Reaping Machine, Invention of the, 1887, 375.
Reay, John, 1888, 392; Samuel, 1891, 325.
Recken Dyke, 1889, 114.
Redesdale Thieves, 1890, 501.
Redmarshall Church, 1890, 543.
Redpole, Lesser, 1890, 163.
Redstart, 1890, 554.
Red Tarn and Striding Edge, 1890, 561.
Redwings, 1888, 366.
Reeds of Troughend, the, 1888, 475.
Reed, Henry, bookseller, 1887, 414; Thomas Allen in Newcastle, 1889, 526; Joseph, jun., 1891, 430.
Reedwater Witches, 1889, 151.
Reeves's (Sims) First Appearance in Newcastle, 1888, 234.
Registers, Our Parish, 1891, 517; 1891, 558.
Regner Lodbrog, 1889, 299; 1891, 128.
Reid, Rev. Alexander, Death of, 1887, 45; Edward, Death of, 429; Christian Bruce, Death of, 1890, 91; Christian John, Death of, 1891, 282.
Reidswire, Raid of, 1888, 325.
Relph, Joseph, of Sebergham, 1890, 468.
Renforth, Stephen, Presentation to, 1890, 384.
Rewcastle, James, Death of, 1891, 429.
Rhodes, Robert, 1891, 540.
Richardson's History of the Forth, 1887, 169.
Richardson, Mrs. Jonathan, Death of, 429; Joseph, Dramatist, 1888, 220; Thomas, Mayor of Newcastle, 1889, 45; T. M. and the Academy of Arts, 90; Sheriff's Procession, 227; M. A. and G. B., 103; Wigham and Northern Dials, 292; T. M., jun., Death of, 1890, 93; James, Death of, 379; Thomas, M.P., Death of, 1891, 93.
Richmond, Yorkshire, 1891, 119; a Ramble Round, 151; Castle, 344.
Richmond, David, Death of, 1891, 187.
Riding the Stang, 1887, 122, 125, 126, 187.
Riddell, Sir Thomas, and Sir John Lesley, 1889, 566; Henry P. A. B., Bequest to Newcastle Public Library, 191.
Ridley, Sir Matthew White, Portrait of, 1887, 191; and the County Justices, 1891, 383; John, of the Walltown, 1889, 499; Nicholas, Bishop of London, and Willimoteswick Castle, 517; Dr. Henry, 538.
Ridley Villas, Newcastle, 1889, 236.
Rignold, Mrs., Death of, 1888, 332.
Riot, Hexham, 1889, 557; the Newcastle, 83; Sunderland Seamen, 508.
Risingham, Robin of, 1888, 63.
Rising in the North, 1891, 337.
Ritchie, C. T., at Tynemouth, 1888, 572.
Ritson, Joseph, 1888, 546; Will, and Christopher North, 1889, 185, 473; Francis, Death of, 332; Old Will, Death of, 1890, 189, 282.
Road, the Great North, 1888, 294.
Roads, Our Roman, 1889, 38, 51, 114.
Robbery at Kirkley Hall, 1890, 314; a Yorkshire, and its Detection, 1889, 42; Mysterious Mail Coach Robbery, 402.
Robin of Risingham, 1888, 63; Robin, the, 1889, 31; of Redesdale, 51.
"Robin Spraggon's Auld Grey Mare," 1888, 170.
Robins, Thomas, Death of, 1888, 332.
Robinson, Jacky, of Whickham School, 1888, 475; John, and the Delaval Papers, 1889, 133; Dorothy Foster's Visiting Card, 205; John, Shipowner, Death of, 284;

J. N., Death of, 427; Crusoe (Bracey R. Wilson), Death of, 1890, 91; G. F., 181; Rev. Thomas, Death of, 476; John, Death of, 476; Gerard, Death of, 1891, 236.
Rob Roy in Northumberland, 1889, 459.
Robson, William Wealands, 1887, 270; on Justice Cresswell, 1890, 69; Turnip Husbandry, 101; on the Northern Circuit Fifty Years Ago, 1891, 467, 491; J. P., 1889, 222, 398; Trust, the Newcastle, 1891, 335.
Roche, Miss, and Sir F. Delaval, 1888, 283.
Rock Dove, 1891, 280; Hall, Northumberland, 1889, 490.
Rocking Tower, Nimmo of the, 1891, 113.
Rodes, Robert de, 1889, 410.
Rodham, Joseph, 1887, 111, 236.
Rogers, J. E. Thorold, Death of, 1890, 576.
Rokeby, Scott and Morritt at, 1887, 319.
Roker, Boating Fatality at, 1890, 430.
Roman Bath Found at Westerton Folly, 1890, 431; Wall, Remnant of, 528.
Romanno Polymarchy, the, 1891, 100.
Rome, Storming of, Banquet in Commemoration of, 1891, 526.
Rook, the, 1889, 231.
Rookhope Ryde, 1890, 228.
Rosa, Carl, Death of, 1889, 288.
Ropner, Major R., and Stockton, 1891, 143.
Rorke, Ordination of Rev. Joseph, 1891, 143.
Roscamp, Corporal, 1891, 430.
Rose Inn, Newcastle, 1890, 479.
Rothbury, Storm at, 1890, 142; Town, 1891, 457.
Rousbey, Arthur, Vocalist, 1891, 303.
Routledge, George, 1889, 85; Will, 1890, 142.
Rowlandson, Thomas, Bookseller, 1887, 364.
Roxby, Robert, 1887, 79; 1888, 486.
Roxbys and Beverleys, 1889, 327.
Rudby, Buried Alive at, 1891, 427.
Runciman, James, Death of, 1891, 381.
Ruskin, John, at Wallington, 1888, 42; Brantwood, 1890, 513; Dicky Bird Society, 526.
Russell, Henry, "Man the Lifeboat," 1888, 131; in Newcastle, 1889, 331.
Rutherford, Dr. John Hunter, 1890, 226, 235; Will of, 288; John Henry, Death of, 429; Alison, a Border Poetess, 1891, 341
Rutland, George, Bookseller, 1887, 69.
Rydalmere, Nab Cottage, 1890, 272.
Rydal Water and Rydal Mount, 1889, 560.
Ryhope, Railway Accident at, 1889, 479.

S.

Sadler, Joseph, Death of, 1890, 92.
Sailing Coaches at Middlesbrough, 1891, 378.
Sailors' Strikes on the Tyne, 1891, 52.
Saint, Joseph, Centenarian, 1887, 13; Wm., Death of, 1889, 332.
Saints, Northumbrian, 1887, 75.
"Sair Feyl'd Hinny," 1890, 325.
Salkelds, of Rock Hall, 1889, 490.
Salmon, Apprentices and, 1888, 85.
Salt Mines at Middlesbrough, 1887, 78.
Salters' Tracks, the, 1889, 366.
Salvation Army, Founder of the, 1891, 137.
"Sanctuary, the," 1890, 477.
Sanctuary, the Privilege of, 1888, 253; 1889, 289.
Sand Desks, 1891, 233.
Sand Grouse, Pallas's, 1888, 413.
Sanderson, Tommy, 1888, 301; Professor Burdon, 1889, 517.
Sandgate, 1888, 222, 283.
"Sandgate Lassie's Lament," 1889, 486.
Sandhill, the, 1888, 159.
Sark, the Battle of, 1890, 292.
Sark Weddings, 1887, 186
"Saufey Money," 1890, 437.
"Saunterer, the," Author of, 1891, 149.
Savings Bank Tragedy, Newcastle, 1890, 76.
Scawfell Pike, 1891, 368.
Scholefield Henry, Death of, 1888, 44.
School Board Election, Newcastle, 1889, 95.
Schopenhauer on the Elephant, 1888, 244.
Scorer, Alexander, Death of, 1889, 284.
Scotch Arms Inn, Newcastle, 1889, 221.
Scotswood Road, Tragedy, 1889, 514.
Scott, Sir Walter, at Rokeby, 1887, 319; in the North, 1891, 391; Murder of Superintendent, at Durham, 1888, 334; Walter, Publisher, Portrait of, 1889, 464; Wm. Bell, 449; 1891, 40; Alderman John O., Death of, 1890, 187, 287; Percival, Death of, 379; Adam, King of the Border, 438.
Scottish Giant, 1887, 478.
Scotus, Duns, 1890, 459.
Screes, Wastwater, Cumberland, 1889, 185.
Seaham, Byron at, 1888, 65; New (Nicky-nack) Colliery, 1890, 37.
Seam, the Busty, 1890, 414.
Seamen's Riots at Sunderland, 1890, 508.
Searle, H. E., Death of, 1890, 48: "January," 1890, 209.
Seaton Delaval Hall, 1887, 440; 1890, 251; Seaton Sluice, View of, 1887, 441.
Sebergham, Joseph Relph, of, 1890, 468.
Sedge Warbler, the, 1891, 565.
Seeker, Sir Guy, the, 1888, 7.
Selkirk, J., 1888, 102; Souters of, 1887, 293.
Senna Wells, the, 1888, 235.
Seven Dials, 1889, 294.
Sewingshields, 1891, 567.
Seymour, Judge Digby, and the Dicky Bird Society, 1889, 527, 576; 1891, 494.
Shadforth, Robert, 1890, 575.
Shafto, R. D., Death of, 1889, 237.
Shah of Persia, in Newcastle, 1889, 429.
"Shanky Elwes," 1888, 269.
Sharp, Sir Cuthbert, 1888, 230; Archdeacon, of Hartburn, 1890, 391.
Sharpe's Folly, 1891, 464.
Shaw, Jane, a Prince's Nurse, 1889, 570.
Sheldon, Frederick, 1887, 119.
Shepherd, Lord Clifford, 1889, 373.
Shepherd, the Ettrick, 1891, 459.
Shepherds' Numerals, 1891, 77.
Sherburn Hospital, 1889, 465, 468.
Sherwood, Mark, 1889, 271.
Shield, John, local poet, 1887, 37, 282 379; 1889, 252; 1890, 52; William, 14; Memorial at Whickham, 1891, 574.
Shields, the Castle of the Seven, 1891, 567.
Shields :—A Mystery, 1887, 58; the Volunteer Movement, 1888, 54; Ghosts, 345; Wooden Dolly, 1890, 161; Bull Ring, 232; Burning Hills, 276; Old Highlander, 326; Seventy Years Ago, 390; Strange Marriage, 1891, 285; South, Market Place, 410; Fort Captured by Scots, 426; Youth Hanged, 439; Carlyle's Estimate of the Folks, 475; Battle of the Low Lights, 519.
Shiels, Tibbie, in Yarrow, 1891, 81.
Shilbottle Blue Bonnet, the, 1890, 244.
Shipton, Mother, 1890, 61; Cave at Knaresborough, 63.
Shortreed, R., and Liddesdale, 1890, 513.
Shotley Spa, 1888, 150.
"Show me the Way to Wallington," 1890, 421.
Shows, Wild Beast, in the North, 1888, 241.
Shrike, or Butcher Bird, 1890, 247.
Shrimpton, F., Highwayman, 1888, 318.
Shrove Tuesday Football, 1887, 327.
"Shuffle, Darby, Shuffle," 1891, 503.
Siddons, Mrs., 1891, 548.
Side, Newcastle, 1887, 80; 1889, 311, 426, 571; Jock o' the, 1890, 531.
Siege and Capture of Newcastle, 1891, 114.
Sigurdson, Regner, 1891, 128.
Silksworth, Strike at, 1891, 190, 192, 429.
Silvertop, H. C., 1888, 45.
Silky, Ghost of Denton Hall, 1887, 136.
Simeon of Durham, 1888, 235.
Simonside Dwarfs, 1891, 543.
Simpkin, Miss Alice, 1891, 47.
"Simple Simey," 1889, 53.
Singleton House, Newcastle, 1889, 158.
Siward, Earl, Death of, 1889, 492.
Skiddaw, Hermit of, 1890, 43, 90, 231.
"Skipper's Wedding," 1890, 269.
Skylark, 1889, 129.
Slack, Thomas, Printer, 1887, 317; Mrs., 1890, 224; John, Death of, 1890, 92.
Sleuth or Bloodhound, 1889, 36.
Slogans, North-Country, 1891, 470.
Smith, John, Accident on High Level Bridge, 1887, 275; Miss, Lady Peat, 148; Vicar, 1888, 453; W. H., at Middlesbrough, 573; Death of, 1891, 528; J. K., Death of, 1889, 280; Valentine, 1890, 135, 143; James, Draughts Champion, Death of, 188; William, Navigator, 1891, 31; Elizabeth, Linguist, &c., 535.
Smithson, G. E. T., 1891, 287.
Smollett, Roderick Random, 1887, 341; Hugh Strap, 1888, 80; Akenside, 1890, 330.
Smugglers, Stories of, 1891, 269.
Snape, Dr., Long Word, 1889, 187; 1890, 196; Memorial Window, 1891, 525.
Snowball, Joseph, Death of, 1891, 331.
Snowdon, Ann, Death of, 1890, 427.
Snowflake, 1891, 103.
Snowstorms in the North, 1888, 191; 1891, 192, 239.
Soams, Cutty, 1887, 269.
Sockburn Worm, 1889, 518.
Soldiers, Three Norwich, 1890, 533.
Solway Moss, 1888, 229.
Sopwith, Thomas, 1888, 546; 1889, 154.
Soulis, Lord William, 1889, 563.
Souter Fell, Aerial Armies at, 1891, 388.
Souters of Selkirk, 1887, 293.
Southey, Robert, 1890, 175.
Sparrow, the House and the Hedge, 1889, 86.
"Speed the Plough," 1888, 563.
Speed's Plan of Newcastle, 1888, 33, 91.
Spence, Thomas, 1887, 296; Joseph, Death of, 1890, 91; John Forster, 321, 527; Robert, Death of, 429; John, Death of, 573; Elizabeth Isabella, 1891, 90.
Spencer, John, Death of, 1888, 239.
Spindlestone Heugh, the Laidley Worm of, 1890, 193.
Spital Tongues Tunnel, 1887, 302.
Spittle Dene Mill, Tynemouth, 1891, 535.
Spotty's Hole, 1887, 63.
Spring, Tom, Pugilist, 1887, 108.
Sprite, Lark Hall, 1890, 558.
St., Acca, 1887, 75; Aelred, 76; Aidan, 77; Alchmund, Bartholomew, Bede, 1888, 132; Cuthbert, 1889, 290; Oswald, Legend of, 1891, 203; Crispin's Day Celebration, 1891, 309; Cuthbert's Beads, 41; St. George, Julia, 1890, 74, 103; St. John's Churchyard, Newcastle, 1887, 20; St. John's Eve, Bonefires on, 1887, 404; St. Mary's Island, 1889, 441; Loch, 1891, 80; Sir Horace St. Paul, Death of, 1891, 332; Will, 384; St. Thomas's Chapel, 1887, 329.
Stage Coach, Reminiscence of, 1891, 427.
Stagg, Mrs., Sister of Sir F. Blake, 1890, 451.
Staindrop, Village of, 1888, 515.
Stainthorpe, Wm., Sheriff's Officer, 1889, 315.
Staite, W. E., and Electric Lighting, 1890, 220.
Stanhope, Castle, 1888, 463; Bishop Butler at, 1889, 358; Deer Park at, 1890, 36; Linns, 1891, 399.
Stanley, Wreck of the, 1889, 17.
Stanley, H. M., 1890, 48, 288, 333, 336; Freedom of Newcastle, 239; in Newcastle, 381; "Darkest Africa," 384; Edinburgh and Manchester Freedom, 384; Marriage, 432; and Ald. Thomas Bell, 1891, 237; in Newcastle, 333.
Stapylton, Miles, 1890, 532.
Starling, the, 1888, 319; at Alston, 1889, 475.
Stavenhagen, Herr Bernard, 1890, 333.
Staward, Farm House, 1890, 2.
Staward Peel and Dickey of Kingswood, 1889, 255.
Stay Busk, a Weardale, 1890, 378.
Steamboat, the First Tyne, 1891, 306.
Stella Hall, 1888, 469; Chapel, 1891, 561.
Stephens, John, Supt. of River Police, Death of, 1887, 479; 1889, 248; W. D., Presentation, to, 1888, 572; Portrait of, 575; 1890, 192.
Stephenson, George, and Railway System, 1887, 368; Robert and Rowland Burdon, 402; and Thomas E. Harrison, 1888, 228; George and Robert, 359; George, and Charles John Brandling, 1889, 69; Railway Development, 262; William, 175; 1890, 269; Josiah Charles, of Toft Hill, 1889, 182; C. H., Recollections of Billy Purvis, 1891, 375.
"Stepniak" in Newcastle, 1889, 190.
Stilton and Cotherstone, 1891, 57.
Stobbs, John, Death of, 1888, 45; "Shuffle Darby," 1891, 503.
Stock Dove, 1891, 281.
Stocks, the, in Newcastle, 1889, 436.
Stockton, Reminiscences of, 1888, 164; Captains from, and La Perouse, 293; Parliamentary Election at, 1889, 94; S. and Darlington Railway, 264; Invention of Lucifers, 1890, 147; Free Library, 575; Major Ropner, 1891, 143.
Stonechat, the, 1888, 568.
Stonecroft, the Gibsons of, 1891, 108.
Stoney (Bowes), Andrew Robinson, 1887, 196.

Storey, John, Death of, 1888, 189; Rev. Arthur, 450; Samuel, M.P., 1890, 575; Sunderland Police, 1891, 192; Silksworth Strike, 332.
Stote's Hall, 1887, 282. 378.
Stote, Madame, and her Salve, 1890, 33.
Stote-Manby Case, the, 1889, 30.
Stothard, Margaret, 1888, 394.
Stove, Joyce's Patent, 1891, 455.
Stranton Church, 1889, 281.
Strap, Hugh, Smollett's Barber, 1887, 342.
Strathmore, Lady, 1887, 196, 325; 1889, 422.
Street Cries, 1890, 379, 473; 1891, 41.
Streets of Newcastle:—Introductory, 1888, 34; Pilgrim Street, 77; its Offshoots, 111; Sandhill. 159; Sandgate, 222; Pandon, 255; Manor Chare, 321; Mosley Street and Dean Street, 342; Westgate Street, 406; and Westgate, 451; Bigg Market, 494; Groat and Cloth Markets, 554; Grey Street, 1889, 21; Grainger Street, 79; Blackett Street and New Bridge Street, 102; Northumberland Street and its Offshoots, 158; Newgate Street, 214; Gallowgate and Percy Street, 270; Side, 311; Close, 350; St. Nicholas's Churchyard and Square, 399; Quayside, 453; Neville Street and Scotswood Road, 510; Elswick Road District, 551.
Strength, Wull, 1888, 424.
Striding Edge and Red Tarn, 1890, 561.
Strong Men (the Commons), 1890, 234.
Stuart, James, Tweedside Patriarch, 1887, 116; John Graham, Poem by, 477.
Stybarrow, Crag and Ullswater, 1890, 63.
"Success to the Coal Trade," 1890, 494.
Sullivan, Barry, Death of, 1891, 288.
Sun Dials, Northern, 1889, 292.
Sunderland:—Bridge, View of, 1887, 401; Leaps from, 1888, 334, 335; Removal of Lighthouse, 1887, 249; a Challenge, 428; Epitaph, 1888, 523; Babbies, 1889, 16; Hero, 235; Sunderland Bridge Lottery, 255; Marquis of Hartington in, 285; John the Pieman, 295; Bull Baiting, 365; Ancient Doorway, 475; M. L. Howarth, 459; Tragedies at, 190; Residence of Thomas Dixon, 448; Tragedy in, 1890, 94; Jack Crawford Memorial, 239; St. Columba Church, Southwick, 335; Town and Port, 406; Seamen's Riot (1825), 508; New Town Hall, 575; S. Storey, M.P., 575; Town Hall, 1891, 16; Bridge, 71; Burning of the Lyceum Theatre, H. Irving's First Appearance, 86; Andrew White, First Mayor, 111; Murder of Captain Berckholtz, 123; William Allan, Local Poet, 221; Case of Thomas Fury, 266; H. Christie, Draughts Champion, 284; New Presbyterian Church, 285; St. Crispin's Day Celebrations, 309; Tragedy, 526; Tom Taylor, 542.
Sunken Treasures in Broomley Lough, 1887, 325.
Superstitions, Northern, 1887, 374.
Surtees, Robert, 1887, 75; 1888, 388, 389; 1891, 569; Bessie, 1888, 198, 271; 1890, 183, 215; John, 1889, 195; William, 330.
Sutherland, B. J., Sheriff of Newcastle, 1891, 575.
Sutherland-Sutton, H., Death of, 1888, 572.
Sutton, William, Sheriff of Newcastle, 1889, 45; Mayor, 1891, 575.
Swaledale, from Willance's Leap, 1891, 153.
Swallow, the, 1889, 469.
Swallowship, 1889, 56.
"Swalwell Hopping," 1888, 102.
Swan, J. W., 1890, 220; William's Misfortune, 273.
Swarland Hall, 1888, 441.
Swarthmoor Hall, 1891, 70.
Sweden, Gustavus of, 1890, 318.
Sweepers' Entry, Newcastle, 1889, 319.
Swift, the, 1889, 469.
Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 1889, 474.
Swing Bridge, Newcastle, 1890, 263.
Sword Dancers' Song, 1887, 462.

T.

Tablet Society, Newcastle, 1889, 336, 480.
"Tales of the Borders," Author of, 1889, 363.
Tambourine Tavern, the, 1888, 226.
Tanfield, Arch, 1887, 424; Stephen Collin's Ghost and, 1890, 271.
Tankerville, Lord, at Darlington, 1887, 365.
Tate, T., Death of, 1888, 188; Archbishop, 1891, 370.
Taylor, Sir Henry, 1888, 423; "Lord Kenedy," the Bigamist, 1890, 481; John, "Water Poet," 485; Whitworth Doctors, 1891, 370; Tom, Editor of *Punch*, 542.
Tearney, James ("Blind Jimmy"), Death of, 1890, 523.
Teasdale, Mary, a Centenarian, 1890, 522.
Telegraphic Message between Newcastle and London, First, 1891, 91.
Temperance Festival, Newcastle, 1887, 286; 1888, 381; 1889, 382; 1890, 382; 1891, 382.
Temperley, Joseph, Death of, 1891, 140; John, Notable Coalhewer, 1887, 111.
Tempest, Lady Vane, Death of, 1891, 525.
Temple, Simon, Shipbuilder, Jarrow, 1888, 426; William, Alderman, 1891, 191.
Tennant, Dorothy, 1890, 333; at Wallington, 432; Marriage, 432; Henry, 1891, 136.
Tennyson, Lord, and the Dicky Bird Society, 1890, 526.
Teviotdale, Raids in, 1890, 405.
Thain, James, and the Assassination of Gustavus of Sweden, 1890, 319.
Theatrical Incident, a, 1888, 539.
Theatre Royal, Newcastle, 1889, 22.
Thirlwall Castle, 1889, 9.
Thomas, William, 1887, 20.
Thomlinson, Dr., 1889, 400; 1891, 487.
Thompson, Isaac, Printer, 1887, 317; William (Frederick Sheldon), 119; Thomas, author of "Jemmy Joneson's Whurry," 378; William, Crew of the, and Pompey's Pillar, 1889, 375; Lewis, 286, 322; Thomas Thompson's Grave, 478; John, Death of, 1890, 572; Wm. Gill, 85; Lewis, Bequest of, 477; William, Death of, 1891, 140.
Thomson, James, author of "The Seasons," 1889, 199; 1891, 241; James, a Roxburghshire Poet, 1889, 79; Archbishop of York, 1891, 93.
Thorngrafton Find, 1888, 481, 529.
Thornton, Roger, 1887, 55; Pandon Dene, 1890, 74; Joseph Lillie. 1888, 282.
"Thornton Brass," Restoration of, 1890, 191; 1891, 191.
Threepwood Case, 1889, 315.
Thrushes, 1888, 366.
Thunder Mutton 1887, 428.
Tichborne Claimant in Newcastle, 1889, 144.
Titmouse Family, 1890, 86.
Toad in the Hole, 1888, 4.
Toad Mugs, 1890, 396, 474.
Toboggan, the, 1887, 236.
Tobacco Trade, the Nestor of the, 1891, 372.
Toby, Uncle, 1887, 443.
Todd's Nook, Mill, 1891, 531.
Tolstoi, Count, Death of, 1889, 288.
Tomb, Nest on the, 1889, 232.
Tomlinson, W. W., on Views of North Northumberland, 1888, 128; on Alnmouth, 1889, 392; St. Mary's Island, 441; on Blanchland, 500; Bothal Village, 537; on Ovingham Village, 1890, 7; Elsdon Village, 159: Clavering's Cross, 546; on Whitley-by-the-Sea, 1891, 21; Netherwitton, 74; Whittingham, 78; Bamburgh, 165; Bywell-on-Tyne, 272; Mitford, 344; Lilburn Tower, 351; Derwentwater Veteran and Recluse, 385.
"Tommy on the Bridge" (Thomas Ferns), 1889, 566, 571.
Tomsett, Madame (Mrs. Heenan), 1890, 396.
Toole, J. L., in Newcastle, 1888, 539.
Topham, Thomas, in Gateshead, 1890, 283.
Tower, the Rocking, Redesdale, 1891, 113.
Towers, Hannah (niece of George Stephenson), Death of, 1891, 525.
Town Moor, Explosion on the, 1888, 145; "Stob," Newcastle, 1889, 271; Riot on the, 1891, 353.
Towneley Family, the, 1890, 125.
Towns, the Lighting of, 1890, 218.
Tracks, Salters, the, 1889, 336.
Trades Union Congress, Newcastle, 1891, 480.
Trafalgar, Battle of, 1891, 514.
Tragedies:—Herrington Tragedy, 1887, 148; Cockle Park, 1888, 11; Nicholas Fairles, 83; Mary Nicholson, 214; Dorothy Bewicke, 252; Supt. Scott, 334; Manchester, 336; Baydale Banks, 461; Birtley Fell, 526; Whitechapel, 480, 528; Major Barttelot, 480; Bishop Walcher, 566; Wrekenton, 1889, 141, 190; Newcastle, 238, 514; Gateshead, 286; Jarrow, 383; near Carlisle, 384; Newcastle, 1890, 76, 95, 190; Sunderland, 94; Crewe, 240; Gateshead, 381; Cleveland, 385; New Cross, London, 432; Leeming, near Bedale, 525; Switzerland, 528; Canada, 528; Kentish Town, 576; Captain Berckholtz, 1891, 123; Denis O'Neil, 190; Hallgarth, 221; Sunderland, 266; Horsforth, 384, 432, 480; Stockton, 478; Liverpool, 480; Huddersfield, 480; Newcastle, 526; North Cumberland, 527; Hetton-le-Hole, 575.
Train, Edward, the Hermit, 1891, 303.
Tramway Accident in Newcastle, 1891, 432.
Trance, Border, Story of a, 1889, 494.
"Travels of the Imagination," 1891, 563.
Trebelli, Madame in Newcastle, 1891, 142.
Tree, a Remarkable, 1888, 91.
Tree Culture Society, Newcastle, 1888, 335, 430, 527.
Trevelyan, Mrs. Elizabeth, Will of, 1891, 382.
Trinity House, Newcastle, 1889, 176.
Trotter, H. J., M.P., Death of, 1889, 44.
Troup, J. Rose, in Newcastle, 1891, 142.
Truelove, the, 1888, 131.
Tudhoe, Waterton at, 1888, 450; Ghosts at, 1889, 52.
Tuer, Andrew W., on Fairy Pipes, 1890, 186.
Tunstall, Bishop, and John Knox, 1890, 59.
Tupper, Martin F., Death of, 1890, 48.
Turf Hotel, Newcastle Old Coaching Days, 1888, 327; Sale of, 1889, 191, 238.
Turnbull, Adam, Centenarian, 1887, 12; Michael, Bookseller, 414; William (Wull the Slowan), 1888, 519; John, "Henwife Jack," 1890, 522; Mr., and Lark Hall Sprite, 558.
Turnip Husbandry, 1890, 101.
Turpin's Ride to York, 1888, 22.
Turtle Dove, 1891, 281.
Tuthill Stairs, 1889, 319, 351.
"Twelve Days of Christmas," 1888, 41.
Twizell House, Northumberland, 1890, 249; Castle and Bridge, 451.
Tyburn, Shields Youth Hanged at, 1891, 439.
Tyne, Bridge, 1887, 23; Tower on, 181; Romance of, 292; Fall of, 206; Vessels, Old, 1888, 131; Paul Jones's Plan of the, 351; Theatre, Newcastle, 455; Clown and his Geese on the, 1889, 522; Conservancy Contest, 1890, 131; Bridge, 266; Sailors' Strike on the, 1891, 52; Barge Day on, 275, 287; Steamboat, the First, 306; Mouth of the, 520.
Tynedale, Apprentices, 1887, 424; Four Surnames in, 476.
Tynemouth, View of, 1887, 417; Priory, 215; Castle, 1889, 223; Naval Manœuvres, 479; Volunteer Life Brigade, 1890, 319, 527; Jingling Geordie's Hole, 349; Dicky Bird Society Boats, 430; Gun Accident at, 1891, 237; Cliffs, 407; Wreck at, 573.
Tyneside Echo, Death of, 1888, 479.
Tyneside Hero, 1889, 545; Showman, 1891, 346.
Tynesiders in Birmingham, 1891, 142.
Tyson, Joseph, Death of, 1889, 188.
Tyzack, Wilfrid, Death of, 1890, 427.

U.

Ulgham Estate, Sale of, 1889, 573.
Ullswater and Stybarrow Crag, 1890, 63.
Ulric, James Anderson as, 1889, 242.
Umfreville, Leonard, Printer, 1887, 317.
Umfravilles and Prudhoe Castle, 1891, 6.
Uncle Toby's Dicky Bird Society, 1887, 443; Picture, 1888, 43, 47, 90; Exhibition of Toys, 1889, 87; 1890, 94; 1891, 85, 94; Family (Local Anecdote), 1889, 331; Musical Treat, 1889, 527; 1891, 190; Boats at Tynemouth, 1890, 430; D.B.S., 524; Lord Tennyson's Letter, 526.
Union Bank, Newcastle, 1889, 401.
United States, Census of, 1890, 576.
Urwin, David, Presentation to, 1890, 527.
Utopia, Wreck of the, 1891, 240.

V.

Valckenaere, Jean B., Death of, 1888, 285.
Vampires, North-Country, 1888, 518.
Van Amburgh, 1887, 245.

Vanbrugh, Sir John, in the North, 1891, 15, 39.
Veitch, William, Covenanter, 1889, 155.
Venom, Charms for, 1889, 132.
Vicars of Newcastle, 1888, 417.
Vicar's Will, 1888, 138.
Vicarage, Old Newcastle, 1888, 452.
Vickers, Jonathan, Starved to Death, 1889, 574.
Victoria, H.M.S., 1883, 239: Hall, Disaster at Sunderland, 1889, 97.
Vint, Robert, Death of, 1891, 45.
Volunteer Movement in the North, 1888, 54.

W.

Waddle, William, Execution of, 1889, 94.
Wade, Marshal, 1888, 293; Road, 1889, 245.
Wagtails, Pied, Yellow, and Grey, 1889, 564.
Wags of Durham, 1889, 301, 434.
Wakenshaw, Thomas, Death of, 1890, 379.
Walcher, Bishop, Murder of, 1888, 566.
Waldron, George, *alias* Barrington, 1891, 36.
Walker, John, and Lumley Ghost Story, 1889, 341; Inventor of the Lucifer Match, 1890, 146; Wylam, Death of, 476.
Wallace, Dr. A. R., in Newcastle, 1888, 189; Wallace's Raid in Northumberland, 1889, 34.
Waller, John, Vaiuable Book of, 1887, 172; 1888, 573; John Rowell, on "The Pitman," 1891, 208.
Wallington, John Ruskin at, 1888, 42; 1890, 358; "Show me the Way to," 421; Dorothy Tennant at, 432.
Wallis, Rev. Richard, 1890, 42; Whitworth, in Newcastle, 1891, 143.
Walls of Newcastle, 1891, 545.
Wallsend Old Church, 1888, 153; Witches at, 154; Grand Duke Nicholas at, 1889, 150; Discovery of Baptismal Font at, 1891, 431.
Walpole, Ed., and Mary Clement, 1887, 86.
Walsh, John, Death of, 1891, 192.
Walters, Rev. John, Death of, 1887, 479; Rev. Frank, 1890, 557, 575; Robert, Death of, 572.
Walton, Thomas, Death of, 1890, 523; George, Death of, 1891, 93.
Walwick Chesters, 1890, 570.
"Wandering Willie," 1889, 233.
Warblers, 1890, 515; the Three, 1891, 565.
Ward, T. Humphrey, in Newcastle, 1889, 96; Herbert, 1890, 574.
Wardell, John, Miser of Ketton, 1889, 84.
Warden Law, 1887, 229.
Warkworth Castle, 1890, 23; Hermit, 346; Bridge Tower, 1891, 255.
Wars, Early Northumbrian (see Northumbria).
Washington Hall, Opening of Waifs and Strays' Home, 1891, 288.
Washingtons, English Homes of, 1888, 203.
Wasney, Rev. Robert, 1889, 538.
Wastwater, Cumberland, 1889, 184.
Wat o' Harden, 1890, 357; Bucoleugh, 530.
Watchmaker, S. Boverick, 1891, 234.
Watchman's Rattle, 1889, 138.
"Water Poet," in the North, 1890, 485.
Water Tower, Newcastle, 1889, 353.
Waterford, Lady, Death of, 1891, 331.
Waterloo Wetheral, 1891, 234.
Waterson, Edward, Martyr, 1887, 140.
Waterton, Charles, 1888, 447; at Tudhoe, 450.
Watkin, Sir E., in Newcastle, 1890, 144.
Watling Street, the, 1889, 51.
Watson, James, Bookseller, 1887, 68; Henry, J.P., Death of, 1888, 45; Mason, Death of, 1890, 284; George, Mathematician, 1891, 138; William, and "Dance to Thy Daddy," 245; the late Baron, 494; General, 491.
Watt, Henry Alexander, Death of, 1888, 379.
Watton Abbey, Headless Ghost of, 1888, 151.
Waugh, Edwin, Death of, 1890, 288.
Wear, Procession of Boats, 1889, 424.
Weardale, Fairy Pipe, 1889, 561; Knitting-Stick, 1890, 90; Bookhope Ryde, 228; Holystone, 330; Stay Busk, 378; Two Notable Men of, 1891, 49: Linns, 399.
Wearmouth Bridge Lottery, 1889, 254.
Weatherley Thos., Presentation to, 1891, 94.
Wedderstone, the, 1889, 426.
Wedding, a Cumbrian Bidden, 1891, 475.
"Wedding, the Skipper's," 1890, 269.
Weedy, James, Murder of, 1890, 525.
Weekly Chronicle Cycling Cup, 1891, 479.
Weighing Machine, the Delaval, 1891, 126.
Welford, Richard, on "Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed," 1887, 3, 53, 101, 145, 193, 241, 289, 337, 385, 451; 1888, 35, 65, 107, 156, 193, 258, 306, 354, 418, 442, 498, 539; 1889, 10, 66, 122, 162, 210, 266, 306, 354, 385, 442, 506, 538; 1890, 19, 65, 114, 154, 202, 250, 289, 337, 411, 441, 489, 537; 1891, 11, 58, 105, 154, 224, 250, 297, 354, 394, 441, 493, 538; Coal in the North, 1887, 34; Northumberland Saints, 75; 1888, 132; Inventor of the Panorama, 1887, 172; a Gateshead Anchoret, 276; the Great North Road, 1888, 294; Gateshead Prodigy, 1889, 40; Press Gang, 135; Gas Lighting in the North, 279; St. Helen's Auckland Hall, 325; Cross House, Newcastle, 377; Cost of Newcastle Mayoralty, 174; Robert Bolron, 420; Dr. Cradock, 1890, 78; Gateshead Perambulations, 223; Luke Long, Quack Doctor, 275; Hewson Clarke, 1891, 149; Maddison Monument, 294; Joseph Glynn, F.R.S., 330.
Well, Senna, 1888, 235; the Capping, 474.
Wellesley Training Ship, 1891, 239.
Wellington in the North, 1888, 349.
Wells, Ben, the Dancing Master, 1891, 523.
Wells, Holy, in the North, 1888, 148.
Werston, Bishop of Sherborne, 1889, 416.
Wesley, John, in Sandgate, 1888, 226; and Grace Murray, 503; Orphan House, 504, 570; 1889, 158; in Newcastle and the North, 1891, 180; Centenary of, 191, 192; Memorial Fountain, Newcastle, 574.
Westcott, Bishop, 1890, 236, 332.
Westerton Folly, Relics found at, 1890, 451.
Westgate St., Newcastle, 1888, 406; Hill, 451;
Westminster Abbey and the Percies, 1891, 82.
Westmorland Place, Newcastle, 1888, 408.
Westmorland, the Earl of, 1888, 406; 1891, 338; Mathematician of, 90; Anne, High Sheriff of, 97.
Wetheral, Waterloo, 1891, 234.
Wharton, J. L., M.P., 1888, 143.
Wheatear, the, 1888, 568.
Wheldon, John, 1891, 131.
Whickham, School, 1888, 475; Black Cock of, 1891, 4; Village, 486.
Whigs, Gathering of the, 1887, 90.
Whinchat, the, 1888, 568.
Whisky, Illicit, in Durham, 1891, 125.
Whitburn, Curious Custom, 1891, 239; Village, 448.
Whitby Abbey, 1889, 230.
White Cross, Newcastle, 1887, 19; 1889, 219; White Horses of the Hambleton Hills, 1887, 397; White Lady of Blenkinsopp, 1888, 104.
White, John, Printer, 1887, 316, 365; Grace, Printer, 461; Dr., Old Newcastle Physician, 1838, 278; Robert, 1888, 519; 1890, 487; 1891, 270; Andrew, First Mayor of Sunderland, 1891, 111.
Whitechapel, Murders in, 1888, 460, 528.
Whitefield, George, in the North, 1890, 321.
Whitfield, Robert, Coal Hewer, 1887, 111, 236.
Whitley-by-the-Sea, 1891, 21.
Whittingham, Vale of, 1888, 129; Fair, 254; 1889, 7; 1891, 78, 80.
Whittle, Thomas, 1890, 198.
Whitton Tower, Rothbury, 1889, 136; Sharpe's Folly, 1891, 464.
Wian, Patrick Makel, 1887, 11.
Wicht, the Birtwhistle, 1887, 74.
Widdrington, the Man-Stealer, 1887, 109.
Widdrington Family, 1888, 471; Estates, 1891, 559; Lord, 560.
Wiggins, Captain, 1888, 429, 527, 572; 1889, 526, 547; 1890, 47.
Wild Beast Shows in the North, 1888, 241.
Wilfrid, Founder of Hexham Abbey, 1887, 75.
Wilkins, Rev. John, Death of, 1890, 187.
Wilkinson, Mary, Centenarian, 1887, 12; John, Mayor of Newcastle, 21; Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, 1890, 190; Northumbrian Highwayman, 229; Rev. George P., Death of, 475; Robert Thomas, Will of, 1891, 284.
William the Lion, 1890, 178.
Williamson, Sir Hedworth, 1887, 64; Rev. Robert H., Death of, 1891, 236.
Willie, Blind, 1883, 80, 516, 570; Kinmont, 1890, 463, 530.
Willimoteswick Castle, 1889, 517.
Willington Ghost, the, 1887, 177.
Willis, James, Death of, 1891, 282.
Wilson, F. R., on the Hutch, 1887, 56; a Typical Peel Tower, 1888, 376; Alnwick Castle, 1890, 303; Thomas, Poet, 1889, 337; Professor (Christopher North), 471, 522; John Mackay, 363; Sir Jacob, 382; William, 572; Sarah, on Hulme Abbey, 1890, 416; Brislee Tower, Alnwick, 440; Bondgate Tower, Alnwick, 496; Bracey R., Death of, 91; John (Cuckoo Jack), 110; Alexander, Death of, 332; Joe, 1891, 38; Alderman Thomas, Resignation, 94.
Windermere, 1889, 521; 1891, 263, 265.
Windmills, 1889, 237; 1891, 529.
Windy Monday, 1889, 418.
Wine Pant, 1888, 164.
Winlaton, Hopping, 1890, 6; Mill, 535-6-7.
Winter, William, 1887, 107; T. E., Alderman, 1891, 46.
Winter's Stob, 1887, 186; 1890, 134.
Winters, the, 1891, 98, 100.
Witch of Edlingham, 1888, 393.
Witchcraft in the North, 1887, 211.
Witches at Wallsend, 1888, 154.
Witham, H. T. M., and Lartington, 1889, 75.
Witherspoon, Robert, Death of, 1889, 381.
Wolsingham, Highlanders at, 1890, 246; Craggs, Family of, 1891, 49.
Wombwell's Menagerie, 1888, 242, 491.
Wood, Ralph, Death of, 1888, 572; Rev. J. G., Death of, 1889, 192; Thomas, and Coxhoe Hall, 305.
Woodford, Major-General Sir J. G., 1891, 385.
Woodhorn Church, 1891, 256.
Woodpeckers, the, 1891, 320.
Woodpigeon, the, 1891, 280.
Wooler, and its Environs, 1888, 289.
Woolhouse, W. S. B., 1890, 327.
Woollen, Burial in, 1891, 518.
Wordsworth, William, 1889, 561; Dungeon Gill Force, 1890, 346; Scawfell Pikes, 1891, 370; Lake District, 417; Dorothy, 291.
Workington, Football at, 1889, 550; Hall, 1890, 352.
Worm, The Lambton, 1883, 398; the Sockburn, 1889, 518; the Pollard, 556; Laidley, of Spindlestone Heugh, 1890, 193.
Worswick, Rev. James, 1888, 113.
Wouldhave, W., and Lifeboat, 1887, 305.
Wrekenton, Tragedy at, 1889, 141, 190.
Wren, the, 1890, 16.
Wrightson, Edwin, the Bowes Tragedy, 1887, 41; Thomas, 1890, 575.
Wroe, Prophet, 1888, 337.
Wull the Slowan, 1888, 519.
Wycliffe, John, 1890, 518; Church, 520, 521.
Wynyard, 1887, 427; Hall, 1890, 564, 574.

X.

X. Y. Z. at Newcastle Races, 1889, 323.

Y.

Yarmouth, Sea Fight off, 1889, 545.
Yarrow, Tibbie Shiels in, 1891, 81.
Yellow Doors Tavern, Newcastle, 1889, 352.
Yetholm Tinkers, 1891, 54.
York, Early Press at, 1887, 459; Turpin's Ride to, 1888, 22; Castle, 1889, 533; Lindley Murray at, 1890, 267; Lumley Kettlewell, 563; Sir John Vanbrugh, 1891, 16; Ramble Round, 32; Dr. Thomson, Archbishop, 89; Execution at Castle, 95; Dr. Magee, Archbishop, 141, 237; Death of, 283, 288; Dr. Maclagan, Archbishop, 333, 526.
Yorkston, Mary, 1891, 56.
Youll, Alderman, Resignation, 1890, 431.
Young, Thomas, Death of, 1888, 331; Michael, Death of, 1889, 572.
Younge, R. W., Death of, 1887, 237.

Errata in Volume for 1891.

Page 346, col. 2, line 41—for 1843 read 1845.
Page 366, col. 1—delete last line.
Page 369, col. 2, line 22—for page 308 read page 368.
Page 392, col. 1, line 31—"Then to consult Grose" should read, "Mem: to consult Grose."

DA
670
N79M6
v.5

The Monthly chronicle of
North-country lore and
legend

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY